

A

Millstreet

Miscellany

(3)



**A
MILLSTREET
MISCELLANY
(3)**

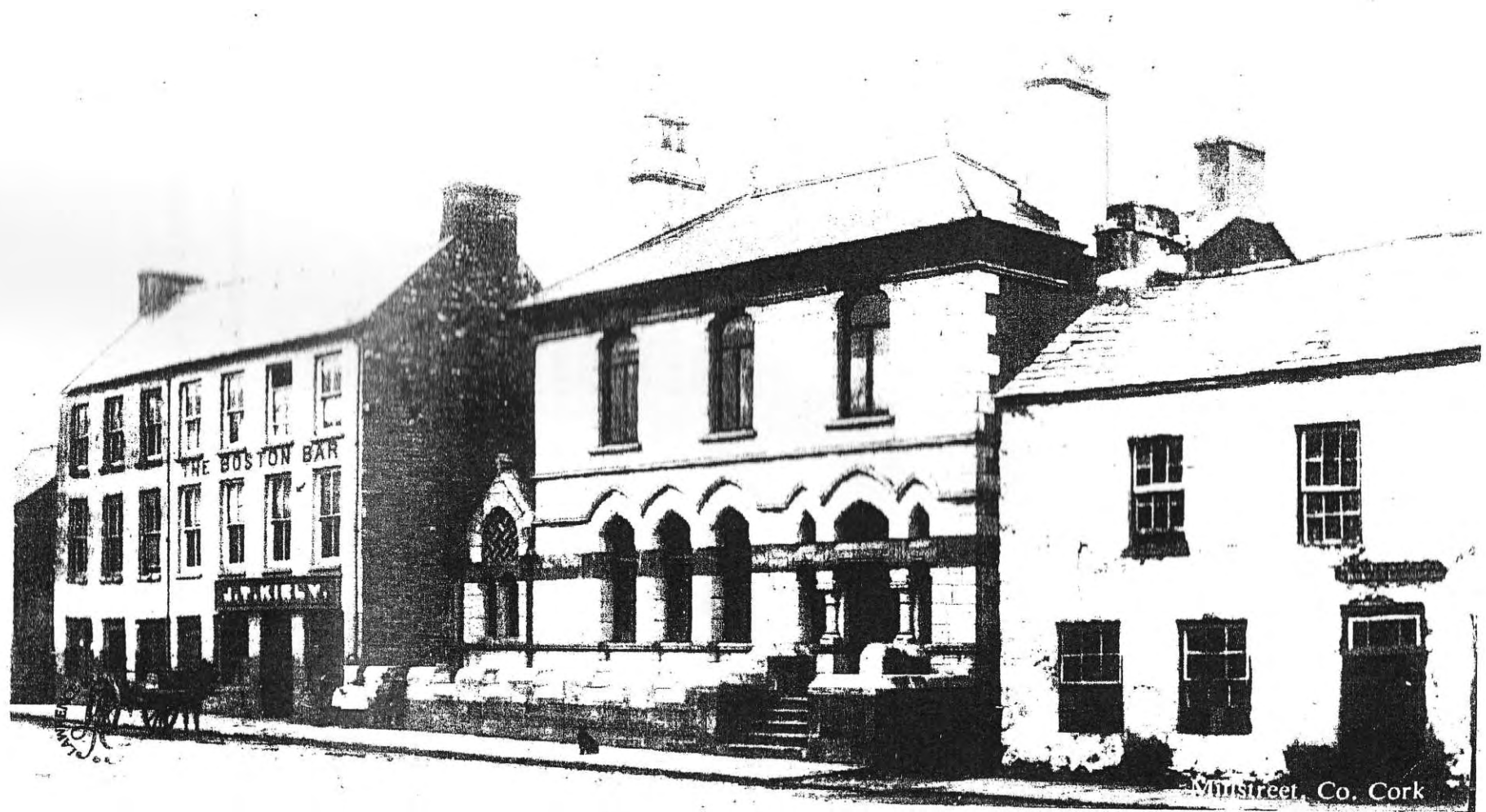
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*To Sean Radley
in recognition of his tireless work
on behalf of Millstreet*

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Old Millstreet scene: The Boston Bar, The Bank of Ireland and what was once the Millstreet Inn

Some more visitors to Millstreet

-and passers by

1. Richard Pococke

Richard Pococke was a clergyman and inveterate traveller making a few trips to Ireland. In his 1758 trip he left the following account of his journey from Killarney to Cork. Some spellings are clearly wrong but the references are recognisable:

"Callan, Septr. 1st 1758.

Dear Madam

I left Killarney on the 22nd & going through the Park went on the fine turn pike road for Cork; I saw up Glanflesk in which the Flesk runs and falls near Killarney into the Cuin. To the west of the Glyn there is an opening near Mangerton & a most romantic rough pyramidical hill appears between this opening. We drew in & came near the two mountains call'd the Paps which are very remarkable in the resemblance; we went mostly through a heathy, boggy country abounding in Grous; we came to five mile water where there is a Salmon Leap.

We went on & near an Inn call'd Stalaris at a rivelet we came into the County of Cork, & we were near the Blackwater which falls into the sea at Youghall; after travelling 12 computed & eighteen measur'd miles we came to a small village call'd Mill Street where there is a barrack for foot. We saw Drishane to the north, Mr. Wallis's.

Going on we came to a very hilly rocky country between the Blackwater & the river Shillane on which the town of Macroom stands, some of the rocks appeared at a distance like a town. We saw Kilmedy Castle to the right & the ruins of another barrack near it. Further on I saw a circle at Glauntaur like those at seven burrows in Hampshire: & at Cariginency pass's by the ruin'd Church of Clondrohid. We then pass's by Caherhaven the house of Mr. Townsend, near which we saw fires made to split the stones in order to clear ground of them & make fences; it is a sort of red Gritt.

In two miles we came to Macroom & from this rocky country were most agreeably surpriz'd to see the fine river Shillan kept up like a canal under Mr. Eyres's garden, & the populous town on a like eminence over it, with a large Square & a face of business."

(Richard Pococke's Irish Tours, Irish Academic Press, 1995)

In 1815 *"The traveller's new guide through Ireland"* described Millstreet as follows: "Mill-Street - Distant one hundred and thirty-six miles and a quarter from the Castle of Dublin, is a small village, remarkable for a good inn; there is a commodious barrack for two companies of foot. Some manufactures of linen cloth have been introduced here. From Mill-Street, a direct road runs to Cork; from which it is a distant twenty two miles and three quarters."

2. Thomas Reid

Thomas Reid visited Ireland in 1822. He was a most serious and competent individual, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and much travelled. He was perplexed as to why Ireland was not benefiting from the virtues of the Union and not becoming more like the rest of the UK. It was self-evident to him that this should be happening. He was also a most inquisitive individual. He would go into cabins and hovels to find out what was going on - often at some risk to himself.

He arrived Cork city on 21 August and visited the lanes of the city recording that in the cabins he visited: "I inquired in each cabin how many had slept there the previous night, but could only obtain answers from two of them, namely, the second and the fifth; the question appeared to alarm and displease all the others; one man observed 'I suppose you are a Millstreet Peeler (the term applied to police-officers) come here to look after some of the *innocent blades*; but take my honest word for it, I have nothing to do with it, nor never *giv'd* one of them a *mail's mait*, nor a bit of my blanket"

It is interesting that Millstreet then had a reputation for producing policemen and they do not appear to have had a good reputation. I do not know what the slang term *mail's mait* meant.

He got the mail coach from Cork to Killarney and described his experiences on the way:

"29th. Secured a place yesterday on the Tralee Mail-coach, and set out this morning at an early hour. When we had proceeded about a mile, one of the springs gave way, which obliged us to wait until the coachman returned to Cork and brought a smith to repair it. A very few miles to the westward of Cork, the country wears a rugged face, is badly cultivated, and exhibits a frightful population. Breakfasted at a little town called Macroom, which had been the theatre of distress, discontent, and disturbance last winter; the number of beggars that surrounded the coach, during this short time, exceeded any thing that I had before seen. Men and women of all ages stood in a throng; the moving appeal of the females, contrasted with the silent, haggard look of the men, filled the breast with horror and compassion. Amidst all their wretchedness, these hardy tenants of the hills seemed to feel deeply the debasement of poverty; each man carried a stick, an accustomed companion, which had given occasional importance, perhaps, in the day of comparative comfort, among rivals at the fair or market; and even now it seemed an object as cherished as their last remaining strip of clothing.

Just before the coach started, two soldiers came up. They appeared to engage strongly the attention of the ragged crowd that stood requesting charitable relief. One of these, tossing the tattered great coat he wore, off the upper part of his arm where it hung upon his shoulders, said: 'Tisn't long, Edmund, since them fellows wouldn't flourish about here that way.' 'No' said his companion, 'you may say that; and if they are wise they won't stay here long.' A third exclaimed 'They're all blood-suckers, and have no call here.' Many others muttered something in Irish, and all appeared to unite in execrating the unoffending soldiers.

Stopped a few minutes in Millstreet, where the beggars were as numerous as at Macroom, and looked, if possible even worse; a great proportion of them were either blind or pretended to be so. The country still badly cultivated, and wearing a desolate appearance; the cabins excessively wretched. Met a great many little farmers driving their stunted horses with back-loads of butter, three casks each, to the Cork market. In this way, almost all the butter made in Kerry is conveyed to Cork, each horse carrying about three hundred weight. - a distance sometimes of more than a hundred miles. Arrived in Killarney about three in the afternoon."

(*Travels in Ireland*, 1823).

Reid took a great interest in the size of the population which for him was the most striking thing he encountered. One of the first things that struck him was how difficult it was to establish how many people actually lived in the place because as he explained: "It would scarcely be imagined by any one who has not tried the experiment, how difficult it is to ascertain the population of Ireland. There exists among the peasantry an unconquerable aversion to tell the exact number of which their families consist, and in nine cases out of ten they represent it under the truth, On what grounds this prejudice exists I am not able to explain; but I had ample experience of the fact."

We will ignore his naivety for the moment and respect his honest efforts. So, being the type of man not to be defeated by such a task he embarked on a project to count the population in 1822. He set up an extensive project with relations and friends to do it and published it with a breakdown by county, number of houses and number of Catholics and Protestants. It came to 7,855,606.

Mr Reid published this in his book but he did not believe it. Being a gentleman he would not contradict his friends and be seen to rubbish their hard work. But he was quite certain they were wrong. He said: "...it is feared the statement is far from correct. Had I trusted entirely to my own observations, the result would have been considerably greater.. I am quite certain that the view here given is much below what it should be; indeed I had many opportunities of proving it; but deference for those who kindly interested themselves in the inquiry... has induced me to adopt their calculation."

Readers may recall that in *Millstreet Miscellany* (2) we published the population finding of a rather amazing statistician, Cesar Moreau, a Frenchman resident in London who produced "The Past and Present Statistical State of Ireland established in a series of tables constructed on a New Plan and principally derived from official documents and the best sources." It provided thousands of statistics on every conceivable subject relating to Ireland including its history, geography, industries, trade, products, politics, administration and of course population and sold for 30/-. It was a stunning piece of work and all done in the neatest of handwriting.

He calculated the population in 1827 and also provided detailed breakdowns of the main towns by sex, occupations and houses, inhabited and uninhabited. My sample test for his figures was the town of Millstreet and they ring true and accurate. He gave one estimate as high as 9,050,000 for the whole country. This figure would confirm fully the reservations that Reid had about the figure of almost 8 million five years earlier. There is no evidence that these two ever knew of each other's existence and they would have arrived at their estimates independent of each other and this adds to the credibility of their figures.

Everyone agrees that the population was growing at a very rapid rate during the early decades of the 19th century. 1.6% per year is generally accepted. This would put the population in 1846 at over 12 million according to Moreau's figures. While that is still only an estimate it does show that a figure 8.2 million always quoted from the 1841 census is just not credible.

The incredible fact is that there is likely to be about 4 million people missing from the Famine figures universally quoted!!!

It is also truly amazing to read how conveniently it is ignored that any 1841 figure could not possibly be the same as the 1846 figure but they are accepted as such. One would have to accept an outbreak of mass celibacy or mass infanticide, or both, from 1840 onwards if they were to remain the same.

It should be the first task of any self-respecting Irish Government that commemorates the Famine to have the most essential fact of all clearly established. It has never been done. Until it is not done it might be better to scrap the whole Memorial Day thing about the Famine and avoid the likelihood of adding more insult to injury.

Jack Lane

3. Sir Walter Scott

Sir Walter Scott visited Ireland in 1825 and travelled from Killarney via Millstreet to Mallow and Cork in August of that year. His biographer, J. G. Lockhart, records on leaving Killarney:

"Killarney Club-rooms very poor affair..

Monday, 8th - We were early astir. Dined at Millstreet, where Captain Bloomfield called, and pitied our poor fare, and proceeded to Mallow, where we slept - a pretty, English-like town, and a very fine old castle. We breakfasted next morning at Cork, a town which by no manner of means came up to my expectations."

(Sir Walter Scott's tour of Ireland in 1825 now first fully described by D. J. O'Donoghue.1905)



SCOTT KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE

Sir Walter Scott kissing the Blarney Stone.

(Probably drawn from imagination as it is not the stone as it is presented today)

4. Rev. G. Hansbrow

The Rev. Hansbrow published a book in 1835 with an entry on Millstreet that indicates a visit: "Millstreet, situated in the County of Cork, province of Munster, 155 miles from Dublin. Here is a handsome church and a Romish chapel, with the town on a hill, having a pleasing prospect around. A coal mine at hand promises for good. Some manufacturing of linen cloth has been introduced here. It is a post town - Fair days, March 1, and 1st and 12th of June, September and December. Population, 1,935."

"An improved Topographical and Historical Hibernian Gazetteer" (1835)

5. John Barrow

John Barrow made a tour of Ireland in 1835 and passed through Millstreet on his way from Killarney to Cork. He made fleeting comments:

"Cork, 30th September, 1835.

On the morning of the 26th I took my leave of Killarney and its lovely scenery, by his Majesty's mail, a conveyance I never fail to secure when it passes along my line of the road in the day-time, as I am always sure it will be the best. This was a good coach, and the roads were not less so; but the scenery, excepting the view of some mountains on our right, was dreary and uninteresting as far as Millstreet, a poor-looking town distinguished only by a barrack without soldiers, and a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, called Mount Leader, probably after the name of the owner. Here we turned sharp off to the southward as far as Macromp - or Macroom as it is usually called, - the road hilly, but equally uninteresting."

(A *Tour Round Ireland*, 1836)

His book had some interesting illustrations by Daniel M'Clise, the famous Cork artist. Two are reproduced below.



A PATRON DAY

Sketch taken at Ronoques Well near Cork



INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE BETTER KIND OF IRISH COTTAGES

6. J. R. O'Flanagan

In 1844 a certain J R O'Flangan published a book called *The Blackwater in Munster* which was a very attractive publication promoting the virtues and attractions of the Blackwater valley area and encouraging 'inland navigation' on the river. It was part of an attempt by some of the Ascendancy and gentry to advertise its attractions with the river, the 'Irish Rhine', as its centrepiece. A map of the valley was included and is reproduced on the following page.

His comments on the Millstreet area, coming from Mallow, were as follows:

"The river winds for some time, and passes Fort Grady, formerly the residence of Lord Guillamore's family, a venerable mansion, now occupied by a farmer. Near this is a fort, planted with trees, whence it derives its name. We now behold the Kilcorney mountains, with those of Mushera. The country considerably improves as we approach Millstreet. On the south bank of a small tributary, the Finaw, and adjacent to the spot where it joins the Blackwater, is Drishane Castle, and close by the mansion of H. Wallis, Esq., who is the proprietor of this estate.

This castle was built by Dermot MacCarthy, son of Teague, Lord Muskerry, who died in 1448. It is of very ancient structure, and bears evident traces of having been a stronghold. Its proximity to the strong castles in the vicinity leads to the conjecture that it must have had other works for defence than now appears. From the summit a splendid view obtained; the eye travels along the ridge of mountains from that of Claragh, back of the castle, behind Millstreet, to Killarney, with its charming lakes, twenty miles distant, and takes in the majestic Mangerton, the Paps, the wooded Toomies, and the high reeks of McGillicuddy. Among a few handsome seats close by are: Coole House, H. O'Donnell, Esq., Mount Leader, H. Leader, Esq., and Rathduane, J. E. M'Carthy, Esq.

After a short distance we reach Millstreet, situate on the south bank of the Blackwater.. The village, a century back, consisted of a small inn, a mill, and some half dozen cabins. Of the inn mention is made in a letter written by Derrick to show their title to respectability. He says The inn at Millstreet, however indifferent, is a perfect place compared to the spot where we slept the night before. The rain continuing to pour heavily, we stopped at a wretched hovel on the confines of an extensive, bleak, rugged mountain, (Mushera, J.L) where they collect the dues of a turnpike. They showed us into a miserable cabin, in which there was something that bore the appearance of a bed. Mine host of the cottage, whose name was Haly, had more importance than a grandee of Spain. He told us that there was not a better man in Cork or Kerry than himself; that he was well acquainted with the earl of Shelburne and Sir John Colthurst, to both of whom he was nearly allied, and , therefore, he never let either of these families pay turnpike as he wished to keep up family connections.'

This country once belonged to the O'Learys, who were lords of several castles, and the district called Iveleary. There are descendants of the family still living; one of the race, no ignoble representative, was accustomed , some sixty or seventy years back, to take his station on the high road leading into Millstreet, and invite all comers to take partake of his hospitality. He is represented as a fine specimen of an Irish gentleman, of venerable benevolent appearance. He was a justice of peace, and one whose word was law. His look bespoke authority, He suffered no stranger of respectable appearance to pass through Millstreet, without introducing himself to him and courteously requesting the pleasure of his company to discuss his good cheer.

In the Rev. H. Townsend's Survey of Cork, he gives an instance of the hospitality of O'Leary: - Some friends of his arrived in Millstreet, and being very tired wished to retire early to rest. O'Leary who was acquainted with one of the party, prevailed on them to sup at his house. They went with a fixed resolve neither to drink or remain longer than was necessary for the repast; but such was O'Leary's power of pleasing, that they willingly prolonged their stay till morning, and were led, imperceptibly from one bottle to another till it became no easy matter to discover where they had their lodgings. A worthy scion of the honourable house - M'Carthy O'Leary, Esq. - resides at Coomlegane in the neighbourhood, and is owner of a large portion of the town. Millstreet has vastly increased, containing more than 300 houses and has a considerable traffic, its chief importance being derived from the establishment of a military station.

Claragh now stretches its conical head to the sky, as we bend from the west northwards, by Nohaval, on the edge of the counties of Cork and Kerry. Near the ruins of the church of Nohaval, which are close to the banks of the Blackwater, is the stump of a round tower, which, with the church, was dedicated to St. Finian."

(The Blackwater in Munster, 1844)

7. A 'pugnacious young Tory' from TCD.

In 1833 a magazine was published in Trinity College Dublin that was described by one reviewer as being published by "the pugnacious young Tories" in that University. It was produced by members of the Protestant Ascendancy for the Protestant Ascendancy and insofar as it recognised anybody else it was with pompous contempt and hostility.

The contributors were almost totally anonymous and that included one who did a tour of the Blackwater Valley. The only people and places he considered worth taking any notice of were people like himself, their estates and their predecessors. Everyone and everything else might as well not exist.

His tour appears to have been inspired by the O' Flanagan book and tour of the Blackwater as per the previous item. But while O'Flanagan was positive and enthusiastic about all he saw all this traveller gave vent to were his negative prejudices and contempt and did nothing but cast aspersions on anything that was not part of the Ascendancy.

He travelled up the valley from Youghal and approached Millstreet from Drishane. He recounts:

"And now passing by Drishane Castle, once the property of the Macarths, Lord Muskerry, and forfeited by them in 1641, we arrive at Millstreet, a small town on the north bank.

Millstreet is best known to the tourist, as lying *en route* to Killarney from Cork, being thirty-five miles from the latter and about half the distance from the former. The oracular assurance of Dr. Smith, that it would be "soon of some note" has not been accomplished; and we verily believe, it seldom saw the traveller who did not internally rejoice, and probably even mumble forth some expression of thankfulness, when he felt the chaise again in motion, and saw his horses' heads turned either lakewards or to the Beautiful City. Perhaps it is that we miss the presence of the hospitable O'Leary - not Arthur - but assuredly Millstreet hath a most lean and famished look. The very stones, lying about in profusion in the high-street, seem peculiarly hard-hearted, and the sun himself has given up the idea of making the forlorn place smile cheerfully. It must have been otherwise in O'Leary's jovial days, who was endowed with true Celtic characteristics -

'This gentleman, who possessed a competent fortune, and was a justice of the peace for the county, resided in a small low house, in the vicinity of village. His residence was more recommended by the contents of its larder and cellar, and the kind and courtly manners of its owner, than by its external appearance. No door required the protection of a lock, as he said it was useless to secure the contents in that way, when any person who might partake of them who sought it; and that any one would intrude from without was improbable, as well from the respect in which he was held, as from the reception which it was likely an impertinent intruder would experience. O'Leary, as well by virtue of his magisterial authority as his local and personal influences, maintained the peace at the neighbouring fairs and markets. No constabulary or military assistance was in those days necessary to enforce his behests; his commands were, in most cases, sufficient; but if any proved refractory, obedience was promptly obtained by the vigorous application of the long and weighty pole which he ever carried. His figure was lofty, athletic, and commanding; in his latter days, extremely venerable and patriarchal. He generally stationed himself in Millstreet in the morning of each successive day, his long pole supporting his steps, and ready, if necessary, to maintain his authority. There he introduced himself to every passing traveller of respectability and invited him to enter his ever-open door, and partake of his unbounded hospitality.' - *Dublin Penny Journal* Vol.1, pp. 289-290.

But these days of peace and good-will are fled; and strange things have our island witnessed in the period intervening. There have been many alterations - some for the better, not a few for the worse - in our social condition, as well as in our political relations. And of the future who shall speak, while the big clouds, black with a coming storm, are gathering their stores of wrath far and wide over our unhappy land?

From Millstreet to the source of the Blackwater is a journey of only twelve miles, the river, forming nearly the whole way, a boundary between Cork and Kerry. The country is wild, and the land for the most part uncultivated; but before we arrive at the river's head we happen on a little oasis at Pobble O'Keeffe (the country of the O'Keffes) and pass from dreariness and desolation to the midst of improvement and fertility. We must briefly sketch the cause of this happy change. The lands of Pobble O'Keeffe are Crown lands; and have been made the subject of an experiment, which every well-wisher to our island would desire should be more extensively adopted. They were forfeited in 1641, by Daniel O'Keefe, an Irish feudal lord, on account of his participation in that rebellion."

(*Dublin University Magazine*, October 1845)

And he goes on to explain the creation of 'King William's-town' with great delight. The "happy change" was that the people of Pobble O'Keeffe were cleared out by any and every means, and their land, 30,000 acres, confiscated by the Crown and new people, whom our traveller would approve of, were installed. A modern Plantation or colony as our traveller specifically called it in his account. The 'rebellion' of the O'Keffes was their support for the legitimate King of England!

You see, the official problem with Ireland was that it had the wrong sort of people in it. It would be a great place without them. And therefore they should be replaced and then all would be fine and prosperous. This sounds incredible today but it was the logical working out of the theory of the dominant economist of the period, Thomas Malthus, and agreed with by all his peers - no doubt including our traveller. They believed that what they considered over-population should and could only be dealt with by famine and starvation. They looked forward with vicious glee to it being proved and implemented in Ireland. It was right in theory so it must be right in practice. This attitude is not exactly dead. It was put into practice in Pobble O'Keeffe as efficiently as it was possible to do so.

King William's-town was the type of experiment that succeeded elsewhere, like North America and Australia, but the native Irish proved too resilient for it to succeed here.

The same experiment is being tried in Palestine today by the Zionists and no doubt the settlements are very "happy" places for the Zionists. But they would be well advised to look at the fate of King William's-town.

If our traveller returned he would find no place called King William's-town but he would find the same Millstreet and no doubt he would find opportunities to vent his prejudices again though it is undoubtedly as 'happy' a place as King Williams-town was and the latter is certainly a much happier place now as Ballydesmond.

Jack Lane

8. Thomas Carlyle

Carlyle toured Ireland in 1849 at the request of the Young Irelanders and was accompanied by some of them. His account is blunt and direct in a 'stream of consciousness' style and he could hardly wait to get his journey over with. He came from Cork city via Blarney and Mallow:

"Wednesday 18th July, 1849: Blarney Castle, I remember it, among its bit of wood at the foot of dingy uncultivated heights in dingy bare country; a grey square tower mainly, visible in its wood which the big waste seemed to reduce to a patch. Country getting barer, wilder; *forgotten* now, all details of it. Meet criminals, in long carts escorted by police; young women many of them, a kind of gypsy beauty in some of the witches, keen glancing black eyes with long coarse streams of black hair; "Cork for trial" - eheu! Saw at another point of the road, large masses of people camped on the wayside, (*other* side of Mallow I think?) "waiting for out-door relief;" squalid, squalid, not the *extremity* of raggedness seen at Kildare, however. Remember next to nothing of the country; hedgeless, dim - moory, tilled patches in moory wilderness of unfilled; heights in the distance, but no name to them discoverable, nor worth much search; wind freshening and right ahead.

Mallow perhaps about two o'clock; hollow with modicum of woods; green all, and fertile-looking, with pleasant slate roofs and promise of a goodish town soon. Town really not bad: swift yet darkish stream as we enter; ascending street, shops, air of some business; barrack (fails nowhere): we *descend* again swiftly, street narrower and winding but still handsome enough; have to turn to Limerick Railway Station, and then amid the tumult of men, horses, boxes, cars and multiplied confusion, wait long before we can return to hill-foot, and *resume* our road. Sheltered road for some miles; on our right over the hedge, runs ugly as chaos ditch of a *futile* "Canal." This is the way to Ballygiblin (Sir W. and Lady Beecher's), but I have given up that. Wind still higher, sunshine gone; haggard famine of beggars; (one stage I specially remember in this respect; poorest of hamlets, hungriest of human populations); dust, tempest, threatenings of rain; *cigars* are my one poor consolation:

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

Duffy (Charles Gavan Duffy, J.L.) has taken refuge inside; and the rain now for about an hour becomes furious; - lasts in furious occasional showers, but briefer, till near the end of the journey. Desolate, bare, moory country; hanging now in clear wet; much bog, mainly bog; treeless and swept over by a harsh moist wind; ugly, ugly, and very cold; meet drove of horses, coming from (or going to?) some "fair." Light clean-shanked cob-looking creatures, very cheap; I was told "£5" or so, for they are unbred and they are lean.

Sharp-nosed pinched little Irishman with wild grey little eyes and dark hair has now (I really don't remember where) got upon the coach, is very explanatory, communicative; - a kind of caterer for some hotel, as I gathered afterwards. That is "Mangerton" (a huge ugly hulk of a mountain truncated-pyramidal) with the Devil's Punchbowl on the top of it; *that* is the lake country; and Macgillicuddy's Reeks you see there (further westward, an irregular serrated ridge), the highest land in Ireland!" and so forth. A gentleman in dish-hat whom I had seen first in Mallow (Lawless, Lord Cloncurry's son as I learned afterwards) came now up beside me: civil English dialect, "had got *spoiled* potatoes to dinner yesterday at Mallow." Nothing memorable more."

(*Reminiscences of my Irish Journey in 1849*) Thomas Carlyle

9. "An Old Traveller"

In 1849 a book was published anonymously by someone who called himself "an old traveller" in which he described passing through Millstreet when travelling from Killarney to Mallow by train. His book has the following dedication:

"Travellers all by sea or by land; by keel, rail, wheel or shoe;
whether ye go along by water-steam, horse-steam
or the steam of your own proper persons,
to you is offered this little book
by one who, in each of these ways
is an old traveller."

His account is as follows:

"From Killarney to Mallow you proceed to Millstreet, a little village distant about twenty miles, and situated in the valley lying between the Boghra and Derrynasaggart Mountains, passing on your route by the north of the range of hills whose western summit is Curreal and its eastern

Cahirnarna, with the double cone called the Paps in the centre. The scenery about Millstreet is wild and not without interest. The country around is part of a vast congeries of hills and mountains intersected with numerous glens and vales, with occasional patches of rich land. Within eight miles we leave the mountain district, and then we take the line of the Blackwater."

(A Week in the South of Ireland by an Old Traveller, 1849)

10. An tAthair Peadar O Laoire

"Another day, when I was going to Kanturk to school, my own thoughtlessness led me into more danger, and I, barely escaped from it. On Sunday I left Liscarrigine and attended Mass at Carriganimmy. The I faced north along the Millstreet road in order to go to Derrynamona that night and be in time to go to Kanturk on the following Monday morning . When I was going down Camcarrigy I saw Kilmeedy Castle and Claragh Mountain yonder. It was a beautiful day and the sky was clear. I said to myself that I would have a matchless view of the whole country round if I were on the summit of that hill. I told myself that I could go up by the castle to the top of the hill, look around and then run down the slope to the town; that I would be in the town almost as soon as if I had followed the road. Off with me up the hill as soon as I came in front of the castle. I did not reach the top of the hill as quickly as I thought I would. By the time I got there the sun was much farther west and much lower than I had expected.

Certainly the view was splendid. There were Mullaghanish and Clydagh and all the other great hills to the west and south, 'lifting their heads o'er the crests of their neighbours' without even a wisp of mist, and clean as if they were washed. Musherá which faced me on the east was as clean as they, with no sign of fine weather:

Musherá misty and Claragh clear,
The best sign of fine weather in all the sphere.

The whole barony of Duhallow lay spread under my view, to the east, to the north, and to the south, and the sun shone down on it, and it was so splendid, so great, so wide! At the foot of the hills were little hillocks, and though they seemed high enough when you were at their foot, you thought them level ground when you looked at them from the top of the hill.

But now the sun was sinking too far below the hills that lay beneath me, and I ran down the slope towards the town. The way was longer and more difficult than I had thought it. I had to cross great ditches and ploughed fields, and briar-filled hollows, and when I at last came to the town the night was falling. The night was falling and seven long miles stretched between me and Derrynamona, and I knew no one in Millstreet, nor did anyone there know me. I faced the road and walked quickly through the town east to Drishane, and on the Keale Bridge.

As I journeyed on the darkness grew, and at last I began to feel tired. Then I began to feel hungry. Then I began to feel myself getting weak with the hunger. I had not eaten a bite since I left home that morning. But I kept on. By this time I was as far north-east as Derinagree. I was so exhausted that I stretched myself on the top of the ditch of the road to rest a little. I took my ease there for a while. Presently I felt that I was falling asleep; then I noticed a kind of numbness creeping through all my members. I spring up. At once I knew that if I fell into a deep sleep on the top of the ditch I would be found dead there in the morning. I set off once more. I knew the way well and reached Thomas O Leary's at Derrynmona. They were still up when I got to the house, though it was after twelve o'clock at night. Thomas's brother, Diarmuid, was there. He and I were very friendly. He was the first to see me coming to the door. He wondered what had kept me so late, and he wondered still more when he found that I could hardly talk to him. Straight away, I was given plenty to eat and drink. I went to bed and no fear but I slept soundly.

I told no one what made me so tired or how I nearly stayed on top of the ditch near Derrinagree chapel, nor did I ever tell it to anyone. I was ashamed to give it to say that I would make such a round for no good reason.

There was one thing, however, that galled me, and that galls me still. Later, when considering the way they were looking at me that night, when they thought I was not looking at them, I became convinced that they thought I had met some company Millstreet who took me to a public house - and that that was what kept me out so late and made me so tired and speechless!

See how easy it is to wrong a man! Especially when that man occasions it himself by some rash action."

(Translated from *Mo Sceal Fein*, 1915)

10. Queen Victoria

She travelled by train on her visit to Killarney in 1861, passing through Millstreet station on 26th August. Because of the location of the railway and the station, train travellers never got a view of the town itself. Victoria made the following remarks about this part of her journey from Dublin in her correspondence:

"Our next stoppage was at the Limerick Junction, where we found Lord Lismore, Lieutenant of this county. The large plains and distant hills were not unlike the country around Tarland. The last station we stopped at was Mallow, a small town on the Blackwater, in a beautiful valley. Soon after this, the line enters a mountain region, and winds along below woods.. At half-past six we reached Killarney Station, where we were received by Lord Castlerosse, Mr. Herbert of Muckross, the General commanding the district and the Mayor who presented an address.

There was a great crowd, and troops lined the place. There was likewise an escort."

(*Victoria Travels*, by David Duff, 1970.)

11. Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant

"Killarney, September 7.

His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant visited Millstreet, county Cork, on Saturday. He was accompanied by an escort of Hussars, and rode through the town. He was greeted with derisive banter expressing sentiments of a popular character, and on his way through cheers for Parnell were given at various points. His Excellency made a singular mistake, having on his first appearance lifted his hat to a Land League banner, supposing it to be a token of popular welcome. Such devices as "God save Ireland," "Ireland loves William O'Brien," and "The Land for the People," were displayed generally. The Viceroy was entertained by Canon Griffin, P.P., and visited the convent schools, where the children abstained from attending on account of the visit. He rode in the evening to Killarney where he is visiting Lord Kenmare."

(*The Times*, London, 8 September 1884)

12. The Prince of Wales

"The Prince of Wales with Prince Edward arrived in Killarney to-day. ...At the different stations along the route crowds cheered, the demonstration at Mallow being especially enthusiastic. Some black flags hung out in the low parts of the town were observed from the station. The train stopped at only one station on the way, Millstreet, the scene of the most appalling of the 'moonlight' outrages some years ago. The Princes were cheered enthusiastically by those in the station. Outside a large crowd had assembled but no demonstration was made. From the train the travellers had a fine view of the Killarney mountains, which a bluish haze made to appear larger than they really are."

(*The Times*, London, 17 April 1885)

"There was some anticipation that a hostile demonstration might be made at Millstreet Station but the people of the town evidently minded their business and stayed at home. A body of soldiers were

on the platform as were also a number of police under the command of District Inspector Dunne. The soldiers cheered enthusiastically as did Mr. McCarthy-O'Leary, Mr Jeremiah Hegarty and some six other gentlemen but this was the sum and substance of the reception. The train stopped for half a minute at the Station. Some fifty people leaned against the wall outside the Station and looked on the Royal Train with dumb curiosity, making no sound of either a favourable or unfavourable character".

(The Cork Examiner, 17 April 1885)

It should be explained that the people leaning against the wall at Millstreet Station were behaving exactly as advised by Charles Stewart Parnell and what happened at Mallow was not at all as described by *The Times*. A contemporary witness to the visitors' reception in Cork described it as follows:

"Another historic incident which took place that year also remains in my memory. In April the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Ireland. Political feeling ran high. Parnell advised that the royal visitors should be treated with polite indifference. In Dublin his advice was followed. Thereupon *The Times* boasted that the royal party were received everywhere with enthusiasm, that Parnellism was a sham and that Ireland was loyal. The South determined to give Ireland's answer. At Mallow station, William O'Brien at the head of a delegation, tried to read an address to the Prince setting out Ireland's demands. He and his friends were promptly batoned off the platform by the police, band instruments being smashed and heads broken outside the royal carriage. In Cork worse followed. Black flags were waved in the visitors' faces, rotten eggs and cabbages were thrown at the procession. Cavalry charged and people were injured. The Riot Act was read. From a platform at the end of our garden I saw the Prince and Princess - surrounded by an escort of Hussars - drive quickly past alternately booed and cheered, the Princess as pale as a sheet, the Prince trying to look unconcerned. Ireland, he must have reflected, was far from loyal, Parnellism not altogether a sham. It was an exciting and interesting day - the 15th April, 1885."

(From Parnell to Pearse by John J. Horgan, 1949 and 2009)

14. General Sir Redvers Buller

General Buller was a renowned military figure in Victorian Britain especially in the 'scramble for Africa.' He was nicknamed 'the people's general.' He commanded forces in the Zulu and Boer Wars and in other 'theatres' such as Egypt and the Sudan. He was acclaimed in the popular language of the time as a great "nigger walloper."

Because of the situation in the Cork-Kerry area during the Land War, on 16th of August 1886 he was appointed to be a Special Commissioner for the area in case his strongman skills were needed. On appointment to this job in Ireland he decided on a visit to the area of his command and Millstreet was high on his agenda because of its reputation during the Land War. The following report appeared in the Irish Times:

"From our own correspondent
Killarney, Friday

It now appears that the area over which General Buller is to operate will include not only Clare, as stated last night in Parliament, but also a portion of the County of Cork bordering upon East Kerry, a district which may roughly be described as the district of Millstreet. Millstreet and the immediate neighbourhood was during a portion of the late agitation what is known as a "hot spot."

General Buller, accompanied by Colonel Turner and Mr. Moriarty, left Killarney this morning by the 9 o'clock train for Kanturk, the object, as it turned out, being to go first to the farthest point of the district to be visited, to drive through it, and then to return by train from a station nearer to Killarney than that to which the party had travelled in the morning.

Banteer, the station nearest to Kanturk, was reached about half past 10 o'clock. The presence of General Buller and his staff on the train was known only to a very few, and the several stations - Headford, Rathmore and Millstreet were passed without even policemen on duty on the platform becoming aware of the fact. At Banteer they were met by District Inspector Yeates, of Kanturk, who had two outside cars in waiting to convey the party to Kanturk, a distance of three miles, passing on the way the ancient Castle of Kanturk, a building which, ancient as it is can hardly be called a 'ruin' so excellent is its state of preservation. It overlooks the Blackwater, which is here a river of considerable volume, although it still has to traverse many miles before it reaches the sea at Youghal. A visit of about an hour's duration was made to the police barracks, after which the journey was resumed.

As far as I could learn, the farmers around Kanturk are apprehensive that the presence of General Buller forebodes the quartering upon the district of a force of extra police for which the people will be taxed. Kanturk is at present, and has for a length of time very free from disturbances, and it is a significant fact that the much smaller and in every way less important town of Castleisland has a force of about forty police. The party left Kanturk about noon, accompanied by District Inspector Yeates, the first station visited being that of Boherbue, a small village about half a dozen miles from Kanturk. A visit to Clonbanin, a few miles further on in the direction of Millstreet, followed, but only a very brief stay was made at either place.

Millstreet was reached at half past 3 o'clock. The cars drew up at the Wallis Arms Hotel, and the party alighted and walked on foot through the town to the police barracks. There are two barracks in the town - one formerly used as a military barracks, and the other the ordinary constabulary barracks. At the latter they were received by District Inspector Meehan, with whom they spent about three-quarters of an hour. So little attention did their presence in the town attract that even the proprietor of the hotel was not aware of the identity of the party who had alighted at his door.

Millstreet is in some respects a picturesque little place. It is thoroughly well named, for the feature of the town is the Mill, which is one of the comparatively few mills left in Ireland. It is the first object that strikes the visitor as he enters the town. The road leading from the railway station alongside it is the bye-wash, over which flows, in picturesque fashion, the superfluous water from the millrace, the latter a stream of considerable volume itself, traversing the centre of the roadway of one of the streets.

Millstreet, like most places outside Kerry, has for some time been practically free from outrage or disturbance. There is, however, a good deal of boycotting, but from all I could learn the boycotted traders are not being ruined. They are, in fact, the men of substance in the town, and not only were they able to bear up against the system, but the weapon itself, owing to somewhat indiscriminate use, has become blunt, and consequently ineffective.

An eviction which has recently occurred in the neighbourhood has attracted some attention on account of the position occupied by the evicted tenant, a Mr. Martin Forrest. Mr. Forrest held two farms under Sir George Colthurst. He paid rent amounting to about £500 a year, and was an industrious, intelligent, and enterprising farmer, who not only sent his butter direct to the London markets for sale, but was in the habit of carrying off prizes at the Royal Agricultural Society of England. He attributed his failure to pay his rent to various causes, including I understand, inability to repay the heavy charges incurred by him on foot of loans for improvement of his farm, those improvements having of course failed to be as remunerative as might have been expected had prices of agricultural produce remained at the high standard of eight or ten years ago.

Forrest, refusing to pay his rent either because he was unable or in pursuance of National League policy, was recently evicted, and although not in the position of some of the poorer class of evicted tenants who are practically paupers, he subsequently took possession of the farm, and on Monday next he will be brought up at the petty sessions and charged with the offence of taking forcible possession. There are several cases of evictions of farmers who are well-to-do. In one case of this kind, the tenant, although nominally evicted, remains apparently by arrangement in possession of the farm.

There are shopkeepers in the town who say that the outcry about the fall of prices is not justified to the extent that it has been indulged in, and who say that the important consideration ought not to be lost sight of, that if the farmers are receiving less for their butter, they are paying less for the flour and meal which are used to so large an extent in all rural districts. One man with whom I conversed maintained that the reduction in the latter case fully compensated for the reductions in the prices received by the farmers for their own produce.

Millstreet railway station was reached in good time to catch the train for Killarney. Just as the train was steaming into the station, a gentleman dressed in rural fashion, with a white felt slouch hat, with the rim turned downwards, and altogether got up in a fashion that would enable him to pass at night for a Moonlighter, arrived on the platform, and asked which of the gentlemen around him was General Buller. The General at once disclosed his identity, and entered into conversation with the stranger, who proved to be a local landlord, Mr. Wallis, from whose family doubtless the hotel already mentioned takes its title.

When the train stopped, Mr. Meldon R.M., who by the way, is also a barrister, and who has been appointed to the staff of General Buller, in the capacity of legal adviser, stepped out on the platform, and entered the same compartment with General Buller, Colonel Turner and Mr. Moriarty, and proceeded with them to Killarney to enter upon his new, it might perhaps be said, rather novel duties. No arrests have yet been made for the murder of Patrick Flahive, at Ballyheigue. Edward Kenneally is still missing.

(The Irish Times, 4 September 1886.)

Buller was also an English landowner and he soon saw the contrast with the Irish Ascendancy landowners who by comparison were a useless and parasitical class and his sympathies went to the tenant farmers who were being evicted on a grand scale for no justifiable reason in most cases. This was the landowners' solution to all their problems. Buller was expected to be automatically on call to provide the military muscle to carry out these evictions but he resisted this. This caused consternation in official quarters and he was soon moved upstairs and made Under Secretary for Ireland, the top job in Dublin Castle. Later, he was in line to be made the overall Commander in Chief of the British Army but lost out because of a change of government. The following is a contemporary illustration of him meeting Irish tenant-farmers, man to man.



13. Peadar O hAnnrachain

Peadar O hAnnrachain (Peter Hourihane), 1879-1965, was a writer and poet from Skibbereen, and a staunch supporter of the Irish language. He was one of the first organisers for Conradh na Gaeilge (Gaelic League) and was imprisoned by the British. He also wrote for the Southern Star newspaper for many years and had been that newspaper's editor for a period of time. He was a travelling Gaelic League teacher, hence his visit to Millstreet. He joined the Irish Volunteers in 1913, was interned in Ireland and England [as a Volunteer] several times between 1916-1921. He edited Gaelic journals; thereafter turning to farming; was registrar Cork County Council.

This report is from an a memoir of his travels published in 1944. The exact year of the visit is not certain but I would guess it was 1912 or 1913:

"Millstreet

There used to be a branch [of the Gaelic League] in Millstreet at that time, and long before, and there were feiseanna and aeridheactai for a while, but it was mainly Sean O Cearbhaill [John Carroll] who looked after that part of the country.

I was present at an aeridheacht there once, and I well remember it because an Indian gave an oration that day, and it was a good speech. He was a young law student in Dublin, and I met him in Killarney. We went to the aeridheacht together and when he understood the matter it was not difficult to get him onto the platform. He hated the English rulers because of the great harm they did in India, and his hatred was increased when he learned the history of some of their activities in Ireland. He gave me information about the condition of his own country that I did not receive from anybody else. He had to speak in English at the aeridheacht, though he understood very well that it was inappropriate. He understood this better than many of our own people. I have no information about him since 1916. He visited me twice in Dublin in May of that year, with lots of cigarettes for me. My English guard said there was an "Indian Prince" to see me, and maybe this wasn't far from the truth.

There was a large class of schoolteachers learning Irish there when I visited, with An Seabhadh* teaching them. He used to come by train from Killarney and spend the night there, probably. It was a long journey. He was there the day before. It was a Sunday and there was a public meeting in the street. I remember what he said, and it's a great pity his advice was not heeded. He counselled a language policy of moving teachers who did not know Irish out of the Gaelic and semi-Gaelic areas to various English-speaking areas, or to give them pensions - good pensions - if necessary, as this would be less costly than letting the language die out.

Some teachers were very unhappy with this suggestion, but undoubtedly no other country in Europe would balk at difficulties greater than this to save their language. But we had a foreign government then. We thought that if we had an Irish government that we would accomplish great things for the language, but that is not how things turned out. Very little was accomplished compared with what was envisaged by many of us. But outside of that [circle of enthusiasts], who knows?

There were never that many Gaeilgeoirf in Millstreet that I ever knew of, nor was there, for a long time, any priest there who would do anything to improve the situation. Some of the nuns were enthusiastic about teaching Irish, and some was taught in the boys' school, but nothing spectacular.

When I stayed in Millstreet I'd want to go to some rural school to have a Gaelic day. There was one in the area that was much talked about for a while. That school was in Cuileann Ui Chaoimh, and Sean O Cadhla was the headmaster "

(Fe Bhrat an Chonnartha, 1944)

* Padraig O Siochfhradha, whose most famous book, written under the pen-name *An Seabhadh* (The Hawk), is the semi-autobiographical comedy "*Jimin Mhdire Thaidhg*"

14. Patrick Pearse

Pearse became the Irish Volunteers' Director of Military Organisation in 1914 and by 1915 he was on the IRB's Supreme Council, and its secret Military Council, the core group that began planning for a Rising. In that role he visited Millstreet on 22 August 1915 to meet local IRB members and Volunteers. The following are brief accounts of the visit.

"A Unit of the Irish Volunteers had been formed locally in 1914 after the disintegration of the National Volunteers. It was so painstakingly organised that it was considered by the Volunteer Executive in Dublin to be a suitable nucleus for organising the Duhallow and Muskerry districts. Accordingly they, sent Pádraig Pearse to Millstreet to address a meeting of the public and a convention of Volunteers. Pearse's visit on August 22nd was ostensibly for the local Feis and sports. The advertised programme read:

'Gaelic and Athletic events - - Tug-o'-war, pony race, championship dancing, address on the Resurrection of Erin by P. H. Pearse, B.A, B.L.'

The organisers were: Tom Griffin and Seamus (Jimmy) Hickey. As the visit took place only a fortnight after his famous oration at the grave of O'Donovan Rossa it attracted a lot of attention, not least from the R.I.C.

However, Pearse slipped through them and made his way to the football field. There he addressed several thousand people who had assembled to enjoy a real Gaelic day and to listen to the gospel of Irish patriotism as preached by its greatest exponent of the time. His address reawakened in many the dormant spirit of Irish patriotism inherited from an unyielding and freedom loving ancestry. More than a few resolved that to give their lives if necessary that Ireland might be free.

Amongst those present were Jeremiah O'Reardon and Jim Buckley, who had been active with the Fenians in 1867, and many veterans of the Land War of the 1880s. Other were mere boys who had learned well the history of their native land.

Following a conference with Pearse, these men and others set to work to expand the organisation of the Volunteers. When the R.I.C. realised that Pearse had evaded them their chagrin was of a high order. However, they had the 'privilege' of standing guard outside the Railway Hotel whilst Pearse had an evening meal inside. It is a significant fact that all those known to be associated with his visit were either interned or had to go on the run the following year."

("Millstreet's Green and Gold" by Jim Cronin, 1984)

A small group of Volunteers came down from Cork city to accompany him back to Cork where he was due to speak the following night. Among them were Liam Ruiseal (of the bookshop) who has left a brief account:

"We were accompanied by two Cork Volunteer pipers. We went by train to Macroom and then by waggonette to Millstreet. On the return journey, as we reached a rise of ground near Carriganimma, all got down except Pearse and myself. We spoke in Irish only, and I remember he was under the impression that he had met me before. The following night, Monday, he addressed a big gathering in the Hall in Sheares Street. There was great fire in his speech, and he was tremendously inspiring."

("The position in Cork" by Liam Ruiseal).

Another Volunteer who was part of the group was Liam de Roiste who has left an account in his diary:

"23/8/15, Monday, 6.15.pm. Had a glorious day yesterday. Went with Vice-Commandant Sean O'Sullivan, Pipers Band and some Oglai to Sraid a Mhuilinn Feis via Macroom to

accompany P. H. Pearse back to Cork. He is to speak to a public meeting from the Hall, Sheares St. tonight."

("Liam de Roiste diary. " ref. U271/A/18, Cork Archives Institute)

There is also an account of the visit in "Rebel Cork's Fighting Story." (Anvil 1947, Mercier 2009)

15. Terence MacSwiney

MacSwiney became the full-time organiser of the Irish Volunteers in Cork in 1915 after the split with Redmond's National Volunteers. He toured the county and spoke at Millstreet, helping to set up the companies that were later the backbone of the local resistance during the War of Independence:

"November 1st 1915, was a Fair Day in Millstreet. It was also a Church Holiday. Arrangements were made for a parade of the small group of local Volunteers and for a public meeting. Cork Brigade Headquarters sent Terence MacSwiney, who addressed the parade and the members of the public asking for recruits for the Irish Volunteers. Mr. Jeremiah O'Riordan, Corner House, a veteran of the Land League and an old Fenian, presided. As a result of the meeting three Companies were formed immediately, Millstreet, Rathduane and Musherua. Keale Company were established about a week later."

(Con Meaney, Witness Statement No. 64 in the Bureau of Military History as published in *"The 'Boys' of the Millstreet Battalion Area"* by the AHS.)

16. 'E.S.G.'

This account describes a journey made through the area during the War caused by the Treaty. The author was travelling from Dublin to Killorglin. The initials may stand for Edith Stopford Green, sister of Dorothy Stopford Green, who worked as a doctor in Kilbrittain during the war of Independence and was a medical advisor to the IRA in West Cork. Edith went Free State; Dorothy went anti-Treaty. Both were nieces of Alice Stopford Green, who also went Free State and became a Senator.

"From Dublin as far as Limerick Junction our journey, if not signalized by an undue haste, was, on the other hand, devoid of unusual incident. Arriving an hour and a half late, we dallied for another hour in the station, while the officials made up their minds whether they would proceed any further or not.

Ultimately, after changing into another train, we set off at a crawl for Buttevant over temporarily restored bridges and railway lines, which are torn up in the night, re-laid every few days, only to be torn up again on the following night; the damage perpetrated by the Republicans being encouraged, if not actually inspired, by enterprising car-drivers who are making colossal fortunes conveying passengers and their luggage from one station to the next, and who at Buttevant were waiting in massed formation to fall upon us. The train being unable to proceed further owing to the destruction of a bridge, we had no choice but to transfer ourselves to a jaunting car, and to drive the seven miles to Mallow behind a decrepit horse, in a drenching mist.

At no time a hive of activity, Mallow, the junction connecting all the lines in the south of Ireland presents to-day a lamentable spectacle of decay. The magnificent ten-arch bridge across the Blackwater has been blown to pieces, a work of malign ingenuity ascribed to Erskine Childers, assisted by an engineer from Krupps'.

The dingy hotel where we spent the dismal night is Situated in the main street of the town amidst the crumbling ruins of such civilization as remained after last year's burning by the Black-and-Tans, followed by the bombs and bullets of the Free Staters and Republicans, whose favourite battle-ground it seems to have been ever since. The windows of the coffee-room were riddled with

bullet holes; the floor was carpeted in crumbs; two commercial travellers, with pained expressions on their faces, sprawled in profound slumber over the only two armchairs in the room; on an ink-stained writing table a Strand Magazine of 1899 served as literary link between Mallow and the outer world.

After a night of indescribable discomfort, the next morning dawned, if anything, somewhat wetter than the preceding day. After breakfast we started in a hired motor, the driver of which, we were given in confidence to understand, was an Ulster man who had deserted from the British Army, been discharged from the Republican, and was about to offer his services to the Free State — a military record which inspired us with complete confidence in the resourcefulness of his character.

Avoiding the main roads, which for several weeks have been completely blocked, we arrived by a circuitous route over a mountain at Millstreet, where our inquiries for the road to Killarney were met with derisive shrieks. "If you can lepp and you can swim you may perhaps get there; not otherwise," we were told. "Every bridge is down and every road is blocked since the fighting on Sunday." Conscious of proficiency in both 'lepping' and swimming, we pushed undaunted on our way, running almost immediately into a flying column of Free State troops, who stopped us and demanded the driver's permit. They were covered with mud, weary and war worn, having been fighting for two days. "You will meet Irregulars further on," said the officer, "As you are only ladies they may not take your car; if you had men with you they would certainly do so."

Bidding him good-bye, we charged with thrilled expectancy into the war zone, an old man who subsequently directed us adding to our growing excitement by informing us that the 'Free Staters' had "gone back" and that the 'Publicans' were on ahead. Whether the latter were engaged in burying their dead — the number of which, according to the Free Staters, was almost past all calculation — or whether we drove through them, concealed behind the hedges, we never discovered. The disappointing fact remained; we never saw even one member of the phantom army in whose track we were supposed to be following.

"Are you all mad here?" I inquired of a group of men we next came upon, contemplating a gaping void in the middle of a village street, in front of which the car suddenly pulled up — only just in time to prevent our taking a wild leap into the river swirling in the precipitous depths beneath. "More than half of us," was the cheerful reply, as a couple (presumably of the sane section) advanced with advice and directions to the driver, whom they conducted down a muddy declivity leading to the river, into which the car plunged — while we crawled, clinging to the parapet, over a narrow footway on to the other side. When nearly across, the engine of the car — which had been gradually getting into deeper water — suddenly stopped. Our hearts sank. Complete silence fell on the spectators for a moment; after which the entire population of the village, sane and insane, rushed to the rescue, throwing down stones and eventually hauling the car into shallower water where the engine was restarted.

Having regained the road, we next found ourselves up against a gigantic tree, prostrate across our path, its branches sawn in such a fashion as to form snags, — between and underneath which it did not seem possible for any vehicle to pass. But our motor-driver came up to our expectations in the matter of ingenuity, arid by lowering the wind-screen and keeping his head to the level of the steering-wheel, advancing and reversing every few inches, the car emerged triumphantly, after a good quarter of an hour's manoeuvring, on the other side.

It was the first of many similar obstructions, some of which we struggled under, some of which we squeezed our way round, and others which we avoided altogether by turning in at the gates of private demesnes and bumping our way through farmyards, the walls of which had been pulled down by cars preceding us: experiences so unnerving that at Killarney the driver dumped our luggage down in the middle of the street and bade us a polite but firm farewell.

At the local garages all requests for a car to continue our journey in proved useless. Only by aeroplane, we were told, could anybody hope to arrive at Killorglin; "every bridge is down, and over a hundred trees and all the telegraph posts and the wires twisted in and about and around them."

After over an hour spent in frantic appeals, the owner of a horse and car was finally prevailed upon to undertake the eighteen-mile drive in consideration for a sum exceeding the first-class railway fare to Dublin. For the first few miles we made our way through Lord Kenmare's demesne, over the grass, down on the shore of the lake, where the horse had to be led between the rocks and where the wheels of the car sank deep into the sand and gravel. After being almost bogged in a bohereen leading into another demesne, which we drove through, we proceeded for about a mile on a side road, when we encountered a broken bridge. A precipitous descent into a wood, across the river, over a field into a lane, on for a mile or two over trenches, getting off the car every five minutes, occasionally having to take the horse out and drag it over felled trees and down into ditches; and then the most formidable river we had yet met, with an insurmountable bank on the opposite shore, topped with a barbed-wire fence. Seeing no possibility of manoeuvring this, we drove to a cottage, where a young woman came out and directed us. "Drive down the bank by the bridge and go under the farthest arch, and then drive down in the river for a bit till you come to a slope in the bank, and you'll see a way up on the other side."

An old man came out of the cottage and offered to come with us. I walked with him, while the horse and the car started down the river. We talked the usual platitudes, when suddenly, seizing me by the arm, he exclaimed: "Oh, God! Aren't the times terrible?" "Indeed they are," I replied fervently. He broke into sobs. "Oh, God!" he cried, "Oh, God! My only son, he's on the run, and if they get him they'll shoot him. ... I can't shtop talking of it.... That young girl you saw just now, she's my daughter. She's come all the way from England to mind me, but sure, nobody can mind me now. ... I can't shtop talking, and to-morrow they're taking me to the asylum...."

Looking back, after I had bidden him good-bye and climbed among the broken masonry up the cliff-like side of the tumbled arch, I could see him, still standing by the lonely shore; his rugged, beautiful face distraught with anguish, his hands clasped in mental torture: 'Oh, God! Oh, God!' echoing in my ears as we drove on in the fading twilight on the deserted road, his tragic figure leaving in one's memory an unforgettable impression of Ireland's madness and despair.

It was dark when finally we arrived at our destination, having taken five hours to accomplish the last eighteen miles. When it is realized that not a single obstruction we encountered after leaving Mallow would have presented the slightest difficulty to a lorryful of soldiers, armed with a few planks and a couple of saws, the imbecility of the tactics of the Irregulars, which merely cause delay and inconvenience to civilians, can hardly be understood. Yet for months past, bands of able-bodied youths have been engaged in destroying bridges and blocking roads all over the South with no other result. As soon as one road is cleared by the Free Staters another is being obstructed, a work of devastation which will, presumably, only cease when every tree in the country has been felled and every bridge laid low. Meanwhile, we are a philosophical and long-suffering race, and if on my journey I endured untold fatigue and discomfort, on the other hand I have added considerably to my knowledge of the geography of my native land."

"From Dublin to Kerry" by E. S. G. in the *"The Nation and the Athenceum"*,
November 11th, 1922 (A precursor of *The New Statesman*).

17. J. C. Coleman

This is an account of a cycling tour around Musherah mountain:

"The first time I passed through Rylane was on a cold bright St. Stephen's Day. A friend and I, wishing to get rid of the effects of Christmas, cycled off to Musherah. Few people there were on the roads, and when we got to Rylane, the sound of hammering could be heard for miles. The local boys were getting the hall ready for the night's dance and as we passed they shouted invitations 'come along tonight and not be fooling with them mountains.' It was late when we got home. It was not the dance delayed us but the crisp clear air of the hills and the heathered slopes of Musherah.

In any case I couldn't dance and still cannot dance. I have a good year for musical rhythm, my friends say I thump a piano reasonably well, but the music or the rhythm has never reached my feet. The few dances I had to attend were painful for all concerned. Girls objected to my primitive foxtrot methods, 'marching' they called it, when I steered them in straight lines and turned smartly at the four corners of the room. My unreversible waltzing technique was guaranteed to make any damsel dizzy for the rest of the night.

To return to the Boggeras, however. If you are interested in archaeology, there is almost too much to see around Rylane. There is a group of Stone Circles (that might be hut sites) on Knocknagoun Mountain and a megalithic tomb below them. You should look up the six inch map for the rest, because to detail all the antiquities would degenerate into a very long catalogue here. My friend, Paddy Harnett of the National Museum, surveyed East Muskerry (which includes the Rylane district), over a number of years and his notes, photographs and plans fill a whole box. He could not publish the material in one go; it was too voluminous. So far he has published papers on the megalithic tombs and holy wells. I mention this here because we spent some happy days in this country together and like many Corkmen, we now survey the scene - from Dublin.

If you draw a line north and south through Rylane, the country west of it is more truly mountainous than that in the east. The Laney and the Glashagarriff rivers are the Lee's principal tributaries from this area and the Rathcool and Aubane take of the north side. There are more rocks to be seen here than in the country previously described, the roads are rougher and less inclined to keep level course, the shadow of high Musheramore is over the land.

My favourite route through the western Boggera country gives you the Glashagarriff and the Laney in one trip and a contouring of Musheramore as well. If you cycle, be prepared for steep hills, and if you use a car be warned in advance that there are no first-class roads..

Beyond Coachford, the main road for Macroom climbs a long hill where from the top you see Shehy away to the west before dropping down to the Glashagarriff Bridge. Without crossing the bridge turn right and the river valley and a relatively good road leads northwards. A mile and a half from the bridge the river is now far below you in a gorge-like glen with the far bank wooded and the roadside peppered with outcrops of sandstone. At the head of this gorge is Mullinhassig Waterfall. A spot 200yards downstream from the fall is the best place to descend the hillside from the road and provides the most stimulating approach to the place. A path by the river leads upstream and an old mill race is now carried along the valley side below the road. And then you reach the fall where, they tell you, a mermaid in the form of a salmon basks in the pool.

No prettier waterfall exists in Cork. The total height is no more than fifteen feet but the setting of the trees, the stratified sandstone crags on each side, and the deep pool constantly pulsing with the vigour of the falling water make it a perfect little gem.

There are few people in Cork who can say that they have seen Mullinhassig. You could pass along the road unaware of the fall, but it was an angler (one of those knowledgeable men) who first told me about Mullinhassig.

The folk-tale about the mermaid goes on to say that she lures away unwary anglers to the bottom of the pool, where they spend the rest of their lives releasing fish from the hooks of their fellow anglers. Now I imagine this tale was started by some disgruntled Isaac Walton to explain his failures at the pool, or maybe 'twas a more cunning one who thought to steer his brothers of the angle away from a particularly good piece of water.

Above the fall, the Glashagarriff is a small stream with a wider, greener valley spattered with sandstone. In a mile more Bealnamorive village is reached. This is a small place with a church on the hillside and a thatched post office. If you go up the hill behind the church to Coolgarriff townland you can explore a really well-preserved souterrain in a fort there. It is nearly 36 feet long and has three chambers. The first and second (both roofed with some slabs) are connected by a body size creep tunnel. The terminal chamber hollowed out in a hemispherical form from the stiff clay, is entered through an eighteen inch high doorway.

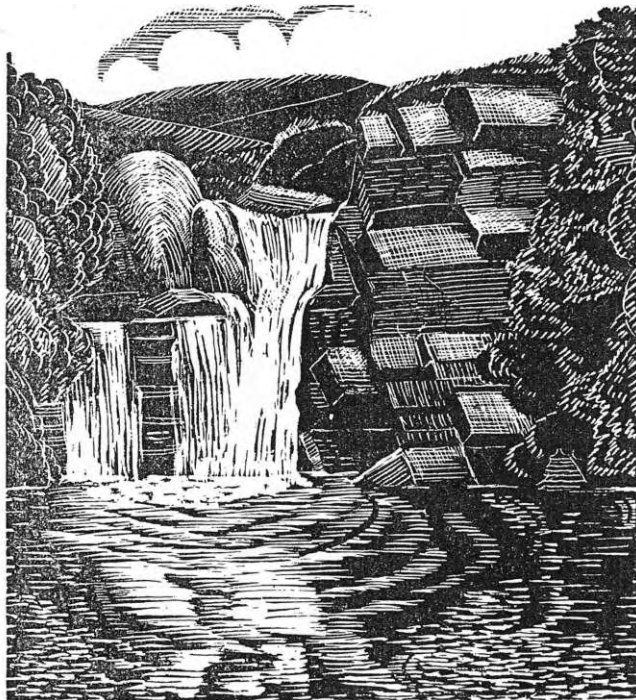
From Bealnamorive village there is mighty steep road over Knockagreenan hill (863 feet) southwards to Carrigadrohid on the Lee. There is also an inviting route westwards towards Macroom with reedy Lough Gal by the roadside and the hill-backed Sullane valley beyond.

But to get to grips with Musheramore your road is northwards and uphill to Leadawllin. At the highest point of the road, on the left, rises Burren Mountain (1,250 feet) which I climbed one January when a thick blanket of snow mantles the land. It is a fine place from which to view Musheramore and the attendant peaks of the Boggeras and southwards Cooper's Rock is prominent. Below, the Laney valley from Ballynagree southwards is well displayed. You drop down to this river at Carrigthomas Bridge and then north-westwards the road climbs steadily up to Musher Gap.

Westward the Derrynasaggart Mountains are massed with Caherbarnagh in the north above the plain of the infant Blackwater, which stretches into the horizon and Kerry.

Around you is unfenced hillside, no cottages squat by the rough roadside and Musheramore top at 2,118 feet is an easy walk from the gap. The road forks at the gap, and a short distance down the left branch is a fine stone circle with a pointed attendant standing stone. You can skirt the west side of Musheramore to another gap between Musher (1,622 feet) and Seefin (1,619 feet). Through this northern gap the old Kerry Pike road passes over the hills and down to Millstreet. If, however, you want to go to Macroom from Musher Gap, you should take the road past the stone circle. This road, in spite of its bad surface, is the quickest way to the Keel valley above Carriganimma. Here the Millstreet highway is good of surface and goes swiftly downhill to Macroom town."

(Journeys into Muskerry, J.C. Coleman, 1950)



Mullinhassig waterfall

Mushera Roundup

Following the success of the Rathcoole Ambush, 16 June 1921, the Crown Forces decided on a 'sweep' or round-up of the whole area towards Mushera and Nad on St. John's Day, 1921. Nowadays it would be called a 'surge.' It involved over a thousand troops. One local victim was Mikie Dineen in Ivale, now commemorated with a monument. The map illustrates the deployment of the various regiments and the local Auxiliary forces.

Notes on Millstreet

The late Maurice Murray-O'Callaghan gave me a copy of these notes some years ago and they were jotted down probably in the 1960s. He wrote the *'Millstreet Items'* column for *The Kerryman* and *The Corkman* for many years. Those items by him and his predecessors over the decades would provide a great source of information on Millstreet. Let's hope that someone, some day, will research them. These notes begin with a transcription of the entry on Millstreet in the *Topographical Dictionary* by Samuel Lewis published in 1837.

Jack Lane

MILLSTREET, a market and post-town, in the parish of DRISHANE, barony of WEST MUSKERRY, county of CORK, and province of MUNSTER, 29 1/4 miles (N. W.) from Cork, and 155 (S. W.) from Dublin, on the road from Cork to Killarney, and on that from Mallow to Kenmare; containing 1935 inhabitants. Before 1736, the place consisted only of an inn, a mill, and five small cabins: it has now one long street, with several smaller ones diverging from it, and contains 312 houses, the greater number of which, though small, are neatly built. It is situated on the south side of the Blackwater, amidst the lofty mountains of Muskerry, and derives its principal support from being a great thoroughfare. A small market is held every Thursday, during the winter season, chiefly for pigs; and fairs are held on the 1st and 12th of March, June, Sept., and Dec, for the sale of cattle, horses and pigs. An ale and porter brewery was established here in 1835, which produces 1000 tierces annually; and there are extensive flour-mills, which have proved very advantageous to the farmer in encouraging the growth of wheat. Here is a small court house, in which petty sessions are held on alternate Mondays; connected with it is a small bridewell, It is a constabulary police station; and there are large barracks for 6 officers and 100 men, where a detachment of infantry has been kept ever since the riots of 1822. The parish church of Drishane stands on an eminence above the town; it is a handsome edifice, built in 1798 at the expense of J. Wallis, Esq., of Drishane Castle, the owner of the eastern part of the town; the western part, called Coomlagan, belongs to McCarty O'Leary, Esq. Here is also a R. C. chapel, which, being small and inconvenient, is about to be rebuilt upon a larger scale. The male and female parochial school is supported by H. Wallis, Esq., and the vicar; and a school is about to be established in connection with the new R. C. chapel. The scenery around the town is exceedingly interesting, and in its vicinity are several elegant residences, noticed in the article on DRISHANE. (A TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF IRELAND, BY SAMUEL LEWIS, 1837)

The Inn in Millstreet referred to by Lewis was situated next to the Bank of Ireland in the town. It was a stop for the old mail coaches at the time and it was here in this historic place that Daniel O'Connell stayed in his journeys though the country.. He referred to this Inn at Millstreet in his writings as "a place with the finest sheets to sleep on and the finest food he ever did eat."

As far as we know the Inn at that time belonged to a Riordan whose generations have now long passed on. This building was later purchased by the Murray family, the Square, where a new building (hardware and meal and flour store) was opened about 1911.

Later in the 1950s this building was sold to Jerry Sheehan of the Avonmore Electrical Company. The last residence of this historic building was Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Riordan and family of Clara Road, Millstreet. This building has again been sold to Buckley's Stores, Millstreet which is expected now to be demolished.

The five small cabins referred to by Lewis are supposed to have been in the Square of the town where Buckley's Stores, Murray's Bar, McCarthy's (O'Callaghan's) bar and O'Leary's butchers are now situated facing the road to Macroom. The remaining part of the town was but one big green field.

The local industries in the town and locality from 1820 -1860 were:

- (1) There was a tannery at the Tanyard; from this the place derived its name, Tan-yard. It was supposed to be between the ground of the house or sites of John Twomey and Mrs. B. Singleton which is now the house of John Kelleher.
- (2) In the Tanyard meadow there was an ale and porter brewing established in 1835 and producing one thousand tierces a year.

- (3) There were four extensive flour mills which the town grew around and from which it took its name.. Millstreet.
- (4) Bricks were made at Pat Murphy's field in Dooneen.
- (5) There was a mill in operation for crushing corn near Dromsicane bridge and a small mill at Cloughoulamore
- (6) Whiskey was distilled at Denis Kelleher's lands of Lackadota until the years of the Great famine of 1847
- (7) Before the Land League days or the time of the Land War when the people fought for their lands the town has 300 (three hundred) shoemakers.(This seems incredible. J. Lane)
- 8) A weaving industry was established in Tullig

The tanneries declined all over the country during Grattan's Parliament, 1780, when the continental countries developed their own tanneries.

Lands: the lands of Duhallow and Muskerry were divided by three great Irish Chieftain families - the McCarthy Mores whose castles were situated around Millstreet (Drishane, Kilmeedy), the O'Keefes whose castles were in Cullen and around Kanturk and the O'Callaghans whose castle was situated at Clonmeen, Banteer, which was known as Pobal O'Callaghan or the O'Callaghan people or country. Another one of their castles was at Drummeen, on the south bank of the Blackwater. On his way to the Confederation of Kilkenny, Cardinal Rinnuccini, as a papal envoy from the Pope, came over the mountains onto the old coach-road in Millstreet and stayed with the McCarthy Chieftain at the Boeing, near the present Drishane Castle. Later continuing his journey crossing the Blackwater at Keale Bridge into the territory of the O'Callaghan, where he stayed at the O'Callaghan Castle at Clonmeen before setting out on his journey to Kilkenny.

The Sisters of the Presentation Convent: they came to establish a convent in Millstreet on May 27th 1840. The first four sisters to come to Millstreet were:

- (1) Sister Clare Barry
- (2) Sister Joseph Prendergast
- (3) Sister Francis McCarthy
- (4) Sister Teresa Doyle, a novice.

They began to teach Art, Music, embroidery, lace making as well all the other subjects of a Primary school. The Bishop of Kerry at that time was Bishop Egan and the Parish Priest of Millstreet was Fr. FitzPatrick whose notes left us a short history of the time. Religious education was given to the people for an hour after Mass on Sundays. The Catholic Church in Millstreet at that time stood where the presbytery garage stands to-day between the presbytery and the Convent gate. It was a low thatched structure. The roof of this little church collapsed in the year 1838 and the priest and congregation moved to the new church which was still incomplete and this is where the present church stands. The present new church was built on it and opened in the 1930s by Bishop O'Brien of Kerry.

Schools: previous to the boys and Convent schools, there were the hedge school master who taught in houses and by the side of the road. One of these was Garibaldi O'Sullivan who is buried in Drishane, a renowned teacher. Edward Walsh the poet taught at some place in the Mill Road near the town (look up his poems). Donal O'Sullivan taught at Mullaghroe in Cullen. The Hedge School system ceased about 1859. The Boys school of the 1800s was erected where the former McSweeney West End Cinema stands, now the Murphy furniture store adjoining the cemetery at the West End. Many years later a new boys school was built where the present houses stand adjoining the Presbytery in the Clara Road.

Ancient settlements: in the Millstreet area we find Stone Age remnants of Iberian Colonists going back to 2,000 BC. Iberian Temples or Iberian Tombs (Cromlechs), British Temples or (Stone Circles), British Shrines (Gallauns). Gaelic religion past as cow-worship, well worship, spring worship which have their roots in the pre-Celtic past. Also, there are Dugouts or underground passages.

Maurice Murray-O'Callaghan

Other local entries in the Lewis Dictionary

All spellings as in the original.

DRISHANE, a parish, partly in the detached portion of the barony of MAGONIHY, county of KERRY, and partly in the barony of DUHALLOW, but chiefly in that of WEST MUSKERRY, county of CORK, and province of MUNSTER, on the road from Cork to Killarney, containing, with the town of Millstreet, 7036 inhabitants. It comprises 32,169 statute acres, as applotted under the tithe act, and valued at £12,635. 16. 9. per ann. About a seventh part of the land is fertile and well cultivated, but the greater part consists of mountain pasture and bog : much of the former, however, affords good herbage for large herds of cattle and goats; and a considerable part of the district of Kladach, containing about 2200 acres of rough moorland, might be reclaimed at a moderate expense. Slate is found in several places, also white clay of a tenacious quality; and near Drishane Castle is a bed of good limestone. The gentlemen's seats are Drishane Castle, the residence of H. Wallis, Esq.; Coole House, of H. O'Donnell, Esq.; Mount Leader, of H. Leader, Esq.; Rathduane, of J. E. McCarty, Esq.; Coomlagane, of J. McCarthy O'Leary, Esq.; Coole, of H. O'Donnell, Esq.; and the glebe-house, of the Rev. F. Cooper. The parish is in the diocese of Ardfert; the rectory is impropriate in the Earl of Donoughmore, and the vicarage was united, in 1760, to that of Nohoval-daly, together forming the union of Drishane, in the patronage of the Bishop. The tithes amount to £630, and are equally divided between the impropiator and the vicar; the tithes of the benefice amount to £455. There is a glebe-house with a glebe of 26 acres. The church, situated in Millstreet, is a large edifice with a square tower, in the Gothic style; A grant of £112. 17. 6. has been recently made by the Ecclesiastical Board for its repair. In the R. C. divisions it is the head of the union or district of Millstreet, which also comprises the greater part of the parish of Cullen : the chapel is at Millstreet, and there is also a chapel at Cullen. The parochial school, in Millstreet, is supported by H. Wallis, Esq., and the vicar. A school-house is about to be erected at Coomlegan, for which Mrs. McCarty, of Glyn, in 1811 bequeathed two acres of land and £40 per annum. There are also two private schools, and the number of children educated in the parish is about 150. Drishane Castle, which is in good repair, was erected by Dermot McCarty in 1436 : his descendant, Donagh McCarty, was engaged in the war of 1641, by which he forfeited the estate : in the demesne are the ruins of the old parochial church. Of Kilmeedy castle, which was built by one of the McCarty family, in 1445, to command the wild mountain pass from Macroom to Killarney, the ruins still remain in the valley, near the mail coach road. -See MILL-STREET.

DROUMTARIFFE or DRUMTARIFF, a parish, in the barony of DUHALLOW, county of CORK, and province of MUNSTER, 2 1/2 miles (S. W. by S.) from Kanturk, on the river Blackwater, and on the new government road from Roskeen bridge to Castle Island; containing 5926 inhabitants. It comprises 14,971 statute acres, as applotted under the tithe act, and valued at £9007. 17. 6 1/2. per annum : of which about 3000 acres consist of coarse mountain pasture and bog. The arable land is of middling quality. Since the construction of the new government roads, lime has been extensively used as manure, and the state of agriculture greatly improved. The extensive and valuable collieries of Dromagh and Disert. the property of N. Leader, Esq., afford constant employment to a considerable number of persons. Dromagh colliery has been worked for nearly a century. Within the last fifteen years a large capital has been expended by the late N. P. Leader, Esq., on useful works connected with the collieries, which are now in excellent order, and capable of supplying an extensive demand. Among other improvements, he erected a large boulding-mill, near the new bridge over the river Allua, which, in compliment to him, has been named Leader's bridge. At Clonbanin, Dominagh, and Coolclough are other collieries worked by different proprietors. About forty years since, it was contemplated to open a navigable communication between these collieries and the sea at Youghal, by means of a canal cut through the vale of the Blackwater; and part of the line between this place and Mallow, to the extent of 3 1/2 miles, was actually cut, and still remains visible. A railroad in the same direction has also been suggested, but no steps have yet been taken for accomplishing that object. Fairs are held at Dromagh on the 20th of May, Aug., and Nov., for general farming stock. The gentlemen's seats are Nashville, the residence of N. Leader, Esq.; Minchill, of J. C. Wallace, Esq.; and the Glebe-house, of the Rev. H. Bevan. Fort Grady, so called from an ancient rath or fort in its vicinity, and formerly the residence of the father of Viscount Guillamore, is now occupied as a farm-house. The parish is in the diocese of Ardfert and Aghadoe; the rectory is impropriate in Lord Lisle; the vicarage was united, in 1760, to those of Cullen and Kilmeen, forming the union of Droumtariffe, in the gift of the Bishop : the tithes amount to £384. 12. 3 3/4.,

of which £184. 12. 3 3/4. is payable to the impropiator, and the remainder to the vicar : the entire tithes of the benefice amount to £720. The glebe-house is a neat and commodious building, erected in 1825, by aid of a gift of £400 and a loan of £400 from the late Board of First Fruits; the glebe comprises about 24 statute acres. The old church was burnt by Lord Broghill's troops, in 1652; the present church, at Dromagh, is a neat edifice, of hewn stone, with a square pinnaced tower, erected in 1822, by aid of a gift of £300 and a loan of £300 from the same Board. In the R. C. divisions the parish forms the principal part of the district called Coolclough, which also includes parts of the parishes of Cullen and Kilmeen. The chapel, near Dromagh, is a spacious and handsome structure, originally built on a site presented by the late Mr. Leader, who also contributed £150 towards the building; it has been recently rebuilt, in the Gothic style, under the superintendence of the Rev. J. Barry, P. P., and has now a handsome front of hewn limestone, with a spire rising 80 feet from the ground. The chapel at Derrinagree is an old building. There are three private schools, in which about 200 children are educated. In the midst of the collieries is the ancient Castle of Dromagh, once the chief residence of the O'Keefes, consisting of a square enclosure flanked by four circular towers: it is now the property of Mr. Leader, by whose father one of the towers has been raised and fitted up, and part of the enclosure converted into offices. The battle fought, in 1652, at Knockbrack, in the vicinity, between the forces of Lord Broghill and those of Lord Muskerry, is described under the head of Clonmeen, and the geological features of the district under that of the county of Cork.

KILCORNEY, a parish, in the barony of WEST MUSKERRY, county of CORK, and province of MUNSTER, 3 miles (E. S. E.) from Millstreet, on the Bogra road to Cork; containing 1257 inhabitants, and comprising 8606 statute acres, of which 3474 consist of good arable land, and the remainder of mountain pasture. In 1651, a desperate battle was fought at Knockbrack, or Knockiclashy, on the borders of this parish, between the parliamentary forces under Lord Broghill and those commanded by Lord Muskerry. Towards the south and south-east the parish is mountainous, and on the east borders on the Bogra Moors: good building stone is found in several places. Kilcorney House, the residence of H. Sherlock, Esq., is an old mansion to which was formerly attached an extensive and finely wooded demesne. The living is a rectory and vicarage, in the diocese of Cloyne, and in the patronage of the Bishop: the tithes amount to £147. 13. 10. There is neither church nor glebe-house, but a glebe of about 13 acres. In the R. C. divisions the parish forms part of the district of Clonmeen: the chapel, a plain edifice, is situated on the road to Cork. About 80 children are educated in two private schools. Some vestiges of the old church still exist in the burial-ground.

CULLEN, a parish, in the barony of DUHALLOW, county of CORK, and province of MUNSTER, 3 1/2 miles (N.) from Millstreet; containing 4385 inhabitants. It is situated on the Government new line of road from Killarney to Mallow (which will be of great benefit to the district in general), and on the north bank of the river Blackwater, and contains 13,409 statute acres, as applotted under the tithe act, and valued at £8478 per ann. The land, generally coarse, is occasionally good and under tillage; agriculture is gradually improving; there is a large portion of bog. Near Churchhill a culm mine has been worked for the last six years, which employs about 30 persons: brownstone, adapted for building, is found in the parish. The principal residences are Keale House, that of J. Leader, Jun., Esq.; Stake Hill, of Leonard Leader, Esq.; Church Hill, of Daniel McCartie, Esq.; Rathroe, of Denis McCarthy, Esq.; Derrigh, of Denis McCartie, Esq.; Knocknagehy, of J. Philpot, Esq.; Flintfield, of Denis O'Connell, Esq., M.D.; and Duaregill Castle, formerly belonging to the O'Keefes, the property and occasional residence of Dr. Justice, of Mallow. The living is a vicarage, in the diocese of Ardfert and Aghadoe, united since the year 1670, with those of Kilmeen and Droumtariffe; the rectory is partly appropriate to the deanery, and partly impropriate in the Earl of Donoughmore. The tithes amount to £328. 17. 4., of which £48. 17. 4. is payable to the lessee of the dean (being the rectorial tithes of 3162 acres), £130 to the lessee of the impropiator (being the rectorial tithes of 10,249 acres), and £150 to the vicar (being the vicarial tithes of the whole). The old church is in ruins; that of the union, and the glebe-house, are in Droumtariffe. In the R. C. divisions the parish is partly in the union or district of Droumtariffe, but chiefly in that of Millstreet: the chapel at Cullen is a modern slated building. There are four hedge schools, in which are about 230 children. At Droumsicane, on the bank of the river Blackwater, are the picturesque ruins of an extensive square fortification, flanked by a round tower at each angle, the property of Sir Broderick Chinnery, Bart.: it had formerly a lofty square tower in the centre. Tradition says that at some remote period a battle was fought at Knockonard; and near Keale have been found spurs, spears, bronze battle-axes, and other relics. An ancient crescent of pure gold, weighing nearly 2 1/2 oz., and valued at £9 British, was found near Knocknagehy in 1834. Adjoining the ruins of the church is a holy well, dedicated to St. Laserian, where a patron is held annually on July 24th.

Aubane - among the 'Noted Places.'

During the year 1813 an official at the General Post Office in Dublin, Ambrose Leet, took it upon himself to create an authoritative list of the proper addresses of places and 'Gentlemen's Seats' throughout the country. Such a list or directory did not exist and, naturally enough, the lack of it was felt very keenly by the Post Office.

It was a very thorough piece of work and received the imprimatur of the Post Master General and published in 1814. The extract that includes Aubane is below and the frontispiece of the Directory is on the next page.

The Ordnance Survey carried out 20 years later lists 58 townlands in the Parish of Millstreet. Only 15 of these were considered sufficiently noteworthy to be included in Leet's earlier Directory.

It is most peculiar that Aubane was not included in the Ordnance Survey of the 1840s despite the fact that we have it listed here as a 'noted' townland in 1814. It was also listed as a townland in the Tithe Applotment records of the 1830s. This illustrates a very unfortunate fact, i.e. that the Ordnance Survey in this part of the country was not very thorough or reliable. Funds for the Survey had been curtailed by the time it got here and the result was a slipshod job. It needs to be rectified.

Jack Lane

Atten . . .	Limerick	Dioc. Achonry	Mich. Scanlan, esq.
Atterbury . . .	Clare	Six-Mile-Cross	John Abbott, esq.
Atteville . . .	Sligo	Ballymote	Wm. Knott, esq.
Atticall . . .	Down	Kilkeel	Town-land
Attichree . . .	Sligo	Ballina	Town-land
Attier . . .	Kilkenny	Kilkenny	Town-land
Attycahill . . .	Mayo	Ballyvary	Village
Attyfarnan . . .	Mayo	Westport	Village
Attyfarrell . . .	Tipperary	Burros-a-kane	John Cornwall, esq.
Attyfinnelly . . .	Leitrim	Carrick-on-Shan.	Town-land
Attyflin . . .	Limerick	Limerick	J. Westropp, esq.
Attyflin . . .	Galway	Dunmore	Village
Attyjames . . .	Tipperary	Carrick-on-Suir	Village
Attymon . . .	Galway	Athenry	(V.) B. Cunniff, esq.
Attyreece . . .	Mayo	Westport	Town-land
Attyregan . . .	Galway	Kilconnell	Village
Attyrorey . . .	Leitrim	Carrick-on-Shan.	Town-land
Attyslany . . .	Clare	Corrofin	Town-land
Aubane . . .	Cork	Millstreet	Town-land
Aubawn . . .	Cavan	Killeshandra	Hen. Lenauze, esq.
Auburn . . .	Dublin	Swords	Andrew Crawford, esq.
Auburn Cottage	Sligo	Sligo	Captain Manley
Auburn Dale . . .	Cavan	Killeshandra	A. Monypenny, esq.
Auburn Lodge	Cavan	Virginia	Robert Richardson, esq.
Audleys Town	Down	Strangford	Town-land
Aughaboe . . .	Queen's	Burros-in-Ossory	(V.) Vic. Dioc. Ossory
Aughabog . . .	Monaghan	Newbliss	Rec. Dioc. Clogher
Aughabolloge	Cork	Maerroom	Rec. Dioc. Cloyne
Aughaboy . . .	Longford		Town-land
Aughaboy . . .			

G. Mac to M. Porter.
Sept 21st 182.

DIRECTORY

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TO WHICH IS ADDED

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1814.

Joseph Diimeen,

'the last bard of Sliabh Luachra'

Joseph Dinneen, dramatist and local poet, died tragically at Headford Junction, Co. Kerry, on April 29th 1924. "Joe the Poet" as he was familiarly known around the entire Sliabh Luachra area, spent many years rambling about composing ballads and songs about anything and everything. Born in Corran, in a beautiful setting neath the shadow of the Paps mountain, in a sunny, breezy site, the entire area was then fresh and blooming with cultivation. A brother of the great Irish lexicographer, Rev. Patrick Stephen Dinneen and of the educationalist, Sr. Mary Helen Dinneen of the Mercy Order, Baggot St., Dublin, he was the sixth son of Matthew and Mary Dinneen.

He attended Shrone National School for a short time, then he transferred to Meentogues (what memories those placenames evoke), where his uncle Michael O'Donoghue - 'Mick the Master' - was principal. His scholaration finished in Meentogues, he then attended St. Brendan's College, Killarney. He finished his studies at the Holy Cross College, Massachusetts. Deciding that the priesthood was not his vocation, he returned to his native Sliabh Luachra, where he spent his time in the composition of verses.

Killarney was his base for long periods; here he entertained tourists and others with his light-hearted and humorous verses. Most of his works were penned in public houses; his family did not approve of this, doing their very utmost in a vain attempt to have him change his ways. However, their best efforts failed. Like all the great poets prior to this time, he commemorated the entire important happenings throughout his native area in verse. In 1896 a book of his plays and poems was published, but it is unavailable today. (*The complete poetical and dramatic works of Joseph Dinneen.*)

A welcome awaited Joe wherever he went. He must have enjoyed his time in Killarney - in "the Sem." He penned a long composition in praise of the College which he dedicated to Rev. David O'Leary, President of the College:

"Hail peerless site of erudition. Hail!
Where first my genius spread her airy sail
Where first the gems of poesy learned to blow-
And rushing stanzas in unbidden flow"

Joe penned the following lines in a Christmas card, sent by him to his cousin in Shrone:

"When the golden sun is setting
And your mind from care is free
When of absent friends you are thinking
Won't you cast a thought on me?"

He depended on the generosity of customers in public houses, and when one patron failed 'a stand' in the Bridge Bar, Rathmore, the reveille sounded thus:

"O Wise man, O Wise man
For whom do you save?
For others to spend and you cold
In your grave."

Emigration to the United States from any area was a very sad occasion, as the emigrants rarely, if ever, returned home. All the neighbours gathered at their home on the night prior to the departure and this was known as an "American wake." Joe lamented the going away of his cousins, Andy and Hanna O'Sullivan, Gortdarrig:

"Lonely will be Gortdarrig and Jer's will be without cheer
For Andy and for Hanna are sailing off for e'er."

The great excitement generated on Polling Day in 1896 was captured by Joe when he exhorted the group of people of Rathmore to come out and vote for MacGillycuddy from Aghadoe:

"Oh come to Rathmore, we will welcome you there
Come on for the beauteous Blackwater is there

MacGillycuddy resounding a thousand times o'er
MacGillycuddy returned from charming Rathmore"

Even the sale of a farm in Knocknaloman did not escape Joe's watchful eye. The farm was sold by William Hassett, proprietor of a bar in Rathmore. The buyer was Denis Creedon from sunny Gortnagown:

"There were bidders upon bidders
Of mighty boast and talk
But humble honest Denis
Did up the ladder walk
Going, going at five and forty
Each boaster's pride was broke
They all gave up the battle and none but Denis spoke
Here is applause to Hassett for Knoknaloman's sold
His handsome bar will glisten now with Creedon's yellow gold
Willie! bleed a barrel and spill it freely round
You land is in your pocket
And your cattle free from pound."

When Katie Buckley of Knocknacopple decided to join the Presentation Order in Rathmore, the occasion was celebrated with a verse from Joe:

"She's Sister Brendan now, a mother to us all
She'll pave the way before us to Heaven's shining Hall."

Students in Rathmore will always remember the nun as a dedicated and brilliant teacher.

Hilliard's Sale in Killarney was one of the most important occasions for the ladies of Sliabh Luachra who 'hit' the town in their hundreds to avail of that massive store. Joe was aware of this and it was an opportunity for him to pen a few lines to advertise Hilliard's wares, knowing that it would activate the intended bell!:

"Hilliards down in Main Street where we meet with all our friends
With bargains so enticing our money we shall spend."

When a local wit tried to outshine him at composing, in Jerry A's bar in Rathmore, Joe showed his disgust in the following lines:

"A half boiled egg, you cannot neither eat nor sell
A halfbred dog can neither bark nor yell
A halftrained tradesman will spoil your block and tools
A half made scholar is a whole time fool."

Joe wrote many romantic songs in which he showed the depth of his love for the beautiful girls he met on festival days at Cullen on Laitiaran Day, and at The City on May Day. Thus he wrote of a maiden he met at The City:

"Above the well this fair young belle stood like the Queen of May
The sun's bright rays threw here an there her head of gold away
Her ruby lips did far eclipse yon sun that bakes the lea
And oh! she stole my heart and soul Mavoureen geal mo chroidhe
Then to a tent we straightaway went - I'm telling no white lie
With cakes and sweets she did me treat - with seagrass and bulls-eyes
Each orange red outsized my head and "the dew" was spilling free
Thus so she stole my heart and soul Mavoureen geal mo chroidhe ."

The "Bells of sweet Rathmore" is the best known of his romantic songs:

"When first I met this peerless lass, an angel she did seem
And since that hour by day and night she haunts me like a dream."

Joe did not lack a sense of humour. He shows this side in the song "The Bushes Above Cahirbarnagh." His character, Pat Murphy, ventured forth in search of a wife but ended up tattered and torn by the furze bushes in Cahirbarnagh:

"My name is Pat Murphy, I am tired of my life
Having travelled the country in search of a wife."

Beauty of scenery made a deep impression on Joe. He encouraged us to visit Killarney and Ballyvourney. On the breathtaking scenery of Killarney he wrote:

"Oh come along while the sun is high
And view the earth, the lakes and sky
Take a fond look before you go
At Muckcross, Dinis and Aghadoe."

On Ballyvourney he wrote:

"For it's there the birds sing sweeter than anywhere I know
The Sullane groves are shady in the warm summer glow."

He penned great elegies. He lamented the death of good friends and captured the depth of sorrow felt in the neighbourhood at the death of a good man. The sudden death of Denis O'Connor, a cooper who resided at Mounthorgan Cross was the occasion for pen and paper:

"He was a good and upright man who bore a noble soul
And with the friends who loved him I want to now console."

The death of Con Hickey of Cahirbarnagh in 1923 gave us another elegy:

"Cahirbarnagh's purple mountain loud rings with sobs of grief.
Awaiting for Con Hickey, now gone past all relief."

Joe composed many ballads, all in a very short time. He revised only a very small amount, Some of his poems were published in the Kerry Sentinel and he had some published in book-form in 1908. He was the author of two plays, "Parnell" and "The Gold." Very many years ago, "The Gold" was staged in London. He composed many 'Skellig lists' chastising young couples who did not 'tie the knot' during Shrovetime. One such ditty ran thus:

"It is not the Darby we knew long ago
That boy was barefoot in three feet of snow
Now he wears a blue tie and two peaks to his coat
And the chain of his watch it would fetter a goat."

Another he concluded with:

"There was hair on his face - it was shocking to see
That dirty 'grousogween' from Gortnahaneboy."

The tragic death of Joe, when struck by a train at Headford Junction shocked the people of Sliabh Luachra where he was held *in* great respect. A priest alighted from a train coming from Rathmore and gave him the last rites. Joe is buried in Rathmore Cemetery, in the family plot at the eastern corner.

Dan Cronin
(of Aunascirtan)

"Around the Cork-Kerry Border - recalling the Rambling House"
by Dan Cronin.

Published by the Aubane Historical Society

Some poems

The Cup comes to Millstreet

Nineteen forty eight was the date of the year
Our young football team on the field did appear
They won from Dunmanway right down to
Fermoy
And the city of Cork they went out to defy
On the banks of the Lee on an October day
For the County Cup we went for to play

Ten to one were the odds on that great City team
Our men were too soft and our boys were too
green
With Den Connors midfield and the brave
O'Keeffe brothers
Those brave city lads would soon sigh for their
mothers
Still they put down the cash to humble our pride
And send us home beaten to the Blackwater side

Our team lost the wind to the toss of a coin
So St. Vincent's they planned for to lick us in
time
Then Munty tried hard for to stop the attack
But the first point they scored put our nerves on
the rack
The play was resumed at the kick-out of the ball
When Kelleher Pound Hill got a very bad fall

John Joe Tangney, Dick Barrett, Byrne and Weir
Shouts 'toughen the game while the wind is from
there'
Then on to the field the sub Dennehy came
Sub or no sub he played a fine game
We went on defending till the half-whistle blew
Then of points we were nil, but St. Vincent's had
two

The restart of the play, oh what terrific speed
Jim Manley he proved a true friend indeed
Young Kelleher thought of sweet Minor Row
And he scores a fine goal with the tip of his toe
Then Cork's ardent backers fell into despair
While Millstreet's supporters flung their hats in
the air

St. Vincent's they rushed on their major attack
But Dineen and O'Driscoll knew how to hit back

Still they sent in the ball to the mouth of the goal
Denis Manning with honours put his name on the
ball

With excitement the sidelines by now had gone
mad

They were betting their shirts and what money
they had

Five minutes to go with our team in the lead
Our opponents displayed all their old keen breed
They rushed and they fought in the air and the
ground

'Twas then Jerry Connor showed himself sound
When at last came the whistle with a cheer for
full time

Old Millstreet were champions till 1949

Then home by Macroom over many a mile
All gay and light-hearted we wore a bright smile
The bonfires were blazing in our dear native
town

And even old Claragh looked lovingly down
By our priests and our people the welcome was
great

We have brought home the Cup for 1948

Jerry Doody

Bennie O'Brien

The sun rose high on a cloudless sky
The mountains were tinged with gold
The tall trees waved in a gentle breeze
And the valleys were fair to behold
The corn was green and the air was filled
With the scent of new-mown hay
While Clara-more re-echoed the laugh of the
boys and girls at play

'Twas a happy throng that climbed the hill
That Sunday in July
Where Gortavehy's placid lake reflected the
summer sky
Peaceful and still her waters lay
Calm as a babe asleep
Not a ripple broke the vast expanse
Of a great and silent deep
Into the warm lake they plunged
Then on the grass they lay

Those carefree Ballydaly boys
Who are always so bright and gay

'Twas for pleasure they climbed the hill that day
Leaving work and care for a time
But the one who enjoyed himself the most
Was youthful Binnie O'Brien
For Binnie was full of life and fun
No matter where he'd be
You'd see him smile and hear him laugh
As he joined in the revelry

He smiled and laughed as he swam around
With his friends on that mountain lake
Little knowing that the final swim that day
Was the last he'd ever take
For when it was time to leave for home
They were all prepared but Ben
"Just one more swim and I'll go with you then"
He said as he dived again

As he swam something went wrong
He turned towards the shore
He raised his hands and sank beneath
Alas! He rose no more.
And as his friends ran to the water's edge
He disappeared from view
So quickly did it all occur
They scarcely could believe 'twas true

One brave swimmer quickly undressed
And leapt into the lake
He risked his life to save a life
One daring chance to take
All his companions would do the same as he
If they could only bring poor Binnie back
But none of them could swim

And there beside the treacherous lake
That looked so innocent
Distracted minds and sorrowing hearts
Sent up their sad lament
They knew the hand of death had come
But could not realise
That Binnie in the bloom of life
Was drowned before their eyes

As they stood dumbfounded there
Knowing not what to say
A girl's trembling voice was heard
"We'll all kneel down and pray"
A witness to the sad event

And watching all going on
With steadfast unbelieving gaze
Was Binnie's brother, John.
Though he was young, he understood
His eyes with tears were dim
But the family down below
Who'd break the news to them?

As quick as it was possible
The priests were made aware
And the Millstreet guards were notified
Of what had happened there
The priest performed the church rites
Though the body was not found
To the parents then he broke the news
That their darling son was drowned

While guards and neighbours searched the lake
Without success that day
A cloud of sorrow like a pall
O'er Ballydaly lay
If thus the neighbours could lament
What must the anguish be
Within the home where never lived
A better son than he

No wonder that his mother's heart
Was broken to the core
His gentle smile and cheerful laugh
She'd see or hear no more
Binnie, who was loved by all
Good natured, kind and true
It's hard to think he lost his life
At the age of twenty two

Although his passing we regret
There is one thing we know
He lived a pure and upright life
And always prepared to have a go
' He was a credit to his home
Likewise his country too, as fine a lad
As ever wore a sailor's navy blue

For years he sailed upon the sea
Faced danger far and near
And to think a lake beside his home
Should end his short career
But now he is safe in a heavenly port
His earthly voyage is o'er
May God who called him, grant him rest
And peace for evermore.

John Twomey (July 1949)

Ned Buckley

Sadness spreads o'er Duhallow's open vale
And mournful winds raise to a gale
Each face you pass is sad to see
For they mourn the Bard of Knocknagree

Gone is the hand that wielded the pen
By humour and wit for his fellow men
No more those verses of humour we'll see
They're gone forever with the Bard of
Knocknagree

Ah Ned, we miss you all the more
For none can write as you wrote of yore
Though others may try none will be
Loved like you, the Bard of Knocknagree

That fountain of wit was taken away
To await the call on Gabriel's day
And there that great assembly shall see
Ned Buckley, the bard of Knocknagree
(1954)

Sean Moylan

Moylan's dead, Sean Moylan's dead
Swift through our land the sad news spread
God rest your soul I softly said, Sean Moylan

What though we quarrelled in times past
And vote for you I never cast
It grieves me sore to see the last of Moylan

For forty years your name has rung
Through all North Cork your fame was sung
By poet and patriot, old and young, Sean Moylan

In dark thrilling days your hand
Struck hard and true for motherland
And Ireland's foes oft felt the hand of Moylan

From Allo's vales to Scartaglen
Was heard the tramp of marching men
The foeman rued Thade Daly's glen and Moylan

Loud o'er your head rings out once more
The rifle's peal as in days of yore
But calm you lie, life's battles o'er, Sean Moylan

Your voice is still, your soul has fled
To swell the ranks of Ireland's dead

God grant you rest, may Heaven be your bed,
Sean Moylan

(1957)

My Home Town

There's a pretty spot, Kilmeedy
Not far from Millstreet Town
And 'tis there I love to linger
When the sun is sinking down;
Oh! 'Tis there I love to linger
In the twilight's purple glow
And listen to the rippling
Of the water down below.

Sheltered in by towering mountains
Undisturbed by rain or gale
Curraghcahill smiles serenely
Over lovely Ardrivale.
There the apple trees are blooming
And flowers bedeck the scene;
Where fields of golden corn
Are entwined with emerald green.

In the glens of Gneevs and Curragh
There is beauty rare and grand;
There's a waterfall unrivalled
Fashioned there by nature's hand;
O'er the mountain streams are flowing
Gathering volumes as they go
Tumbling down o'er mighty boulders
Crashing on the rocks below.

Lone and lovely is Mount Leader
'Tis for all our eyes, a treat
With the mountains high above it
And the river at its feet;
See the glorious panorama
That embraces Coomlegane
And the woodlands, lawns and meadows
Round the Convent at Drishane

In the midst of all this beauty
Millstreet holds a place apart;
In my dreams and hours of waking
It is always in my heart;
When the Angelus Bell is ringing
And the stars at night look down
Oh! In spirit I am with you
Dear-old-grand-old-Millstreet-Town.

John Twomey

Captain Cornelius Murphy: 1915-1921

First Volunteer of the Irish Republican Army to be executed under Martial Law for possession of firearms.

(This a Special Study project for this year's Leaving Certificate for which the author got an AI mark)

In 1921 my great-granduncle, Captain Cornelius Murphy was the first to be executed by the British Firing Squad since the executions of the 1916 Easter Rising Leaders. He was also the first volunteer of the Irish Republican Army to be executed under Martial Law for possession of firearms.

His military career began in December 1915, when Con was appointed Officer Commanding of the Rathduane Company in Ballydaly which comprised of forty men. At the time this was under Tomas MacCurtain's Cork Brigade of Irish Volunteers, in January 1919, this Company became part of Liam Lynch's No. 2 Brigade.

After the Easter Rising, 1916, the controversy surrounding the executions of the Rising Leaders had grown in intensity, and the Royal Irish Constabulary, (backed by the British Army) raided Ireland for signs of potential threat to English security. Con and his brother Denis were arrested in the aftermath of the Rising as part of a nationwide crackdown on prominent Republicans (more than one hundred men were captured in total). The Murphys arrived at Knutsford, Chesire on June 7th 1916. All the detainees were released in August of that year as the jail was shut down.

From 1918 onwards, Con's role was in collecting taxes, organising Sinn Fein Courts as well as boycotts of the RIC and English goods- as Jonathan Swift coined in the 1720's "Burn everything British except their coal." In 1920, Con was elected as a member of the Millstreet Urban District Council. These responsibilities show what a valued member of the rural community Con was- and the British realised this. Capt. Con was put on the British "Murder List" and had a £300 price on his head (the equivalent of a year's pay for an Auxiliary Officer or two years' pay for a Black and Tan soldier). While conducting intelligence work in 1920 he was arrested along with his scout and detained in the local Barracks but escaped after he prised open a window shutter. Unfortunately, his next run-in with the British soldiers proved fatal.

On January 3rd, 1921 the squad moved into the Rathduane area; after arranging billets for his troops, Con returned home. The following morning Con, his brother, and father (both named Denis) were clipping a horse in the farm yard when the Auxiliaries raided the Murphy home. They fled the yard however the officers retrieved Con's discarded coat from a nearby field which contained a loaded revolver and two spare rounds. The three were arrested and endured three days of interrogation and torture while detained in Ballincollig Military Barracks. Con was tried on January 7th, before a Field Court Martial at Cork Barracks. He was charged with having a revolver in his possession and having seven rounds of ammunition -this broke The Martial Law which had been introduced on December 12th 1920. Meda Ryan explains the significance of the law to Irish citizens, "*The Martial Law gave a freedom to the military to do as they wished; they could arrest somebody and didn't have to justify themselves or give the accused a fair trial* "

His charge and consequent execution set precedent for further executions of Republicans with the same charge. The novelty of the law as well as its injustice sent the Republican community into a state of shock; this was a time of reprisals, where houses were being burned and those who opposed the Black and Tans suffered severely.

Con stated first that he found the firearm but later contradicted himself in court saying the revolver did not belong to him but that he was holding the gun overnight for a man whom he did not recognise, and did not mean any harm by having it in his possession, (this was general practice at the time).

He stated the man asked him for his name and address, and asked him to hold the firearm and ammunition until the following night. Con was not willing to do so but accepted.

He said he did not know about the Martial Law or he would not have taken them from the man; there were no public notices posted up within four or five miles of his home place. However, the prosecutor later mentioned that the proclamation had received all the necessary publicity in the various districts.

Con then told the court that none of his family knew about the incident. Nevertheless, his brother, Denis Murphy was charged on two counts; firstly for not informing the RIC that his brother had a revolver in his possession and secondly for failing to inform the Competent Military Authority that his brother was in possession of revolver ammunition not under effective military control.

Con was then detained in Cork Military Barracks and was briefly transferred to Cork Gaol, before being brought back to Cork Military Barracks for his execution by Firing Squad on February 1st 1921. Denis, who was still detained, was called at dawn to speak to his brother. Con's parting sentiments were,

"Tell the boys they have nothing to worry about. There is no need to move anything. They [the authorities] have been told nothing... It is as well to die now as it is at any other time... Give my love to all" [Denis Murphy's prison diary.]

Capt. Con's charge and consequent execution set precedent for further executions of Republicans with the same charge. The novelty of the law as well as its injustice sent the Republican community into a state of shock; this was a time of reprisals, where houses were being burned and those who opposed the Black and Tans suffered severely.

Although the harsh sentence bestowed upon Captain Murphy was a symbol of intolerance on the part of the RIC- Proclamation No. 1 states,

"..her [Great Britain's] sole object in declaring MARTIAL LAW is to restore peace to a distracted and unhappy country; her sole enemies are those who have countenanced, inspired and participated in REBELLION, MURDER and OUTRAGE.

It is to put an end, once and for all, to this campaign of CRIME that MARTIAL LAW has been declared."

His execution was considered differently by some in Westminster; British Cabinet member and former Attorney General, Lord Birkenhead led the public outcry which questioned the abandonment of basic legal rights in Ireland. Lord Birkenhead's impartial stand at the injustice of the execution shows how the British began to reconsider their position on their policing in Ireland.

"...The most essential duty, because the ability to enjoy the other rights...can only be guarded by the ability to defend citizenship...Ireland armed will make a better bargain with the Empire than Ireland unarmed. "

[Padraig Pearse, at the establishment of the Irish Volunteers; regarding the right to bear arms].

I think Pearse's theory was the reason for the initiation of Martial Law; if the Irish were defenceless they would be easier to govern. It also caused anger in Ireland as Pearse called the right to carry arms, *"The proudest right"*. This was a step too far for Republicans who were fed up with inequitable laws introduced by an Empire.

Con was as much a hero as the last two soldiers to die before Firing Squad- James Connolly and Sean McDiarmuid, however his name and sacrifice have been celebrated in a smaller community. As Lieutenant General Sir H. Lawson said,

"It is no exaggeration to say that, as a class, they represented all that was the best in the countryside."

Most of all, his dedication, life and the manner of his death were proof that the spirit of the 1916 Rising remained unbroken.

Background to my research on this project

I started my research by joining the Cork County Library. The books I required were in the Reference Only section so I could not check them out; this gave me valuable insights into the process of research. I purchased three books which I had found most useful and was then able to read them at my leisure. After finding contact information on the publisher's website I emailed Brendan O'Shea and Gerry Whyte, co-authors of two of the books. They are both soldiers so they had a military interest. At the time Brendan was serving with the UN in Kosovo so he referred me to Gerry who was extremely generous with his time. Gerry helped me correct dates and provided me with documentation and sources.

Next I made an appointment at the Cork City Library where I read newspapers from the 1920s on microfilm. I also ordered census reports from 1918 in the Millstreet area. I found these very interesting as they helped me put Con's experience in context.

My history teacher obtained Meda Ryan's phone number for me and I conducted a phone interview with her. This was one of the most challenging tasks in my research as Meda is a well-respected historian and I had to learn how to take good notes quickly while speaking to her. Meda provided me with Jack Lane's email address. Jack has edited a book on the Millstreet Battalion. Jack was also helpful; his contacts in England allowed me research some finer points in my study.

While researching I found myself recognising bias not only in my sources but in myself and my family therefore we, as a family had to re-examine our perceptions of the man and the context in which he acted.

I found writing drafts of my essay satisfying as it is a physical product of the research. I enjoyed making corrections and seeing the study take shape. When I read over my first draft of the essay it is almost unrecognisable; I think this shows how much my writing improved over the course of the two years.

My school

In Colaiste Choilm Secondary School, Ballincollig, Cork there are more than 1,000 students and 100 teachers. Even though the Special Study was a part of the Leaving Certificate Exam (20% of the overall grade in History) we attacked it with a vengeance- that approach is in the air there.

I spent so much time on my project I would have been devastated if I didn't get an AI-not only for myself but for everyone who helped me: my family for chauffeuring me everywhere I needed to go, my extended family for providing me with material for the project; my friends, especially Caoimhin O Broin, who kept classes entertaining; historians Meda Ryan, Gerry O'Shea and Brendan White; Mrs. Leahy, countless librarians and Department of Defence Staff who made the project possible.

To succeed in an endeavour like this you have to be 100% committed to it! Pick a topic that interests you; look at your hobbies and try to think outside the box! The corrector doesn't want to see another Michael Collins project! Read as broadly as possible to both find information and also to put your facts in context. Extensive reading also improves your own writing. Go to www.examinations.ie and look at the marking scheme (find out where exactly the marks are allocated). You have to go out on a limb; contact publishers, nag historians, pester librarians-remember be polite! These people don't have to help you! After putting in the effort plague your teacher with drafts! Most of all, don't give up! My initial draft totalled 200 words, and I thought I'd never have enough material! It goes to show that there's hope for all of us!

I can't imagine my Special Study turning out so well without the omnipresent support, encouragement and help of my teacher, Cathal Leahy. His gregarious nature meant it was never a Hassle to stay back a few minutes after class or even devote entire classes to our research studies. If only someone could invent a cloning machine...

Orla Murphy

Letters

The Butter Road

**Aubane
Millstreet
Co. Cork**

29 August 2008

The **Editor**,
The **Corkman**.

Dear Sir,

IN SUPPORT OF JERRY SHEEHAN

I agree totally with Jerry Sheehan's critique of official tourist bodies and their lack of support and appreciation for the tourist potential of areas outside the 'honey pots' such as Blarney and Killarney (The Corkman, 28/8/08).

What makes Jerry's case even stronger is that the unique Country Park he has created lies exactly halfway between both these tourist spots and all are directly connected by the first tourist project ever created in Ireland - the Cork-Killarney Turnpike road opened on 1st May 1748. His Park could, quite literally, be the centre of a new tourist product.

This road was built by John Murphy of Castleisland who first saw the tourist potential of Killarney's lakes and Blarney castle and created a road that joined them - which it still does - for those who know it. That road later thrived as the historic Butter Road for well over a century.

This road connects historic and cultural centres such as Shandon, Blarney, Tower, Matehy, Rylane, Mushera and Sliabh Luachra. There is a myriad of historic and archaeological sites along its route as well as new attractions such as the new International Golf Course at Tower, the Millstreet Country Park itself and the Green Glens in Millstreet.

The road and environs is also ideal for environmental friendly tourism and activities such as road, hill and mountain walking as well as appreciating the wildlife or simply enjoying the sheer scenic beauty.

It is a perfect introduction, and is complementary, to Killarney and the Ring of Kerry. Its development and promotion could add a new dimension to tourism in the South West and increase the variety available.

Failte Ireland and others have indicated the potential of adding the Butter Road and what it has to offer to the tourist products available to visitors but it has yet to even appear on any tourist map or brochure. Why? Surely that would not be too difficult or expensive to arrange? The Butter Museum in Shandon is rightly promoted - so why not the Butter Road?

Yours sincerely,

Jack Lane

To Mercier Press

AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Aubane, Millstreet, Co. Cork.

jacklaneaubane@hotmail.com

30 April 2009

To: Brian.OConchubhair.1@nd.edu
History Department
Notre Dame University, U.S.A.

Dear Dr. O Conchubhair,

RE-PUBLICATION OF 'REBEL CORK'S FIGHTING STORY'

It has come to our attention that you are editing a series of books for Mercier Press, Cork, that involves separate re-publication of Cork's, Dublin's, Kerry's and Limerick's Fighting Story, originally published on various dates by Anvil Press (whose titles are now taken over by Mercier). This is an excellent initiative that will re-acquaint a modern audience with these classic texts on the War of Independence. The decision to provide a contemporary introduction that puts these works in context is also a good one. The selection of an appropriate historian to write the introduction is important.

In that context the choice of Professor Peter Hart of Memorial University, Newfoundland to introduce 'Cork's Fighting Story' is surprising. Professor Hart is a controversial choice. That is not a problem in itself. The historical society on whose behalf I write also has a reputation for controversy. Controversy stirs debate, focuses attention and clarifies thinking.

The concern with Professor Hart concerns not controversy, but credibility. The credibility of Peter Hart's research is the controversy that surrounds him. In that regard, our society published in 2008, *Troubled History*, a 10th anniversary critique of Peter Hart's *The IRA and its Enemies* by Brian Murphy and Niall Meehan. We also published in 2006 Dr Murphy's *The Origin and Organisation of British Propaganda in Ireland 1920*. Both publications raised issues of interpretation, distortion and censorship, arising out of Professor Hart's use of historical sources (do you have them? If not I will forward them to you). The criticisms are not exclusive to our Society, far from it. They have been brought into the academic mainstream, albeit too slowly in our view. I detail summarised examples, that relate to credibility, (matters of interpretation are secondary in this context) below:

- Hart claimed to have interviewed a veteran of the November 28 Kilmichael Ambush six days after the last veteran died;
- Hart claimed to have interviewed two veterans of the ambush when only one was alive (aged 97), though medically incapacitated and incapable of sustained speech;
- Hart claimed in his 1992 thesis (on which his 1998 book is based) to have been given a tour of the Kilmichael ambush site by the person who was interviewed six days after the last veteran died. This revelation was omitted from the 1998 book, which mentioned but did not specifically identify Hart's tour-guide;
- Hart cited a British assessment of loyalist informing in his 1998 commentary on April 1922 killings near Dunmanway in a way that directly contradicted the source's conclusion. A relevant section immediately following and directly qualifying the sentence he cited was censored;
- In his later editorship (CUP, 2002) of the *British Record of the Rebellion in the 6th Divisional Area*, from which the assessment above was taken, Hart failed to explain his censorship of the source. Hart then proceeded to omit an entire section, *The People*, from

this important assessment, but without informing the reader. It contained relevant information on British assessments of Irish people that contradicted the view Hart promoted.

These issues (that are not exhaustive of the credibility issues) have undergone public scrutiny in:

- 1998** (Brian Murphy, *The Month*),
- 2003** (Meda Ryan, Mercier Press),
- 2005** (Peter Hart, Murphy, Ryan, Niall Meehan, Andres Boldt, Sean Kelleher and Manus O'Riordan, Mar-Apr to Sep-Oct 05, *History Ireland*, four issues),
- 2006** (John Regan, *History* Vol. 91 (301), Jan 06; Meehan, Hart, John Borgonovo, *Irish Times*, Jun 23, 28, Jul 3, 14, *Irish Times*),
- 2007 (Ryan, *History* Vol. 92 (306) , Apr 07; Murphy, Aubane; Borgonovo, IAP and *History Ireland*, May-Jun 07),
- 2008** (Meehan and Murphy, Aubane; Brendan O'Leary, *Dublin Review of Books*),
- 2009** (Joost Augusteijn, March-April 09, *History Ireland*).

In the two publications in which Hart participated (*History Ireland*, 05, *Irish Times* 06), he failed to address the criticisms - please see Andres Boldt's comment on this aspect in the Sep-Oct 05 *History Ireland*. In the *Irish Times* in June 2006, in reply to Niall Meehan, Hart stated that he had never used the term 'ethnic cleansing' with regard to the War of Independence in the South of Ireland. It had to be pointed out to Hart that he indeed had used this term in 1997 and in 2003.

Joost Augusteijn, in the March-April 2009 *History Ireland*, made the point that Hart has not answered the serious criticisms and that he has taken them too lightly. Professor Brendan O'Leary made the same point in the *Dublin Review of Books*. O'Leary wondered how 'this ghost', Hart's Kilmichael tour guide, 'walked the walk', and 'talk[ed] the talk' ('A Long March', http://www.drbr.ie/more_details/08-09-25/a_long_march.aspx, see notes 72, 73).

While these criticisms relate mainly to matters of fact, Hart's interpretation of sectarian intent within the Irish War of Independence largely depends on the matters of fact in dispute that he has failed to address adequately. Hart has promised on various occasions, both public and private, to address them. No response that directly addresses the points in contention has emerged.

In such circumstances your decision to choose a scholar whose work has been discredited without response is a strange one. We ask you and Mercier Press to re-consider it. Work produced by this author will be tainted by his inability to address serious criticisms. The decision undermines public confidence in the profession of history and it will bring Mercier Press into disrepute. It will surprise serious scholars of history. It may be that, in these circumstances, you might impose on Professor Hart a requirement to address the criticisms prior to permission being granted to publish his introductory remarks. That would be inadequate in our view - there are other historians whose work is not tainted to this extreme degree. The choice of historian is yours, or perhaps Mercier's (please clarify). That is not our business. However, we reserve the right to comment on the adequacy of the choice made, as in this case. As I have explained, the choice made at this juncture by you/Mercier in the context of this book will be regarded widely as unacceptable and unwise. We suggest that a historian is chosen who has not made impossible claims and one who has not engaged in systematic censorship.

I await your response and that of Mercier Press with great interest.

Yours sincerely

Jack Lane

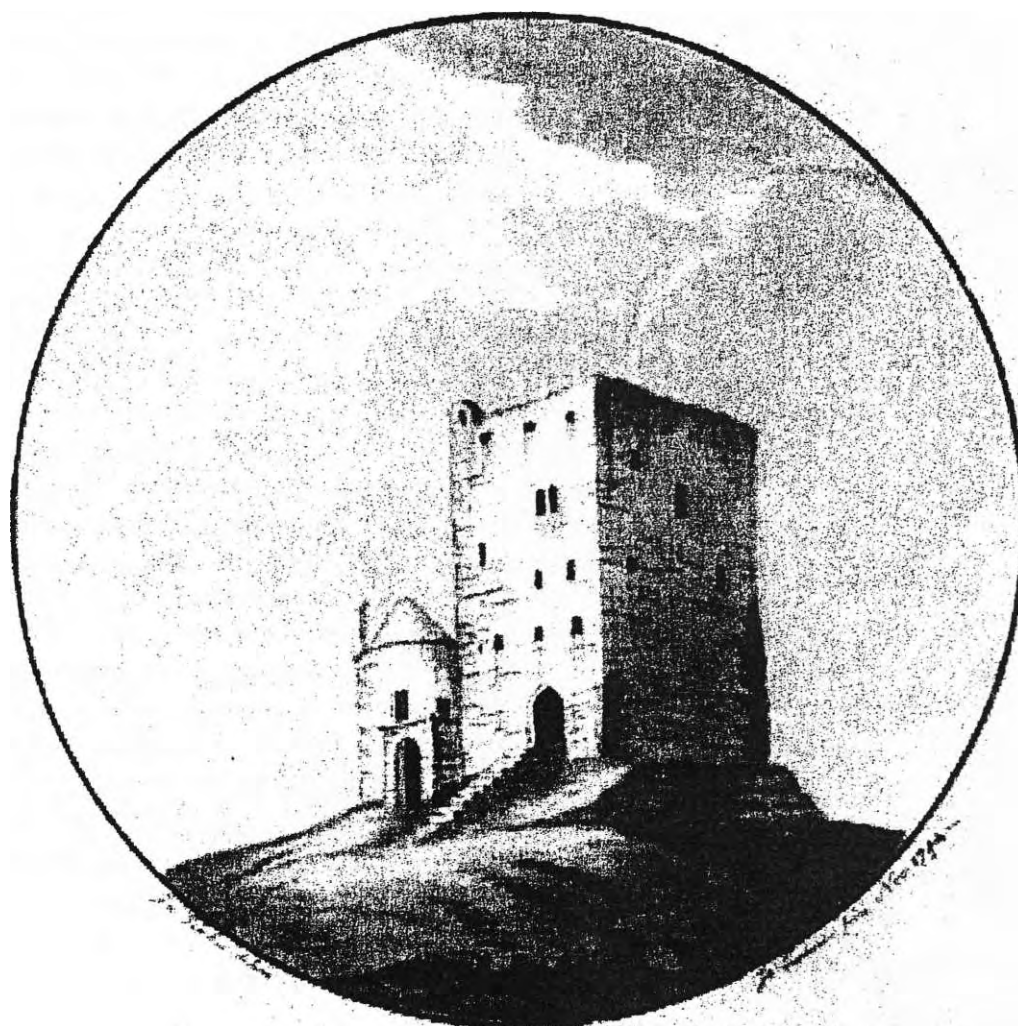
cc EoinPurcell, commissioning@mercierpress.ie
Sharon O'Donovan, info@mercierpress.ie

Data on the Church of Ireland Parish of Brisbane in 1834

There were two reports by the Commissioners of Public Instruction published in 1835 which gives some interesting information on all Church of Ireland Parishes as calculated in 1834. Drishane was in the Diocese of Ardfert & Aghadoe, in the province of Cashel and the Parish included Nohaval Daly. The first Report gives population figures with a religious breakdown and the second report gave some information on hedge schools in the Parish.

The most famous teacher in the parish was the poet Edward Walsh. The information on the schools indicates how well established they were. It is clear that they had little or nothing to do with hedges and were in fact a well organised system of national education run by the people out of their commitment to learning and self-improvement.

The two lots of information are in the table on the following page. Below is a drawing Drishane Castle in 1794.



Drishane Castle in 1794

Drawing of Drishane Castle in 1794 by Jonathan Fisher

Names of Parochial Benefices, and of the Parishes comprised in each.	POPULATION.										County in which each Parish is situate.	Distances of the Parishes in Union from each other.
	1831. According to the Enumerator's Return.					1834. As determined by the Commissioner.						
	Members of Established Church.	Roman Catholics.	Presbyterians.	Other Protestant Dissenters.	Total in Parish.	Members of Established Church.	Roman Catholics.	Presbyterians.	Other Protestant Dissenters.	Total in Parish.		
16. DRISHANE.												
Drishane . . .	134	6,902	7,036	138	7,170	7,308	} Cork and Kerry.	They are contiguous.
Nohaval Daly	3,229	3,229	..	3,391	3,391		
Total . . .	134	10,131	10,265	138	10,561	10,699 ^a		

^a By computation.

CLASS I.—RECTORIES AND VICARAGES.

Section (A.) relates to the Established Church; Section (B.) to all other Denominations.

Places of Worship in the Benefice.	Periods at which Divine Service is performed in each Place of Worship.	The average Number of Persons usually attending Divine Service in each Place of Worship.	Whether Stationary, Increasing, or Diminishing, for last Five Years.	Ministers of the Established Church belonging to the Benefice; Ministers of other Denominations officiating in each Place of Worship.	Whether there is a Glebe House in the Benefice.
(A.) One church, in Drishane.	Once on Sundays and holidays.	60	Stationary.	Two; the rector and curate. The curate is resident. The rector is non-resident.	There is, in Drishane.
(B.) Drishane Roman Catholic chapel. Nohaval Daly ditto.	Twice on Sundays and holidays. Once on Sundays and holidays.	2,500 821	Increasing. Ditto.	} Two.	

16. DRISHANE.		1. School, kept by Mr. Edward Walsh.	Payments by the children.	Males..	40	Sum-	Increasing.	Reading, writing, and arithmetic.	
Drishane. . . .	3			2. Hedge school, kept by Cornelius Minehan.	Small payments by the children.	Females..			24
		Total.	40			70			
						Winter	Ditto.		
Nohaval Daly	2	1. Hedge school, kept by Edward Corbett.	Small payments by the children.	Males..	24	mer		Increasing.	Reading, writing, and arithmetic.
				Females..	15	50			
				Total.	39	Winter			
Nohaval Daly . . .	2	2. Hedge school, kept by Daniel O'Reilly.	Small payments by the children, and an annual grant of £10 from Mr. Cronin.	Males..	35	mer	Increasing.	Reading, writing, and arithmetic.	
				Females..	22	70			
				Total.	57	Winter			
Total		5							
Number of Children on the Books of the Daily Schools				Males.	123	Females.	49	Total.	172

Some old Millstreet families and their houses

The author, Alan Brick, was born in Uganda in 1957. His grandfather on his mother's side, George Powell, was born at Flintfield House in 1892 and had come out to Africa (Northern Rhodesia) after World War I with the Colonial Medical Service. He retired to a coffee farm in Kenya and died there in 1957, 10 days after Alan was born. His parents were Caleb Powell and Mary O'Connell. Mary O'Connell was the daughter of Dr. Denis O'Connell and Teresa O'Donnell of Flintfield House. Teresa O'Donnell was daughter of Herbert O'Donnell and Sarah Ellis of Coole House. Herbert and Sarah were Alan's ggg-grandparents. He is not a direct descendant of the Leaders of Tullig but is related as a distant cousin due to a common ancestry of the O'Donnells and Tullig Leaders - both families partly descend from Richard Freeman of Ballinguile. He also shares common ancestry with the Australian Leader descendants from the two Millstreet Leader/Ellis marriages.

He left East Africa for South Africa with his parents in 1970. His interest in family history goes back about 10 years. This interest got a real shot in the arm when he had his first chance to try the Internet. He got hooked with genealogy but also with the Internet itself from which he now earns a living as a web programmer. Although he visited Ireland a few times in the early 1990s, he certainly never knew of Millstreet's existence at the time let alone any family associations with the town. It is only in the last 18 months that Millstreet began to take a hold on him as his family research has progressed. His fascination with Millstreet has been remote but he now knows that his life will not be complete without an actual visit to the town of his forefathers.

Flintfield House

Flintfield lies on the northern banks of the Blackwater river, about two miles north of Millstreet. It was here, in 1603, when Irish chieftain O' Sullivan Beare and his followers were attacked by the O'Keefe's. This would be one attack of many against them by their countrymen over the course of an epic fifteen day and 300 mile march to Leitrim. Of the 400 fighting men and 600 others who started off with him, only 35 were to survive the march.

Flintfield House was built in 1739. This much we know because today, the house is listed under the national inventory of architectural heritage. Papers in the possession of descendants of later occupants of the house suggest that the Chinnery family owned Flintfield in the 1830's. The Chinnery's had been associated with the Flintfield area since the late seventeenth century and in 1799, Sir Broderick Chinnery was created the first Baronet Flintfield. It is quite probable that the Chinnery's built Flintfield House. It is, however, not until 1803 that we learn that a magistrate, Barry Cotter, applied for a gaming licence for Flintfield House. Barry Cotter had been baptized in Millstreet on 20 January 1774 and was son of a William Cotter and Ann McCarthy. It is not known if William and Ann also resided at Flintfield.

Millstreet was an overnight transit stop for many travellers on the coach route between Kerry and Cork. Maybe Barry Cotter had seen a business opportunity to profit from this traffic. The Millstreet coaching inn had a reputation as being one of the best in the country in the late 1700s. Daniel "The Liberator" O'Connell was one of those to sing its praises and mentioned that the proprietor, a Mrs. Cotter, was a cousin of his.

It is known that in 1744, the Millstreet innkeeper was a Mr. William Cotter. At this time, Millstreet comprised little more than a mill, an inn and a few cabins. There was a handful of Cotter's living in Millstreet in the mid-eighteenth century but the only William Cotter that we have been able to find, was the same William who married Ann McCarthy and was father of Barry Cotter. So could Ann McCarthy be the mysterious "Mrs. Cotter" that Daniel O'Connell claimed was a cousin of his and who ran the inn? There were several marriages between Daniel O'Connell's relations and the Millstreet McCarthy's. The McCarthy's were from a powerful noble clan that had built Drishane Castle in Millstreet around 1450. We have not been able to discover where Ann McCarthy fits into the Drishane McCarthy's family tree. Speculating that she was a cousin of the Liberator, it's likely that she was the sister of Denis McCarthy of Rathduane. Denis married, in

1757. Johanna O'Donoghue, niece of the Liberator's grandmother. If correct, Ann McCarthy would have been sister-in-law to Daniel O'Connell's first cousin.

In June of 1805, Mr. Barry Cotter married Eliza Hayes, daughter of Joseph Hayes. Of their three sons, it is Barry Cotter junior that we know most about. He entered the Australian history books for being one of that country's earlier pioneers. He was born in 1807. In 1826, he was listed by the Apothecaries Hall in Dublin, as receiving a certificate qualifying him as an apothecary apprentice in Millstreet. The local Millstreet apothecary at that time was a Dr. Denis O'Connell. Barry Cotter went on to study medicine in Scotland and became a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. In 1830, at the age of 23, he set sail for Australia to take up the post of assistant district surgeon in Campbelltown, Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania). The party with which he voyaged from England included Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Snodgrass, who was later to become lieutenant-governor of Van Diemen's Land and acting governor of New South Wales. Accompanying Colonel Snodgrass was his goddaughter, Inez Seville FitzGerald. Inez was the daughter of the Hon. Edward FitzGerald, the son of an Irish peer, and Inez Isabel Seville, a Spanish actress. This young lady became Cotter's wife eight years after their arrival in the colonies. On the 5th of November, 1835, Dr. Barry Cotter was among the thirty or so people to first settle Port Phillip (Melbourne). Dr. Cotter's temperament seemed well suited to the rough-and-tumble of those early pioneering days. He became a legendary drinker and gambler and shortly before his death in 1877, he was charged with keeping a house of "ill repute". His descendants describe him as a loveable rogue. If for no other reason than his status as Melbourne's first doctor, his life story is one filled with interesting anecdotes of a lively but restless character.

Barry Cotter senior died in September, 1823. His Australian descendants believe that after his death, his widow, Eliza Hayes, married Dr. Denis O'Connell. Unfortunately, they do not remember how they came about this information so it still remains unverified. Dr. Denis O'Connell was born around 1802. If the story of his marriage to Eliza Hayes is true, it was to a woman at least fifteen years his senior. The first mention we can find of Dr. Denis O'Connell living at Flintfield House was in 1836. He leased Flintfield from Dr. John Herbert Orpen, son of Rev. John Emanuel Orpen of Kanturk who had previously leased it from Rev. Sir Nicholas Chinnery (1804-1868), 3rd Baronet of Flintfield. Dr. Orpen is believed to have built Willowbrook House in Millstreet. Nothing is known of Denis O'Connell's parents or where he was born. He graduated with a medical degree from Glasgow University in 1825. He married Teresa O'Donnell, daughter of Herbert Baldwin O'Donnell of Coole House, on the 29th of July, 1858. There were only two known children from this marriage - Mary Teresa O'Connell, born in 1860 and Thomas Herbert O'Connell, born in 1863.

Dr. Denis died from cirrhosis of the liver on the 9th of April, 1867. After her husband died, Teresa rented 283 acres of the Flintfield House lands to Timothy O'Mahony and his wife, Elizabeth Manning. Teresa and the children stayed on at the house but she was obviously not able to work the lands as well as raise her two young children on her own. All we know of Thomas is that he was commissioned as a lieutenant in 1885 and a captain in 1892. In 1894, he was acting as a magistrate in the county of Cork. In London, on the 26th of November 1885, Minnie married Caleb Keays Powell, a surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel with the Army Medical Service.

The first seven years of their marriage were spent overseas in India and Burma where the first four of their children were born. Minnie's brother, Herbert, looked after Flintfield House during their absence. It is not until 1892 that they all return to Flintfield. Two other sons, George and Walter, were born at Flintfield in 1892 and 1896 respectively.

Soon after 1900, the Powell family had moved from Flintfield House to Dublin. Their four sons, Eric, Ievan, George and Walter, attended Trinity College, Dublin. The first three followed their father's profession as medical doctors and served with the Royal Army Medical Corps during World War I. The youngest, Walter, became an engineer and served as a flying boat instructor with the Royal Navy Air Service during the same war. Minnie died in 1942 at the age of 82 and Caleb died a few years later, in 1945, at the age of 94.

After the Powell family had moved to Dublin, Flintfield House passed to Timothy O'Mahony. After his death in 1911, the house passed to his son, John O'Mahony. In recent decades, Flintfield has been owned by the McSweeney family. The current owner is Noreen McSweeney, who inherited the property from her husband.

Coole House

Across the Blackwater river, to the south of Flintfield House and only a few fields away, lies Coole House (sometimes referred to as Coolmore or Coolemore). In his book, "Guide to Irish Country Houses", Mark Bence-Jones estimates Coole House, the residence of Herbert Baldwin O'Donnell, as being built circa 1760. Herbert O'Donnell was born in 1783 and married Sarah Teresa Ellis in 1811.

Herbert was a land agent to Captain Henry Wallis of Drishane Castle, one of the largest land owners in the Millstreet area. Apart from his duties as a land agent, we know that he also served as a Justice of the Peace, farmed 300 acres and owned a mill. He was a warden at St. Anna's Church for about 15 years. In the mid-1840s, he gave evidence before the Devon Commission (see *Local Evidence to the Devon Commission* - Aubane Historical Society). The Commission sought to collect information on the land issue and put forward recommendations for its solution. Herbert died in 1856 at the age of 73 and his wife, Sarah, in 1860 at the age of 69.

Herbert's father, John O'Donnell of Egmont, was a barrister. Egmont lies about 19 miles north-east of Millstreet, an area that was also home to the Perceval family (Earls of Egmont). John O'Donnell was the eldest son of John O'Donnell of Egmont, a barrister, and Mary Freeman of Ballinguile. Born after 1751, he trained at the Middle Temple, one of the four London Inns of Court, and qualified as a barrister in 1788.

We have been unable to find any record of whom John married. However, the first and middle names "Herbert Baldwin" given to his son indicate that his wife was almost certainly from the Baldwin family of county Cork. All Baldwin's of county Cork from this period, descended from a late 16th century marriage between Henry Baldwin and Elinor Herbert, granddaughter of Anne Parr, sister to Lady Catherine Parr, surviving Queen of King Henry VIII. Elinor Herbert was a direct descendant of King Edward III. Generations of subsequent Baldwin male offspring were given "Herbert" as Christian names.

Another almost certain royal lineage comes via John O'Donnell's mother, Mary Freeman. Burke's Landed Gentry does not mention the 1751 marriage at Ballinguile between Mary Freeman and John O'Donnell senior. What we do learn from Burke's, however, is that Richard Freeman and his wife, Judith Crofts of Churchtown, were the first of the Freeman family to settle at Ballinguile. In 1706, Richard Freeman leased Ballinguile from Sir John Perceval (1st Earl of Egmont). Mary Freeman would certainly have descended from this Richard and his wife, Judith. Judith Crofts was a direct descendant of King Henry III.

Herbert and Sarah O'Donnell had four daughters (Mary, Eliza, Teresa and Sarah) and three sons (John, Nicholas Michael and Herbert Eyre) that we know of. Of the daughters, Teresa married, in 1858, Dr. Denis O'Connell of Flintfield House and Sarah married, in 1851, Adeodato da Silva Lima, a Vice-Consul for Portugal. Herbert's 2nd eldest daughter, Eliza, died relatively young in 1835 and Mary, the eldest, died in 1858.

Herbert and Sarah's eldest son, John, married Mary Jane Cantrell in Guernsey on the 19th of April, 1844. As John's marriage took place just before the outbreak of famine in Ireland, it's possible that he did not return to the country.

The second eldest son, Herbert Eyre (b.c.1818) married on the 29th October 1845, in Cove, Co. Cork, Anastasia Constantina Woollett (b.1822). Anastasia's father was a prosperous London coal merchant of good family. Herbert was admitted to the King's Inns in 1836, where he trained as a solicitor. We find directory listings for him practicing in various towns around Co. Cork and Dublin. There is an immigration record of him arriving in Victoria, Australia on board the "Queen of the Mersey" in May 1866; he was accompanied by Herbert O'Donnell aged 18, whom we can assume was his son. Then, in the early 1870s he surfaces as a solicitor in Wangaratta (about 150 miles from Melbourne, Australia) and in 1871 he applied to be admitted to the Queensland Bar.

Finally, there is a civil record of Herbert Eyre's death, which occurred in Cork on the 3 of February 1873.

The youngest son, Nicholas Michael, was to take over Coole House from his father. He also appears to have played his part in the local community as, for example, it is known that he was Vice-Chairman of the Board of Guardians for the Millstreet Union in 1862. On 26th February 1865, in Blarney. Nicholas married Jane Chesney, the daughter of General Francis Rawdon Chesney and his first wife, Georgette Foster. General F.R. Chesney's memory lives not for his military record, but for his connection with the Suez Canal, and with the exploration of the Euphrates valley. His report in 1830 on the feasibility of making the Suez Canal, was the original basis of Ferdinand de Lesseps' great undertaking in building the canal (in 1869, Lesseps greeted Chesney in Paris as the "father" of the canal). Chesney's widow, Louise, and his daughter, Jane, jointly published a biography of him in 1885. In 1870, describing himself as a miller, Nicholas filed for bankruptcy. We know that he died before 1876 but Coole House was to remain in his wife's possession up until her death in 1903, at the age of 79.

Today, Coole House is owned by Martina Hickey (nee Duggan). Martina and her husband had acquired the property in the early 1990s at which time it had been effectively derelict for years. They had completely refurbished the house, which is now a very attractive, family home.

Sycamore House

The house called 'Sycamore' which was located in the Main Street of Millstreet, no longer survives. The story of the Ellis family that lived there has been covered more extensively in another Aubane Historical Society publication by historian and author, Peter Beresford Ellis (see *Millstreet: A Considerable Town - The Ellis Family of Millstreet*).

David Ellis and Margaret Sullivan were married in Kilshannig on March 11th, 1752 and their eldest son, also David, was the first member of the Ellis family mentioned as living at Sycamore in 1787. The senior David had a brother, Nicholas, living in Doneraile. The Ellis family seemed to move freely between their Millstreet residence at Sycamore and another residence in Doneraile.

Nicholas Ellis of Doneraile married Arabella Cranfield on 4th August, 1760. Their eldest son, Thomas, was born in 1761 and married Eliza Screech about 1781. Thomas and Eliza built and owned the New Inn in Doneraile which they opened on 23rd of June, 1794. In 1796, Thomas helped Lord Doneraile constitute the Doneraile Yeomanry Cavalry which his eldest son, also Thomas, was to join in 1801. Thomas, the son, was to meet a fateful end in Jamaica whilst stationed there as adjutant of the 2nd West India Regiment of Foot. He was bayoneted to death by mutineers under his command in 1808.

The death of his son seems to have had an effect of Thomas Ellis senior for he seems to have given up The New Inn in Doneraile and moved his entire family permanently back to Sycamore and opened another Inn in Millstreet. Thomas and Eliza Ellis had two of their daughters marrying in 1811. Their eldest, Sarah, married Herbert O'Donnell of Coole House and their youngest, Eliza, married Nicholas Leader of Tullig. It was not until 1820 that their second son, Eyre Green Ellis, was to marry Nicholas Leader's sister, Elizabeth. The last of their children's marriages, in 1823, was between their second eldest daughter, Arabella, and Denis O'Sullivan.

Thomas's wife, Eliza, died at Sycamore in 1824. Thomas died four years later at his son-in-law's residence, Coole House. On 11th June, 1837, their youngest daughter, Eliza, died and her widowed husband, Nicholas Leader, emigrated to Australia with his children in 1838. It is not known exactly when Eyre Green Ellis died but his widow, Elizabeth Leader, was to eventually join her brother, Nicholas, out in Australia.

Tullig House

Tullig lies about two miles south east of Millstreet. The Leaders of Tullig were just one of the several Leader family branches including Dromagh, Mount Leader and Keale. Tullig House was built in 1780 around a late seventeenth-century core. Henry Leader, the first of Tullig, was the grandson of John Leader, a Cromwellian adventurer who was granted land in County Cork. Born in 1705, Henry is first mentioned as "of Tullig" in 1738. It was probably around this time that Henry took out a lease on Tullig for "three lives". In 1741, Henry married Christabella Philpott, daughter

of William Philpott and Catherine Freeman. The Philpott's descended from John Philpott, Mayor of Faversham, Kent in 1584 & 1616. Catherine Freeman was the daughter of William Freeman of Castle Cor and Christabella Carew. Catherine was also a granddaughter of Richard Freeman of Ballinguile and thus shared a common ancestor with the O'Donnell's of Coole House.

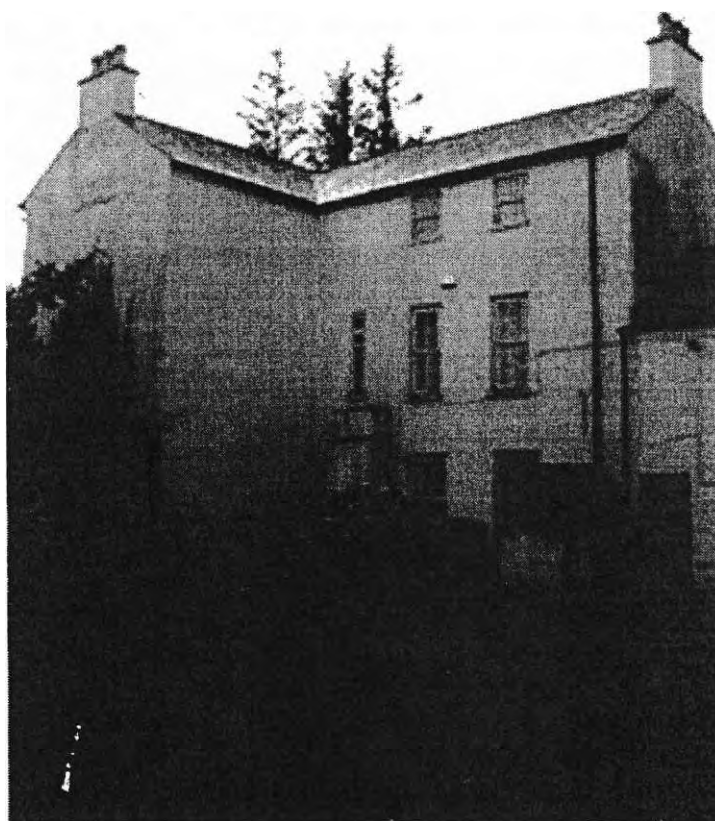
After his death in 1771, the Tullig lease passed to Henry Leader's third son, also Henry. This Henry married Mary Kearney and when he died in 1809, the lease passed to his eldest son, another Henry, who was the last of the Tullig lease's "three lives". The lease finally expired when this last Henry died in 1836.

The Tullig line, however, did not die out as described in Burke's Landed Gentry. Nicholas Leader, who married Eliza Ellis, was born about 1793 and emigrated to Australia in 1838 after the death of his wife. His immigration papers into Australia describe him as "son of Henry Leader of Tullig, a gentleman of means". Which Henry Nicholas was the son of, remains to be clarified but it was either Henry who died in 1836, or the father of this Henry who died in 1809, possibly by a second marriage.

Between the end of the Tullig occupation by the Leaders and Nicholas' emigration, Nicholas seems to have become heavily encumbered, and was also described as being of Springmount. Thomas Leader (firstly of Kilmeedy), then of Springmount later becomes Thomas Leader of Ashgrove about 1850, a residence once belonging to the Ashe family. It is the speculation of Nicholas Leader's descendants that the Ashgrove family members were also remnants of the Tullig family with Thomas being Nicholas' brother.

After the last Henry Leader died in 1836, Tullig House and the Tullig lease passed to a new landlord, James Nash. Slater's Directory of 1870-71, lists a Thomas Nash residing at Tullig House. Today, Tullig House is the residence of the Cashman family.

Alan Brick



Flintfield House



The publications of the Aubane Historical Society (1985-2010)

- * **St. John's Well**, by *Mary O'Brien*
- * **Duhallow: Notes Towards A History**,
by *B. Clifford*
- * **Three Poems**, by *Ned Buckley and*
Sean Moylan
- * **Ned Buckley's Poems**
- * **A North Cork Miscellany**
- * **The Yank**, by *Tommy Power*
- * **Canon Sheehan: A Turbulent Priest**,
by *B. Clifford*
- * **Aubane - notes on a townland** by *Jack Lane*
- * **A North Cork Anthology**, by *Jack Lane and*
B. Clifford
- * **250 Years Of The Butter Road**,
by *Jack Lane*
- * **Aspects of life: 1748-1998, Cork-Kerry Butter**
Road by *various authors*
- * **Local Evidence to the Devon Commission**
- * **The Battles of Knocknanoss and Knockbrack**
- * **Edmund Burke and the United Irishmen**
- * **The Famine**
- * **The Civil War**
- * **John Philpot Curran.**
- * **Daniel O'Connell**
- * **Spotlights on Irish History**,
by *Brendan Clifford*
- * **The 'Cork Free Press'** [In The Context Of The
Parnell Split: The Restructuring of Ireland, 1890-
1910 by *Brendan Clifford*
- * **Aubane: Where In The World Is It?** A
Microcosm Of Irish History In A Cork
Townland, by *Jack Lane*
- * **Piarais Feiriteir: Danta/Poems**, with
Translations by *Pat Muldowney*
- * **Audio tape of a selection of the poems of**
Piarais Feiriteir, by *Bosco O'Conchuir*
- * **The strange case of Elizabeth Bowen and**
North Cork (May 1997, leaflet)
- * **Elizabeth Bowen: "Notes On Eire"**. Espionage
Reports to Winston Churchill, 1940-42; With a
Review of Irish Neutrality in World War 2, by
Jack Lane and Brendan Clifford
- * **Was Elizabeth Bowen a traitor or merely a**
spy? (June 1999, leaflet)
- * **Mikie Dineen, his life and death** by *Jack Lane*
- * **Aubane School and its Roll Books**, by *Jack Lane*
- * **Kilmichael: the false surrender. A discussion**
by *Peter Hart, Padraig O'Cuanacháin, D. R.*
O'Connor Lysaght, Dr Brian Murphy and Meda
Ryan with "Why the ballot was followed by the
bullet" by *j. Lane and B.. Clifford.*
- * **Thomas Davis**, by *Charles Gavan Duffy*
- * **Extracts from 'The Nation', 1842-44**
- * **Evidence to the Parnell Commission**, by
Jeremiah Hegarty, Canon Griffin and
Dr. Tanner MP
- * **Notes on the history of Millstreet**, by *Canon*
Michael Costello and Padraig O'Maidin
- * **A Millstreet Medley**, by *various authors*
with *rediscovered material* by *Canon Sheehan*
and *Eoghan Ruadh O'Suilleabháin*
- * **Millstreet - "the cockpit of Ireland"**
(by *various authors*)
- * **Na h-Aislingi - vision poems of Eoghan Ruadh**
O'Suilleabháin translated by *Pat Muldowney*
- * **Aubane versus Oxford: a response to Professor**
Roy Foster and Bernard O'Donoghue
by *various authors*
- * **A review of Foster's latest book** by *Thomas*
Bartlett (Leaflet)
- * **Millstreet- A "Considerable" Town**, *various*
authors
- * **What really happened in Northern Ireland**
(Leaflet, 24/1/03 for Mo Mowlem in UCC)
- * **A Millstreet Miscellany** by *various authors*
- * **Sean Moylan: in his own words. His memoir of**
the Irish War of Independence. (First edition)
- * **Sean Moylan: in his own words. His memoir of**
the Irish War of Independence (Second edition)
- * **The 'Boys' of the Millstreet Battalion area** by
veterans of the War of Independence
- * **D D Sheehan: Why he left Cork in 1918.**
A correspondence from The Corkman.
- * **Sean Moylan: in his own words. His memoir of**
the Irish War of Independence (Third edition)
- * **The burning of Cork; an eyewitness account** by
Alan J Ellis with other items
- * **With Michael Collins in the fight for Irish**
Independence by *Batt O'Connor T.D.*
- * **With Michael Collins in the fight for Irish**
Independence by *Batt O'Connor* (2nd edition);
Michael Collins: some documents in his own
hand. *Introduced by Brian P. Murphy OSB*
- * **An Answer to Revisionists** *Eamon O'Cuiv and*
others launch Sean Moylan's Memoir
- * **Peter Hart: Charlatan**, leaflet, 25/10/2005.
- * **All the owners of land in Cork in 1872** (HMSO)
- * **A Narrative History of Ireland/Stair Sheanchas**
Eireann by *Michedl O Siochfhradha*
- * **A Defence of Cork Political Culture**, Audio CD
of a talk by *Brian P Murphy OSB (150 mins.)*
- * **A Millstreet Miscellany (2)** by *various authors*
- * **The Origins and Organisation of British**
Propaganda in Ireland 1920 by *Brian*
P Murphy OSB
- * **James Connolly Re-Assessed: the Irish and**
European Dimension by *Manus O'Riordan*
- * **Six days of the Irish Republic (1916)** and other
items by *L. G. Redmond-Howard*
- * **Was 1916 A Crime:** A debate from Village
magazine July 2005 - Jan. 200, *various auth*
- * **Questions of history for Peter Hart**
(Leaflet/letter) 9/5/2006)

- Envoi - taking leave of Roy **Foster** by *Brendan Clifford, David Alvey, Julianne Herlihy Brian P Murphy* *
- Was 1916 **A Crime: A debate** from Village magazine July 2005 - July 2006 by *various authors* (2nd edition) *
- What is revisionism? (Leaflet, October 2006) *
- Why Millstreet's **history needs to be written** by *Jack Lane* *
- The Pearson **Executions in Co. Offaly** by *Pat Muldowney* *
- Sean O'**Hegarty, O/C 1st Cork Brigade IRA** by *Kevin Girvin* *
- Fianna **Fail and the decline of the Free State** by *Brendan Clifford* *
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- The Shakespeare Conspiracies** - untangling a 400-year web of myth and deceit by *Brian McClinton* *
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- Elizabeth Bowen: "Notes On Eire"**. Espionage Reports to Winston Churchill, 1940-42; With a Review of Irish Neutrality in World War 2 (2nd edition) by *Jack Lane and Brendan Clifford* *
- Elizabeth Bowen: a 'debate' in *The Irish Examiner***, by *Jack Lane, Martin Mansergh, and others* *
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- Aspects of World War II** - a postscript to the Bowen Reports by *Brendan Clifford* *
- Propaganda as **Anti-history: an analysis of Peter Hart's "The IRA and its Enemies"** by *Owen Sheridan* *
- Troubled History: A 10th anniversary critique of Peter Hart's **The IRA and its Enemies** by *Brian P Murphy osb, Niall Meehan, Ruan O'Donnell* *
- What was the Somme?** 1916 - 2008 (leaflet) 13 July 2008
- Around the Cork-Kerry Border** - recalling the Rambling House by *Dan Cronin*.
- The Poems of Geoffrey O'Donoghue** by *John Minahane*
- Sean O'Hegarty, O/C 1st Cork Brigade IRA** (Second edition) by *Kevin Girvin*
- "Lest we forget"** (leaflet), Cork City Hall, 8 November 2008
- The Fighting Irish and the Great War Coolacree: The True Story of the Pearson Executions** - an incident in the Irish War of Independence by *Paddy Heaney, Pat Muldowney, Philip O'Connor, Dr Brian P Murphy, and others*
- The story of the Moving Bog** by *Joseph Dinneen*
- More espionage reports from Ireland to Winston Churchill** by *Elizabeth Bowen*
- Elizabeth Bowen: "Notes On Eire"**. Espionage Reports to Winston Churchill, 1940-42; With more reports and a Review of Irish Neutrality in World War 2, (3rd edition) by *Jack Lane and Brendan Clifford*
- Danta/Poems by Eoghan Ruadh O'Suilleabhain** translated by *Pat Muldowney*
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- An affair with the Bishop of Cork**, *various authors*
- From Cologne to Ballinlough - A German and Irish boyhood in World War II and post-war years 1946-149** by *Herbert Rimmel*
- The Famed Hill of Clara, its poetry, history and the heritage of its environs** by *Fr. Sean Tucker*
- An affair with the Bishop of Cork**, *various authors* (second edition)
- A Millstreet Miscellany (3)** by *various authors*.

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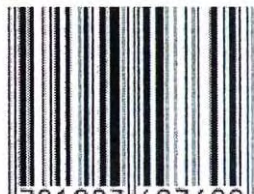
Some new sources

- **"The Voyage Out, Infant Jesus Sisters, 1909-2009"** by Catherine Kilbride and Deirdre Raftery (History of Drishane Convent)
- **"A Tragic Troubadour - Life and collected works of Edward Walsh (1805-1850)"** by John J. O Riordain, CSSR.
- **"Building Survey, Mount Leader House"** by James Healy for James O'Callaghan, the Cork Institute of Technology, Department of Architecture, Architectural Technology, 5 May 2009
- **Civil Registration Indexes 1845-1958**
<http://pilot.familysearch.org/recordsearch/start.html#c=1408347;p=collectionDetails;t=searchable>
- **Search the original 1911 Census Records**
<http://www.census.nationalarchives.ie/search/>
- **Historic Buildings Collection**
<http://www.buildingsofireland.com/niah/highlights.jsp?county=NC>
- **Cork Placenames Survey:** this 115 volume archive is located in the Cork County Library.
- **Census data since 1926:**
http://www.cso.ie/census/historical_reports.htm
- **The National Library has digitised 20,000 photographs** of Ireland from 1870-1954 and is accessible at:
www.nli.ie/digital-photographs.aspx
- **Houses of Cork, Vol. 1 - North** by Anna-Maria Hajba (2002)
- **Kerry Diocese Parish records**
<http://churchrecords.irishgenealogy.ie/churchrecords/>

This is another collection of various items on Millstreet and its environs. Its purpose, as with previous publications, is to locate and make available as many information sources as possible on the area so that its fuller history can be recorded, made available and appreciated.

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