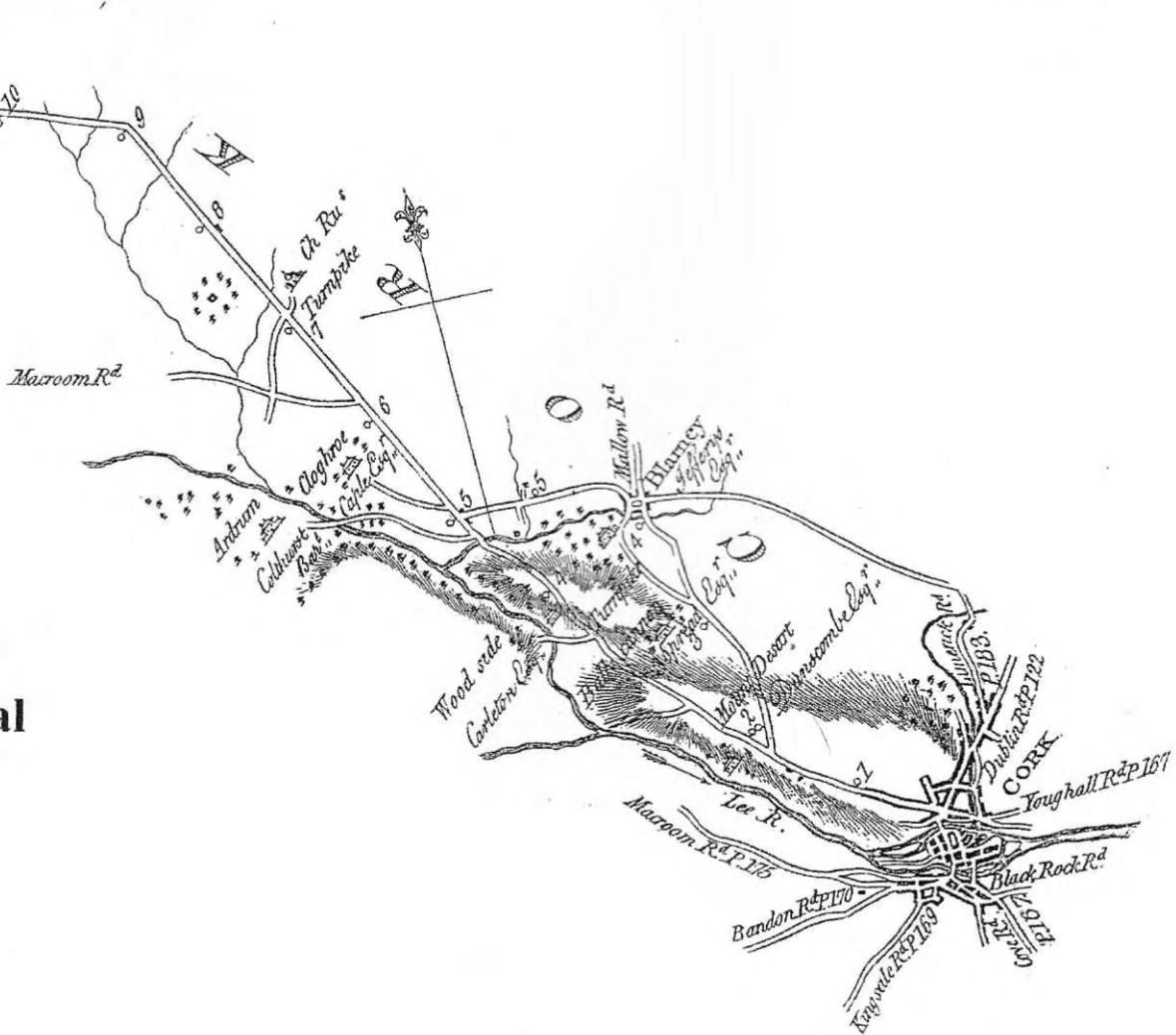


# A MILLSTREET MISCELLANY (5)


Aubane  
Historical  
Society



Cover:

Extract from "Taylor & Skinner: Maps of the Roads of Ireland Surveyed 1777" showing the Butter Road between Cork and Millstreet.

### EXPLANATION.

	<p>Noblemen &amp; Gentlemen's Seats.</p> <p>Castles in Ruins.</p> <p>Churches.</p> <p>Y<sup>o</sup> in Ruins.</p> <p>Hills &amp; rising Grounds.</p> <p>Rivers. The Arrow points the Course of the Water.</p> <p>Bridges are distinguished by the Road cutting the River.</p> <p>Sea Coast.</p> <p>Lakes, or Loughs.</p> <p>Cities, Towns, &amp; Boroughs in Capitals as DUBLIN.</p>	<p>Contractions.</p> <p>R<sup>d</sup> Road.</p> <p>R. River.</p> <p>Br. Bridge.</p> <p>CO. or C<sup>d</sup>. County.</p> <p>Cas. Castle.</p> <p>Ho. House.</p> <p>Ch. Church.</p> <p>Ru<sup>s</sup>. Ruins.</p> <p>M<sup>t</sup>. Mount.</p> <p>boro Borough, or Maryboro.</p> <p>M. F. Miles of Furlongs.</p> <p>P. Page.</p> <p>Co<sup>t</sup>. Coat.</p> <p>Vis<sup>u</sup>. Viscount.</p> <p>W<sup>d</sup>. Word.</p> <p>B<sup>ish</sup>. Bishop.</p> <p>R<sup>ev</sup>. Reverend.</p> <p>Esq<sup>r</sup>. Esquire.</p> <p>Hon<sup>or</sup>. Honourable.</p> <p>R<sup>ht Hon</sup>. Right Honourable.</p>
---	--	---


The Roads leading from Dublin, are measured from His Majesty's Castle Gate, to the Market House of every Town; and the Cross Roads from the Market House of one Town to another. The Lists of the Stages, at the Top of the Pages, show the distance from one Stage to another; also the Distance from Dublin, or the Place, where the Road is measured from. The Index points out the Stages, where the Roads are laid down, with the distances in Irish Miles, and also in British Statute Miles, with the County in which every Town lies.

Rates of Posting:— For a Chaise & Pair of Mules 1<sup>l</sup>. 1<sup>s</sup>. for a Chaise & four 1<sup>l</sup>. 8<sup>s</sup>. and for a Saddle Horse A Pence.

Eleven Irish Miles are equal to Fourteen British. And one Shilling and one Penny Irish Currency, is one British Shilling.

The Authors beg leave to assure their very Respectable and numerous Subscribers, and the Publick, that they have done their utmost endeavours to procure the proper names of Places; but if any mistakes are, tho' they wish them to be few, and of little importance) except they may be ascribed to a true cause, that is, the difficulty of obtaining proper information, and the arbitrary manner of writing them: That as it is their duty, in gratitude to a People, to whom they owe the greatest favour, so it is their utmost desire to give satisfaction in every particular, and will always consider it their highest honour, if they have in any measure succeeded.

Scale of Irish Miles.



Above: a guide to features in the cover map

# CONTENTS

A Monster Meeting in Millstreet, 25 May 1843	Cork Examiner	5
The ' <i>Liarish Times</i> '	Jack Lane	16
Fr. Ferris - a review of his book on Millstreet	Enda O'Mahony	21
The Beauford map of County Cork, 1825	William Beauford	24
Guide to the William Beauford map		26
A canvas along the Blackwater, 2005	Terence Folley	27
More visitors to the Millstreet Inn:		
Thomas Sheahan, 1825		36
Charles Abbot, 2 <sup>nd</sup> October 1792		39
Rinuccini in Sliabh Luachra	Dionysius Massari	40
Extract from <i>The Post-Chaise Companion</i> , 1784		44
Extracts from <i>The National Gazetteer</i> , 1868 (a C.of I. perspective)		46
Literature list		47

# A MONSTER MEETING IN MILLSTREET

This is almost a verbatim account of a Monster Meeting for Repeal of the Union held in Millstreet on 25 May 1843. This was at the height of the Repeal movement and it illustrates very well the arguments and the contemporary feeling about the issue. Though O'Connell himself was not present, his son Maurice was the main speaker and no doubt he reiterated what O'Connell himself might have said if he was present. It shows the strength of support for Repeal and how confident they were of success as they had Right on their side.

But, in view of what happened a year later when the grand finale of these meetings planned for Clontarf was proscribed by the Government and called off by O'Connell, the report also shows the illusions of the movement. Seeking national rights and reforms by legal and constitutional means were not sufficient when dealing with the British Government if they threatened the preservation of the Union.

The speaker whose speech is not recorded is that of John Francis Maguire, the founder and owner of the Cork Examiner. He seems to have been too modest to have his speeches recorded in his own paper. It is also pretty clear that the driving force behind this meeting and Repeal in the area — as well as many other things — was the long-time Parish Priest, Fr. Fitzpatrick.

Jack Lane

## REPEAL MEETING IN MILSTREET

(From our own reporter)

It having been for some days past announced that a meeting would be held on yesterday in the patriotic town of Millstreet for the purpose of advancing the organisation of the Repeal movement in the locality. That town was densely crowded from an early hour by the peasantry and comfortable farmers of the immediate district, as well as by hundreds from Kanturk, Macroom, and other adjoining towns. Arches of bright green, ornamented with flowers, were flung across the principal street of the town, from one of which a flag was suspended, bearing the magic word "*Repeal*." E. B Roche, M.P., and Maurice O'Connell M.P., who were specially invited by the patriotic Parish Priest, the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, were received with unbounded enthusiasm by the assembled thousands, the bands of Millstreet and Kanturk playing *See the Conquering Hero Comes*.

The platform was erected in a large field some distance from the town, to which the people proceeded, accompanied by the bands. The Chair was not taken before three o'clock, in consequence of the heaviness of the rain which fell during the day, and from an early hour in the morning. However, about three o'clock, the weather brightened almost miraculously, and the sun burst forth triumphantly, beautifying the surrounding landscape and the enthusiastic people, whose ardour no severity of weather could damp. Upwards of ten thousand persons were assembled.

On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the chair was taken by Eugene M'Carthy, Esq., of Rathroe, who was received with a tremendous burst of applause. In the neighbourhood of the chair there were the following gentlemen:-

Denis M'Carthy, J.P., Rathroe; Doctor Ryan, Macroom; John Howard, Kilcorney; Patrick Pigott, Droumtarriffe; Owen M'Swiney, Ballyholahane; Tim. Reardon, Macroom; J.F. Maguire, Barrister; Rev. Florence M'Carthy, R.C.C., Droumtarriffe; Rev. Ml. Naughten, Nohoville; Dan. O'Sullivan, Rathmore; Rev. John Naughten, P.P. Boherbee; John Pigott, Droumtarriffe; Rev. John

O'Connell, R.C.C., Nohoville; Rev. Denis Brazbie, R.C.C, Boherbee; Jerh. M'Carthy, Derra; Dan. Cronin, Clounts; Jerh. O'Callaghan, Droumtarriffe; Michael Reardon, Droumtarriffe; Rev. John Twomey, P.P., Droumtarriffe; Thaddeus O'Sullivan, Coome Cottage; Denis Sullivan, Liscahane; Rev. Mr. O'Brien, P.P., Clondrohid; Paul Horgan, Carrigahila; Daniel Lucey, Macroom; Benjamin Bride, Clanrath; Rev. Mr. Payton, R.C.C, Macroom; Rev. Denis O'Sullivan, R.C.C, Millstreet; Richard B. Barry, Mallow; Rev. Mr. Bechinor, P.P., Newmarket; John M'Swiney, Macroom; and Rev. Silvester O'Sullivan, P.P., Nohoville.

The Hon. Gentleman, on taking the chair said - Friends and fellow-countrymen, the first thing I have to call on you for, and it is a most pleasing duty on me to make the call, is three cheers for the son of the Illustrious Liberator of Ireland (this call was responded to with vehement and prolonged cheering). At this moment our talented friend is here to enrol you in the ranks of the Repeal Association - the association of the friends of Ireland (cheers); and his illustrious father is in Tipperary, addressing the gallant men of that county, and calling on them to unite for the support of the cause of Ireland, and to obtain for her her real position - the power of making her own laws (hear).

It is not necessary for me to tell you what has assembled you here; the vast numbers in which you have assembled speak for themselves, and proclaim that it is the misgovernment of England and her insults that have raised this universal feelings throughout the land (hear, hear). We are determined, and nothing shall drive us from our determination to procure the restoration of our native Parliament (hear, and wild cheers). Our object in doing so is not to procure any peculiar benefit for ourselves as Roman Catholics (hear, hear). No, we deprecate and repudiate such (cheers). We are endeavouring to obtain a boon for the Protestants as well as ourselves; for they stood by us on a former occasion, and were amongst the ardent supporters for Catholic Emancipation (hear, hear). We, who for so many years have disclaimed religious persecution, will not now countenance it (hear). No, death for Irishmen, but not dishonour (cheers). We were ever the advocates of truth and justice, and we will continue to be so. All Europe, aye, and America also, have their eyes fixed upon our proceedings; it is a most sacred cause, for it is supported by the virtue, the piety and the worth of the country (hear, hear). It is a cause supported by the venerated clergy of Ireland and who have always stood by the people in the day of distress (hear). You are supported by that clergy that cannot mislead you (hear); and I call on you to stand by them, to take their advice (hear); and above all things to avoid any outbreak that may tarnish the sacred cause of Ireland - her restoration to that position to which she is entitled (hear and cheers). We never will depart from our pledge, never to cease from agitating until we have a Parliament of our own, sitting in College Green (hear and great cheering).

The Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald came forward to propose the first resolution, and was received with loud and continued cheering, When order had been restored, he proceeded to say that it devolved upon him to propose the first resolution, and he did so merely for the purpose of opening the proceedings of the meeting and giving the meeting an opportunity of hearing the gentlemen who were there to address them - (hear, hear, hear). At the same time he should say, that he did not wish to be understood that he did not fully and entirely coincide in every word that had been uttered by the Chairman (hear and cheers). He wished also to make an observation (hear), it was that the Government of England might rest assured that the present was no evanescent movement, they might rest assured that the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland had not come forward until they had convinced themselves conscientiously of the absolute necessity of a repeal of the legislative union (hear and loud cheering). The question of repeal had been afloat a long time (hear), and he felt certain that after the discussion of it in the Dublin Corporation, where very argument for and against was balanced with the greatest precision, on the one side by the Liberator, and on the other side by

Alderman Butt; and after a careful perusal of the arguments on both sides, he deemed it impossible for any man not to be convinced that there existed not a rational objection to the question (hear, hear, hear). He would only add another observation as to the insolence of another Roman Catholic Peer and an Irish one also (groans and hisses). He could not find language strong enough to express his contempt, his utter contempt (hear) at the audacity of these Peers (hear, cheers, and groans), these Peers who would catechise the Hierarchy of Ireland (renewed groans and hisses). He would conclude his observations by expressing his contempt for the English Catholic aristocracy, and for some of the Irish with them (hear), and would introduce to them their representative, Mr. Roche, whom, he felt certain, they were all most anxious to hear (hear, hear). He fought with you and you with him when he routed the Leaders and the Longfields (cheers).

A voice - 'a cheer for the second best member in Ireland' (renewed and prolonged cheering). Mr. Roche then came forward, and was received with deafening shouts of applause. When silence was at length obtained, the hon. Gentleman said:-

"Men of Duhallow and West Muskerry. What do you think has brought you here today? ('Repeal, to be sure'). Yes, I dare say that you think it was Repeal (cheers). That question is decided (cheers). But I come here for another purpose, and that is to canvas you. For I mean with your consent, to represent your interest in the Irish parliament (tremendous cheering). There is an old saying that 'there are two words to very bargain' — (laughter) - but there are more than two words now, and therefore it is doubly a bargain (cheering). Yes, it is beyond a doubt, the question of Repeal is already decided. Munster is up and stirring; Connaught has declared its determination; Leinster has spoken manfully; and the greater part of Ulster has already joined in the universal shout in favour of Ireland's independence (great cheering). I declare from this place, that there is not, and cannot be a doubt that from the peaceable, temperate and united character of the people in the present majestic movement, the people of Ireland will succeed in accomplishing the restoration of their native legislature, and thereby effect the peace, prosperity and independence of their beloved country (hear, hear and cheers). You have given noble echo to the heart-stirring cheers now ringing throughout the land, arousing the spirit of the nation, and invigorating our glorious Liberator, God bless him! (great cheers). I call on you to give him three cheers (this call was answered by more than three times three cheers). Yes, even while the echo of that shout is dying away amidst your distant mountains, the Liberator is arousing Tipperary, sweet Tipperary! to the struggle (cheers). You, who have never been backward when your country called on you, are here in thousands, in tens of thousands - and again I say, Repeal is certain - (cheers). What do we ask for in this question of Repeal? - Simply, that every man should have his own - and that we Irishmen and British subjects should enjoy the constitutional right enjoyed by the Englishman - that is, the right of governing ourselves (cheers). We are not inferior to any people on the earth, in either physical or moral qualities; Ireland is inferior to no country on the earth in beauty, fertility, and resources (hear, hear), and she shall not be inferior in liberty (great applause). Now, I will give you, though it is needless almost to do so, some few items out of the long catalogue of benefits which Repeal would be certain to bring in its train.

In the first place, we are going to bribe the Irish, and to do that after an Irish fashion - that is by giving them their own money (laughter). Yes, it is admitted on all hands that one of the greatest curses that afflict Ireland, and impoverish her people, is Absenteeism, and this pays to the tune of nine million a year (hear, hear, hear). This sum is spent, directly and indirectly, out of Ireland (hear, hear, hear) - and what can you call this but a direct robbery? (cheers). If we had our own Parliament, we could say to these absentees who prefer every other country in the world to their native land - 'if you prefer a foreign clime, if you do not like the land of your birth, and if you are disgusted with your neighbours and your countrymen, you must either come back and overcome these bad feelings

and prejudices, or you must sell your properties' (great cheers). God knows, under any circumstance Ireland is a poor country, and is it not a melancholy thing that an enormous annual sum should be drained out of that poor country, to enrich a more powerful and happy people? (hear, hear).

Do any of you know what the Tithe-Rent-charge means? A voice - 'Don't we indeed! - why they are calling for the May gale now' (laughter and cheers). Mr. Roche - Well, I'll tell you the 'gale' we will give them - and that will be three hearty cheers for Repeal (tremendous cheering). I need scarcely say to you that it is a gross and crying robbery to be compelled by force of law to pay a Parson whose services you never enjoyed ('no, nor we don't want them'). This imposition of a hostile church upon the people of Ireland, is not only placing on them a brand of slavery, but their endurance of it to this day is causing them to be regarded with contempt by every country in Europe. What can be more evident slavery than that the Catholic people of Ireland should be compelled to support the ministers of a religion which they do not believe to be true? Their paying it is a kind of false allegiance to their to their God, as well as an outrage against the first principle of liberty (cheers). Now, what we propose is, that a portion of tithes and church property should be appropriated to the payment of another tax, which you all know - that is, the Poor Law (cries of 'we know it sure enough'). After paying this Poor Law tax, there would be an immense surplus left, and part of that surplus should be appropriated to the payment of the Grand Jury cess and Land-tax (cheers). You farmers pay every sixpence of that tax, while you do not enjoy one penny of the benefit ('no, that goes to smooth the road for the landlord's carriage'). Yes, they enjoy all the benefits, while you are compelled to pay, and every Tory and Orangeman has the fingering of that money wrung from your patient industry (cheers). It has been my good fortune to be the first to raise my voice in the County of Cork against this unfair and unjust distribution of taxation, pressing the tenant, and allowing the landlord to go free (hear, hear).

The parsons and landlords met, some time since, in a certain district of this county, in Fermoy and Midleton, for the purpose of taking into their consideration the taxation generally, and that of the Poor-law in particular. It struck me that there was another tax and a more grievous one, and one from which the tenant received less value, and that was, the tithes; and I said to the landlords and the parsons 'you call the people here to consider a comparatively small tax, and why do you not consider one far greater in its amount and in its grievance? - why do you not consider the question of tithes?' (cries of hear, hear). I clearly proved to them that in the Union of Midleton alone, the tithes and church and church property accounted to an annual sum of £52,000 (cries of 'oh! oh!') - yes and that the Poor-law, against which they were so much opposed amounted for the whole Union to but £2,700! (cheers). I challenged them to disprove this monstrous disparity between the sum allocated for the relief of the poor and the enormous amount enjoyed by a clergy who never gave, and never could give, services equivalent to that sum - but they were unable to disprove my statements or to deny my figures (cheers). I asked them to apply the revenue, or a portion of the tithes and church property to their original object, the relief of the poor and the purposes of education; but they refused me. I was not however disappointed at this, for their sons, and brothers, and cousins, are in the church, and they looked upon the church as the stronghold of ascendancy in the country. The landlords and the parsons may refuse, but the people of Ireland, firm and determined, will yet wring the tithes from their grasp and free themselves from a tax and a tyranny (cheers). We will act fairly by the parsons, and out of the church property we will give to each parson that which his services are fully entitled to; but hence there will be an immense surplus, and we will devote that to the support of the poor, the purposes of education, and the payment of the land tax (cheers).

We have another benefit, another bribe, for the Repealers (laughter). Did any of you ever hear of a Tory or Orange magistrate on the bench? ('oh God knows we did, and too many of them'). Well when we have Repeal, we will have no Tory or Orange magistrates, and for this very good and self-

sufficient reason - the magistrates of Ireland will be appointed by the people of Ireland (cheers). By the old Common law of England and Ireland, magistrates were elected by the people; it was a good authority, and to it we shall most readily return (hear, hear). And why not, when we consider the power of these men? They have the disbursing of the public money, and they are placed on juries, and too often, God knows, they bring to their duties as jurors something more than justice (laughter and cheering). They have this liberty over the life and the property of the people and it is a gross injustice that they should be chosen with almost one view, that they were opposed to the people (hear, hear).

There is another advantage to be gained by Repeal, and that is an increase of the franchise (hear). In the County of Cork, the largest county in point of extent and population, there are but two members returned to the Imperial Parliament, and although the population amounts to 800,000, still there are not more than 3,500 voters (cries of 'shame, shame'). 3,500 only possess the franchise - that is the power of having a voice in the making of those laws by which they could be fined or confined; the remaining 700 and odd thousands are positive and direct slaves - for any man who can be tried by any law, in the making of which he has no voice, is a slave (cheers), I say by repeal we shall obtain a manhood suffrage (cheers). Every man who possesses a house will have a vote, and he will not be compelled to record that vote in the teeth of the landlord, who holds a powerful influence over him - for he will be shielded in the exercise of his Constitutional right by the secrecy and protection of the ballot (hear, hear, hear and loud cheers).

I would detain you here for hours in the bare enumeration of the advantages which the Repeal of the Union would confer on Ireland. You would have the resources of the country developed, and railroads would intersect it to the benefit of the people. You have, in this very district, large coalfields, and these have failed in producing any advantage, and the people have scarcely derived any profit from their possession (hear, hear). There is no impetus given in this country to the development of her vast mineral resources, and no stimulus offered to the enterprise and industry of the people - and all this because of the want of a parliament belonging to the people and legislating for their interest (cheers). But there is another advantage which the Repeal would confer - and that is, Fixity of Tenure (loud cheers), Have you ever heard of that? ('that we have'). I suppose that out of the many thousands that whom I behold now before me, there are not 200 who hold their land by lease ('there are not') - and that the greatest number are what are called 'tenants at will' (cries of 'yes, yes').

In the Irish Parliament we would pass a law which would compel the landlord to give a fair and reasonable lease to the tenant; and whenever that lease would expire, if the tenant laid out any money on the land or in houses, this would be considered as a rational improvement which he would be allowed to register, as he now does his trees; and the landlord would be compelled to make a bargain either to pay a fair value for the improvements of the tenant, or to grant him a renewal of the lease (cheers). I call that common sense and justice - what do you call it? ('the same' and cheers). These are not one half of the advantages of which the restoration of our National parliament would confer upon the country.

For 43 years we have had a sad and painful experience of English domination (hear). She has maintained that ascendancy by every abuse that a tyrannical power could inflict or that a patient and forbearing people could possibly endure; and she would continue to afflict and abuse this country, even to the present hour, that is, if she had the power. She has the will, but thank Heaven! she has not the power (cheers). We have asked for justice and this justice they have refused with contempt - and now we will do ourselves justice (great cheering). When first we met and called for Repeal, the English sneered at us, and set down our demand as a piece of Irish gasconade; but when the



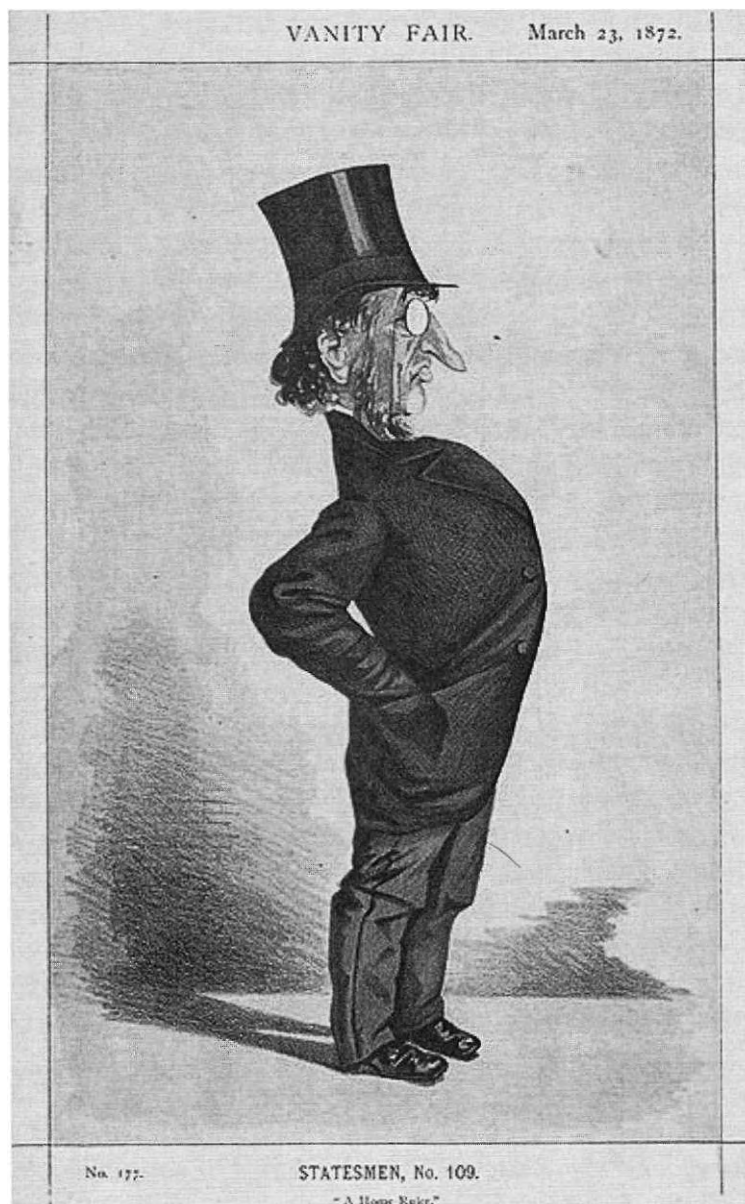
hundreds and thousands began to rally round the standard of the Liberator, and not only give in their adhesion, but send their money into the funds of the Association - when the shillings became pounds, and the hundreds became thousands - then did the English begin to discover that Paddy was in earnest (laughter), for there was no logic so convincing to John Bull as that of the pocket (cheers and laughter). Then down came Sir Robert Peel and Wellington to Parliament (groans) - and there they are reported to have swaggered and blustered a great deal, and talked of putting down Repeal by force (groans) and then came the viper Lord Brougham (groans), who followed at the tail of Wellington - and a good place it is for him - (laughter) - and he said that the Irish were on the borders of rebellion (groan).

A Voice - 'I wish we had him here!' Mr. Roche - Yes, I wish we had, and we would treat him civilly, and we would correct his foolish opinions by exhibiting to him the determined resolve of the Irish people not to be inferior to any people on the face of the globe (great cheers). Rebellion, indeed! When the Irish are simply insisting on their just rights, and doing so within the limit of the law and the constitution (cheers). What then happened? Why Peel and Wellington bullied and Brougham snarled - but the Irish answered them! and where there were before shillings and pounds, there were then hundreds of pounds - and when they saw this they changed their minds and sang low (laughter). Peel then said that he would do justice to Ireland - and what do you think he promised? ('the gallows,' laughter). No, he said he would alter the Poor-law for Ireland, and instead of having 20 magistrates as guardians, we shall now have 40! There is justice for Ireland! (laughter). And as another great advantage, where the rack-rented tenant before paid but 6d. he now will have to pay the whole shilling. There is more justice for Ireland! ('oh, oh'). Then the grand justice was the Arms Bill (tremendous groaning) - the beginning of a new set of Penal Laws (hear, hear). If any honest fellow had an enemy, and many a one has, all that enemy has to do is, to hide a pistol or a blunderbuss in his house or on his land, and then go and inform on him; and if he could not account for a thing which he never saw, he would be liable to a sentence of transportation. There is justice! (groans). I give you now good advice, and I have never given you bad advice ('never' and cheers). Do not break the law - do not join any secret societies; and if any villain should say to you 'Paddy, will you join us?' take him by the nape of the neck and bring him before any Orange magistrate, and you will see the fellow grin when he is obliged to confine his friends (laughter and cheers). Mr. Roche, after quoting Lord John Russell, who though no friend to Repeal asserted that the demand for Repeal was right and constitutional, concluded with much eloquence, and retired amidst loud and enthusiastic cheering.

The Rev, Mr. Naughton, proposed the next resolution, and said that nothing but a conscientious feeling of the duty which he owed to the people, with whom he was so intimately connected, could have brought him there (hear, hear). But there was another consideration also which operated in bringing him forward, and that was the insult, the deep insult, that had been cast on the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland, by person of exalted condition, but of despicable character; (hear, hear), he meant despicable in the eyes of the world, because they were guilty of the basest of crimes, ingratitude to their Liberator, as well as the Liberator of their country, (hear, and cheers). Mr. O'Connell, confessedly had been the means of elevating them to the position to which by their birth they were entitled (hear), he was the means of bringing them into the sanctuary of the legislature, and what return has he met with from them? (hear). Why, the grossest ingratitude, (hear, hear and groans). And they presumed to attack the venerated body, the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, (groans) and to bring them to an account for discharging a sacred duty which they owed the people, (hear, hear). He concurred with what had been said by the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, and he would in the strongest language deprecate the course which these men had adopted towards the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland, (hear and great cheering). The resolution which he had the honour of proposing pledged them to obtain the repeal solely by Constitutional means; (hear, hear). Now he begged to say

that the clergy would not stand by the people in any struggle that was not Constitutional, (hear, and cheers), and in his opinion, there was little dread that the people would have recourse to any means save those that were strictly constitutional (cries of 'we never will') It was the rulers of the people who were the physical force men (hear). Peel, Wellington and Brougham (tremendous groaning and shouting). He would conclude by proposing for them the resolution, which would be seconded by a gentleman who was young in the cause, but who had covered himself with imperishable fame by reason of his talented and untiring exertions in the great cause, a gentleman possessing "thoughts that burn, and words that burn" - he meant his young and highly gifted friend Counsellor Maguire (loud cheers). Mr. Maguire then came forward, and addressed the meeting at considerable length on the subject of the resolution.

As the other speeches occupy a large space in the crowded columns of this day's Examiner, it is quite impossible to give even one line of his address, which was cheered most enthusiastically throughout.



Cartoon of John Francis Maguire

Mr. Robert M'Cartie, in proposing the next resolution, said, that all he would ask of them was to become Repealers, which they could by paying a farthing a week, a penny a month, or a shilling a year, which was but a trifle, and would, he felt certain, be paid by them all most cheerfully (loud cries of 'hear, hear, and cheers).

The Rev Mr. Brazbie had great pleasure in seconding the resolution. They were assembled for the purpose of insisting peaceably, legally, and constitutionally on the restoration of those rights of which they had been so basely and unjustly deprived (hear, and cheers). The eyes of all Europe were fixed on them at that moment, for they were demonstrating to the world the forces and superiority of mental over physical power. They were proving to the serfs of Russia, who were groaning beneath the despot Nicholas, that a country could achieve its independence without the shedding of a drop of blood (hear, and cheers). They had also heard that Sir Robert Peel, a few nights ago, in the House of Commons, expressed his intention of putting down the agitation for Repeal, even at the risk of a civil war (groans); now he would ask them if they ever heard of anything so absurd? (hear, and renewed groaning). Civil war in Ireland! They should all recollect that Peel was an Englishman, and as such hated Ireland (hear, hear). But Peel was not so much to blame, for knowing the English character so well he should be aware that 'John Bull' would not wish to see nine millions of money refunded every year to the coffers of 'Paddy' (hear, hear). The Duke of Wellington had expressed himself similarly in the House of Lords (groaning). Now, Wellington was an Irishman, but one that they could not value in consequence of his violent opposition to all Irish measures - (hear, hear, and hissing). He also talks of a civil war (groans). Why it would be just as difficult for him to effect a civil war in the country, as it would be for him do as honest Tom Steele says. That is 'to keep out the tide with a pitchfork' (laughter and cheers); or to reanimate the shades of all the Irish who shed their blood on the plains of Waterloo (hear and cheers). He would ask, would it not be more congenial to the feelings of that Irish, or rather that anti-Irish Duke (hear, and cheers), that he was getting into the 'sear and yellow leaf' and that the hand of time was casting snow upon his head, to extend the 'olive branch of peace' to his countrymen, and transmit his name to a posterity with the feelings of the philanthropist blended with the renown of the warrior? (hear, and loud cheers). There was a time when civil war could be carried into effect, but that time was gone never to return (hear, and cheering). The demon of intoxication that stalked through the land, and before whom the Irishman bowed down in abject slavery had vanished before the magic wand of the mighty Mathew (hear, hear). A cheer for Father Mathew (tremendous bursts of cheering). A change had come over the spirit of the Irishman's dream, and the monster of desolation had forever vanished (renewed cheering). The benefits that would result from a Repeal had been so well expatiated on by the talented representatives of the County, that it would be unnecessary for him to say a word about them (hear). They had been told by their representatives to obey the laws, and to commit no crime (hear, and cries of 'we never will'). He wished that he could in a voice of thunder impress upon them the fact that, the man who committed a crime strengthened the hand of the enemy (hear, hear, hear). They were British subjects, and as such, were entitled to the protection of the British Constitution; and as long as they kept within the bounds of the law they might set at defiance their oppressors (hear, hear); for as British subjects they were privileged to assemble and petition the legislature for a redress of their grievance (hear, hear). He knew they had a great anxiety to hear the son of the great Liberator (hear, and cheers) and he would not trespass further on their time but would yield to that son who was worthy of such a father (loud cheering).

Mr. O'Connell then presented himself, and was received with loud bursts of cheering that were repeatedly renewed. When silence had been obtained he said - I have requests to speak to the resolution, as it is a resolution which involves the practical part of our agitation (hear). My excellent and worthy friend, your representative, has well told you that Repeal of the Union may be looked on as carried (hear, hear). The ball is in motion, and it requires only a little impulse to be given to it by

the millions of Irishmen who feel the necessity of Repeal (hear, hear). And how is that impulse to be given? Not by making speeches, not by attending at such meetings as this, or by cheering or shouting, not by mere declarations of ardent affection, but by the solid and practical working out of the details of the movement (hear, hear, and loud cheers). These details consist in the perfecting of the adhesion of every Irishman to the Repeal Association, and in carrying out the organisation, and adding to the funds collected for the great movement (hear, hear). How is this, you ask, to be done? Why simply in this way, in every parish the respected clergymen are, thank God, taking the lead in the organisation (hear and cheers) and they will select those persons whom they deem the most trustworthy, and who have the most leisure to act as Repeal Wardens (hear and cheers). The parishes will be divided amongst them, each man will have a book in which he will enter the names of the subscribers and send the subscriptions up to the Association every month; and by the amount of that subscription will your ardour and determination in the struggle to obtain your rights, the rights of the country and the final success of Repeal, be decided (hear and cheers).

There is no man who hears me that is not I am sure, anxious to contribute to the attainment of the liberty of his country (hear and cheers). At one time, Napoleon Bonaparte was asked how he always succeeded, or to what he attributed the many victories which he gained, when he turned round and laid his hand upon the shoulder of an officer in the uniform of the a Colonel of Artillery, who was Carnot and said 'I was as nothing; for though I directed the immediate movement, this gentleman was the principal cause of my success, for he organised the details' (hear). And there is no man here who may not be an organiser of victory (hear); there is no man here who cannot be a second Carnot, in his own particular sphere and locality (loud cheers). Although your leader is Daniel O'Connell (great cheering), yet, remember, that without your aid he would be absolutely powerless (hear). You have brought your enemies to acknowledge your power, and they show, by their vile attacks in both houses of Parliament, that they feel your might (hear and cheers). They are like the cur-dogs that show their teeth when they cannot bite (hear); and like the same curs they retire when a stone is about to be thrown at them (hear and cheers). But we throw no stones at them; we will show our energy and determination by pelting them constitutionally with shillings (hear and loud cheering).

Allusions have been made to the declarations of some English Peers regarding the position your clergy have taken in the matter. (A Voice - 'Oh, bad luck to them.' Great laughter and cheers.) But what else could you expect from men who from their childhood were the willing slaves of a faction (hear, hear) and who had not the energy to struggle for freedom, but remained apathetic; aye, and when their fetters were struck off they had not the gratitude to acknowledge the benefit conferred on them, what can you expect from such fellows? (cries of 'nothing' and loud groans). Well, let us not mind them, they are beneath our notice (hear). There is my Lord Beaumont (groans), lately Mr. Stapleton; and it would be well for him if he had a staple in his-tongue every day in the year (laughter and cheers). He attacked the Roman Catholic priests and Bishops of Ireland (great groaning). Why the unfortunate fellow has done more good than evil, for he called forth the shouts of indignation with which they hurl back upon his miscreant head their high contempt and defiance (hear and loud cheering).

There is an Irish Catholic Peer who - A Voice - 'Oh, Kenmare to be sure!' (renewed hissing and groaning). Mr. O'Connell - I am sorry for his own sake that he has lent the sanction of his name to such calumny (hear); but we will forgive him, for I believe it was his first speech; and when he makes his next in College Green it will be better (cheers). Next there is Lord Brougham (great groaning), who threatens coercion; but what do we care for his threats? (hear and cheers). There is a story told by Lover of a countryman, who was going home one dark night, and an ugly fellow, a Scotchman, with a face which was an actual libel on humanity (laughter), thought to frighten him, so

he made himself uglier than he was and got behind a stile, which he knew Paddy should cross (hear, hear). When Paddy came up, the bugaboo told him that 'he should not pass.' 'Who are you' says Paddy. 'I'm the devil; don't you know me,' said the bugaboo. 'No, indeed,' says Pat, 'not having the honour of your acquaintance' (laughter). 'I'll beat you, Paddy,' says he. 'Maybe you wouldn't' says Paddy. 'Well, I'll eat you,' says he. 'By Gor, that mightn't be good for your digestion.' Says Paddy, (laughter) 'but I have a bit of a stick here,' continued he, 'beware how you eat or beat me' (renewed laughter); so the Scottish bugaboo walked off. That is the way with Brougham (hear, hear); he thought to frighten us, but he was mistaken (hear, hear, laughter and cheers).

They (the government) talk of Coercion bills and Arms bills, but they have not passed them yet (cheering). And even if they did pass the Arms bill what is it to us? (hear). We have no use of arms or of any destructive weapon which the vicious ingenuity of man has given to the world (hear); we will carry our cause peacefully and constitutionally, and laugh the coercion men to scorn (cheering). It would not be right of me to occupy your time longer at present (cries of 'go on.'). I thank you all most sincerely for the manner in which you have received me (cheers), and all I ask of you is this - and it is not I but your country who asks you - to aid in the endeavour now being made to rid the country of the oppressive laws under which she now suffers, and to unite for the attainment of Repeal of the Union and the restoration of our native independence (loud cheers and cries of 'we will, every man of us'). England in her present state dare not force coercive measures (hear, hear). She has Chartism at home within her centre. She has Rebecca and her daughters in Wales, and she is at war with the Scotch on the question of the 'Church of Scotland' (hear, hear). They attempt to threaten us, but we despise them - we point to the discontent in other places, and say, do us justice, and we will strengthen your hands and increase your power (hear, hear and loud cheers amid which the hon. Gentleman resumed his seat).

The Chairman then put the resolution, which was carried. Mr. Eugene M'Swiney had the honour to propose the next resolution, and in doing so he would merely ask in the language of their own bard -

'Oh! Where's the slave so lowly,  
Condemned to chains unholy,  
Who, could he burst  
His bonds at first,  
Would pine beneath them slowly?' (cheers)

There is no question (continued that gentleman) that you are not slaves (hear). What a pity that the moral, the brave and the temperate people of Ireland should be slaves to the boors of England (hear, and loud cheers). But the remedy is a simple one - it consists in contributing one farthing a week, one penny a month, one shilling a year, and with means so simple to procure our freedom who will remain a slave to England? (hear, and vigorous cheering.). The Rev. Mr. Payton seconded the resolution, which was passed.

The Rev. Mr. Twomey proposed, and Mr. Dan. Cronin seconded the next resolution, which being put from the chair and carried.

The Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick moved the Chairman from, and Mr. Robert M'Carthy to the Chair; he then moved the best thanks of the meeting to the former Chairman, as the best of landlords and patriots, which being carried with loud and protracted acclamation, the vast meeting dispersed in the most orderly and peaceful manner, after having given rounds of cheers for the 'Queen,' 'O'Connell,' 'Mr. Maurice O'Connell,' 'Mr. Roche,' their member, and 'Repeal,'

## THE DINNER

An excellent dinner was given in the evening at the Wallis Arms; when about forty-five gentlemen sat down to a comfortable and well dressed dinner, supplied by Mr. Vanstan, the proprietor of the Hotel. The tickets were exceedingly cheap and wine was in abundance. The Chair was filled by the Chairman of the Meeting, who prefaced the toasts in appropriate and gentlemanly language. Several admirable speeches were delivered, by Mr. Roche, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Maguire, Rev. Mr. Peyton, Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. P. Horgan, and Mr. R. B. Barry of Mallow. The utmost hilarity prevailed during the evening, and the company separated at an early hour. Thus ended the Repeal demonstration in Millstreet.

## REPEAL RESOLUTIONS IN MILLSTREET

At a numerous and respectable MEETING of the Inhabitants of MILLSTREET and the adjoining parishes - Eugene M'Carthy, Esq., of Rathroe in the Chair - held in MILLSTREET, on THURSDAY, May 25<sup>th</sup>, for the purpose of advancing the Repeal Cause in that locality - the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:-

Proposed by the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, P.P.; seconded by E.B. Roche, Esq., M.P.:-

**Resolved** - That we behold with the profoundest regret the deplorable condition of our beloved country, and the increasing destitution of its brave, loyal and intelligent population - and that we must attribute all our calamities to the continuance of the hated Act of Union.

Proposed by the Rev. John Naughten, P.P.; Seconded by John F. Maguire, Esq., Barrister at Law:-

**Resolved** - That conscientiously believing that there can be no real independence for our country, or prosperity for our people, until the Act of Union be Repealed, we pledge ourselves to use all legal and constitutional means in our power, in order to accomplish that Repeal.

Proposed by Robert M'Cartie, Esq., Kanturk. Seconded by Rev. Mr. Brazbie:-

**Resolved** - That the better to carry out our determination, we pledge ourselves to use every exertion to add to the muster-roll of Repealers, and thereby strengthen the hand of the Liberator.

Proposed by Owen M'Sweeney, Esq. Seconded by Rev. Mr. Peyton, Macroom:-

**Resolved** - That while using all means which the Constitution allows, to achieve the legislative independence of our country, we at the same time strongly and emphatically declare our deep and devoted attachment to the person and throne of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and our determination to preserve unbroken the connexion between both countries.

Proposed by Mr. Toomey, P.P. Seconded by Daniel Cronin, Esq.:-

**Resolved** - That the Petition just read, and founded upon the forgoing Resolution, be entrusted to our Representative, Daniel O'Connell, Esq., for presentation to the Imperial Parliament.

EUGENE M'CARTHY, Chairman

The Chairman having been moved from the Chair, and Robert M'Cartie, Esq., of Kanturk, having been called thereto, a vote of thanks was proposed by the Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick, and carried by acclamation, to Eugene M'Carthy, Esq., for his dignified conduct in the Chair on that occasion, as for his zeal in the cause of liberty on all occasions when his country demanded his services.

ROBERT M'CARTIE, Chairman

**The Cork Examiner, Friday evening, May 26, 1843.**

# THE 'LIARISH TIMES'

The nationalist and Land League leader, William O'Brien M.P., used to refer to the Irish Times as the "Liarish Times." He had good reason to do so as it was an inveterate opponent of national independence and the land struggle and consistently distorted and denigrated the aims and activities of both movements.

A classic example of this was its report of the visit of the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, to Millstreet on 7 September 1884. The Earl was an ancestor of Lady Diana. He unexpectedly visited the town and was accompanied by mounted and armed Hussars. The town had developed a reputation as a hotbed in the land war but this was only because the activities of the Land League had been highlighted by the local Parish Priest who uniquely among his peers was an inveterate opponent and used the media and the Unionist media in particular to promote his opposition over a number of years. He was articulate and well connected and also participated in various Government commissions to further his views. Millstreet was not much different from elsewhere but his media outpourings made it appear so and it gained a reputation for what was called lawlessness and the Irish Times report, naturally enough, lays this on with a trowel which is only to be expected from that quarter. Spencer had a reputation as a committed enforcer of coercion and executions were a regular feature of his regime. He visited Millstreet and other areas in the South to show 'who was boss.'

But the extraordinary aspect of the Irish Times report is the downright distortion of the facts of the visit. It said that: "Here and there the people had mustered in knots of over half-a-dozen, and here and there the Lord Lieutenant acknowledged a salutation." This is a joke. Spencer mistook some jeers for 'salutations' and was laughed at. He made an eejit of himself!

Then we are told that "The Lord Lieutenant during his two hours' stay in Millstreet was the guest of the Rev. Canon Griffin, P.P., an ecclesiastic of broad views and cultured mind. In a few cases the shutters were put up on the shop windows. The instances in which this was done were, however, very few, and having regard to the external appearance of the places where it was done, the demonstration could not be considered other than an ignominious failure."

There was in fact a total, spontaneous shutdown with posters and banners proclaiming support for Parnell, O'Brien and the League. The protest was such a success that the Earl and his 'cordial reception' in Millstreet became a source of ridicule even in the House of Commons.

The report went on to claim that the Earl visited the local school with Canon Griffin and that because it was "a half holiday, the children had been set free before the Lieutenant's arrival." This was another lie. The children had been kept at home in protest at this visit.

There are, therefore, at least three blatant lies in this report - there were no salutations for the Earl, the school was closed in protest at his visit and the protest was a total success. The fact is that these are lies is not based simply on some false folk memory. One need only look at, and compare, the London Times' report which ran as follows:

"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)*

The London Times also presented some facts about Canon Griffin that gave a pretty accurate and objective account of his relationship with his parishioners. It reported on some of the Canon's experiences in his church when he attempted to lecture the congregation on their politics. For example, he was forced to stop his sermon by an outbreak of mass (sic) coughing (30/8/1881), he was called a liar by a member of the congregation in the church (7/4/1885) and a local man won a libel case against him (4/8/1874). All this from a people we are often assured were helplessly and hopelessly priest-ridden. Religion from Rome and politics from home were indeed the order of the day.

The Irish Times has the cheek nowadays to describe itself as a journal of record. The London Times is a genuine journal of record. By comparison the Irish Times was and remains a propaganda tract. The reports of this visit illustrates the difference very clearly.



**The Earl with an escort of Hussars leaving Dublin Castle  
and as he would have appeared in Millstreet**



## Lies repeated

To support this claim of being a journal of record the Irish Times has a 'From the Archives' section every day with reprints from past issues and presented as if they were all a full record of events. On 8 September 2010 it reproduced the original report of the visit to Millstreet, but cut out one of the lies - about the children having a holiday. It retained the others. I brought the inaccuracies of this report to the attention of Madam Editor but I was wasting my time and was not surprised that she ignored my efforts to correct her 'journal of record.'

All this would not matter that much but there is the fact that the Irish taxpayer, i.e., you, are supporting this so-called journal of record. On the 28th June, 2006, Dick Roche, T.D., Minister for the Environment, Heritage and Local Government signed a contract with The Irish Times Ltd. Under the terms of this contract his department agreed to contribute half a million Euro to a joint fund to digitise the back-file of The Irish Times covering the period 1859 to 2004. The project was called "Times of Our Lives" and The Irish Times Ltd. also contributed half a million Euro towards the overall cost of one million Euros. The project was completed in early 2008.

At the time of the announcement Dick Roche is quoted as saying that the project would "bring history to life" and that "as the paper of national record, The Irish Times archive is a rich resource. When the project is complete. . .we will be able to search for any location, for example our place of birth, or where we live, and all articles about it will be listed. We can then select an article, read it and print it." He further claimed that "Times of our Lives, which will be available free of charge to the public and to students in Irish Public Libraries and in schools through the Ask About Ireland website, will bring to the public and to school children, online access and indexes of the entire archive of The Irish Times from 1859 to 2004."

Maeve Donovan, then Managing Director of The Irish Times Ltd., described the project as an example of the extraordinary potential of computer technology to serve the needs of education and research.

Another "stakeholder" in the Project is the Library Council of Ireland, An Comhairle Leabharlanna, and the Assistant Director of that body, Annette Kelly, claimed that the digitised back-file represented the "most important source of content in relation to the history of Ireland for schools and the general public."

The question that needs to be asked is whether the Government should be co-funding a project that essentially provides an alien view of Irish history. In certain circumstances this could be acceptable. Providing for instance that there was a counter-balancing project which ensured a more authentic account of the past for researchers, schools and public libraries. There's enough alternative sources out there on which half a million Euro could usefully be spent. The problem is that the "Times of our Lives" project ensures a virtual monopoly, in the context of online access, for the unionist view of Irish history.

But it is worse than that. In the light of Minister Roche's description of the Irish Times as "the paper of national record" and the Assistant Director of the Library Council's claim that the back-file of the paper represented the "most important source of content in relation to the history of Ireland for schools and the general public" it can only be concluded that it is a widely held view in Government that the Irish Times account of Irish history has now become the accepted national interpretation of our past. Not only is a Government department providing funds to ensure a monopoly of online access to a unionist view of Irish history but such a view is described by the

Minister of that department as one that embraces the national record. It is an irrefutable fact that The Irish Times was the willing partner in the attempts by British Imperialism to counter the development of Irish nationalism during the 19th century and to destroy the emerging Irish state in the early 20th century by performing the role of Dublin Castle mouthpiece during 1916 and the War of Independence. Pity the poor students who will rely of this as a source of historical fact and pity the taxpayer who is contributing to the deception.

But, on a more pleasant note, another outcome of the Earl's visit was a very good ballad which is worth reproducing as it gives an excellent report of the visit and the feelings of the people. It takes the form of describing what the Earl expected and what actually happened:-

### **Millstreet, 7 September 1884**

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums  
For the belted hero comes  
Who rules the land with strong but gentle sway  
Hide all traces of the Green  
Let no crownless harps be seen  
On your banners when they flout the sky today.

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

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

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

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

\*

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

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

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

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

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

**(United Ireland, 13 September 1884)**

**Jack Lane**

# BOOK REVIEW

*"Sraid an Mhuilinn A History of its people by its people for its people"*

Arranged and published by Timothy Broker, Millstreet, Co. Cork. 1937.

## *Synopsis*

Written and privately published in 1937 under the pseudonym "Timothy Broker", Fr. William Ferris's book "Sraid an Mhuilinn A History of its people by its people for its people" is an archaeological survey of the Parish of Millstreet, which comprises three congregations -Millstreet, Cullen and Ballydaly.

In conjunction with the survey Fr. Ferris has incorporated both professional and personal theories and informed opinions on the origins of the Irish people and their heritage over the past ten thousand years. The surveyed information on the archaeological features for each townland was collected in a few hours from "Mass Station" in the three congregations. This information was then supplemented by a team of local volunteers who were involved in collecting and compiling the fieldwork. His main reference and source of archaeological input was from the writings of Professor R.A.S. Macalister, who at the time was Professor of Celtic Archaeology in U.C.D. along with theories from other authors.

The book is written for and intended for, as the title suggests, *"Sraid an Mhuilinn A History of its people by its people for its people"* due to the methods by which site locations were recorded. This book was originally envisaged as "Volume 1" of a 2 volume publication and was to deal with "Pre-Christian Ireland", while Volume 2 would have dealt with the coming of Christianity. However Fr. Ferris was transferred to a different parish before he could commence work on the next volume.

## *The Structure of the book*

The book deals with the pre-Christian history of Millstreet and its surrounding hinterland. The book is divided into 20 chapters, which are laid out in chronological order, commencing with an introduction to the "Stone Age Peoples (10,000-2,000 B.C.)" and finishes with a chapter on "Notes and Queries". *It must be noted that the chronological order along with some of the terminology used is now out of date as professional archaeology was still in its infancy when this book was penned. A modern timeline along with the associated chorological terminology is in Appendix 1.*

These 21 chapters focus on the settlements, stone circles, homesteads etc. along with various perceived "invaders" which occupied this island. Each chapter has an introduction in which an archaeological monument has its origins and its conceived uses explained. This introduction is then followed up by known examples of the monuments in the Millstreet area. The townland name is given in Irish and then the landowner's name and then a brief description of the monument follows. The layout and structure is very similar to Bowman's book *"The placenames and antiquities of the barony of Duhallow"* which was written in 1934.

## *The weaknesses of the book*

The primary weakness of the book is the cataloguing of the data. The actual recorded data i.e. monument type and measurements are perfect; however, the data on the location is problematic. The problem is that the townlands are recorded in Irish and the site location is the landowner's name. Modern inventories such as the "Record of Monuments and Places" created under Section 12 of the National Monuments (Amendment) Act 1994 use the following method: the recorded monuments and places in each county are numbered according to the Ordnance Survey Maps of the scale of Six Inches to One Mile ("6 Inch Sheets") for the county, and the entry for each monument and place is arranged in five columns under the following headings (the abbreviation used in the actual list is given in brackets after each):

- 1: Monument Number (MON. NO.)
- 2: Ordnance Survey 6-Inch Sheet Number/Plan/Trace(S H/PL/TR)
- 3: National Grid Co-ordinates (NAT. GRID)
- 4: TownlandName(s) (TOWNLAND)
- 5: Classification

This weakness is not a reflection on the author but the time in which the book was compiled and perhaps Fr. Ferris only envisaged that the book would remain local. However, I must remember that as I write this on a laptop while surfing the internet it must be remembered that electronics did not exist, nor did the internet and indeed access to accurate cartographic sources would be limited. While I have access to the archaeological inventory for all of Ireland Fr. Ferris did not. There was no recorded database of monuments instead he had to create this database from local people's knowledge and their in-depth knowledge of the surrounding landscape. In a way, Fr. Ferris was a pioneer by creating this database.

The second issue is the terminology; however, this is reflective of the era in which the book was penned and it must be remembered archaeology was still in its infancy. Every monument and object did not have to fit into a certain classification or typology. As our understanding of past societies has evolved so has the terminology surrounding them. However terminology is very fluid and who knows in 75 years time the terminology that we currently use maybe outdated.

### ***The strengths of the book.***

The best facet of the book is the recorded data. Although missing exact locations he includes measurements and details on the monuments which are often supplemented with the addition of data such as field names and legends attached to the monuments. This recording of measurements and details is valuable as many archaeological monuments have been subjected to alteration and destruction over the past 75 years. This is primarily due to changes in agricultural and development practices. These factors have been highlighted by the Condition and Management Survey of the Archaeological Resource Northern Ireland (CAM SAR) report. One of their findings was "Sites and monuments located on arable, improved grassland and within urban areas have the worst rates of survival, and are in the poorest condition".

Personally the most interesting chapter in the book is Chapter 21 titled "Notes and Queries". This chapter deals with the non archaeological anomalies and local folklore which is nowadays often forgotten or dismissed. Ferris has recorded a possible log boat, an inverted urn, a possible murder and local meeting places which are often lost in time.

**Enda O'Mahony**

### **References**

- Bowman, M., (1934). *The placenames and antiquities of the barony of Duhallow*. Unpublished MA thesis U.C.C.
- Gormley, S. et al (2009) *CAMSAR Report*. Graham & Heslip, Belfast,
- Hartnett, P. J., (1939). *A survey of the antiquities in the barony of East Muskerry*. Unpublished MA thesis U.C.C.
- Lane, J. (1999). *Aubane: Where In The World Is It? A Microcosm of Irish History in a Cork Townland*. Aubane Historical Society (AHS)
- Lewis, S. (1988) *Lewis' Cork: A Topographical Dictionary of the Parishes, Towns and Villages of Cork City and County*. Cork, Collins Press.
- Power, D., Lane, S. and Byrne, E., Egan, U., Sleeman, M., with Cotter, E., Monk, J. (2000) *Archaeological Inventory of County Cork, Volume 4: North Cork Parts I & II*. Dublin, The Stationery Office.

- Ronan, S., Egan, U., and Byrne, E., with Farrelly, J., Kelleher, M., Manning, C, Moore, F., Power, D., and Walsh, P. (2009) *Archaeological inventory of County Cork, Volume 5*. Dublin, The Stationery Office.
- Tucker, Fr. Sean (2008). *The origin and development of the Parish of Millstreet*. Aubane Historical Society (AHS)
- Cork City and County Archives Institute, Seamus Murphy Building, 33a Great William O'Brien Street, Blackpool, Cork has a collection of Fr. Ferris manuscript notes used for compiling his book.
- "Fr. Ferris - Radical Priest and glorious character," An tAthair Tomas B. O Luanaigh S.P. Tuatha O Siosta in the Sliabh Luachra Journal, Vol.1, No. 9, August 1998
- "William Ferris of Millstreet" in "A North Cork Anthology", Aubane Historical Society, 1993

### Websites accessed

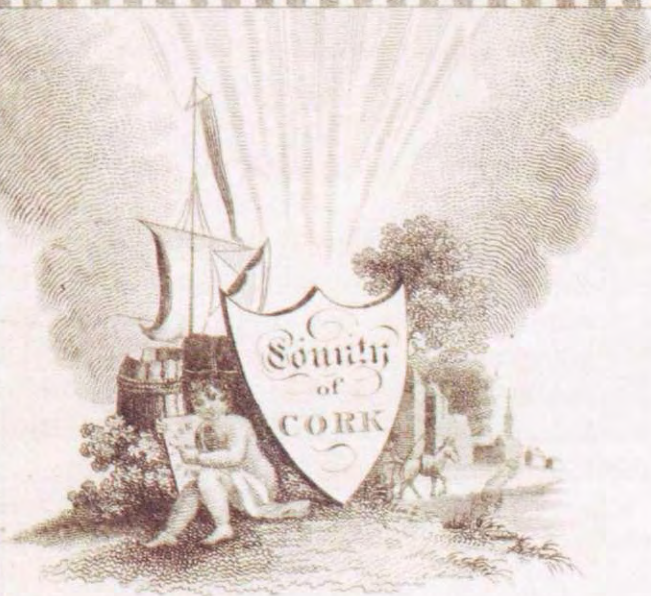
- [http://aubanehistoricalsociety.org/aubane\\_collection/parish.pdf](http://aubanehistoricalsociety.org/aubane_collection/parish.pdf) accessed on 04/10/2010

### Appendix 1: Timeline

- **Mesolithic (c. 8000 to 4000 BC)**  
The earliest known human settlement in Ireland dates from the Mesolithic period (c. 8000 BC - 4000 BC).
- **Neolithic (c. 4000 to 2000 BC)**  
The Neolithic Period is characterised by the introduction of agriculture and the beginnings of the clearance of the woodlands.
- **Bronze Age (c. 2000 to 600BC)**  
The Bronze Age is characterised by the introduction of metallurgy and an increase in settlement and burial sites.
- **Iron Age (c. 500 BC to AD 500)**  
Settlement sites are few and far between as well as being difficult to identify (Woodman, 2000) while the material culture of this period is limited. Linear earthworks, believed to have marked tribal boundaries, and hillforts are two of the most visible monuments of the period.
- **Early medieval period (c. AD 400 to 1100)**  
The early medieval period is characterised by the arrival of Christianity to Ireland with the characteristic monument type of the period is the ringfort.
- **Later medieval periods (e. AD 1100 to 1700)**  
This period is characterized by the arrival of the Anglo-Normans and the building of tower houses.
- **Post-medieval period (c. 1700 to the present).**  
The post-medieval period is characterised by mills, limekilns, workhouses, country houses and associated demesnes, vernacular buildings and field systems

(Enda O'Mahony is a licensed consultant archaeologist who has spent the last ten years working on a variety of excavations linked to major infrastructural projects through Ireland. He received his B.A. from UCC in 2001 having studied Archaeology and History. His primary interest lies in prehistoric archaeology especially the Mesolithic and Neolithic Periods. He is based at Flintfield, Millstreet.)

50. Long west of Dublin 45 40 35 30 25 20 15 10 5 III. 55 50 45



10.  
5.  
III.  
35.  
50.  
45.  
40.  
35.  
30.  
25.  
20.  
15.  
10.

COUNTY OF KERRY



20. The Figures on the Coast show the Feet at low water and the setting of the Tides by Arrows

10 24 30. 10 14 30. 10 4 30. 9 54 30. 9 44 30. 9 34 30. 9 24 30.  
Long west of Greenwich



40° 35' 30' 25' 20' 15' 10' 5' 0' 55' 50' 45' 40' 35' 30'

10  
5  
LI.  
55  
50  
45  
40  
35  
30  
25  
20  
15  
10

ANTIC OCEAN

IRISH MILES



ENGLISH MILES



30. 9. 4.30. 8. 54.30. 8. 44.30. 8. 34.30. 8. 24.30. 8. 14.30. 8. 4.30

































# GUIDE TO THE BEAUFORD MAP

## Explanation

### PROVINCIAL MAPS

### COUNTY MAPS

-  Post and great Roads
-  Cities
-  Towns
-  Villages
-  Garrison Towns and Barracks
-  Boroughs
-  Bishops Sees
-  Post Towns
-  Mountains
-  Bogs

-  Public Roads & Mile Stones
-  Private and Cross Roads
-  Turnpikes
-  Churches
-  Ruins of Churches
-  Ruins of Castles
-  Ruins of Monasteries
-  Bridges
-  Cities and Towns
-  Villages
-  Gentlemen's Seats
-  Parks, Demains & Improvements
-  Baths
-  Tumuli
-  Druidic Monuments
-  Hills and rising Grounds
-  Mountains
-  Bogs
-  Lakes
-  Round Towers

# A CANVAS ALONG THE BLACKWATER

Professor Terence Folley (1932 - 2010) was Professor of Spanish at UCC for many years and was a noted linguist and authority on European languages. The language closest to his heart was Irish. He was much travelled and felt at home anywhere in Europe. He had a deep knowledge of the history of the South of Ireland and a love of its countryside which found one expression in his landscape paintings.



This is an evocative account of a journey along the Blackwater to create a series of paintings of its scenery and was he used it for an exhibition of the paintings about the Blackwater opened in the Batavia Gallery in Fermoy in June 2005.

## PART ONE

I decided on the word "along" for the title of my articles. The word "on" would not do, because a friend of mine already went on the Blackwater but his canvas was in the form of a canoe. With a few friends of his, he once paddled down the river from its source to the sea. My canvas is fixed to an easel which never leaves the river bank. However, let's start at the beginning - that's the best place. Some time back, I decided to approach the Blackwater from the west, driving from Castleisland to Ballydesmond. I wanted to start my own journey as close as possible [ for a rather stiff elderly person ] to the actual source of the river, from where it begins its particular seawards journey on Knockanefune mountain. The road I travelled that autumn day was dead straight, up hill and down dale, all in hazy sunshine that bordered on fog. The haze obscured the surrounding landscape in a way calculated to tantalise and frustrate a painter searching for places to start his visual journey along the Blackwater river.

On my way eastwards, I passed through a village with the interesting name of Cordal, almost without realising that it was there. It was like driving through a translucent tunnel of Indian summer sunshine. After a lot of up hill and down dale, I eventually found myself close to the source of the Blackwater, at Doctor's Hill bridge. The actual source is away up on Knockanefune, which was barely visible in the haze. Here, the infant river passes as a very modest little stream under the bridge, a far cry from its reputation as the "Irish Rhine". Almost as if embarrassed at its size, the gradually growing rivulet channels its way, one might think, shyly down along a deep valley from Ballydesmond. Flowing past the township, the stream increases its pace from the point where it divides Cork from Kerry. So far, I have found many picturesque spots to look at, but nothing that is an unmistakable view of the Blackwater. I confess that I feel very tempted to try a picture of Ballydesmond, a place that could best be described in the Irish phrase: Baile beag deas neata. The term could also be applied to a number of small towns around the country that have over the years responded to the demands of the Tidy Towns competition. Within my own lifetime, Ballydesmond was called Kingwilliamstown, a former name still retained, if my road map is to be trusted, in a small townland just north of the main street.

All down the valley to Rathmore and beyond, the area is full of echoes of history, very ancient and more recent to our times. Anyone interested in this aspect of Blackwater country should consult Liam Milner's book about the river and the many streams that flow into it. (*From the Kingdom to the Sea: the River Blackwater in History and Legend* by Liam Milner).

The purpose of these articles is to record my time painting Blackwater country and any historical content is purely personal. Since leaving Castleisland, I have been peering through the autumn haze, looking for a spot where I could set up a canvas or stretch a watercolour paper. I follow the river down to Rathmore, where by now the Blackwater has acquired greater size and - should I say it?- a clear hint of the majesty that will eventually become the Irish Rhine. Also around this point, the Blackwater opts to give its allegiance to county Cork, at least, for the time being.

One fine spring afternoon - please note that in these articles I feel at liberty to move easily around among the seasons according to the way a particular light catches my eye - I caught a glimpse of an interesting view of Drishane against the backdrop of Clara mountain beyond Millstreet. It wasn't feasible to try to paint it at the time, but the memory gives me a convenient point at which to take a breather and to indulge a little of my own brush with history.

Formerly Drishane convent was a boarding school run by nuns for young girls. My mother was a boarder there for a time before 1914. She was a restless person, almost hyperactive in mind and body. On the positive side, her temperament and stamina enabled her to run several successful businesses during her lifetime, but her restlessness also frequently drove normal sleeping hours away. Often she would read far into the early hours of the morning, but at Drishane, bedtime meant lights out. Unable to sleep, my mother passed the hours knitting in the darkness. The clicking of her knitting needles for a time frightened the unfortunate nun on night duty, who was convinced that the dormitory was haunted.

Convent and boarding school are now gone, but some few years ago a cousin of ours was teaching for a time at Drishane. She used to tell us occasionally about the highly interesting library the convent possessed, so during my travels along the Blackwater and the surrounding countryside I one day in winter decided to try and have a look at all the books. I wandered in and found myself among several African women with children. The director explained that Drishane was now a centre for asylum seekers and that she knew nothing about any library in the building. I said that instead I would like to visit the tower, and she answered that it would be open probably at Easter. Not to worry, I assured her, I would wait. I realised from the look of consternation on her face that for a moment she thought I intended to camp down among the refugees. I hastened to add that I would come back next Easter. To avoid being regarded as a nuisance, and probably also as mentally unbalanced, I took my leave. On the way out, it crossed my mind that I ought to sign the visitors' book. Fortunately, I was stopped in time to avoid even greater consternation. The book was intended for refugees to sign out when leaving the building, and my failure to return that evening could possibly have caused a full-scale Garda search for a non-existent fugitive. I had much better stick to the main purpose of my Blackwater journey, keeping my eyes open for a place to start painting.

## PART TWO

I've already come quite a distance from the source of the Blackwater, but so far I've found little enough to paint. However, when painting a river in its course to the sea, inevitably one finds that bridges figure largely in the series of pictures. Having decided on Ballymaquirk bridge as my starting point, I must again confess that I'm painting in a different autumn and that I've pulled on a pair of Wellingtons so as to be able to paint because of the low level of the river as a result of the exceptionally dry autumn weather. One journey alone is not sufficient to do justice to the sheer variety of Blackwater scenery. Also, one must be willing and able to see the river and the surrounding countryside at the different seasons of the year. There is nothing to equal the way in

which the flowing water sparkles in the bright sunshine of a summer's morning, with a light breeze blowing from the west. Nothing, that is, unless it be the golden glow of a sun-filled autumn evening. In either case, it's pleasant to have the river bank all to oneself, for sketches, notes, plenty of photos from different angles. One must work quickly on the spot, although I confess to a preference for finishing a picture in the comfort of one's studio, or kitchen, failing all else. At home, one is free of insects and the distractions of one's surroundings, such as, the soft breeze and the sound of the water passing nearby, elements likely to cause one to nod off. At this point, I must make a further confession: like the sundials of old, "Non numero nisi horas serenas," I only paint the sunshine hours.

So a start has finally been made at Ballymaquirk bridge, close to the village of Banteer and not far either from Kanturk. Once again I intend to subject the reader to a change of season, because I chose to paint the bridge in a soft, mellow autumn light. By now, the river has already left its hesitant infancy behind and its volume has been increased by a number of smaller tributary streams that have the gall to call themselves rivers. My autumn has been a particularly dry one and wearing Wellingtons I can easily stand on a bank of pebbles midstream, to get the best view of the bridge in the glow of an early autumn afternoon. I am also lucky because the slightly hazy light helps to bring out the autumnal quality of the scene. The picture will be finished later in the isolation of my studio [i.e., garage ], a real necessity because I usually paint rather thickly in oils. Others paint in their way, I do it in my way.

At Ballymaquirk I am already in very familiar Blackwater country: Banteer, Kanturk, Newmarket, places all associated with my youth [ where did it ever go to ? ]. Many years ago, a friend of mine was visiting relatives in Newmarket. Unsure of at which point he should get off the bus, he asked the conductor if the bus stopped twice in Newmarket. The CIE employee answered that, if the bus stopped twice, " we'd be half a mile out." I used to enjoy the little jibe at the town's [ then ] size, and once, giving a lift to a young girl from the village [ township ], I cheerfully told her the joke. She obviously did not find it very funny, as she coldly informed me that Newmarket was " on the high road to everywhere." Since that far-off time, both Newmarket and Kanturk, not to mention Banteer, have grown considerably. More important for the purpose in hand, they also offer me subjects to paint and so I must give them separate attention.

### **PART THREE**

Any reader who wants to know something serious about Newmarket should consult the History of Newmarket, by D.H. Allen, published as one of the Cork Historical Guides away back in 1973, that is, well before we got any special cultural grants from the European Community. I suppose that, in a way, the town is actually on the high road to everywhere, but my own interest is limited to the parkland of Island Wood. Whatever the season, if the light is right, there is plenty of woodland and rushing stream, with a backdrop of hillside, to catch the painterly eye. I opted for an afternoon of bright sunshine in midwinter to do a painting, so as to coincide more or less with the winter solstice, for good luck. Having made my usual start on a medium sized canvas, I moved back to Kanturk. There is a possible picture to be had looking westwards towards the bridges on a bright morning in early summer. Of course I intend to come back at the right moment.

For the present, I'll just take another look at the curious eighteenth century inscriptions on the parapet of the main bridge. In typically neo-classical style, the rhyming verses extol the virtues of the scene. The praises of the rustic view make no mention of the earlier native Irish lord of the area, the McCarthy who started to build the fortified mansion beside the road leading out of the town to the main Mallow-Killarney road. Although he was the all-powerful lord of the area, with a reputation for violence when thwarted, the then Planning Authority, Queen Elizabeth I's representatives among the wild Irish, refused planning permission for another castle that might serve to oppose the English.

McCarthy evidently had high notions, because he had obtained blue-coloured glass for the roof of his structure. The refusal brought out his streak of violence and the story goes that in his rage he threw the glass into the nearby stream and jumped up and down on it until he had smashed the lot.

Whether history or legend, the echo of the past that interests me in Kanturk refers to my own lifetime. Tugging hard at the strings of memory that lie far back in my youth, I recall a curious tale I heard through my father, who regularly made business journeys around the area. On one such journey, shortly after World War 2, he apparently stayed in the same hotel as a Belgian, once in the service of the Third Reich as a member of the SS. I'm not quite sure how he managed to find his way to Kanturk, and I gather he was employed for a time as a translator. One evening, in the [ now rare ] commercial room, he told a story of extreme coincidence that has since then intrigued me.

It seems he was on duty with a native German member of the SS at the border crossing from Italy to Germany. Their particular task was to check the passes of German soldiers returning by train to Germany on leave from the front. Because of Allied bombing attacks, troop trains travelled by night and generally arrived on German soil in the early hours of the morning. He and his German companion went from one darkened compartment to another, checking the documents of the dozing soldiers. In one compartment, the German SS man made as if to shake hands with one of the returning soldiers, then stopped, looked more closely at the soldier and called the guards outside. He ordered them to take the soldier away and to execute him on the spot as a spy. The soldier turned out to be a German-speaking American who closely resembled the SS man's brother, whose identity papers he was carrying. They were most likely taken from a dead body on the battlefield and given to the American with the intention of infiltrating him into Nazi Germany as an agent. His bad luck would have it that the dead man's brother happened to be on control duty that particular night, who quickly recognised the imposter. It was probably the sort of sheer coincidence that one associates with wartime. As a story, the Belgian's tale fits the facts, as Henry Ford would say, and even if it was not true, it certainly deserves to be factual. However, once again I am digressing from the main purpose of my journeys along the Blackwater. I must get back to another blank canvas and find a likely place to set it up.

## **PART FOUR**

Inevitably Mallow is my next stop along the road. In distance the town - the first of appreciable size so far - is quite close to Kanturk, but in time the distance is far greater. This is because I've made a major jump in time, to a fine warm summer afternoon on my way back from a long way away. The bridge is interesting, but needs to be seen in clear early morning light from the east. I opt for one of Mallow's most recognisable places, the ruined old castle as a subject for a painting. The castle is redolent of history, but my personal history concerns the early summer of 1940, when my family was visiting a relative staying in the town. At the same time, the German army was driving rapidly through northern France. I recall standing in the street with my father surrounded by a silent crowd of people who were reading the constantly changing notices the newsagent was putting up in the window of his shop. Evidently he was getting over the radio a series of news bulletins, perhaps from the German radio in English - the famous " Lord Haw-haw" was adept at communicating information embarrassing to the English - the stages of the German advance through France, driving the French and the British to the sea. I remember a notice that said : "Arras fallen" which was received in silence by the crowd. Some of the men in the crowd, my father among them, had clear memories of the town in another, relatively recent war. But that was already a case of Dads' army. A few weeks later, many of the men who had once fought in khaki, wore green, or brown or blue, as volunteers in the Irish version of "Dad's army", joining in the occasional military parades that were intended to reinforce our neutral moral.

The painting of Mallow castle turned out successful enough, largely because once again I am exercising my artistic privilege of being a constant sundial. From now on, the painterly qualities of the river and Blackwater country become increasingly more plentiful.

Of course, I am certainly far from being the first to try and capture the essence of Blackwater country on canvas or paper. Many noteworthy artists have made their way along the Blackwater. One of my greatest favourites, the inimitable Edward Seago, wandered beside the river back in the late 1920s. He was travelling with an itinerant circus for health reasons and he wrote a book about his Irish journey. He does not seem to have painted any of the views along the Blackwater, but I recall he spent a night with the circus at Killavullen, which Seago interestingly calls "Killawillen", closer to its Irish name than the English form. One wonders how the Englishman Seago found his way to the Gaelic, unless this was on the signpost at the time. A pity he didn't do any of his wonderful watercolours while in the area.

For quite some time, I have had my eye on my own Blackwater views. One is of the bridge at Killavullen, with the Hennessey house on its rock overlooking the river. I understand that the famous French brandy family still own the property and maintain the occasional contact with the village. The thing is, to paint the bridge in clear early morning light in early summer, which means another time shift and another drive up to the spot. A journey well worth while, because I find another rewarding view looking down river from the same bridge, towards Monanimy castle. As a point of interest, this latter picture was completed in two two-hour sessions, in oils. In a way, the picture painted itself, which made it better than if I had painted it myself. The result was satisfactory enough to mitigate my own sense of envy whenever I look at one of Seago's paintings.

At Killavullen I realise that Doneraile forest park is close enough to merit inclusion in my desire to portray Blackwater country. The house gradually undergoes renovations for visitors, and I presume they will all hear the story of the woman of the resident St. Leger family who overheard a masonic lodge meeting and had to be inducted into Freemasonry in order to preserve the secrets she had heard being discussed. My own interest is far from the history of the house. My eye is being drawn towards some of the scenes with water that the park offers. That will bring me back once again to the purpose of my journey: Blackwater country in space and in time.

## **PART FIVE.**

Mallow is a town built next to the river, but Fermoy is actually built, so to speak, on the Blackwater. This means that Fermoy offers a greater number of scenes where parts of the town are reflected on the water, adding considerable variety to one's pictures. The painterly qualities of Fermoy have long been seen and appreciated and portrayed by quite a sizeable number of artists, including the members of local art groups. Here I can at most hope to make a few humble but - hopefully - presentable contributions to the existing body of artistic work. On an exceptionally fine September afternoon a few years ago, I came on groups of dedicated anglers along the river bank upstream from the bridge. Now, as part of this journey along the Blackwater, I decided to include in my collection a pair of paintings of those anglers, who were concentrating so intensely that they paid no attention to me. My particular preference in Fermoy is for the sight of the weir from the little park just across the bridge. Once again I have altered the season and painted the scene in bright March sunlight, with daffodils growing on the edge of the bank in the foreground, basing the picture on a few faded watercolours done previously and in haste.

A second preference is for the view of the town from the lower bank across the bridge, reached via the road to Lismore. After several botched efforts, I finally got something of what I wanted by painting the south side of the town against the light of a summer's afternoon, when the sun was high in the sky and the scene offered a combination of yellows and purples. The Impressionist called this approach "contre jour", although they were not in the main fond of painting things from this perspective. They usually preferred to have the light source coming from behind

them or from the side. I feel that, nothing ventured, nothing gained, and a combination of yellows, purples, blues and oranges make it well worth the risk of failure. Also, the surface of the river on that afternoon was very mobile. The effect of the weirs and of a light summer breeze, of the kind they call a "zephyr", helped to break up the flow of the water and fragment the reflections of the buildings. By now, I have more or less used up my own inspiration in Fermoy, although I realise that the town has far more to offer the artist than my meagre contributions. One could paint several different scenes in and around Fermoy, especially if one includes nearby Kilworth, or Araglin, in a picture series of Blackwater country. I have a self-imposed limit of about thirty pictures, so my next move is towards Lismore.

Bowling along the road to Lismore, I manage to change seasons once more. I find myself in very bright, clear later winter sunshine when I stop to get a good look at the stand of noble trees lining the river bank beyond Ballyduff. I know that Arthur Madison did a magnificent painting of much the same spot, looking upriver late of a summer's evening, but at my particular moment, in that light, the water and the trees make their particular demands on me, and something must be started on a blank canvas. Here, the river seems to be motionless and the water reflects the line of semi-bare trees like a mirror. The Blackwater in the distance winds around a bend, which gives me a title for my painting.

A few years ago, I did a pair of pictures of the woodland path that climbs up from the parking area to the towers at Ballysaggartmore, close to Lismore. They turned out quite presentable and I exhibited them at the Kilkenny Arts Week of the same year, where they were given nice homes by two buyers. However, I am reluctant to repeat pictures and for this trip I have decided not to include the same views again. In any case, the scenes are not specifically recognisable as belonging to Blackwater country.

Very much part of Blackwater country, however, are the so-called Lismore towers, a more convenient name than Ballysaggartmore. The structures are tempting to paint, especially when the light through the trees throws interesting looking shadows around them. Their history also makes them enticing to paint. For me, the unfinished buildings have always symbolised the futility of human ambition and envy. The nineteenth century owner of the land, Arthur Kelly, egged on by his wife, attempted to rival the mansion owned by his brother at Strandcally, far down the Blackwater towards Youghal harbour. The grandiose conception of Arthur Kelly ran out of money and came to a halt after only the two imposing pseudo-gothic entrances were completed. Today, the woodland glen, with a small but vigorous waterfall beyond the towers, is an amenity area where one can stroll - and paint - without a thought for Arthur Kelly. The stream from the waterfall courses down through the glen, winding between the trees, where dappled sunlight falls in a pattern of light and shadow on the carpet of old leaves that covers the ground.

The day I started on the line of trees near Ballyduff, I avoided the towers. I returned to the village of Ballyduff and made my way to Lismore along a road I was less familiar with. Near Lismore, I passed lines of parked cars and in a field close by, I saw that horse racing was in progress. A day of the races is a bad moment to visit anywhere, and I made a bee-line for the town, to get something to eat before a horde of winners and losers took over the available eateries. The light by now was not very helpful for painting, so I decided to return to Lismore on a more favourable occasion. Before I leave the town, there is one further memory I feel I must share. I'm sure I already share the recollection with many of the older inhabitants of Lismore. I mean - casting my mind back to the distant days of my youth - the occasional passing sight of the dancer-actor, Fred Astaire, who now and then used to stay at Lismore castle, where he was guest of his sister, Adele, and her husband, Lord Devonshire. One could catch sight of the famous film star fishing in the Blackwater, or when he was out on one of his walks along roads that in those days saw very little motor traffic. One local told me he saw Astaire practising dance steps while walking along. Another recalled in a radio programme a few years ago, seeing Fred, his sister and Lord Devonshire arriving one evening to see a film at the local cinema. That, of course, was long before the days of TV.

I wonder if the film showing that night was one of Fred's with Ginger Rogers? As you can see, whenever I find myself in the neighbourhood of Lismore, all kinds of things keep bobbing up out of the abyss of my memory. But now, back to the drawing board.

## PART SIX

I returned to Lismore several times after the day of the races, but my pictures were finally done of an afternoon in the late summer, when the light was right for watercolours full of golden sunshine and atmosphere. In fact, the first watercolours I did during my Blackwater trips, were done along the river bank a little downriver of the castle. I included the latter of course in two of my pictures, but the paintings are not studies of Lismore castle. Apart from the effect of the light, I was also concerned to include human figures in the scene. They give life and perspective to many pictures. We can always gauge the dimensions of a view with a human presence to give a sense of size and extent. Passing through the woodland path above the river, one descends to where more groups of keen fishermen offer just the human perspective one needs. There is also a protruding stony bank from which to get a perspective up river, catching the unmistakable landmark of the castle in the light of a slightly hazy late summer evening. Actually, the fishermen were farther down the river bank at the time, but I decided to shift them upstream to where I needed them to be. It's a thing called artistic licence.

I confess that after several attempts to get them right, the Lismore watercolours turned out to be quite satisfactory. However, I must go on to nearby Cappoquin. At the same time, I have to go far back in the years, to more or less the same period of my life when I heard the tale of sheer coincidence told by the ex-SS Belgian. This in itself is a sort of minor coincidence, because I recall hearing of another sheer coincidence from the second World War, on this occasion as told from the Allied side by a former American soldier. The latter was apparently retired at the time and was spending a holiday near the town. He had walked from where he was staying to one of the town's pubs and while drinking he also told us of a curious episode he witnessed in France shortly after the D-Day landings in 1944. He and another officer were being driven through a village a few moments after there had been a fierce battle between Americans and the retreating Germans. Orderlies and troops were carrying the American dead across the road, to bury them in a common mass grave, a necessity because of the rapid decomposition of dead bodies in the intense summer heat. The driver of their jeep asked permission to step out for a moment, because, as he explained, he recognised that one of the dead soldiers being carried across the road was his brother. He wanted to retrieve his identity for the family before the dead brother was interred in a common grave. When he bent down to take the identity tab, he realised that his brother was not dead, but concussed. A few minutes before or afterwards, his brother would have been interred alive but unconscious and would have died of suffocation. Apart, of course, from the coincidence that it happened to be his brother who was driving the jeep that fatal day. Whenever I see a documentary about the Normandy landings, or watch on television the Band of Brothers series or the efforts to save Private Ryan, I invariably recall that elderly ex-soldier's story. I wonder if there are many untold such instances of wartime coincidence somewhere out there.

I find little of immediate painting possibilities in Cappoquin, although along the river between there and Lismore one can come across quite a few pleasant scenes. For me on the journey, the importance of Cappoquin lies in the fact that it represents the gateway to - at last! - the real Irish Rhine. Being in Blackwater country, I naturally feel the temptation to turn up the hill to Mellary, a place of which I have many happy memories of my ( long since vanished ) youth. However, I am now on the threshold of the most imposing stretch of the river, shimmering and glistening in the strong clear light of early summer. The air is still cool enough to keep off the haze of summer and the intensity of the light is like that of countries in Continental Europe. From now on, the painter will be spoilt for choice.



The Blackwater already shows signs of being tidal, with all the variety created by such variations in the flow of the water. The land on both banks of the river rises to an imposing height, giving the eye wide vistas to absorb. Dromana house overlooks the river against the backdrop of the Knockmealdown mountains, a greyish-purple in the light. Again I have to jump the seasons a little, to high summer, so as to portray a field littered with cylindrical bales of hay high above the river, with the constant horizon of the mountains. And back to early summer or late spring once again, to paint the water at the little pier at Villierstown.

I recall, back in our cycling days, crossing the Blackwater somewhere near here in a rowing boat that served as a ferry when one called from the opposite bank. Today, so many years later, the sheer intensity of the colours of the landscape in this particular light, are quite impressive. After my sketches and a few photos for reference later, I took another look at Villierstown. It is a village with several monuments, the oldest apparently being that dedicated to the Villiers family who were once the lords of the manor in the area. There is also a more recent monument to a famous local athlete, and another, to a canine athlete, a local greyhound. The monument that caught my attention was the large plaque situated at the village crossroads. Nothing to do with painting, it simply, and I might add, rather movingly listed the names of all the families living in the village at the start of the new millennium. It is a brave look into the future, away from the weariness of the century we have left behind. One wonders will any of the names still be present at the turn of the next millennium. We will all be as remote by then as the contemporaries of Brian Boru are to us. But back to the task in hand, and let us see what further scenes the Blackwater offers on its final rush to Youghal and the sea. The high land above the river on either bank provided me with a number of choices, but I finally opted for a scene overlooking the Blackwater, in identical light as in my picture of Villierstown, but with a foreground of green, early summer fields and grazing cattle. Already there is a sense of the closeness of the open sea, recalling the atmosphere of pleasurable anticipation of my distant childhood, as we were nearing the ocean on a summer's day. Youghal has to be my next, and probably final stop on this journey along the Blackwater.

## **PART SEVEN**

Recently I came across a book with the title: Beyond Coincidence, by a Martin Plimmer and Brian King. I realise that the subject has little to do with painting Blackwater country, but reading about all the extraordinary coincidences that are reported in the book, I am comforted by the awareness that I am far from being a lone individual when recounting the two episodes of coincidence I heard when in Blackwater country. But to return to the subject of these articles. Nearing Youghal I am on the last lap of this visual pilgrimage in space and in time along the river. I can already feel the sea breeze as I race beside the water flowing rapidly down to its final destination. The Blackwater fully merits the description of "noble" all the way down to the sea from Cappoquin. My picture of the cattle grazing was done near Aglish, and on the other bank I found a spot beside the mansion of Strandcally castle, a sort of inlet and pier where boats are moored under the shadow of a single castle keep. Modern or not, the castle is suited to the painting I made in strong summer light, one such evening that I chanced upon the scene.

It's impossible to detach Youghal from the hooks and snags of memory. After all, a trip to the seaside at Youghal was a frequent highlight of my childhood, back before World War number two. We used to go there in the Peugeot owned by my father, probably at the time, one of the few such cars in the country. During the war, private cars being off the road, the excursion train brought us there, along with half the population of Cork. Shortly after the end of hostilities, my mother, restless as ever, bought a beach-front cafe and bungalow (of sorts) and for several more years, that became our family life between June and September. One year, we even wintered in the peculiar, bungalow-type residence attached to the back of the cafe, half of which was below road level in any case. Often of an autumn or a winter's night, I used to fall asleep to the rhythmic sound of the surf

beating against the strand just across the promenade from my bedroom window. But before I make my way to the strand - it's not called a beach here -, I make a quick run along the back roads just across, on the Waterford side of the bridge. A bit disappointing, as one interesting roadway was a dull cul-de-sac once I got into it. Not very promising views, an angry dog and a door with the notice: *Piss Off*, stuck to it, which I took seriously.

The bridge offered something more interesting and characteristic on the Blackwater. The new bridge, built after 1960, is a solid, modern structure, but there surely must be still plenty of people around who, like myself, remember the old bridge across the river, linking the counties Cork and Waterford, that stood close by for all those years. It linked the two counties only after a fashion. The structure was deemed to be unsafe for a concentration of traffic and to avoid placing too much weight on any one side of the bridge, barriers were placed all along it, obliging cars to travel zigzag among the barriers. Cars were not plentiful in those days, but buses were frequent enough. They were too long to negotiate the barriers, so passengers on either side of the Blackwater had to get off their respective bus, wheeling their bikes if they had one, and cross the bridge on foot to renew their bus journey on the other side. Sometimes they had to plod across in a howling gale, around and around the barriers to keep the weight on the bridge evenly distributed. We used to pass each other by like silent prisoners of war being exchanged during a temporary truce.

It's easy to say "I remember", but memory can be a peculiar thing, often unreliable, especially in details. Other times it can highlight some incident from the past, for reasons that I find hard to fathom years later. On the Youghal side of the bridge, just a little outside of the town, there was - and still is - a house of somewhat unusual structure, a sort of pseudo-castle. One evening after dark, long ago, I wandered with a friend down that way. We saw the light of a candle in one of the side windows on the first floor - perhaps they didn't have electricity at the time, not unusual in those days. We could hear the voice of a woman singing beyond the window, accompanied by the rattle of dishes being washed. We realised that the song, or air, was in Irish, also unusual in the Youghal of those times. The language survived more or less into the twentieth century, but gradually the native speakers died out as a generation. Bits of Irish remained in the songs that children most likely learned from an elderly relative, and that evening we heard one of those airs from another age. I never afterwards heard that particular melody again, which had kept us rooted to the spot in the darkness until the melody faded away into the night.

To get back to the business of painting: I went back across the river and down to Ferry Point. I wanted to get an early morning view of the town from across the Blackwater, with the light coming clearly from an easterly direction. I used an oversize canvas and I was not entirely disappointed with the result, as Cezanne might have said. My next step was to go back into the town and to climb the hill where the former bypass used to be. Here I got the view I wanted of the town below, the flowing river and the whole extent of Ferry Point itself. In Youghal, I did one of the few watercolours of this extended, multi-seasonal trip, of the Clock Tower and part of the main street, with again strong early morning summer light. I had a mind to try something around Moby Dick square, down beside the water. Memories of seeing Gregory Peck and the other actors getting out of their taxis during the filming of the tale of the white whale, draws me to the square. However, as the final touches to my portrayal of Blackwater country, I went back again to the raised beach at Ferry Point, to do a picture of the river reaching the open sea beyond the lighthouse, a subject which I must paint on my way back to the strand - no one refers to the beach here. There are many vantage points from which to watch the Blackwater lose itself in the immensity of the Atlantic ocean, but to bring my journey to a conclusion, I did one more watercolour, of the strand ( beach ) in the light of a clear, colourful, sunny winter afternoon, as it is familiar to many of the people who are constantly drawn to scenes of their young days. At this point, I think I can conclude with honour my venture into Blackwater country.

**Professor Terence Folley, 2004**

(With thanks to Nick Folley for providing the manuscript of this article, Editor)

# VISITS TO THE MILLSTREET INN

**Thomas Sheahan**

Thomas Sheahan was a multi-talented radical in Cork city and county in the early decades of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. He campaigned for Repeal, Reform of the franchise, abolition of the tithes, an end to absenteeism, for industrial development and promoted a labour movement. He was a prolific writer and pamphleteer. He went to London for a period in 1825 and this inspired him to write about the issues that concerned him as if they were experienced by a fair-minded Englishman. He did this in the form of a large pamphlet called "Excursions from Bandon, in the South of Ireland, by a Plain Englishman." The 'excursions' are not therefore literally true but they do describe real places and the real issues of the day in a very readable format. One chapter is described as an 'An Excursion to the Muskerry Mountains.' It is clear that he describing a visit over Musherah from the Cork or Bandon direction to visit the Inn in Millstreet and this is likely to be the best description we will ever get of the Inn itself. Sheahan, being a well travelled man, would no doubt have visited the Inn more than once. There is a biography of Sheahan called "In Search of Thomas Sheahan: Radical Politics in Cork, 1824-1836" (Maynooth Studies in Irish Local History) by Dr. Fintan Lane, the anti-war activist.

## Chapter III

**An excursion to the Muskerry Mountains. The poverty on the way. An enquiry concerning the residence of the Landlords. Prospect from one of the Muskerry Mountains. The "entertainment for man and horse house." The old couple. Their Son obliged to go to America for want of employment. The Scotch Gentleman. A conversation with him on Absenteeism. Four millions expended annually out of Ireland, according to the Bishop of Chester. Absenteeism, and the Butter trade of Cork. Comparative Trade of England and Ireland.**

Tuesday was as fine as the heart of man could desire, sunny and cloudless. I rode out a few miles to the north of Bandon, and descried the Muskerry Mountains far remote from me. I said, "I would go among them." The distance was considerable, but my horse was good, and time my own.

There being no direct road to these mountains, I was necessarily obliged to find the shortest route myself, and many a high road, and by-road, and hill, and dale, had I to cross in my journey thither. An Englishman travelling through certain parts of Ireland, labours under a great disadvantage, in not being acquainted with the Irish tongue. To be sure, there is scarcely a district, in which he may not find several persons capable of conversing in English, but if he do not chance to fall in with such, he must depend altogether upon his eye, for the state of the country. Such, in a great measure was my case this day.—Seven tenths of those I interrogated, knew none other than their native tongue; however, it was easy to discern, from their countenance and manner, that they were well disposed to satisfy my enquiries if possible.

In my progress towards the Muskerry Mountains, I met few who were not labourers or beggars, the latter roaming about for alms, the former, in search of employment. Indeed it was difficult to distinguish the one class from the other. The beggar was attired as well as the labourer, and the labourer as wretchedly as the beggar. The cabins too in every direction, were anything but suitable residences for human creatures. Even the horse itself was stunted in its growth and impoverished in its living—a half fed animal like its master—I do not exactly know what suggested the question, but I repeatedly asked, when viewing this misery, "who was the landlord of the soil." I was told, "my Lord such a one, and Mr. such a one." I asked where they resided, "was it there,"

pointing to some fine house. "No, Sir," was the reply, "that is the parson's, and that other is the agent's. The head landlord is in England, or in France. We never see him."

About two o'clock I had reached the foot of one of the highest of the mountains, and ascending its rugged side, gained a commanding view of a considerable portion of the province of Munster. On the west lay the county of Kerry, on the north, the county of Limerick, and on the south, and east, extensive districts of the county of Cork. Placed on this lofty eminence, amidst the wildest mountains, and of the wild Irish too, I gave looser reins to my imagination than Englishmen of business are usually wont. I also had some historical recollections connected with the spot upon which I then stood. The days of Cromwell, and the successes of Lord Broghill came across my mind, but as they passed, I hailed them not with a patriotic exultation. My short intercourse with the Irish, told me they were injured in some things. Increased experience may prove to me that they had reason to complain of more. I could not, then, rejoice at victories which may have generated slaves.

Having remained in this position till I had completely taken in the wide prospect around me, I descended in a northern direction towards a small village which was situate in the neighbourhood, and through which a high road ran— Arrived here—I had to look about me for some time, for a place of refreshment. At length I discovered over the door of an Irish caravansary, a sign-board, embellished with the hieroglyphic of a "black bottle," and its accompanying interpretation, "Entertainment for man and horse." There being no choice to exercise, in the variety of hotels, I ordered oats for my steed, and whatever the place could afford for myself That which the place could afford was indifferent enough, but the description of it would be of no consequence to my readers. Suffice it to say, that it was very unlike what a traveller may get in any part of England. The hall of entertainment was quite in keeping—a long, dark, damp room, with a clay floor. Its furniture consisted of two narrow tables, two forms, with three or four rickety, back-broken chairs.

I had not been seated here long, when an elderly man and woman entered the room, and took their places opposite to me. The man was calm, though he evidently laboured under some strong feeling. But the woman moved her head in a manner indicative of the deepest affliction. She sobbed aloud, and with her check apron dried the tears which were fast flowing from her.—Being anxious to know the latent cause of all this, I expressed a hope that no misfortune had befallen them.—They immediately told me that they were after parting on the road with their son, who was going to Cork, to embark for America. The poor woman added, "she had buried his brother a few years before. She expected that both her boys would be over her grave, but now they were all gone. God help her." I was sensibly affected.

I asked them, why their son was for leaving his native country ? Could he not remain at home? To this question they replied, "that he was an honest, and an industrious boy, but that he could not procure employment, that there were no gentlemen living in the country, and that, those who had anything to do, would work a poor man to death, and give him nothing for it after."

Having taken a little refreshment, these poor people withdrew, but as they were retiring, a Scotch gentleman, who was travelling in a chaise towards the city of Cork, stopped at the "Entertainment for man and horse" house, and walked into the sitting room. As I wished to fall into conversation with this person, I made the story of the old couple the means of effecting my object. He was a shrewd intelligent man, and had been employed by some speculators in London, to travel through Ireland. Having traversed that country in all directions, and conversed with many men of business in it, he was particularly well acquainted with all its circumstances. When I had told him that the poor people complained of there being no gentlemen in the country, he smiled, and requested of me to walk over towards the window.

"Look," said he, "northwards, for nearly forty miles in that direction, including portions of the counties of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, there is scarcely an acre that is not absentee property. Here are the vast estates of lord Cork, there, those of lords Arden and Egmont. I have it on the best authority that those noblemen never spend a farthing in Ireland." "Perhaps," I observed, "there may be good reason why noblemen, and gentlemen of fortune should wish to live out of the country." "No," rejoined the Scotchman, "Nothing can sanction a man, who derives a princely fortune from a country, in abandoning that country. He may wish to flaunt in a fashionable court; but his first duty is to see that his people, and those who labour for his good, are comfortable. Do you not observe the wretchedness and misery, which present themselves wherever you turn your face. It is my firm belief that, if the landlords of Ireland were to remain at home, and act as those of any other part of the world, scarcely a vestige of it would be seen."

I perceived that the Caledonian had not a more favourable opinion of absentees than the Hibernian at the Royal Exchange, and I endeavoured to procure from him as much information as possible. I asked him what he supposed to be the amount of Irish property annually spent out of the country by absentees.

He said that he had travelled through every county of Ireland, and that from local information, and other sources, he believed it not to fall short of four millions. (I may here remark, by the way, that this calculation has been adopted by the bishop of Chester, in his famous speech against Catholic emancipation.) He then went into various calculations, to show the loss which Ireland sustained, from this draining of her treasure. He said that, at the rate labourers were paid in that country, if a sum of *four millions* were expended by its owners, for their own advantage, in labour, *one million, seven hundred thousand souls* would be provided for, allowing five and a half for the family of each poor man that would be so employed.

Having observed to him that absenteeism was considered a great evil by some persons: he asserted, that there could be no second opinion on that subject. The people of Ireland ought to cry loudly, and bitterly against it. Next to the church establishment, which he would always consider the great bane of the country. ("The Presbyterians paid no second clergy in Scotland. The Protestants paid no second Clergy in England. Why should six millions of Catholics pay a second Clergy in Ireland?") Next to that church establishment, he ranked absenteeism as an evil. "Let," said he, "the cotton trade of Glasgow, or, as we are in Ireland, the butter trade of Cork, be taken. Let us suppose that the people of Cork, gain sixty thousand pounds a year by their trade in butter. Would not he be a friend who would double their trade? Would not he be an enemy who would take it away? How does the absentee differ from that enemy? Does he not take his sixty thousand pounds, if not from Cork, from Ireland, and spend them among strangers?"

I do not know whether or not I was justified in hazarding a joke with such a casual acquaintance; however I said that the Irish must have good reason to complain of Absenteeism, when Scotch gentlemen who were not remarkably fond of home themselves, were found to condemn it so heartily. To this he replied with a smile, that Scotchmen were as patriotic as other people, and that if they left their native home, it was to make fortunes and not to spend them.

My worthy Northern now imagined it possible that one of those Absentees who had hitherto spent so much out of the country, should think proper to live in it and build and furnish a mansion for his residence. I think I have him before me at this present moment, recounting the long catalogue of industrious people, who would be benefitted by such a circumstance.

He commenced with the Timber Merchant, the Quarry man, the Architect, the Carpenter, the Mason, the Slater, the Nailor, the Painter, the Labourer, the Ironmonger. He drew breath and proceeded with the Cabinet Maker, the Upholsterer, the Glass blower, the Brazier, the Woollen draper, the Potter, the Silversmith, the Paper-stainer. He closed with the Coachmaker the Harnessman, the Haberdasher and the Stationer.

"If," exclaimed this calculator, "the Lords of the soil in Ireland were to foster industry at home as they are bound, neither would those poor people of whom you spoke be heart-broken at the banishment of their child, nor would the rags and misery of men, who are driven by neglect to seek bread elsewhere, be hawked about the streets of Liverpool, or of London to be gazed at, loathed or laughed at." I thought the day was advancing, but I also thought of the Hibernian at the Royal Exchange.

The Scotch traveller was full of the subject of Irish Absenteeism and proceeded: "But the direct loss which this system entails is not the only one. There is another and a greater. By depriving the country of its natural capital and home market, it cuts off every hope of its rising as a manufacturing and commercial nation.

Contrast the export trade of England with that of Ireland, it is ten times greater. The trade of Dublin exceeds that of any other Irish port. There are nine ports in England, the trade of the meanest of which exceeds that of Dublin. I have reason to know that the ships tonnage and men of the port of Liverpool are *thirteen times* greater than those of Dublin and those - of the port of London, *twenty-five times* greater I have come over here myself to see if British capital can be profitably invested in this country. It may, and I admit, that some service may be done: but, he who thinks that English capital will confer on Ireland that comfort which no foreign capital has effected in England, is a fool or a madman. Rely upon it, Sir, added the Scotchman, rising from his seat and addressing himself to me with a very creditable feeling, the poor people of this country have very good reason for complaining of Absentees."

I could not but concur in the gentleman's opinions. Accordingly, as we both had a considerable way to travel, we left "the entertainment for man and horse house" together, interchanged civilities, and parted. I did not get back to Bandon before a late hour this evening. As I returned, I thought I could see numberless illustrations of what the Scotchman advanced and myself credited.

(1825)

### **Charles Abbot**

Abbot was a British parliamentarian who became Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1801 and was later chosen as Speaker of the House of Commons. He was a renowned opponent of Catholic rights. He did a tour of Ireland in late 1792 travelling from Mallow via Millstreet to Killarney and returned via the Butter road to Cork. He remarked as follows on the Inn:

"The Inn at Millstreet is very tolerably good. The parlour was the cleanest we had seen anywhere in the South, the bedrooms in the usual style of dirty patchwork. Upon this road between Cork and Killarney 2 chaises and 2 prs. of horses are kept here for posting."

(Tuesday, 2<sup>nd</sup> October, 1792)  
TNA, Kew. PRO 30/9/23, page 152

# RINUCCINI IN SLIABH LUACHRA

The following is an extract from the *Commentarius Rinuccinianus* translated from Latin. The *Commentarius*, 1645-1649, was compiled by Fr Barnabas O'Ferrall and Fr Daniel O'Connell in the 17<sup>th</sup> century and edited from the Manuscript by Fr Joannes Kavanagh [Fr. Stanislaus], in 6 vols, for the Irish MSS Commission in 1932-49. It is a collection of documents on the Nuncio's mission to Ireland but they haven't yet been translated and published in English.

The accounts rely quite a lot on Rinuccini's views on the area as described by his Secretary, Dionysius Massari. This extract by one of the priest authors takes up the story of his visit after landing at Kenmare on 21 October 1645. The Nuncio went to Macroom, via St. Gobnait's shrine in Ballyvourney. He spent a week in Macroom and was then persuaded by Boetius MacEgan, the future Bishop of Ross, to go to Dromsicane the seat of a junior branch of the McCarthys and to Clonmeen, the home of Donough O'Callaghan. He would have had to go via Millstreet for this part of his journey. He then went on to Kilmallock and Limerick on the way to the Confederation at Kilkenny.

## Extract from the *Commentarius Rinuccinianus*

"Thus far I have described the journey of the Nuncio from Rome to Ireland. It now remains to tell what happened after he landed. Related to this are the things written by the Most Illustrious Massari in his letter from Ireland to Florence, a small part of which I have inserted above. He followed it with one in Italian. I shall append mention of the relevant matters in Latin, having omitted the sections dealing with the pirate's attack, since I have already given these facts from the Nuncio's records.

Following the customary practice of the ancient Irish, whereby title and estate pass always and only through the male line, the whole area of Glanarought at the time was *Mac Carthaigh Mac Fionnain* territory. Their sphere of influence extended to that fort and harbour on the coast, called Kenmare by the locals. It was here that the Nuncio landed. There was, however, at that time a Mac Fionnain who was also very famous on account of his peculiar virtues. He was Donnchadha Mac Carthaigh Mac Fionnain of the royal and most ancient Clann Mhic Carthaigh, a family with very numerous and very flourishing branches spread broadly throughout that region. Since remote antiquity this family had clients, so that related bloodlines of less noble but yet wealthy and powerful families—namely both the Ua Suileabhain Mor and the Ua Suileabhain Beara, as well as the Ua Ceallachain, the Ua Caoimh, and many other families partly local and partly neighbouring—were all remarkably filled with a desire to see the Nuncio, and desired to grant him every honour, upon hearing he had arrived. *Mac Carthaigh Mac Fionnain*, and his most famous and noble wife *Catriona Xic Carthaigh*, daughter of Cormac "the Blind", of the dynasty of Muskerry, received with utter kindness as many of these relatives as had suddenly come to Ardtully, as well as the Nuncio and his retinue, along with all those Irishmen who had arrived from abroad.

Meanwhile, the Nuncio oversaw the installation of no small part of the military equipment that he had brought with him into *Mac Carthaigh Mac Fionnain's* fortress at Ardtully. But he ordered other equipment to be transported by sea to Waterford. When he had rested there for two days with a mind beset by so many great anxieties and a body wearied by labours, and when from that same place he had written the three letters to Rome which are printed (f.887v) above, he really wanted to depart; but he was hindered from doing so by problems which were neither small nor few in number. This was because Ardtully was located near the base of Mount Mangerton, in a charming area towards Limerick, which obstructs the road that had to be taken through the rest of County Kerry, through the mountains of County Cork, and its rough and uneven roads, and that marshy tract of country which

in Irish is called *Sliabhluachra*, a location exceedingly blessed, which does not suffer the feminine excess and luxuriousness of carriages or the intrusive racket of horses and buggies of the sort from which in Paris one does not receive any respite by night or day, for the peace and quiet of one's soul before God.

Besides this the Nuncio's dry skin and itching were growing worse all over his body and, accordingly, the itching grew worse day by day as he scratched; also at this point he was limping, as he was unaccustomed to travelling on foot. Furthermore, he was emaciated by a pre-existing illness from which he had not yet well recovered. Thus he was not easily able to travel on the aforesaid road by horse or on foot. Therefore the aforesaid Lord Massari followed what the enthusiasm of the people had suggested. Concerning Ardtully he said: 'The Most Illustrious Lord rested there for two days, after which he reached Macroom, the seat of Lord Viscount Muskerry, who is the first prince in the kingdom, by means of the convenience of a litter constructed from boards, osiers, and tarpaulins as best as we are able to tell. Moreover, the son of the aforesaid ruler of that place, who was accompanied by fifty armed knights, walked three miles to meet his Most Illustrious Lordship, who had been transported to that place, and honourably received him. When we were already near to the castle we came upon a formation of infantry and (next to them), stationed in the order of a solemn supplication, were all the Churchmen both secular and regular, by whom the Most Illustrious Lord was received with a cross. He sat on his horse until he was a mile distant. He was thereupon conducted into a church, into which a huge number of people had poured. All of these people prostrated themselves and gave applause and signs of joy in order to get a blessing from His Most Illustrious Lordship. From the church His Most Illustrious Lordship was moved to the palace. At the gate of the palace he was received by the Lady Viscountess, since her husband was absent, being then in camp or at any rate engaged in peace-talks as Commissar in Dublin. She, however, with her family and all her children knelt at his feet and kissed His Most Illustrious Lordship's clothing, and so obtained his blessing (as she had requested) with the greatest devotion.'

**(Commentarius Rinuccinianus Vol. II, part 1.)**

A priest member of Rinuccini's party (though probably not Massari) also wrote other accounts of his visit and there is a letter of his to Rinuccini's brother in Florence (1645) and because of the date these comments are likely to be based on what he saw and experienced in the Cork/Kerry area described above. He wrote:

"The courtesy of the poor people among whom my Lord the Nuncio took up his quarters was unexampled. A fat bullock, two sheep, and a porker, were instantly slaughtered, and an immense supply of beer, butter, and milk, was brought to him; and even we, who were still on board, experienced the kindness of the poor fishermen, who sent us presents of excellent fish and oysters of the most prodigious size in the utmost abundance.

While we were crossing along in the frigate, in the track of the Nuncio, I observed a harbour about half-a-mile in length, and a pistol-shot in breadth, so very beautiful, that curiosity led me to take the boat and go onshore, for the purpose of examining the wonders of the place. In a short time I was surrounded by an immense multitude of men, women, and boys, who had come running down from different places in the mountains to see me; and some of them happening to observe the crucifix which I wore on my breast, they all made a circle around me, and kissed it one after another.

After this, they made signs of the greatest affection and friendship to me, and conducted me, almost perforce, to one of the nearest huts, where I was seated on a cushion stiffer with feathers; and the mistress of the house, a venerable lady, sat down beside me along with her daughters, and offered to



kiss me, according to the usage of the country; and had I not explained by signs, that it would not be becoming in one who bore Christ crucified on his breast, and who accompanied the Nuncio as priest, I think they would have been offended. The lady then brought me a wooden vessel, a great draught of most delicious milk, expressing the utmost anxiety that I should drink it. As it was of a most excellent flavour, I drank copiously of it, and was quite revived by the draught. They all endeavoured to stand as close as possible, and those who were able to touch me, considered themselves happy; so that it was with difficulty I could disengage from them, in order to return to the frigate; on the contrary they wished to escort me to the very water edge, and some of the young men wished to accompany me altogether. What is most remarkable, is, that in these wild and mountainous places, and among a poor people who are reduced to absolute misery, by the devastations of the heretic enemy, I found, notwithstanding, the noble influence of our holy Catholic faith, for there was not one man, woman, or child, however small, who could not repeat the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Creed, and the commandments of the Holy Church."

"The country, through which we have passed, though mountainous, is agreeable; and being entirely pasture-land, is most abundantly stocked with cattle of every kind. Occasionally one meets a long tract of valley, interspersed with woods and groves; which, as they are neither high nor densely planted, partake more of the agreeable than the gloomy. For seventy miles the country which we met was almost all of this character; but having once crossed the mountains, we entered upon an immense plain, occasionally diversified with hills and valleys, highly cultivated, and enriched with an infinite number of cattle, especially oxen and sheep; from the latter of which is obtained the very finest of what is called English wool..

The men are fine-looking and of incredible strength, swift runners, and ready to bear every kind of hardship with cheerfulness. They are all trained in arms, especially now that they are at war. Those who apply themselves to letters are very learned; and you meet persons of every profession and science among them.

The women are distinguished by their grace and beauty, and they are as modest as they are lovely. Their manners are marked by their extreme simplicity, and they mix freely in conversation on all occasions without suspicion or jealousy. Their dress differs from ours, and is somewhat like the French. They also wear cloaks reaching to their heels and tufted locks of hair, and they go without any head-dress, content with linen bands bound up in the Greek fashion, which display their natural beauty to much advantage. Their families are very large. Some have as many as thirty children; all living; not a few have fifteen or twenty, and all these children are handsome, tall and strong, the majority being fair-haired, white-skinned and red-complexioned.

They give most abundant entertainments both of flesh and fish for they have both in great abundance. They are constantly pledging healths, the usual drinks being Spanish wines, French claret, most delicious beer and most excellent milk. Butter is used abundantly on all occasions with all kinds of food and there is no species of provisions which is not found in great abundance. As yet, we have all accommodated ourselves to the usages of the country. (A line is here effaced).

There is also plenty of fruit - apples, pears, plums and artichokes. All eatables are cheap. A fat ox costs sixteen shillings (a pistole), a sheep fifteen pence (thirty bajocchi), a pair of capons, or fowls, five pence (a paul); eggs a farthing each, and other things in proportion. A good-sized fish costs a penny (soldo), and they don't worry about selling game. They kill birds almost with sticks and especially thrushes, blackbirds, and chaffinches. Both salt and fresh water fish are cheap, abundant,

and of excellent flavour and for three pauls we bought one hundred and fifty pounds of excellent fish; as pike, salmon, herring, trout, &c all of excellent quality. We got a thousand pilchards and oysters for twenty -five bajocchi."

The horses are numerous, strong, well built, and swift. For five pounds (twenty crowns) you can buy a nag which in Italy could not be got for a hundred gold pieces."

**(From 'The Dublin Review,' March 1845)**

This is a startlingly positive description of the people which contrasts sharply with the image usually painted by most travellers from Britain which we have published previously. The Nuncio's Italian retinue clearly enjoyed themselves immensely and found everybody and everything very much to their liking - apart from the political development of the Confederation.

**Jack Lane**



# THE POST- CHAISE COMPANION

The Post-Chaise was a closed, four-wheeled coach or carriage drawn by fast horses, which were changed at each post town, and it was used extensively in the 18th and early 19th century to carry mail and passengers.

A very popular guide with travellers for many years was the "The Post-Chaise Companion" which had an Irish version that provided a detailed guide to the roads of Ireland based on the Taylor Skinner road maps.

It included, among other things, a guide to the residencies of the gentry along each road

Below is an extract for the stretch of the Butter Road from Cork to Tralee indicating where these residences were located.



A Post-chaise

## From Cork to Tralee.

Mill-Street,	Cork	—	22 $\frac{3}{4}$
Shane's Inn		3 $\frac{1}{4}$	26 $\frac{1}{4}$
Castle Island,	Kerry	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	40
Tralee		8 $\frac{3}{4}$	48 $\frac{3}{4}$

Two miles from Cork, on the L. is Mount Defant, the seat of Mr. Duncombe; and a mile further, on the R. Ballycannon, that of Mr. Spread.

Four miles from Cork, on the R. is Blarney, the beautiful seat of Mr. Jefferys. From Cork to this place, the eye is delighted with variety of beautiful prospects, of gentle-rising hills, woods, groves, meadows, and corn fields, with several good seats.

Near four miles from Cork, on the L. is Wood-Side, the seat of Mr. Carleton; and two miles further, Cloghroe, that of Mr. Capel.

Seven miles from Cork, near the turnpike, on the R. are the ruins of a church; and three miles and a half further, on the L. is Derry, the seat of Mr. Gibbs.

Thirteen miles from Cork, on the L. is Mountrours, the seat of Mr. Phelan.

At Mill-Street, on the R. is Coomlagane, the seat of Mr. O'Leary; and near a mile on the L. is Mount Leader, that of Mr. Leader.

Within three miles of Castle-Island, on the R. are the ruins of the church; about half a mile further, those of Kilmurry castle; and a mile from these, the ruins of Kilcushneq castle.

Within a mile and a half of Castle-Island, on the R. is Ballymacadam, a seat of the Earl of Glandore; and about half a mile from it, on the L. is Tullig, that of Mr. Sandes.

At Castle-Island, on the L. is the charter-school.

A mile and a quarter beyond Castle-Island, on the L. close to the road, is Menuis, the seat of Doctor Drew; two miles further, on the R. is Maglats, that of Mr. Sealy; and on the L. Maugh, Mr. Sealy's seat.

Near five miles beyond Castle-Island, on the R. is Ratanny, the seat of Mr. Rowan; and on the L. Arbela, that of Mr. Blenerhasset.

Within three miles of Tralee, on the L. is Ballyearthy, the seat of Mr. Nash; Elm-Grove, that of Mr. Blenerhasset; Ballyseedy, Mr. Blenerhasset's; and on the R. Ballengown, that of Mr. Croft.

Near a mile to the R. of Tralee, is Oak-Park, the seat of Rowland Bateman, Esq.

T H E  
POST-CHAISE COMPANION:

O R,  
TRAVELLER'S DIRECTORY,

T H R O U G H  
I R E L A N D.

C O N T A I N I N G, *W. Wilson (Milliner)*

Among many other useful Particulars, *K*

I. An alphabetical List of all the CITIES, TOWNS, and remarkable VILLAGES, with the COUNTIES they are in.

II. The Direct Roads from DUBLIN to all the Places in the KINGDOM: shewing the Distances from each CITY, TOWN, or VILLAGE, to the next on the same Road, with their respective Distances from DUBLIN.

III. Descriptions of NOBLEMEN'S and GENTLEMEN'S SEATS, CITIES, TOWNS, natural CURIOSITIES, CASTLES, RUINS, LOUGHS, GLENS, HARBOURS, &c. &c.

IV. The CROSS ROADS of IRELAND.

V. The CIRCUITS of the JUDGES.

Compiled from the only authentic SURVEY ever made of the ROADS in IRELAND, by Messrs. TAYLOR and SKINNER, and other valuable WORKS, both in PRINT and MS. with the Assistance of several NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN, forming an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Kingdom.

---

Ornamented with a new and correct MAP of IRELAND.

---

L O N D O N:  
Printed for W. FADEN, No. 487, STRAND.  
M,DCC,LXXXIV.

THE  
**NATIONAL GAZETTEER**  
 OF  
**GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.**

[LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS.—par., parish; tshp., township; vil., village; hmlt., hamlet; chply., chapelry; tythg., tything; ext. par., extra parochial; lib., liberty; div., division; hund., hundred; wap., wapentake; bar., barony; prov., province; co., county; dioc., diocese; archdeac., archdeaconry; rect., rectory; vic., vicarage; cur., curacy; perpet. cur., perpetual curacy; don. cur., donative curacy; presb., presbytery; pat., patron; patron., patronage; val., value: the asterisk (\*) denotes that there is a parsonage and glebe belonging to the living.]

**MILLSTREET**, a small post and market town in the par. of Drishane, bar. of West Muskerry, co. Cork, prov. of Munster, Ireland, 25 miles W. of Cork, and 170 from Dublin. It is a station on the Killarney Junction railway. The town stands on a small feeder of the river Blackwater, and on the road from Mallow to Killarney, surrounded by lofty hills. It contains the parish church, a Roman Catholic chapel, bridewell, infantry barracks, and a dispensary within the Kanturk Poor-law Union. There is a police station, and petty sessions are held once a month. The O'Leary of Coomlegane and Wallis of Drishane are the proprietors. Thursday is market day. Fairs are held on 6th January, 1st and 12th March, 1st June, 1st September, 1st and 26th December.

**DROMTARIFF**, a par. in the bar. of Duhallow, in the co. of Cork, prov. of Munster, Ireland, 4 miles S.W. of Kanturk, its post town. It is situated on the river Blackwater, and on the road from Roskeen Bridge to Castle Island. The surface is very mountainous, with extensive tracts of bog. The living is a vic. in the dioc. of Ardferd and Aghadoe, val. with two others, £580, in the patron. of the bishop. The church is at Dromagh; it is a neat building erected in 1822 by the late Board of First Fruits, on the site of the old one, destroyed in 1652 by troops under Lord Broghill, on his way to Knockbrack, where he defeated Lord Muskerry. It has been recently enlarged by the addition of a chancel, in which is a triple lancet window of stained glass, the gift of Mrs. Leader. The Roman Catholic chapel is united to those of Kilmeen and Cullen. There are three day schools in the parish. The principal seats are Nashville, Minchill, and the Glebe House. Limestone is abundant.

At Dromagh and Disert are extensive collieries, in full operation. Here are remains of a rath, and of Dromagh Castle, formerly belonging to the O'Keefes. Fairs are held on the 6th April, 6th June, and 29th December.

**CULLEN**, a par. in the bar. of Duhallow, in the co. of Cork, prov. of Munster, Ireland, 4 miles N.W. of Millstreet. Kanturk is its nearest post town. It is situated on the river Blackwater, and the surface is boggy. The living is a vic. in the dioc. of Ardferd and Aghadoe, val. with Drumtariffe, £580, in the patron. of the bishop. The church is at Drumtariffe, but the Roman Catholic chapel is at Cullen. In the Roman Catholic arrangement the parish is united to Drumtariffe and Millstreet. There are four hedge-schools. In the vicinity are the ruins of an old castle, built by the O'Kiefs, of a nunnery, and of the ancient church. Near Keule have been found relics indicative of a battle having been fought here.

**DRISHANE**, a par. in the bar. of West Muskerry, in the co. of Cork, prov. of Munster, Ireland. Millstreet, within the parish, is its post town. It is situated on the road from Cork to Killarney. The surface is for the most part upland and mountainous, with much bog. The living is a vic. in the dioc. of Ardferd and Aghadoe, val. with another, £360, in the patron. of the bishop. The church is at Millstreet, and is a commodious building, erected in 1796. The Roman Catholic chapel is united to that of Nohoval-daly. There are two National schools within the parish. The river Blackwater traverses the northern portion; and the principal summit is Clara Hill, one of the Kerry range. The seats are Mount Leader, Coole House, Rathduane, Coomlagane, Coole and Drishane Castle, which was forfeited in 1641 by Donagh M'Carthy, a descendant of Dermot M'Carthy, who founded it in 1436. In the grounds are the ruins of the old church, and in the neighbourhood are the remains of Kilmeedy Castle, also built by the M'Carthys in 1445. Limestone and slate are quarried here.

**KILCORNEY**, a par. in the bar. of Muskerry West, co. Cork, prov. of Munster, Ireland, 4 miles E. of Millstreet. Mallow is its post town. It is 2 miles long by 1 mile broad. The surface is hilly, and includes a part of the Muskerry mountains. The interior is watered by the Racool rivulet, a tributary to the Blackwater. The living is a suspended rect. and vic. in the dioc. of Cloyne, in the patron. of the bishop. The Roman Catholic chapel is united to that of Clonmeen. There are two hedge-schools. A Danish fort is seen at Downour. The parish is also the site of an ancient monastic establishment. Kilcorney House is the principal residence.

# PUBLICATIONS OF THE AUBANE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

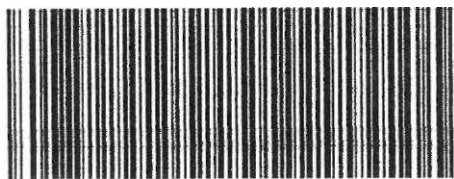
- \* **Spotlights on Irish History**, by *Brendan Clifford*
- \* **The 'Cork Free Press' In The Context Of The Parnell Split: The Restructuring of Ireland, 1890-1910** by *Brendan Clifford*
- \* **Thomas Davis**, by *Charles Gavan Duffy*
- \* **Extracts from 'The Nation', 1842-44**
- \* **With Michael Collins in the fight for Irish Independence** by *Batt O'Connor* (2nd edition)
- \* **An Answer to Revisionists** *Eamon O'Cuiv and others launch Sean Moylan's Memoir*
- \* **The Origins and Organisation of British Propaganda in Ireland 1920** by *Brian P Murphy OSB*
- \* **Six days of the Irish Republic (1916) and other items** by *L. G. Redmond-Howard*
- \* **Fianna Fáil and the decline of the Free State** by *Brendan Clifford*
- \* **Myths from Easter 1916** by *Eoin Neeson*
- \* **The origin and development of the Parish of Millstreet** by *Fr. Sean Tucker*
- \* **Canon Sheehan: a turbulent priest** (revised edition) 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*
- \* **The Poems of Geoffrey O'Donoghue** by *John Minahane*
- \* **Seán O'Hegarty, O/C 1<sup>st</sup> Cork Brigade IRA** (Second edition) by *Kevin Girvin*
- \* **Coolacrease: 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*
- \* **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, (3<sup>RD</sup> edition) by *Jack Lane and Brendan Clifford*
- \* **Dánta/Poems by Eoghan Ruadh O'Súilleabháin** translated by *Pat Muldowney*
- \* **Sean Moylan: in his own words. His memoir of the Irish War of Independence** (Fourth edition)
- \* **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*
- \* **A Millstreet Miscellany (3)** by various authors
- \* **An affair with the Bishop of Cork**, various authors (second edition)
- \* **An Argument Defending the Right of the Kingdom of Ireland (1645)** by **Conor O'Mahony**. First Publication in English, translated and introduced by *John Minahane*
- \* **William O'Brien, MP** by *Brendan Clifford*
- \* **Seán Moylan: was he a rebel? A review of Aideen Carroll's 'Seán Moylan- rebel leader,'** revised reprint, by *Jack Lane*
- \* **A Millstreet Miscellany (4)**, edited by *Jack Lane*

From: [jacklaneaubane@hotmail.com](mailto:jacklaneaubane@hotmail.com)



ISBN 978 -1903497-66-1  
 Aubane Historical Society

2011



978 -1903497-66-1