

Cumann Staire

Bhéal Áthán Chaorthaidh
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Chairperson's Address

le Seán Ó Súilleabháin

A Chairde, cuirim fáilte croíúil romhaibh go léir chuig an trúá eagrán den Iris seo. Tar éis dhá eagrán, ina raibh suim mhór ag an bpobal, a fhoilsiú, tá súil againn go mbainfidh sibh go léir taitneamh agus suim as na haltanna, na grianghraifeanna agus na staitisticí. Táimid buíoch dos na daoine go léir a thug altanna don Iris agus don fhoireann eagarthóireachta, Máire Ní Léime agus Nóra Levis.

After a successful year for the Cumann Staire we are already planning ahead. As well as continuing to collect place names and gathering the Parish's History from various sources we will also be bringing out a Photographic History of Uibh Laoire in 1996. All photos of any kind would be gratefully accepted (and will be returned safely) by Seán Ó Súilleabháin at (026) 47062.

As in our earlier editions we would like to impress on people to do their own collecting of local history. Writing down or tape recording your recollections or those of your family is the only way we can preserve our past for the future. All too often it is too late so why not use this time around Christmas and the New Year to record some history, stories, songs, sayings etc. - the list is endless.

We hope you enjoy this edition of the Iris and thanks for your support throughout 1995.

Nollaig Shona agus Ath Bhliain faoi Mhaise daoibh go léir.

An Chéad Rothar

Sa tseana shaol ní bhíodh ach Aifreann amháin sa tséipéal i mBéal Athan Ghaorthaidh, gach re Domhnach a bhíodh an Sagart Paróiste ann agus an Domhnach a bhíodh an Sagart óg ann i ngach seanamóin a thugadh sé uaidh, bhíodh sé i gcónaí a trácht ar an tAintí Christ, go raibh sé le teacht, ar slí éigin, nó i riocht éigin, anuas as an spéir, aníos as an loch, anuas as na cnoic, nó béidir ar an mbóthar. Bhí na daoine bochta simplí scanraithe aige. Timpeall na hama céadhna díreach do deineadh an chéad rothar, An Penny Farthing. Do cheannaigh fear i gcathair Corcaighe ceann des na capaill iarainn seo, agus nuair a cheap sé go raibh sé ábalta go maith ar rothaíocht, thug sé aghaidh ar an mbóthar go dtí an Ghugán. Maidin bhreá samhraidh a bhí ann, agus é ag rothaíocht ar a shuanas. Nuair a tháinig sé ó Mhagh Chromtha i leith bhí na daoine an airde ar na clathacha a féachaint ar an míorúilt a bhí ag dul thar bráid. Do ritheadh cuid acu tamall den bóthar ina dhiaidh go nimíodh sé uathu. Do chomáin sé leis i leith trí Inchechelach agus fan na locha go Béal Athan Ghaorthaidh. Is dócha go raibh tart ar an bhfear bocht nuair a shroich sé an áit, do thurlaigh sé den rothar is chuir sé i gcoinnibh an fhalla í, is bhuail sé isteach sa tigh tabhairne. Do bhailigh scata timpeall ar an rothar is bhíodar a féachaint air. Bhí seandúine ar an ngasra agus ar seisean "Coinnigh siar uaidh, a bhuachaillí, le heagla go mbéarthach sé oraibh". Nuair a bhí a thart múchta ag an bhfear, tháinig sé amach is do léim sé anairde ar an rothar agus siar an bóthar leis agus an scata ina dhiaidh. Siar leis go dtí an Túirín Dubh agus as san go Céim an Fhiadh. San am céadna bhí seana bhean ina comhnaidhe i dtigh beag in aice le Crois an Ghugáin. An mhaidean chéadhna bhí sí amuigh sa chlós is í ag tabhairt min gharbh do na cearca,

pé fhéachaint a thug sí an bóthar soir do chonaic sí chuici an bóthar i leith an míorúilt. Bhí sí ag féachaint leath neomat air, "Hainm an Diabhal, tá sé tagaithe sa deire" ar sise, "An tAintí Christ, An tAintí Christ". Do rith sí isteach abhaile is rug sí ar bhata trom a bhí aici. Siúd amach lei is chuaigh sí i bhfolach taobh thiar do scairt cuillinn a bhí ann. Ba ghearr gur tháinig fear an rothair aníos chuici agus stros air i gcoinne an chnoic. Do léim an tseana bhean chuige amach, is do bhuail sí buille don bhata ar mhullach cinn air is do leag sí i lár an bhóthair é, é féin is an rothar. Bhí an fear ag iarraidh imeacht uaithi ach ní fhéadach sé, leis an plancadh a bhí ar siul aici, agus í á rá, "Is fada a tháimid ag feitheamh leat a Dhiabhail". Sa deireadh d'éirigh leis léim isteach thar claidhe uaithi is do rith sé trasna na páirceanna i dtreo an Ghugáin. Do lean an tseanbhean ag plancadh an rothair. Ba ghearr gur tháinig comharsa an bóthar aníos is nuair a chonaic sé an tseanbhean is í ag bataráil an rothair do lúigh sé, is ar seisean, "A Mhuire, a Mháire cad tá agat á dhéanamh". "An tAintí Christ", ar sise, "Do léim a leath isteach sa pháirc uaim agus táim ag iarraidh deire a chur leis an méid seo". "Stad, stad", arsa an comharsa, "Ní hé sin an tAintí Christ, ach Bicycle." "Bicycle", ar sise. "Sea, arsa an comharsa, "Sin machine nua atá déanta le déanaí". Do chuir sé Máire an doras isteach uaidh agus do rug sé ar an rothar is thóg sé den bhóthar é. Do rug sé ar adharca air, is le morán útamála do shroich sé an Ghugán leis. Bhí an fear bocht ó Choreagha ann roimis is é sa leabaidh. D'fhan sé ann dhá lá sar a raibh sé ábalta ar dhul thar nais. D'imigh sé an cúl bóthar is amach trí Béal A Ghleanna, abhaile go Corcaigh, agus geallaimse duit nár tháinig sé go dtí an Ghugán ag rothaíocht ó shoin.

Editorial...

Ba mhaith liom míle buíochas a ghabháil le Nóra Ní Levis a dhein an clóscríobh ar fad don Iris seo. Míle buíochas a Nóra!

Cumann Staire Béal Atha n Ghaorthaidh have undertaken some interesting projects, we are still collecting field and place names and will continue to publish in the Journal.

We also hope to publish a book on photographs early in 1996, if you have old photos Séan Ó Súilleabháin would be delighted to get them.

Peter O'Leary and his band of merry men have done a lot of work on the Old Graveyard in Inchigeela, the result will be printed early in 1996.

Tá a lán, lán dánta, amhráin agus scéalta le bailiú againn fós. Tá súil agam go mbainfidh sibh taitneamh as na dánta in Iris 3, tá a lán le teacht fós. Má tá dánta, amhráin nó scéalta agat bheadh áthas orainn iad a fheiscint.

Cumann Staire would like to find more information on the Famine, old churches and graveyards in the Parish and any other topic of interest. If you can help, please contact us.

Tá súil agam go mbainfidh sibh taitneamh as Iris 3 agus seol alt chugainn do Iris 4.

Míle Buíochas,

Máire Ní Léime, Cill Mhór,
Béal Atha n Ghaorthaidh.
Fón 026-47017.

What's In A Name 2.

The Archaeological Ages Of Man.

Archaeological Ages Defined.

Palaeolithic: The early stone age, includes the period before and immediately after the last Ice Age. 20,000 BC to 8,000 BC. does not concern us much, since there is no serious evidence of Palaeolithic man in Ireland.

Mesolithic: The middle stone age, 8,000 BC to 3,000 BC. Hunters and Gatherers. Flints and polished stone axes. Lough Boora, Co. Offaly. Dingle Peninsula. In Ireland sometimes called the Larnian Culture.

Neolithic: The new stone age, 3,000 BC to 1,500 BC. Farmers and Megalith builders. Tree and land clearing. Square and round wooden houses. Introduced cattle, pigs, sheep, goats. Also wheat and barley. Used porcellanite stone axes. Court Cairns. Portal Tombs. Passage

Tombs. Cashelkeelty, Co. Kerry. Lough Gur, Co. Limerick. Newgrange.

Bronze Age: 1,500 BC to 800 BC. Wedge Tombs. Stone Circles. Beaker pottery. Copper mines. Metal workers. Gold.

Iron Age: 800 BC to 500 AD. Hillforts and Rathes. Crannogs.

Hallstatt Period: The first part of the Iron Age. 800 BC to 600 BC. The culture which derives from the Celtic people who originated in Hallstatt in Austria, but which spread all over Europe.

La Tene Period: The later Iron Age. 600 BC to 500 AD. The culture which derives from the Celtic people who originated in La Tene, in Switzerland, but which spread all over Europe.

This is an attempt to define the meaning of the terms used in Archaeology. It must be remembered however, that Archaeologists themselves disagree about the actual dates. Moreover there was much overlap, and the use of terms like "Early, Middle and Late..." applied to each of these broad divisions.

Leap Year Letter.

Dear Sir,

I send you this your love to stir
Its you I've chosen first of all
On whom to pay a "Leap Year" call
So send me back without delay,
Your answer either yes or nay,
But if your heart does not incline.
In wedlock clasp to join with mine,
The Leap Year law you must obey,
And you to me 10 pounds must pay,
Besides dear Sir a handsome dress,
I'll ask no more and take no less,
Now you may think that this is funny,
But I must have a man or money,
So send me back a quick reply,
Your wife I'll be until I die,
And if the writers name you guess,
Send it back to her address.
And if for me there is no hope,
Send me back six yards of rope.
I remain with love and kisses,

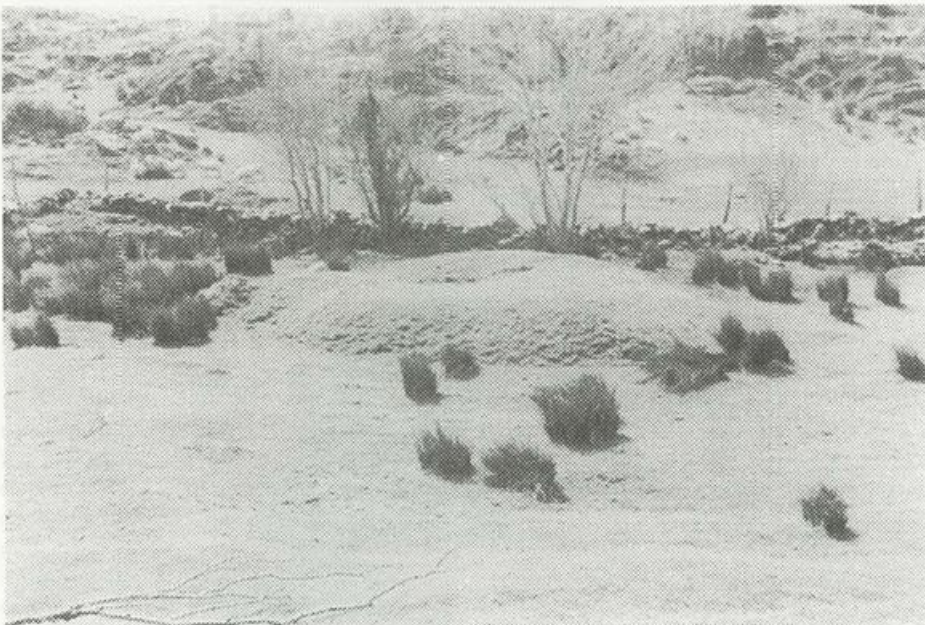
Fulachta Fiadh.

A fulachta fiadh is an ancient cooking place, found in low-lying marshy ground or near the banks of rivers and streams. They consist of a mound of burnt stones and charcoal.

If undisturbed, they are usually horse shoe shaped with a hollow in the centre. The mound shows where the burnt stones have been thrown and the hollow contains the hearth and trough.

The Fianna or a band of hunters that travelled in these parts 3,500 years ago used these cooking places. They built a large fire and heated stones in it, when the stones were hot they dropped them into the trough of water.

When the water boiled they dropped in the meat (which was wrapped in a súgán) and continued dropping in hot stones to keep the water on the boil. When the feast was over the stones were removed and set to one side for reuse. The stones that shattered,



along with the charcoal were thrown to one side (usually on three sides of the trough, hence the horseshoe shape) and the trough was ready for use again.

These ancient cooking places were used again and again, the much used fulachta fiadh was approx. 1m. in height and with a width of 10 to 15 meters.

A fine example of a well used fulachta fiadh was found earlier this year in

Tír-na-Spideoige. The fulachta fiadh is horseshoeshaped, it is in perfect condition and the sheep keep the mound in bowling green condition. Two were found in Kilmore, and another two were found in Currahy. One has totally disappeared and the second is a fine big fulachta fiadh.

We know there are several more in the Parish, if you know of the existence of a fulachta fiadh let us know and we can keep a record of it.

Máire Ní Léime.

Going to Cork Long Ago.

The following was recorded by Pádraig Ó Suibhne in 1931 for The Irish Folklore Commission and appeared in it's magazine "Béaloideas" in 1938. It was taken down from Séan Ó hEalaithe (65 years), Béal Athan Ghaorthaidh. Pádraig Ó Suibhne was one of the many people who collected an invaluable amount of folklore for the Folklore Commission and without their dedication a lot of the Nation's heritage would have been lost. Material from other Uíbh Laoire people is available and will appear in next year's magazine. The following article is a translation.

I often remember my father relating how people used to go to the butter market in Cork on horse back long ago. There were no roads then only across the hills and land. There would be 3 firceins of butter on the horse's back; one on either side in two side-baskets or ciseáns and another on the straddle on the horse's back. People didn't have carts at that time so they transported everything in these ciseáns across the straddle. Between the two baskets there were 2 pieces of timber shaped to prevent damage to the horse, with a súgán wound around them, going across her back and down her sides. A girdle made from a hay or straw súgán passed under the horses stomach and a "crupper" under her tail to stop the straddle sliding off her back when travelling

down hill. The ciseáns had loops which were pegged together with a scorán (peg) to hold them on the straddle. The driver sat behind the straddle and directed the horse with a stick and a bitless head-start or halter of horsehair with a rope of it held by the driver. Turf and potatoes were also transported home in these ciseáns, I often remember doing it myself up to 60 years ago as a garsún. "Potaf" or boxes were used instead of the ciseáns to bring manure to the garden. The floor of the "pota" was hinged with a loop and staple held closed with a stick. When the driver stopped a fully laden horse in the garden, he stood in front of the horse, reached back on both her sides and pulled out the sticks at the same time. If emptied one at a time the full one would topple the empty one. To return to the butter going to Cork, the driver had to stop on the side of the road so that both horse and man could eat. The load was taken off to rest the horse. Potatoes and butter was sometimes eaten. Other times they ate oatmeal mixed with porter which they got in a pub and ate with a spoon. (There was very little bread in those days.) Potatoes were taken in a bag along with a mornán of butter. A mornán was a basin made from a single piece of wood with a handle on it like you'd find on a mallet. People had no knives or forks in those days except the ones God gave them. It took a night to go to Cork, a night coming home and a day at the market. My grandfather used to say he remembered the first cart made in Uíbh Laoghaire, made from deal or fir and fir wheels. They discovered that timber wheels were useless without the irons.

Piseoga agus Seán Nósanna i mBéal Athan Ghaorthaidh.

Caithfidh mé admháil gur cheap mé nach raibh mórán piseoga fágtha i mBéal Athan Ghaorthaidh. Ach nuair a chuaigh mé chun cainte le roinnt des na seandaoine nó fiú amháin roinnt des na daoine méanaosta fuair mé amach gur chreid a lán des na daoine fós iontu. Chuala mé cúntais ar a lán piseoga ach níl anseo ach roinnt díobh. Do réir mar a théann tú tríd an bhliain tá piseoga speisialta ag baint leis na féiltí agus le laethanta speisialta.

Tosnóidh mé le Lá Fhéile Pádraig. Ní déantar an seamróg a bhailiú go dtí maidin an seachtú lá déag, bheidís cinnte go mbeadh sé úr ansan is dócha. Is ceart é a lorg i bpáirc cóngarach don tigh ar dtuís. Beidh rath ort más féidir leat é a fháil in aice an tigh. Ar Aoine an Chéasta ní déantar treabhadh riamh ná ní bhíonn an siúinéir ag obair an lá sin ach oiread. (Ní cuirtear tairní in adhmaid).

Deirtear i dtaobh na piseoga go léir, má tá an phiseog ar eolas ag duine agus muna dtugann sé aird air nach mbeidh rath ná suaimhneas aige ar feadh na bliana go léir.

Glaotar Domhnach na nUbh ar Domhnach Cásca toisc go mbíodh ar gach éinne an méid is mó uibheacha is féidir leis a ithe don bricfeasta an mhaidin sin. Má tá duine ina shuí ag breacadh an lae an mhaidin sin níor mhiste dó dul amach chun an ghrian a fheiscint ag rince. Comhartha é seo go bhfuil an áthas ar an nádúr gur aiséirigh Críost.

Is dócha gurb é an chéad lá de Bhealtaine an lá is tabhachtaí ó thaobh piseoga agus nósanna de. Bheadh droch rath ar an teaghlach go mbeadh an chéad tine acu an lá sin. Insítear scéal mar gheall ar fear amháin a d'fhan go dtí a sé a chlog um thráthnóna ag féachaint ar simné na gcomharsan. Bhí sé ag féachaint an dtiocfadh deatach astu. Ar deireadh bhí air an tine a chur síos agus tae a dhéanamh toisc go raibh an méid sin ocrais air.

Déantar an Uisce Coisricthe a chaitheamh anseo agus ansiúd ar na páirceanna, na cróite, na h-ainmhithe agus ar an teach cónaithe féin. Má bhíonn giorria in éineacht leis na ba an mhaidin sin is comhartha é sin nach mbeidh an bainne, ná an im a déantar as, a bheidh ag na ba sin go maith ar feadh na bliana go léir.

Glaotar "Lá na Mná Uasal" ar an cúigiú lá déag de Lúnasa. Téann daoine go dtí tobar naofa an lá sin, más féidir leo, in aon chor. Bhíodh rince sa cheantar an oíche sin. Fadó bhíodh sé ag an gerosbhóthar sa Sráidbhaile nó sa Túirín Dubh. Deirtear go ndéanfaí a lán cleamhnais i ndiaidh an rince sin.

Nuair a bhíonn an chéad staic corna le feiscint sa cheantar tosaíonn an Scoraíocht arís. Ní bheadh aon Scoraíocht ins na tithe i rith an tSamhraidh. Nuair a bhíodh an Bualadh le bheith ar siúl i gclós áirithe chuirfí glaoch ar na comharsain tré an inneall buailte a chur ar siúl. Thagadh na comharsain nuair a chloisidís fuaim an innill.

Cuireann na seandaoine iachall láidir ar dhaoine óga gan bheith amuigh i ndiaidh méanoíche ar an lá deirneach de Mí Deire Fómhair. An chéad lá de Samhain a bheadh buailte linn ansan agus bheadh na sprideanna ag siúl na bóithre. Tá a lán daoine sa cheantar seo a deireann go bh-faca siad daoine, a bhí marbh le fada an lá, an oíche sin.

Ag am Nollag bíonn blocanna móra speisialta adhmaid gearrtha ag na fir le haghaidh an tine oscailte. Bíonn na blocanna chomh fada leis an tínteán féin agus iad ag dógh ar feadh na hoíche go léir. Blocanna na Nollag a glaotar orthu. Nuair a bhíonn siad ag stoitheadh na cleití den turcaí nó den ghé coiméadann siad na cleití fada óna sciatháin agus ón eireaball. Baineadh úsáid astu sin le haghaidh glanadh sa tigh. Téann daoine ó theach go teach

ag scoraíocht Oíche Nollag. Bíonn a lán le nól i ngach teach agus téann roinnt des na fir ar an spraoi ar feadh tamaill ansin. Ar tráthnóna an cúigiú lá d'Eanair tugann bean an tí buicéad fíor uisce ón tobar isteach sa teach. Caithear amach an t-uisce an lá ina dhiaidh sin (6ú Eanair) gan úsáid a bhaint as pioc de. Deirtear go bhfuil an t-uisce sin tar éis athrú go dtí fíon beannaithe i rith na hoíche. Dá bhrí sin ní ceart é a úsáid. Glaotar Lá Nollag na mBan ar an 6ú lá de Eanair. Glaotar "Domhnach Féach Suas" ar an Domhnach a leanann é. Nuair a théann daoine singil amach an lá sin caithfidh siad a bheith cúramach mar deirtear go bpósfadh siad an chéad duine a bhuilfidh leo an lá sin.

Ní cóir do éinne airgead a íoc Dé Luain mar beidh sé ag íoc as rudaí ar feadh na seachtaine go léir ansan. Ní maith an rud é obair a thosnú Dé Luain. Ba chóir é a thosnú ar an Satharn i dtreo is go mbeadh beannú ar an obair.

Má tá fear ag dul ar an aonach agus má bhuailteann sé le bean le gruaigh rua ba chóir dó dul abhaile láithreach mar ní bheidh praghas maith le fáil aige don stoc. Is droch chomhartha é coileach a chloisint ag cró go déanach san oíche, mar deirtear go bhfuil duine le bás d'fháil sa cheantar an oíche sin. Comhartha maith é saithe beach a fheiscint ag aistriú ó chrann amháin go

dtí crann eile. Comhartha eile don bás is ea nuair a bhriseann scáthán. Má thiteann pictiúr naofa ón bhfalla is droch chomhartha é sin chomh maith. Dúirt fear amháin liom go mbíonn a fhios ag capall nuair a bhíonn duine tar éis bás d'fháil in áit áirithe m.s. loch nó ar thaobh an bhóthair agus rí.

Bhí a lán piseoga ag baint le tórramh nó le sochraid. Nuair a bheadh duine tar éis bás d'fháil stopfaí an clog agus chuirfí éadach dubh ar saithe beach dá mbeidís in aice leis an teach. Ansan nuair a thógfaí an corp den leaba do bhainfí na héadaí go léir de láithreach agus d'fhágfaí ar chathaoir iad. Ní dhéanfaí aon rud eile sa seomra go dtí go mbeadh an sochraid thart. Bheadh an cónaire ar chathaoireacha sa chistin. Nuair a bhainfí an cónaire díobh do leagfaí na cathaoireacha láithreach i dtreo is nach sufofadh éinne orthu ar feadh tamaill. Do nighfí gach rud a bhí in úsáid don tórramh, go háirithe na rudaí a bhí faighte ar iasacht ó na comharsain. Do thógfadh seisear fear an cónaire ar a ngualainn go dtí go shroichfí imeall an bhaile fearainn. Ní thógfaí cóngar riamh go dtí reilig. Ní thógfaí an bóthar céanna go dtí an séipéal agus ansan go dtí an reilig. Nuair a bheadh an cónaire curtha san uaigh bhainfí na screabhanna de. Bheadh diamaid dubh ar mhuinchille casóige ag aon duine a bhí ar an socraid agus a raibh éadaí geala air. Dá mbeadh uaigh imithe síos i reilig deirtear go mbeadh cónra ag dul isteach ansin sar i bhfad. Ní cheannóidh éinne trí uaigh nua go dtí go mbeadh uaigh ag teastáil. Cheapadar go mbeadh bás sa chlann dá gceannóidís uaigh nuair nach mbeadh sé ag teastáil.

Bhí roinnt piseoga ag baint le pósadh chomh maith. Thógfadh an cailín cros, paidrín, uisce coisreachan agus píosa aráin donn óna teach féin agus í ag dul go dtí an séipéal. Ní rachadh a máthair go dtí an séipéal chun an pósadh a fheiscint, ach bheadh sí ann ceart go leor nuair a bheadh an pósadh thart. Ní bhuailfeadh an cailín lena "fear chéile" an lá roimh an pósadh, is dóigh liom go raibh an bheim leagtha ar an bpiseog sin.

Dhéanfaí leanbh a bhaisteadh an lá a rugfaí é. Ní raibh ach rotha iarainn ar na cairr an uair sin. Thógfadh comharsa an leanbh ina baclainn sa charr. Bheadh uirthi suí ar mhála tuí nó ar mhála mine. Bheidís an-cúramach faoin ainm a thug siad don leanbh. Dá mbeadh an t-athair críonna agus an t-athair ina gcónaí sa teach céanna agus dá mbeadh an t-ainm céanna orthu ní thabharfaí an t-ainm céanna ar an leanbh. Bheadh droch rath ar an teach ina raibh triúr leis an t-ainm céanna.

Síle (Ní Luasaigh) Uí Chonchubhair, Goirtín Eoin

Inchigeelagh Old Cemetery.

This is a short summary of the work done on the Inchigeelagh Old Cemetery during 1994/5 by a team from the Ballingeary Historical Society. The object was to record all the graves, their location, and the inscriptions on their headstones. Many of them are deteriorating in condition, and some of the headstones have already become unreadable. In a few years time, more of them will follow the same route, hence the urgency of this work.

Seven members of the Society took part including Con Cotter, Christy Cronin, Maire Leamy and Peter O'Leary, but it is pleasing to report that much of the hard work was done by the Leamy children, Mary, Fiona and Orla.

The graveyard surrounds the old ruined Church of Ireland on the Eastern approach to the village. It is a rectangular piece of land about 60m. by 40m. in size. It was the principal Protestant burial place, but was also used for Catholics, and these in fact form the majority of occupants.

We know for certain that there were also cemeteries in Coolmountain, Kilbarry, Kilmore, Augheris and Gougane Barra. There may well have been others, for example in Curraghy where there was a Chapel, and in the many locations where we can identify the remains of a Kileen. When funerals involved many miles of walking, it was understandable that there should be a number of them scattered through the length of this very large Parish.

Despite the presence of all these other Chapels, it is believed that the original main Parish Church was established on this site in Inchigeelagh. The Parish system was created as a result of the Synods held at Cashel and elsewhere between 1101 and 1152 AD. But the first reference to the Parish of Inchigeelagh does not occur until a Vatican document dated 1479 when we learn that the PP was a Fr. Donatus O Monghayn. The Reformation in England started in 1534 and was soon exported to Ireland. All the Parish Churches in the country, including Inchigeelagh, simply became "Reformed", but it was many years before Protestant clergymen were moved in to those in remote country districts. The first Protestant Vicar of Inchigeelagh was a Rev. Edmond McBryan who was established in 1591. By that time, the



Catholic Priest would be in hiding, and saying Mass in secret places. But this did not prevent all parishioners, whether Protestant or Catholic, from using the cemetery.

One of the first things you notice is that the wealthier, and usually Protestant, burials were in Vaults constructed in cut stone and standing above ground. These were all located at the East end of the Cemetery. When a further death occurred in the family, the end stone of the vault was removed and the new occupant placed inside the low chamber, on top of the previous coffin. The majority of the graves however are more traditional burials in the ground with a headstone and sometimes curbstones all round.

The oldest headstone which is completely legible is that of Elizabeth, wife of Tim O'Leary of Glasheen, who died in 1787. There is one other which is only partly legible, but the date appears to be 1718 and this is apparently an O'Leary also. Most of the tombs are of parishioners who died between 1800 and 1900. The Cemetery has been officially closed for many years now, but burials still take place from time to time, where the family have been using their "Family Plot" since early days. As a result there are many headstones with 20th.c. dates on them, the most recent being plot S8 (an O'Leary family grave), burial dated 1992.

There are vaults for the Protestant landlord families of Barry, Barter, Boyle and Grainger. Also one of the Protestant Vicars, Rev. Sadleir. Other Protestant landlords such as Pyne, Brown(e), Mitchell, Hayes, Lawe, Hoare and Townsend are not to be found, and presumably were buried elsewhere. There are also the graves of two English soldiers killed in local actions, Smith and Guthrie. Their histories are of course

well known locally. The only other vault of note is that of the Glasheen O'Learys mentioned above. This was a wealthy branch, owning Hedgefield and Coolmountain House, some of whom were Land Agents for absentee landlords.

The occupants include 43 different family names. Not surprisingly, the most frequent is O'Leary with 31 separate tombs, followed by Cronin (11), (Mc)Sweeney (6) and Cotter (5). This does not allow for the many tombs which are unmarked.

There is still much work to do. There are 11 headstones which have writing on them, but which so far we have not been able to read. These require further study. There is also a large number of graves which have no headstones, and there is no evidence of which family is buried here. Many of these we believe are known to their families, and one day we will be able to trace some of them.

As a result of the Project we have been able to make a number of Indexes which will be of value to people trying to trace their ancestors. The Indexes include:

The location of each grave on a map, and the first occupier. A list of all the graves by family name, with the Christian name of each occupant, and the cross reference to the grave number. A list of all family names, and all the Christian names of occupants, and where they are buried. A list of the graves in date order.

In each case the date of birth and death is shown if known.

The fully detailed Report of this work will be written up and available shortly. It should be a valuable source of information to family historians and those seeking their roots. When it is printed, we will hold public meetings to explain and discuss the findings.

Mo Theaghlach.

Curfa.

Seinn hadhraidh ó húraibh ó hógaidh ó bí,
Siúd agaibh an obair d'fhág meidhreac
mé im chroí,
Nuair a sheolaim mo chos chun mo
theaghlach bhig ghrinn,
Ar chríochnú ar shaothar mo lae dhom

1.

Siúd thall thar an eas mar a bhfásann
gach craobh,
An botháinín beag aoibhinn a gealadh
le haol,
Siúd agaibh mo theaghlach is teaghlach
mo ghaol,
Mar a gcaithim mo shaol go sásta.

2.

Tá maise san áit ná is breathacht ró-mhór,
Tá biolar is móinín, seamróg na dtír glas,
Tá fothain sa Gheimhreadh ó ghaoith
an taobh thuaidh,
Sin moladh is tuairisc ar áilleacht.

Diarmuid A Coitir.



Or i bhFolach

In aimsir na mBuachaillí mBána do
bhíds ag robáil na ndaoine uaisle. Do bhí
saighdiúirí na ndiaidh agus do ghlaod-
haigh dream des na buachaillí bána go dtí
Doire-An-Lonaigh agus chuadar isteach
go tigh fir oibre agus do labhair an t-
uachtarán, "Corcán síos agus teine fé", ar
seisean. Bhí duine amuich ag faire agus
leath-amadán cailín i bhfeidhil an tigh.
Do chuir an cailín na prátaí ar an dteine
de phreibh. An fhaid a bhfodar ag beiri-
ughadh chuaidh duine des na buachaillí
bána amach agus chuir sé an t-ór a bhí
aige i bhfolach. Nuair a tháinig sé thar
nais dubhairt sé, "má thagann na
saighdiúirí anois féin ní bheidh an t-ór
aca".

Ní raibh na prátaí ach caite amach ar an
mbórd cúchu nuair do rith an duine a bhí
ag faire isteach agus dubhairt go raibh na
saighdiúirí ag teacht. Do ritheadar le na
n-anam agus amach an Réidh Ghorm
agus níor fhilleadar a thuille fé dhéin an
óir.

Tógtha ón "Schools Manuscript"
1937-38.

Population of Uibh Laoire Since The Famine.

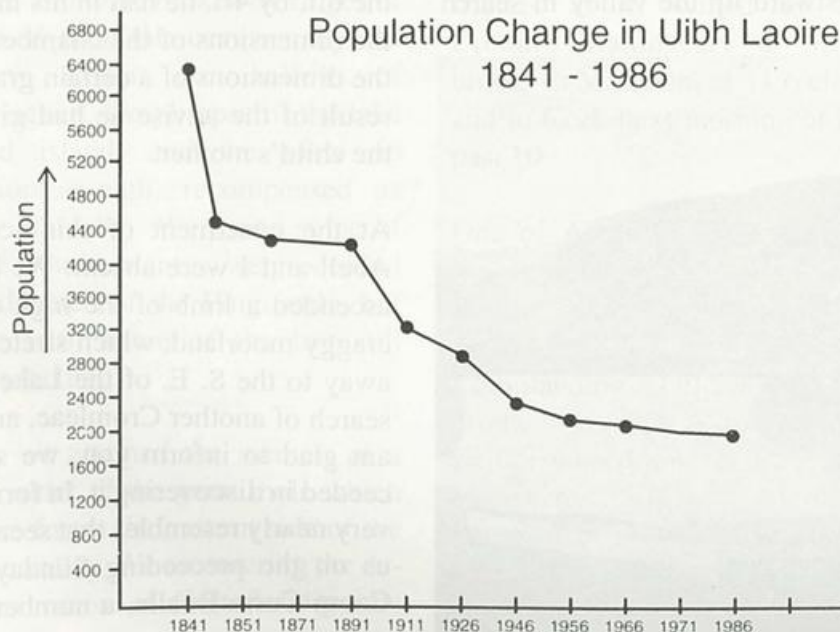
The following is a table of the Census Returns for Uibh Laoire Parish from 1841 to 1886. There were 18 Census' in this length of time but due to pressure for space we only include 11 here.

	1841	1851	1871	1891	1911	1926	1946	1956	1966	1971	1986
Augeris	129	107	109	89	104	67	60	55	45	39	46
Bargarriff	36	22	21	13	18	17	6	5		4	2
Cahernacaha	85	64	70	61	55	54	48	47	42	37	47
Cappanaminna	8	11	4		5	3	4	9			
Cappanclare	52	50		32	5	6	5	12	36	32	
Carrig	7	5	5	8	4	8	3				7
Carrigbaun	26	17	22	8	13	5	5	2	2	1	
Carrigleigh	21	51	14	8	5	7	5	3			
Carrignacurra	71	50	73	43	48	53	36	40	36	32	32
Carrignadoura 1	15	95	66	58	53	51	50	48	51	47	49
Carrignamuck	22	17	11	17	11	15	11	12	13	13	8
Carrignancelagh	39	19	30	35	20	13	9	11	12	13	24
Cleanrath N.	32	31	16	36	17	21	19	15	17	19	13
Cleanrath S.	65	35	41	38	24	28	21	13	11	7	5
Cloghboola	37	25	14	18	17	11	9	11	13	11	6
Cloonshear B.	70	17	25	37	9	27	12	8	14	14	9
Cloonshear M.	14	5	18	10	15	8	3	6	4	4	
Coolleen	37	25	19	24	25	24	16	15	14	18	9
Coolnacranagh.	30	7	30	20	11	11	13	11	8	5	13
Coolroe East	62	64	34	22	22	15	7	6	2	1	1
Coolroe West	31	14	16	9	9	11	8	11	7	5	6
Coomdorragha	12	12	11	16	12	13	5	4	7	7	6
Coomlibane	22	22	12	14	11	13	10	12	11	8	3
Coomroe	17	23	21	20	4	5					
Cooragreenane	97	65	46	34	47	32	28	35	17	19	17
Coomahahilly	24	23	36	28	32	34	27	22	15	27	22
Coorolagh	47	25	27	31	23	18	14	15	15	11	10
Cormery	29	20	14	15	16	31	13	20	14	16	12
Curraheen	42	26	31	36	17	13	11	9	4	4	5
Currahy	243	167	148	140	107	119	102	85	83	78	70
Derreen	58	45	34	28	26	17	17	17	11	9	9
Derreenabourky	41	12	33	13	14	16	15	9	11	11	9
Derreenclodig	22	12	5	9	8	5	3	4			
Derreenoncee	18	16	14	14	10	11	7	5	4	1	
Derreenglass	7	7	10	4	7	10	2	4	4	2	3
Derreenlunnig	18	23	18	26	14	12	6	6	1	1	
Derreenacusha	7	16	14	10	18	12	19	22	20	16	10
Derrineanig	64	61	49	61	44	45	25	18	19	20	19
Derrygortnacloghy	58	22	17	22	28	25	12	19	17	14	18
Derryleigh	74	59	58	36	37	32	24	28	13	13	21
Derrynagree	22	13	13	8	6	5	2	2			
Derryriordane N.	7	7	15	9	7	6	4	8	8	6	3
Derryriordane S.	11	11	8	11	10	8	8	3			
Derryvacorneen	37	6	11	20	15	13	10	8	11	12	12
Derryvaleen	42	22	35	15	21	21	17	12	5	16	24
Derryvane	73	56	54	58	37	40	41	26	26	25	26
Dooneens	50	19	10	12	16	7	6	6	8	8	8
Dromanallig	143	106	124	137	138	118	97	22	129	124	114
Dromcarra North	106	81	60	63	43	43	25	26	26	26	35
Dromcarra South	92	58	57	44	25	31	32	26	17	12	20
Dromnagapple	39	30	34	21	19	18	13	11	10	7	10
Garryantormora	13	15	11	20	9	7	3	3	3	3	2
Garrynapeaka	49	23	15	22	19	14	10	14	11	11	13
Glasheen	37	33	22	21	18	20	17	10	11	11	12
Glebe	46	54	44	30	14	8	11	8	7	5	10
Gortafludig	86	80	51	61	40	34	27	28	22	18	10
Gortknockane	25	24	15	18	8	11	15	9	5	4	11
Gortaneadin	19	17	5	23	14	15	10	7	11	12	6
Gortatanavally	38	24	28	25	14	21	14	9	7	6	10
Gortaveer	20	19	36	29	21	14	19	13	3	3	
Gorteenadrolane	23	26	18	10	13	12	6	3	5	6	
Gorteenakilla	102	91	93	58	66	50	61	47	49	61	46
Gortnacarrig	42	23	21	37	24	22	19	11	7	9	10
Gortnahoughtee	122	73	95	83	40	43	39	36	23	18	14
Gortaloughra	10	11	14	8	18	11	9	8	9	9	5
Gortalour	89	70	94	38	43	44	20	24	23	19	15
Gortnamona	16	9	6	13	6	9	6	3	3	2	
Gortnarae	55	30	26	23	20	16	22	17	14	17	10
Gortsmamrane	54	31	26	30	12	20	12	13	17	17	25
Graigue	91	27	70	60	57	49	43	43	27	35	36
Gurteenflugh	39	22	33	29	28	23	15	13	17	14	11
Gurteenowen	56	16	21	13	15	18	14	11	17	14	18
Illeuinagh East	14	19	4	12	6	8	6	4	7	7	8
Illeuinagh West	98	44	58	57	43	49	34	29	28	25	22
Inchi Beg	34	31	23	37	24	24	32	18	28	28	15
Inchideraille	39	29	27	20	32	20	17	14	11	8	2
Inchigeelagh	42	17	4		7	4	3	3	16	13	12

	1841	1851	1871	1891	1911	1926	1946	1956	1966	1971	1986
Inchigrady	48	27	39	31	20	9	5	4	-	-	-
Inchimore	61	46	41	27	37	32	24	14	27	25	24
Inchinaneave	81	57	95	69	38	28	18	15	16	16	8
Inchineill	95	48	49	25	25	26	14	13	16	17	14
Inchinosig	51	41	51	33	39	29	25	17	17	20	20
Kealvaugh Beg	21	19	18	6	12	7	8	7	8	5	10
Kealvaugh More	56	43	34	31	25	20	9	15	12	15	12
Keamcorraooly	75	53	41	48	23	33	21	17	18	13	19
Kilbarry	63	73	32	18	14	18	10	11	10	8	6
Kilmore	153	140	84	102	62	66	55	?	76	95	42
Lackabaun	48	46	29	31	25	19	19	10	14	13	15
Lagneeve	21	15	12	9	4	9	6	6	10	11	6
Lyrenageeha	40	22	40	26	26	29	16	21	18	16	8
Maulmore	13	11	10	7	5	6	4	3	2	2	2
Milleen	129	100	69	61	46	40	33	20	21	28	31
Milmorane	22	17	21	17	24	21	12	15	18	17	15
Monavaddra	56	38	56	37	23	22	13	5	16	17	16
Rathgaskig	52	19	24	33	19	20	13	7	5	6	5
Rossalougha	35	9	36	16	20	13	17	14	14	14	8
Rossmore	145	131	98	57	58	49	56	53	42	39	46
Scrahan	23	27	17	18	12	5	1	-	2	-	-
Scrahan More	21	15	17	18	9	11	12	13	10	8	14
Silvergrove	40	31	44	22	25	20	12	12	11	9	4
Teeranassig	71	55	41	31	16	17	8	11	9	9	4
Teergay	44	27	38	35	22	28	32	44	50	45	53
Tooreenalour	38	21	14	13	36	30	14	16	13	10	-
Tooreenduff	12	14	24	12	20	16	18	23	28	22	10
Tooreenlahard	30	11	16	20	13	21	5	4	3	3	5
Tooreennacane	17	12	6	11	8	5	6	4	4	4	9
Turnaspideog	116	84	82	92	80	59	54	39	34	28	29
Clogher	79	73	45	42	48	36	28	28	24	19	10
Coolcaum	19	14	15	14	3	8	7	4	4	4	3
Coolmountain	156	132	108	99	71	67	54	55	53	49	41
Lackabaun	48	74	52	40	27	18	19	15	12	10	13
Moneylea	13	15	16	12	9	8	5	8	5	6	1
Tullagh	86	71	60	65	48	47	42	40	42	35	26
Shanacrane East	171	156	113	113	86	61	70	65	54	50	55
Shanacrane West	60	27	35	32	37	41	15	13	7	11	11
Shehy Beg	7	-	6	5	3	3	1	-	-	-	-
Shehy More	8	-	6	9	7	4	3	1	1	1	-
Tooreen	30	16	17	13	15	16	8	4	2	2	9
118 Townlands											
Ballingeary "Town"								172			
Inchigeela "Town"	233	-	213	168	189	110	108	130	-	-	158
Totals	6357	4584	4381	4329	3202	2878	2291	2170	2051	1982	1933

Some points to note.

1. The returns for Inchigeelagh village are a little confusing. For most years except 1851 it is treated separately from its townlands of Carrleigh, Inchigeelagh, and Capanclare. We failed to find a figure for the village for 1966 to 1971 though we can be sure it didn't disappear during that time. Hopefully we can rectify this for the next edition. In the interests of continuity we have given Inchigeelagh Village an estimated population of 130 for each of the years 1966 and 1971.
2. Ballingeary Village is divided between Kilmore and Dromanallig. 1956 is the only year when a combined figure is given for the village itself and a smaller figure for the townlands.
3. There are 118 Townlands in Uibh Laoire. 107 are in the Muskerry Barony. The remaining 11 Townlands in the Coolmountain area are in Carbery East.
4. Townland spellings are as they appeared on the original Census Returns.



Cuairt De Valera ar Bhéal Atha'n Ghaorthaidh

Le cuireadh ó Shéamus ó Séaghdha, thug De Valera cuairt deire seachtaine ar Bhéal Atha'n Ghaorthaidh i mí Márta 1955. Bhí Dev mar Cheannaire ar an bhFreasúra ag an am ach ní cuairt polaitaíochta a bhí i gceist sa turas seo. Tháinig sé chun spreagadh a thabhairt don Ghaoluinn agus chun corn a bhronnadh ar an dteaghlach is gaelaí sa cheanntar, Muintir Luasa, Cuar nDoire. Bhí ofíche mhór sa Halla ar an Domhnach agus pictiúirí de san Examiner ar an Luan. Dhein Dev tagairt don tréimhse a chaith sé i nGort a'Phludaigh le linn Cogadh na Saoirse agus Cogadh na gCarad.

Ar an Luan sular fhág sé an áit, ghlaoigh sé chuig Scoil na gCailíní agus chuaigh na buachaillí trasna chun bualadh leis ann. Theastaigh uaidh bualadh le duine de mhuin-tir Laoire agus mar sin glaoth amach ar Dhonncha. Glaoth amach ar bheirt eile ina dhiaidh sin - Donncha Mac Carthaigh, Carraig na Dobhaire agus Seán ó Seitheacháin, Screathan Mór. Tá an bheirt sin anois i Londain ach tagann siad abhaile go ri-alta. Gheall an triúr acu go ndéanfaidís a ndícheall ar son na Gaoluinne.

Bhí Maitias ó Luasaigh ina Mháistir scoile againn ag an am agus eisean a chum an dán in onóir na hócáide. Bhí líne nó dhó de cumtha ag buachaillí na scoile, mar an slí a dhineadh Maitias é ná líne nó dhó a chaitheamh uaidh sa scoil agus ansan píosa eile a lorg le cur leis. Amhrán atá ann chomh maith - fonn "Bold Thady Quill" nó "Buck from Bonane" atá air.

Táimíd buíoch do Liam ó Tuama, Leaca Bán agus Seán ó Ríordáin, Doire Mhá Linn a chuimhnigh ar na focail agus a thug chun so-lais iad arís tar éis daichead bhliain. Seo a leanas an dán a cumadh in onóir na hócáide:

1.
Tá gluaiseacht na Rúraíochta anso in Uibh Laoire
O thug De Valera a chuaird ar an áit
I mí Márta na bliana a cúig is a caoga
Nuair a chaith sé suim laetha linn thiar sa Ghúgán.

2.
Bé an ceannaire tosaigh ná Donncha ó Laoire
Den sean stoc Gaolach ó Chathair na Cáth'
Do gheall sé d'Eamonn is iad ar urlár le chéile
Go spreagadh sé an Ghaoluinn go buan ins an áit.

3.
An Cárthach, barr fhionn air, an ridire taobh leis
Is go luath 'na dhiaidh sin do glaoth suas ar Sheán.
Tá an triúr díobh mar thacaí ag spreagadh na
Gacilge
Agus fáisfaidh an ciorcal amach ón dtriantán.

4.
Cloisfear í, cleachtfar í i mbealach is ar aonach
Idir óg is aosta i ngach uile áit.
Más féidir linn tarrach isteach 'san fhíor-Ghaeltacht
Beidh Béal Atha'n Ghaorthaidh le hEirinn go
brách.

John Windle was a well-known historian who lived in cork city during the early 19th century. This describes in his own words, his visit to Gougane Barra in 1842.

TO GOUGAUN BARRA

August 27th. 1842

by John Windle

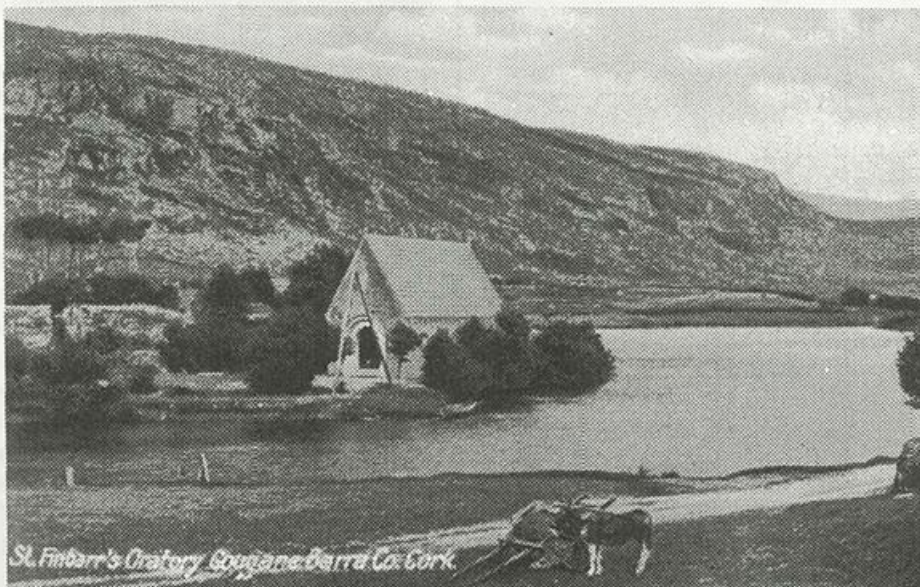
This evening we left Cork again, on a second visit to Gougane Barra, which consisted of the Rev. M. Horgan.P.P. of Blarney, A. Abell. T. Windle, Dominick Kenealy, and wife, Ellen Arundel, Mrs Windle, Emily and self.9 in number, slept at Macroom, and having made arrangements with T Reardon the proprietor of one of the Macroom Stage coaches, we engaged his vehicle and presuming that for the first time, through us, the natives of the Land of the Lakes saw on their road a vehicle of this description. Before our departure Father Matt. having obtained leave, read Mass at 7 o'clock in Macroom Chapel. And in order to enlist E. Sullivan we made our Coach be taken up the old road by Sleaveen, but on arriving at his place, we found he was unable to accompany us. At Ballingearry we stopped once more at Mrs Cronins. where we had breakfast, after which we proceeded to Gougane Barra, some of our party walking before the vehicle.

The day was hot and sultry and the road crowded with the peasantry homeward bound after Mass. We engaged into conversation with some and were fortunate to learn of another Cromleac, and it was pointed out on the steep hill which ascends on the N. side above the issue of the Lee. The hill is dotted with rocks interspersed with corn-fields, and a few houses appear to crown its ridge. On the plain beneath it spread out fronting the entrance to the Lake, a farm studded with trees, the novelty of whose appearance here as a very pleasing aspect exhibiting cultivation and sylvan beauties among scenes of sterility and rudeness. This pleasant spot - this oasis is called Inchimore, the great inch, the river flowing at one side of it.

Our inspection of Gougane Barra was soon made, after having so recently visited it, and our party having divided itself taking different directions one proceeded westward up the valley in search

of the source of the Lee at Thuratananig. Another party sought out the wonders of Kaom-an-eigh, which they examined from one extremity to the other, and I took the eastern side of the Lake, on our way to seek out the Cromleac at Gurtafloodig whilst Father Matt, with paper and pencil in hand diligently inspected and paced the great Quadrangle, which he insisted on calling a Cloister, and examined the Church and Convent with its genuine Cloister. This he admitted to be a Cloister but contended for two. Father is preparing a Viator on it. Besides he has promised a miracle. An evil covered child was brought to him, as he was measuring St. Finbars Refectory and noting down, "very well now", said he very impatient of interruption to his most important labours, "Take that child home my good woman, and he will be well in a fortnight", "Six feet by four". The wags are in doubt whether by the 6ft. by 4ft. he had in his mind the dimensions of the chamber or the dimensions of a certain grave, result of the advice he had given the child's mother.

At the enactment of this scene Abell and I were absent. We had ascended a limb of the high and craggy moorland, which stretches away to the S. E. of the Lake, in search of another Cromleac, and I am glad to inform you, we succeeded in discovering it. In form it very nearly resembles that seen by us on the preceeding Sunday at Caom Curra Bualla, a number of



paralled pillar stones, supporting two incumbents leaving a chamber beneath. Tradition here again is at fault: a name expressive of nothing is all that we could pick up. It is Thuoma an Vinistre. "The Minister's Tomb" (I think it likely that we go next Saturday to Kinsale, in the neighborhood of which we hear of Antrile chambers, souterrains or crypts, with which we are desirous of becoming acquainted. Believe me yours Etc. IW. Ex.of letter to W. Hackett.



Passel Keimaneigh, Co. Cork

On our way to Gurtafloodig we proceeded along the left bank of a stream which flows into the Lake on its Eastern side near Rosalucha. It is about the same size and volume of the stream which at the Western side is called par excellence the Lee. Now I should like to know why this last or Rosalucha stream should not put in its claim to the honor of paternity rather than that of a tributary. This will depend on the ascertainment of its length of course, which just then we had not time to ascertain. Of course the Map of the Ordnance Survey will give it, and then we shall know. Our ascent was toilsome and difficult over an almost Boggy Swamp here and there broken by ridges of naked rock but occasionally the view down the hollow of Gougaun, the glimpse of the lake and island, and the view up Kaom-an-eigh, recompensed us for our labor. We found some of the Goutha plant as we proceeded and much of the Pinguicula, but the Irish name of the last still evaded us.

As we attained the summit of a shoulder of the great mole which here forms the eastern side of the Lee valley. We on entering the denomination of Gurtafloodig saw

in a cultivated field 3 Gallans in line, standing at short distances from each other 2 of them were about 4 ft. high, and the 3rd but about 1 ft. We examined and found no inscription. A further walk of about a half mile and considerable enquiry brought us to the neighbourhood of the Cromleac which was pointed out by an interesting girl, who spoke nothing but Irish. Her eloquence of manner and language on being presented with a few halfpence struck Abell as a marvel and formed a theme for much subsequent exaggeration. The Alter stands in a cornfield and is considerably hidden by an accumulation of the small field stones place round it. We rejoined our friends at 4, dined at Mrs Cronin's Ballingearry at 5, returned to Macroom at 11 o'clock, and to Cork next morning at half past 10.

One of Abell's many stories on this excursion was not bad. Sergeant Scully of the Loyal Cork Legion was complained of to the Commanding Officer by his brother Messmen as an exorbitant swiller who drank far more than his share. "I'll tell you what Sergeant", said Lord Donoghmore, "if you dont drink fair, I'll make you drink double"

"Why bless you my Lord", said they "thats the very thing we complain of". He again elicited roars of laughter from the country people by his relation of the American extravaganza or "Jonathanism", of the patent Mill into which a sheep being put it came out at the opposite extremity manufactured into Roast legs and shoulders of Mutton, a boat and Trowsers Etc. Father Matt, was in his own way good. His complaint in the leg, he would jest on by saying his understanding was weak. He sportingly called it Lady Betty, and his Betty.

He parted from us near Woodside, with one of his anecdotes which he flashed off in his most brilliant style. "There was", he said, "An Ogaunoch that I knew, it was before suspenders were in use and people kept up the breeches by tight waistbands, but one day he was tormented from his breeches which he had to be pulling up repeatedly. At last he gave it one good hitch, exclaiming as he did it, "Go up now, or go down for the rest of the day, but the devil, another pull will I give you until nightfall". Father Matt suited the action to the story, and then took to his heels in good humour with himself and the whole world.

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All Papers prefixed with O'D.

All Paper numbers followed by either,

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- A ie. the Archive Copy

- L ie. a Library Copy for general use.

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121. Extract from "Official letters and Returns of Roman Catholic Priest 1767-1789. Note on the ordination etc. of Fr. Arthur O'Leary OFMCap.
122. The Will of Dermot O'Leary Buidh of 1700.
123. Newspaper Extract refers to the marriage of Miss Lucy O'Leary, 1795, to Dr. Thomas Holland.
124. Notes on the Baptismal Register in Inchigeelagh made in 1855 by Fr. Holland. Refers to the converts and perverts between 1846 and 1855.
125. Notes on the Baptismal Register in Inchigeelagh made in 1864 refers to the number of baptisms in each year from 1844.
126. Geological Notes on Inchigeelagh district. Refers particularly to the topic of "Cornstones".
127. Poem in Irish by "Domhnall Aírs".
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130. ditto. 2 and 3. (sic)

Father Jeremiah Holland.

Father Jeremiah Holland:

Born	1790.
Ordained	1813.
Parish Priest Uibh Laoghaire	1816.
Died in Inchigeelagh	1864.

This is a brief history of the first Fr. Holland. He was born in Barleyfield, Kilbrittain, in 1790. Ordained in 1813, and aged 23, he was appointed Curate to the parish of St. Finbarrs South, in Cork City. In 1818 Bishop John Murphy asked him to take over as Parish Priest in Uibh Laoghaire, with the promise that he would not have to remain there "in Purgatory" for very long. In fact he remained as PP for the next 48 years up to his death.

It would appear that he did not like what he found. His early notes include comments like; "...for the barren wilderness of every landscape in that wildest region of the South was but a poor type, not only of the poverty but of the savage, semi-barbarous character of the people...". Or again "..... the Island of lone Gougane Barra which had been for centuries before the pious resort of penitential pilgrims, had degenerated into a rendezvous for all the wickedness of the country and a scene for the wildest orgies and debauchery...".

In 1817 he was instructed by the Bishop to read out in Irish from his pulpit the famous denunciation and threat of excommunication to those who were taking part in these happenings. This episcopal letter was included in full in our last Journal.

Fr. Holland cared not for faction or feud, for Whiteboys or Tories (who were reputedly numerous and vindictive in the area). His courage was known to have been equal to all contingencies as he rode on horseback by torchlight over the mountains to attend sick calls, led funerals over the rough terrain to Cimín na gCorp in Currahy, trudged Casán an Aifrin and Carraigín na mBróg to bring Mass and the Sacraments to his people in these distant outposts. He said Mass in Inchigeelagh Cottage which was owned by a tailor called Barry, until 1822 when he built a chapel in the South of the village 52ft. long by 27ft. wide. After 1842 this building became a school room and hall, until replaced by the present school in 1905.

In 1842 Fr. Holland erected his second chapel, that of St. Finbarr and The Holy Angels. This was built in Carrleigh at a cost of 1,200 pounds, which he paid for, and is basically the present day Inchigeelagh Church. It was described as "a perfect gem of architectural beauty and admired by the passing tourists".

By this time there were five schools in the Parish, namely;

School	Teacher	Description.
Slavineragh.	Daniel Sullivan.	A Thatched Cowhouse.
Dromanallig.	Denis Sweeney.	In the Chapel.
Derreen.	Cornelius Leary.	Stone and Slated.
Cappinclare.	Timothy McCarthy.	Stone and Slated.
Kilbarry.	John Leary.	Stone and Slated.

"The men of Uibh Laoghaire often came to Mass, armed with bludgeons and cleith-aílpíní to be used after Divine Worship in deadly arbitrament of the quarrels of rival factions. Many times Fr. Holland rode in on his well known brown horse among the belligerents and dispersed them, crestfallen and disarmed to their homes".

Fr. Holland died on the 17th. January 1864. On his tombstone in Inchigeelagh Cemetery is a long verse which includes "He died amidst the sorrows of a loving people, in the 50th. year of his ministry and the 77th. of his age".

He was succeeded as Parish Priest by nephew and namesake, the second Fr. Jeremiah Holland, who was PP until his illness in 1888.

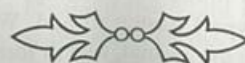
It is interesting to note that the famous Fr. Doheney, of Fanlobbus Parish, was almost exactly contemporary with Fr. Holland, being PP of that Parish from 1818 to 1866.

There was another Fr. Holland in later years, who was related to our Fr. Jeremiah Holland. A native of Newcestown, he served for one year as CC in Ballingearry in 1935/1936. He was the last Priest in Ballingearry who made sick calls on horseback. He died on 21st. December 1991 in Bushmount, Clonakilty.

References:

1. "A History of the Diocese of Cork" by Evelyn Bolster.
2. "The Diocese of Ross" by Wm. Hickey. A MS History.
3. "The History of West Cork and the Diocese of Ross" by Wm. Holland. Skibbereen 1949.

These notes were prepared by Conchúr a Coitir, Curraithe.



Ballingeary Ballyhoo

Donnchadh ó Luasaigh, Baile an Chollaigh.

"I wonder would you write another stráice for our Journal". It was very hard to say no but it was also hard to say yes, so I gave no reply but smiled. It was a case of the nod being as good as the wink. So here I am on a glorious balmy August day of our unforgettable and wonderful summer of 1995 doing my very best to entertain you for the cold and wet winter ahead when you will be reading this. Am I pessimistic in my unscientific forecast? One thing is sure – the weather will in no way be like this surprise of a utopian summer which we are enjoying as I write. More than likely when you read this and I am sure you will read it because otherwise you would not be reading it, the summer of 1995 will be but a sacred memory like the savoured thoughts of our long past youth. You'll probably be cajoling Connie to get off his corragiob and put a few more cadhráns on the fire or you may be looking for the heavy quilt for the bed. Talking of summers of our youth, memory is a wonderful thing you know but being able to forget can also be a marvellous advantage sometimes. I bet you never thought of that. Doesn't every cloud have a silver lining.

Long ago when I was a small garsún in short corduroy pants, many households in Ballingeary killed a fat pig for domestic consumption. Great excitement. Not everyone was qualified to do the killing. Technical skill and courage were required of the local "specialist" and of course a good sharp knife. A few strong men were also needed for holding down the doomed animal. It was mighty handy too to have an ógánach on standby for holding the dish in which the blood was collected and of course the same blood was used at a later stage as an ingredient when filling the puddings. Between the danger of the knife slipping and the blood spattering, the pig screeching and the men maulling, the rí-rá and the ruaille buaille was more exciting than any present day horror film – skin and hair were literally flying. There was no veterinary intervention to decide the exact moment of death but common sense prevailed and as soon as the green light was assumed the next job was to shave the animal. A churn of boiling water was ready and with the help of a few cut-throat razors, which had already been sharpened on a leather strap, bristles were banished from the beastly body. This job was carried out on board an old kitchen table. A bolgam of spring water from the ponníe temporarily stabilised the team's stamina at this stage. Or maybe "they went north to Julia's place to see a man about the seperator".

Next job was to hang the pig. An iron bar, such as a half axle of an old motorcar was pushed between the sinews of the hind legs, the animal was raised and the half axle was placed on two horse-shoes which were firmly railed to the kitchen joists as a feature of the times – some remain to this very day. The hind crubeens were nearest the ceiling and the pig's nose was nearest the floor.

All was now ready for the removal of everything inside the rib-cage so a long slit was made in the pig's stomach to facilitate easy extraction. Edible items such as the heart and liver were kept and great importance was attached to retaining the intestines in a bath for filling the puddings. The bath was not the modern bathroom type I hasten to add. When everything was removed from inside the animal, two or three short little pointed hazel rods were put in place to keep the stomach slit widely

open. Things then rested so, and all had a cupán of tae and a few "sólaistí" and of course the little chat about the man that was "with the fairies", the baby that was buried in Teampaillín Eachrois the previous week or the contents of the latest "Skellig List".

The following day saw the puddings being taken to the well for a good wash-out before they were filled with various ingredients such as breadcrumbs and of course fuil na muice. (See how I never forgot the tuiseal geiniúnach as it was then called). Filling the pudding was done by the womenfolk.

In due course, a night was set aside for "salting". More excitement for young lads. The animal was first cut up into manageable portions, salt was profusely spread on top of a surface such as a table top or a settle seat and was then rubbed vigorously into the meat. The skin got an extra rubbing on the hard surface. The pieces of meat were then placed in layers inside a wooden barrel, with lashings of salt between each two layers.

In an age of great generosity the neighbours and local relatives got a joint of meat and a sample of the puddings. And the final episode came at a much later stage when the meat was removed from the barrel and hung from crooks on the kitchen joists "to cure". Rashers were cut as required from these pieces during the year.

Didn't our forefathers go to an awful lot of trouble in order to taste a few bites of salty bacon. Which reminds me of the Ballingeary man who went to Macroom to have some teeth extracted. All was going well, the dentist was hard at work when suddenly our friend yelled "Stop, stop, stop". The dentist was shocked – he thought his client had swallowed the pliers. "What's wrong?" he enquired. "I forgot to eat my dinner" came the reply. A case of another man who relished his bite of salty bacon. Anyhow, our friend was later spotted, in a Macroom restaurant chewing meat to beat the band. Imagine the messy mastication. And he didn't have the advantage of being able to chew the cud. Which reminds me of another old phrase of my youth which went "imagine a man managing a menagerie".

I'm sure you often heard of the saddle horse as a mode of transport. Maybe you didn't know that donkeys were also used in a similar way for transporting children to Ballingeary school from the Kerry side. This was before my time but I often heard it mentioned round the fire. By the way "Round the Fire" was the name of a very popular radio programme of my youth.

I heard someone complaining recently about school children being given a half day off school. How about the time when we got a few weeks off for picking potatoes – and sloppy work it was on a Winter's day when the sky was grey and we clung to clay. I will let you, the reader, decide what affect it had on our education. It is hard enough nowadays to even find potatoes to pick. How about a few weeks off for planting potatoes instead.

How many of you remember the school children of the forties? We had so many ailments that are rarely heard of nowadays, –

there were whitlows and craobhabhars, ringworm and boils, scabs and flea-bites. And the odd dose of salts was regarded as a great panacea for many complaints, as was a spoonful or two of syrup of figs or maybe a spoonen of breadsoda for the loscadaighe. The oul' mug of boiled milk and onions before going to bed was great for the flu. They said that a spit while fasting was a cure for sore eyes. And the cleas na péiste was always there for the worms.

In those far off days too, many farmers closed old roadways and boreens that were no longer used. They built stone walls across them but they always included some steps in the wall for the fairies to pass through. They wanted to avoid trouble. And of course no one would dare tamper with a lios or a fairy fort. There were people of that era too who swore they heard the banshee.

It isn't that but this. "You have a fierce mothall of hair Neilus – will I give you a little clip? Sit down there and face the back of the chair and I'll give you a touch around the ears" So Neilus got his haircut from his neighbour as was the custom then. "Be sure and don't leave any clúimhín cáit around my neck" says Neilus. After the clip the severed hair was collected off the floor and placed in a hole in the ditch -- it was never burned or discarded. The belief was that the hair was part of the human body and would be required when it joined the soul in the next life.

Cúis gáire chughainn! It was hard to beat a day in the bog for the good of one's health -- buckets of fresh air, loads of exercise and plenty plain healthy food, the bottle of tea was even kept warm inside an old woollen sock. It was very depressing though, having walked five or six miles uphill to the bog, when the heavens opened and there was no choice but to return home again, or as expressed by the disillusioned victim of such a deluge "Cripes, we were cursed ever". There's a story told of another man who arrived at the bog in Milmorane only to find an old man ologóning and rolling on the bank midst the creachails and the ceannabhán bán due to the severity of the pain. "What happened to you Jerry?" says my man. "Too much oatmeal" replied Jerry. Apparently he ate a big feed of raw oatmeal which swelled inside him and caused the torture. And you can be sure they didn't send for the doctor either.

Oh yes, I was wondering if you knew where the following places are located in the Ballingearry area. So put on your thinking cap and yes, you guessed it, think. The places are : Carraig an Phréacháin, Casadh na Spiride, Sean Bhaile, Cnoc an Eirbeaill, Béilic an Chait, Céim an Bhéarla, Leaca na Béilice and na Caisleáin. So now. And coincidentally there is a Póirsín Cúng and a Póirsín Caol and we have Béal an Ghleanna and Béal an Mháma. Reminds me of the time when the stations for

the different townlands were read out at Mass. Bóithrín na Smaointe.

There's no doubt but times have changed drastically in the last half century. No one cuts a heart of furze or a swath of hay any more – they are not even mentioned. "Run out boy and untackle the horse while I am making a few sugáns to throw over the reek". "Bring in a bucketen of spuds from the pit for the dinner". "I couldn't sleep a wink last night with the bloody corn-crake and there was an old sciathán leathair in the loft too". "Who won the turkey in Patsy's last night?" "We'd badly want to change the wet battery for the match on Sunday". "I'd say 'twill rain soon – 'tis very dark looking back over Diúchoill". No one looks either under or over Diúchoill now – we turn on the weather. No one looks up for caillichín na mochóirí either I'm afraid. "How are the hens laying? Did ye get any day-olds? Anyhow I'm going dazzling to-night. I wonder is Micky Mháire's bull over in the field". No bulls now but bullys and bully-boy tactics. Holy cow.

I gave you an idea of my position on the chronological clock in a previous article. I will now give you a few more clues, as I am sure you are concerned. I was present at the first Ballingearry fair which was held in Páircín Foley behind Shortens, I remember

the building of the vocational school as it was then called and I remember the mail being brought from Macroom in a horse and trap. And I myself spent a long night in a horse drawn crib on the road from Ballingearry to Macroom for the pig fair. It is amazing how so many customs have changed over the years, for example, parents do not bring cribs of turf to the school any more or no one buys a half sack of flour and makes a faicín with the empty sack. But I think the change was more radical in



the last twenty years – in fact a prominent person has said that there has been more change in the past twenty years than in the previous two thousand.

When lads got together there were never any silent moments – there was always some seanachaocht. And when the stories ran out the show kept going. They turned to riddles such as this: The man that made it never wore it and the man that wore it never saw it. What was it?, or Riddle me, riddle me, randy now, my father gave me seed to sow, the seed was black and the ground was white, riddle me, riddle me randy row, or again What goes up when rain comes down?. And then after a brief respite, back to yarns again, like the one about the fellow who ate the thrush in the competition. No great deal you may say but don't forget that the entire bird was devoured, inside and out, feathers, head and all. Or the one about the man who swallowed a dozen raw eggs, one after the other. Or the story of the buck from Bonane, who, "slept back in Mealagh that night in a béilic". And then there was the story of the night of the big snow -- when they woke in the morning the snow was higher than the windows.

Did you know that there was a fife and drum band in Ballingeary at one stage?. It was there in my father's time. The pipers band came later. The piper's band was revitalised around 1950 and its first engagement was to a function in Pearson's Bridge. The members usually travelled in Jack Leary's (RIP) lorry. There were several engagements afterwards, including one to a Munster Final in Cork and another in Killarney. Happy Days. The skirl of the pipes was like magic to our ears and despite the ravages of time it still is, may I add. Seán O'Neill's march and Scotland the Brave were amongst many of the popular tunes. How could we ever forget the starting orders which went : "Píobairí aire, ar tsiúl, ar tsiúl, a haon, a dó" and then the rousing roll of the drums. This reminiscence sounds a bit like a "cúrsa roimh báis", a final journey which a person made to the scenes of his youth to have a last look and which heralded his oncoming demise.

Caithimís uainn é mar scéal. When someone did another a favour long ago he was jocously thanked as follows, "I'll be

dancing at your wedding and crying at your wake" or "You won't see what I'll give you for Christmas" or maybe "The Lord spare you the health since you would'nt take the money".

I think it was Goldsmith who said that books should be read for what is in them, not for what is got out of them. So I hope you'll excuse me for the many many things I have omitted like cutting the bonham's teeth or saying "hurrais" to the sow and "yeósh" to the cow.

Another sage said that the danger of reading too much was that you had nothing but the thoughts of others and that the danger of reading too little was that you had none other but your own. So I must try to hit the happy medium.

Máire Bhuí said "stadfad feasta dem dhánta, táim láimh leis an gerfionnacht". I think I must do likewise with this effort at prose. I hope you had a good read. So now "tóg bog é mar níl sa tsaol seo ach ceó is ní maireann an sógh abhfad".

Inchigeela Glebe – 4th. Feb. 1847

As I was going on my way to Macroom yesterday, Wednesday, I was requested to visit some children, whose mother had died of fever on the previous Sunday, leaving the family of nine to deplore her loss. I entered the wretched hovel where they were lying, and after examining the children – four miserable objects, one of whom was apparently near death – I perceived the form of another person but at first could not see it distinctly. I enquired of a young lad who stood beside me whether it was his sister, he uncovered the face, and you may judge of my feelings when I beheld the corpse of the mother lying in the same bed or sop of straw – with the children – where they had lain for more than three days.

The other circumstance to which I alluded to is that this day I met a woman bringing some sea-weed which she had gathered near Bantry, a distance – going and re-

turning of nearly forty miles. On mentioning this to the sergeant of our police, he assured me that this is becoming a common practice, and that a few nights before, while on duty in a remote part of the parish he met a number of men and women resting themselves by the road-side. On inquiring he found that they each had a load of sea-weed brought from the same place and that they and other families had little else to subsist on. With that diet, you cannot be surprised to hear that their burdens were not very heavy.

I shall make no comment on these facts – they speak for themselves and are only two out of a hundred of similar scenes which we are daily and hourly called on to witness. I will add that fever, diarrhoea, and what is now so well known as road sickness, are spreading in our parish, and were it not for the exertions of our Relief Committee who since

October have brought 1,700 pounds worth of meal into the parish, and some very liberal pecuniary aid which I have received and which enabled me to administer relief to those famishing around me, before this hundreds must have fallen victims to famine or disease brought about by insufficient food or hardship.

Sadlier continues to state that the parish is remote and has to suffer in silence. Has got generous subscriptions from England and this country too. It is a mountainous district with 6,000 people and few gentry.

Cork Constitution 9th. February 1847.

Letter from Rev. Sadlier to "Cork Constitution" newspaper expressing concern at results of food shortages in Uibh Laoire area.

J. J. Callanan - Poet and Patriot.

Wide-ranging work of Ballinhassig man
by Peadar O'Donovan.

*"On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
Bright shone the sun oer Ard na Laoi,
As many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the Angry Owenabue".*

These opening lines from the ever popular song (ballad), Carrigdhoun, by the Cork poet, Denny Lane (1818 - 1895) have immortalised Carrigdhoun and the Owenabue. The river Owenabue rises north of Innishannon, not far from Crossbarry, flows eastwards through Halfway, Ballinhassig, Carrigaline until it meets the sea at Crosshaven. But the Carrig Donn country and the Abha na Buí that Lane sang of have closer associations with another famous poet, J.J. Callanan.

Authorities are not quite sure what the initials J.J. stand for Jeremiah Joseph or Jeremiah James and, even differ about his place of birth, though it is most likely that Ballinhassig on the banks of the Abha na Buí in the parish of Ballinaboy can claim the honour - the tradition in the Clonakilty district where the poet spent much time amongst relatives strongly favours Ballinhassig.

His parents have been described as "comfortable farmers" the Callanan clan who flourished further west in Carbery, were of the Corca Laoi and as Ó Cuileannáin (the Irish form of the name) were hereditary physicians to the McCarthy Riabhach, the leading and most powerful Gaelic family in Carbery.

As a youth he was shy and sensitive - he describes his boyhood as "wayward, warm and wild". At an early age his parents decided he should enter the priesthood and so he went to Maynooth at the age of 18 (1813) where he remained for the two years. By then he realised he had no vocation, but instead of returning home, spent the Summer of 1815 with one of his clerical friends in Clare. From then until 1818 when he was admitted to Trinity College as a fee-paying student, there is little information available on Callanan. He evidently went to Trinity to study medicine, but unable to make up his mind between medicine and law, he left after two years having attended very few lectures and passed no examinations. His only success was in a poem competition when he won a prize of twenty guineas for his Ode to celebrate the accession of George the Fourth (1820), his other poem, "Restoration of the Spoils of Athens" also dates from this period - these works, as far as we know, mark his first efforts and successes in the field of literature.

Having left Trinity due to lack of financial resources, he decided to enlist in the army and joined an Irish Regiment due to go to Malta, but his friends bought him out for twenty-one guineas when on the naval vessel in Cobh. And so he returned to Cork with no definite plans for his future and, though described at this time as "aimless and indecisive", his compositions in the early 1820's indicate that he had settled down as a man of letters and into the role of the local bard and must have already been recognised as a poet of some potential.

The Cork Mercantile Chronicle published one of his first lyrics "And Must We Part" early in 1823 and through this journal he began to reach a wider audience. Later that year through the patronage of his friend, William Maginn the celebrated editor, author, poet and wit who had left his father's school in Cork to

become editor of the Blackwood Magazine in 1823, six of Callanan's poems were published in that magazine. These were of considerable merit; they were in fact translations from the Irish and in this work of adapting traditional Gaelic material, prosody rhythm etc. to the English language he proved himself a master. The most famous of those were "The Outlaw of Loch Lene" and "O Say My Brown Drimin".

The second poem, "O Say My Brown Drimin" is a translation of the original Irish "A Dhruimfhionn Donn Dflis". "Drimin" is the favourite name of a cow by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted; "silk of the kine" an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle.

Not alone did Maginn help him by publishing his six poems in the Blackwood Magazine but he also, prior to this, had taken him on as a tutor in his father's school where he himself had worked until 1823. Teaching soon proved too irksome for him and resigning his tutorship he spent his time wandering about the country collecting from the Irish speaking inhabitants the poems and legends of their native tongue which had been handed down from father to son, orally, for generations. He himself was a fluent Irish speaker, the names (in Irish) of mountains, rivers, etc. had a strong fascination for him and with his University education in Maynooth and Trinity, he was well qualified in the work of translation. These poems and legends "he clothed in all the grace, beauty, and sentiment of the English language in which he was a master".

Many other Irish poets in the early nineteenth century tried their hand at translation but three in particular devoted a considerable proportion of their time to this hitherto uncultivated field and they were J. Clarence Mangan, Edward Walsh and Callanan. Of the three Mangan was the greatest though ironically his knowledge of Irish was minimal but Callanan was the pioneer.

Callanan's wanderings took him to Millstreet where he spent some time as a tutor to the family of a Mr. McCarthy but his leisure time was spent amongst the country and mountain folk, collecting the legends and songs from Gaelic speakers. His travels took him to Killarney, Iveleary, Gougane Barra, Bantry, Glengarriff, Skibbereen, and Clonakilty, etc., sometimes staying with friends, at times acting as a tutor, but always looking for the fountain of Gaelic thought.

Mr. Bernard O'Regan, Aughadown tells me the poet spent six months in Clover Hill, Skibbereen as tutor to the O'Driscoll family, having come from Bantry where he had been the guest of a Dr. Burke. In all probability he wrote the poem "The Lay of the Mizen Head" at this time. Incidentally this "new" item of information only underlines the fact that there is much in the life of Callanan that has gone unrecorded. For instance, did he meet Scott who visited Cork in 1825? When, in the Gougane Barra area if he visited Máire Bhuí Ní Laoire, the author of "Cath Cheim an Fhia" (1822) or whether he met Seán Ó Coileáin who composed "Caoineadh Tigh Molaga" in 1814? There is no record that he did so, but it is most likely he did. Callanan probably spent more time in the Clonakilty district than he did in the other places mentioned above. The late Pádraig Ó Niatháin one time national teacher in Clonakilty and well-known as a footballer and athlete, who later was to take up an important post in the Ordnance Survey, Phoenix Park, had assembled quite an

amount of lore on the poet. According to this, Callanan came to live with his aunt in Strand Road (Clonakilty) when he left Trinity, that the old people described him as gentle, kind and very quiet, that his favourite walk was along the shore of the bay where the Ring road now is and then across the strand to the Island. Here he heard the legend, the story of which he tells in the poem "The Virgin Mary's Bank". His second poem on Inchidoney

Island is "The Recluse of Inchidoney" a long composition, Spenserian in style (9 lines to the verse and rhyming thus a b a b b c b c c) which gives an intimate insight into his feelings and speculations. There is a beautiful purity as well as smooth simplicity to be detected in the language throughout the poem. In it he also speaks of his youthful admiration of Lord Byron, one of the greatest of English poets, well known as the cham-

pion of freedom and liberty. It is safe to say that Moore, Scott and Goldsmith also influenced him and that all three, as well as Byron, held a high place in his esteem. One famous critic wrote of this poem: "Had Childe Harold (Byron) not been written before it or had another metre been adopted there is writing in the "Recluse of Inchidoney" that would entitle it to a high place amongst the poems of the nineteenth century".

The Battle of Dromcarra Bridge

This account of the Whiteboy activities in Inchigeelagh Parish between 1785 and 1787 was researched by Mr. Denis O'Connell from Coolacresig, Macroom and is included in the Journal with his kind permission.

The Whiteboys movement of two hundred years ago, according to the historian Lecky, "may be justly regarded as at once the precursor and parent of all subsequent outbursts of Irish agrarian crime". It was a movement which showed a certain order and discrimination unique in its time. The Whiteboy disturbances in Muskerry between 1785 and 1787 were part of a great social and agrarian protest which sought principally the reduction of tithes, some Catholic clerical charges and hearth-money.

In December 1785, the Muskerry Police Association met in Macroom to discuss "the sundry felonies of late, committed within this barony by nocturnal insurgents called Whiteboys". A reward of fifty pounds was offered for information which would convict any person "guilty of burning corn, maiming cattle or committing any other act declared to be felony".

However, there continued to be numerous outrages. That same month Whiteboys called to "six different houses near Kilmurry, and forced each of the owners to swear that they would bring them two pounds of gunpowder and deposit the same at a certain house in the neighbourhood, and they would call for it, which the poor people did in terror of a visit from them".

The Whiteboys seldom demanded contributions from farmers. However, when they visited several houses in the neighbourhood of Ballincollig they asked for a "piece of gold in support of the cause," adding that as

they "were up late and early for the good of their country, they insisted on being paid for their trouble".

As the campaign against the payment of tithes extended from parish to parish, they succeeded in making life difficult for Church of Ireland ministers. In the parish of Inchigeela, which the Rev. Edward Weekes had held since 1773, the people combined in opposing the payment of tithes. A dozen notices were served on him in one day. The Rev. Weekes decided to lease his tithes to a tithe farmer to ensure the annual, albeit reduced income. He accordingly sold the tithes to William Barry of Kilbarry for one hundred and sixty pounds a year.

As Barry lived in the locality and was familiar with the modes and manners of the people, he was surer of collecting. A man named Dan Dilea was organising the opposition and had him proclaimed "as being a great agitator amongst the insurgents". Yet when Dilea was arrested nothing was proven against him and he was consequently set at liberty.

To Barry, tithes were as much an investment as any other species of property. He became extremely unpopular. He so strictly enforced the payment of Tithes that by Dec. 1786 Augustus Warren of Warrenscourt declared that "Mr. Barry made four hundred pounds a year off the Parish".

By his own authority he took up a poor man's cow and put her into the pound. The owner came afterwards to treat with him. Barry then said "I'll enlarge the cow provided you give me your oath that you'll neither eat nor drink until you pay me. The poor man did and was twenty-four or more hours fasting".

It was to his credit, says a contemporary, that he never put the people "to any law suits either in the Bishop's Court or the Manor Court of Macroom". Not surprisingly, he came to the attention of Captain Right, as the leader of the Whiteboys was often called. On June 17th. 1786, the Whiteboys gathered at Droumcarra bridge with the intention of attacking Barry's house.

As Barry was in Dublin, his son "William the Younger" armed himself and a few friends and went towards Droumcarra. As they reached the bridge they observed what they estimated as three hundred Whiteboys assembled at the other end. It was reported that Barry "stood his ground until day was approaching upon which the Whiteboys went off without daring to cross the bridge, or doing Mr. Barry any other injury than threats and declarations to be shortly even with him".

It was publicly known that Kilbarry House was going to be attacked. On June the 22nd. an account says that five hundred men headed towards Kilbarry "firing shots and sounding different horns". They broke open the house of a tenant of Barry's at Kilbarry and swore him an oath if he knew if Barry was prepared for them. "The man confessed he did, and added they would soon know it themselves". As they proceeded towards Kilbarry, they were ambushed by young William Barry, his brothers and a few friends.

The Whiteboys were "routed, many of them desperately wounded" and one of the captains "had his shoulder and arm shattered to pieces". As Colonel Cox was leading the Dunmanway Rangers and members of the twenty-third light dragoon towards Kilbarry House, some few days later, they were attacked "near Iveleary". It was said that some of the insurgents were killed in the encounter and twenty were arrested.

On June 29th. it was reported that a "desperate skirmish happened between thirty of the volunteers and upwards of six hundred Whiteboys, near Inchigeela, in which three of the latter were killed on the spot, two drowned in endeavouring to make their escape across a river, several wounded and nine taken prisoners".

Amongst those committed to the County Gaol in July were John Collins, Darby Leary, Denis Leary,

Timothy Hourahane, Ed. Foorane, William Sweeney, Darby Boohilly, Matthew Reen and James Sullivan. All were charged with assembling near Toome Bridge on June 29th. and with having fired at a party commanded by Col. Henry Cox and the Rev. T.W. Evans. Also arrested at this time was Francis Allen who was said to have been the leader of the Whiteboys of Iveleary, having been elected at Droumcarra Bridge by the name of Captain Right.

The violence moved to a neighbouring parish during the following month. On August the 10th. great numbers of the "disaffected" assembled at "the chapel of Kilmichael, armed with guns, swords, pikes, iron crows and sledges and, after many outrages, came to the house of Mr. James Good of Arnaneen, an honest industrious man, with a large family, and after destroying most of his affects entirely pulled down his house. Mr Good, fortunately was not at home, or he would have been murdered. Mrs. Good was turned out with seven small children, into the fields where they remained till morning".

On the following day two Whiteboys were accompanied by a group of soldiers towards Cork Gaol. The officer who commanded at Inchigeela attended the escort for six or seven miles, under the apprehension that the Whiteboys would attempt to rescue their comrades. However, no such attempt was made, but "several shots were fired by the country people" from the hills. However, as a further group of prisoners were being sent to gaol on August 12th. there was a major encounter. They had been arrested under the warrant of Augustus Warren and were being escorted by a corporal and six privates of the fourth regiment "when the party was attacked by above two thousand Whiteboys near the Ovens". Three Whiteboys were shot, seven wounded, but the corporal, it was reported, "safely lodged the prisoners".

Reports of outrages continued in September. In Kilmichael the eyes of many horses and the tails of two cows were cut off and it was reported in Cork on September 28th. that "a gentleman and his servant liberated, between Macroom and this town, two proc-tors who were buried up to their chins from twelve o'clock the night before. The graves were examined and furze and glass found in the bottom".

Apart from the question of tithes, the payment of hearth-money (abolished in 1793) also figured prominently amongst the secondary grievances of the Whiteboys. As with tithes, the aim was for reduction

rather than abolition. The legal rate was two shillings per hearth, but the Whiteboys wished to reduce it by half. Their efforts towards organising this campaign were often dramatic. Says an account in May 1787, "On Sunday last after Prayers, at the chapel at Macroom, a man stood up and proclaimed aloud that Captain Right had ordered to acquaint the people that they must not, on pain of displeasure, pay more than nine pence hearth-money and one penny to the collector". Due to the weakness of the law, prior to the enactment of the special coercion measure of 1787, there were few capital convictions. Although many specific kinds of violence caused by Whiteboys had been designated as capital felonies under statutes passed during earlier periods of disturbances, tumultuous risings and tendering of onlawful oaths, even by armed and disguised bodies at night, were considered under the Whiteboy Act of 1776 as misdemeanours to which no heavier penalties were attached than corporal punishment, brief confinement and a fine.

During 1786, many gentlemen held a certain sympathy with some of the grievances of the Whiteboys. A little hesitation seems to have also marked the members of the Muskerry Police Association. At a meeting in February, 1786, for instance, the following resolution was passed. "That we will exert ourselves to support the peace and good order of the country, by suppressing the present nocturnal disturbers, and that we will endeavour to redress every well grounded grievance of the people provided they will instantly give up the fire-arms we are informed they have and return to peace and good order". At the same meeting Augustus Warren was thanked "for his spirited and active conduct". Indeed, so busy was Warren in arresting suspected Whiteboys, that an attempt was made on his life. As he rode along the road from Inchigeela on September 3rd. he was stopped by five armed Whiteboys. "Mr. Warren", it was said "desired to be let pass, on which one of the five dismounted, and asked if his name was Warren. Mr. Warren said it was, when the villain put a pistol to his breast, and desired him to give up his pistols instantly. Mr. Warren said that he would not, that he had them for his protection, and would never surrender them, till he discharge their contents. The villain, seeing Mr. Warren make an attempt to get his pistol from his holster, snapped his pistol within two or three inches of his breast but fortunately, it missed fire. Mr. Warren, nearly at the same time, discharged his pistol loaded with duck shot into his breast, on the receipt of

which he staggered for two or three paces and fell against the ditch, exclaiming that he was ruined. Mr. Warren's horse, on the shot took fright, and plunged forward with that of the wounded man which put the other four into confusion which, Mr. Warren observing, put spurs to his horse and got clear off unhurt".

In 1787 Whiteboy agitation had quietened considerably, possibly due to the increasing number of committals. Among those lodged in the County Gaol in March, 1787, was John Lehane, charged as being "one of a tumultuous and disorderly number of people, which had assembled in the town of Inchigeela and there fired at the soldier who stood sentinel at the barrack gate". A few desperate outrages still occurred. In May the home of Richard Greere, near Donoughmore, was broken into and Whiteboys carried off a quantity of firearms. "One of them", says the report, "discharged the contents of a musket loaded with gunpowder into the face of his servant for not immediately calling his master to attend their mandates".

On a local level the exertions of the magistracy and of the Muskerry Police Association, helped to undermine Whiteboy activity by the summer of 1787. On June 2nd. Patrick Coughlan and John Collins were whipped from the North to the South Gate Bridges in Cork. Coughlan has been sentenced as "with being one of the first who fired on Henry Cox and the Rev. T. W. Evans on June 29th. 1786" and Collins was convicted for the same disturbance.

Francis Allen, said to have been the leader of the Iveleary Whiteboys, was whipped through the town of Dunmanway.

In Journal No.1 the article "The Battle of Keimaneigh", described the events of 1822, nearly 35 years later. The Agrarian Disturbances, as they were described by the Authorities, were still on-going. There had been attempts to coerce people into submission, but little or no time was given to attempting to solve the problem by removing the grievances. How times do not change; We still today are assailed with demands for "Law and Order", but no attempt to solve the underlying social or political problems. The one difference to be noted between 1787 and 1822 was that the mysterious Leader of the attacks was called Captain Right in 1787, and Captain Rock in 1822.

Denis O'Leary and The O'Learys Of Millstreet.

by Peter O'Leary.

Denis O'Leary was a well known character in County Cork during the 18th. century. He was one of the O'Learys of Uibh Laoghaire, his grandfather having emigrated from there in 1660. His daughter Helen was responsible for the establishment of a new family, the MacCarthy-O'Learys, who were one of the principle and most wealthy landowning dynasties in the Millstreet area in the 19th. century. The other prominent landowners were the Wallis and Leader families but they were true Protestant Ascendancy, whereas the MacCarthy-O'Learys were pure Gaelic.

Arthur O'Leary of Uibh Laoghaire.

Arthur O'Leary, born in Uibh Laoghaire about 1640, was the eldest son of Donal óg O'Leary (circa 1605), himself the son of Donal MacAirt O'Leary (b.1575), the last elected chieftain of the O'Learys of Uibh Laoghaire. After the death of his elder brother Dermot, Arthur was regarded as "O'Leary" in his day, but by then the Gaelic Order had been destroyed, and this was never more than an honorary title.

Arthur O'Leary had a sister called Juliana, and about 1660 a marriage was arranged between this Juliana and "old Colonel MacCarthy" of Drishane.

The MacCarthys of Drishane

The MacCarthys of Drishane were a very rich and distinguished branch of the Muskerry MacCarthys. They were descended from Dermot MacCarthy, brother to Cormac Láidir MacCarthy (1411-1494). Dermot, a younger brother was given lands in Drishane and built the castle there. Their lands were very extensive, and included Carrigaphooky and its castle, on the River Sullane, West of Macroom.

These MacCarthys played a distinguished part in the Wars of 1595-1603 when they were described by Carew as his principle and most mischievous enemies, along with the MacSweeneys and the O'Learys.

Donogh MacOwen MacCarthy, "the old Colonel", was born in 1597. When he married Juliana he was about 63 and she only in her 20s. The Colonel died in 1719 aged 122. It is no wonder he was known as "the Old Colonel". He obtained his military rank fighting for the Confederation Army during the 1640-1650 War. He also took part in the 1689 Rising for James the Second, and was outlawed for his part in this affair and later pardoned in 1699. But being 92 at the time his contribution must have been largely nominal.

When the Colonel died he left his estates partly to his wife, Juliana, and partly to his MacCarthy nephews and nieces, since he and Juliana were childless. Because of the Penal Laws being in full force at this time, the executors, who included Juliana herself, did not immediately press for probate. Both she and the Colonel were Catholics and there was the danger that a Protestant "Discoverer" might come forward and claim the estate under these Laws. This fear proved to be well founded. A neighbouring landowner, Wallis, named as one of the Trustees, to his eternal shame, turned "Discoverer", and claimed the estate under the Popery Act. Wallis was partially successful and obtained half the estate, including Drishane Castle, for a pittance at the subsequent auction. The other half however, originally claimed by other local Protestant landowners, was restored by them to the beneficiaries of the Colonel's Will, in that spirit of neighbourliness, goodwill, and abhorrence of the Penal Laws which was

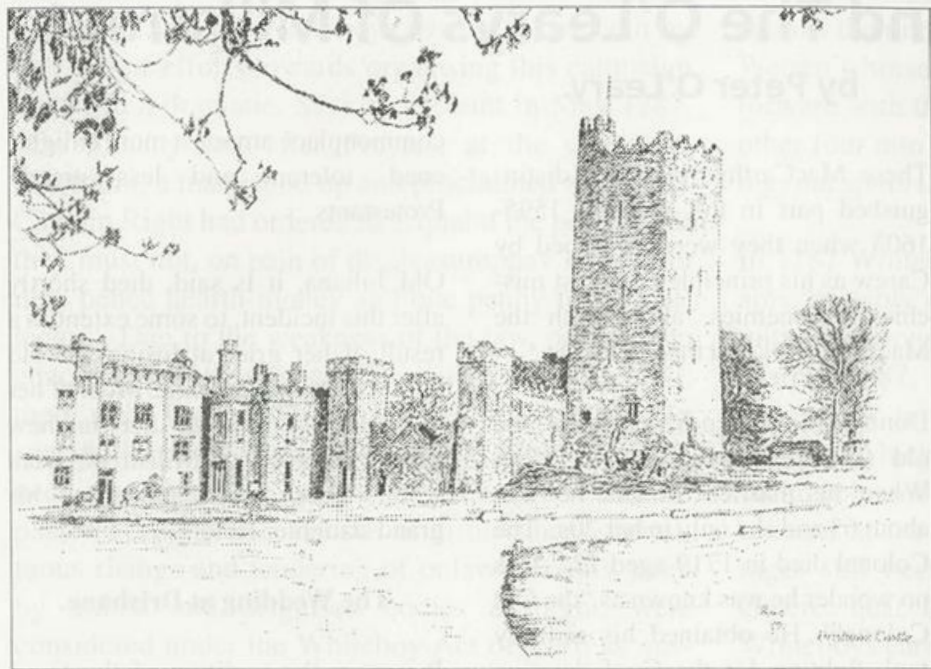
commonplace amongst more enlightened, tolerant and less greedy Protestants.

Old Juliana, it is said, died shortly after this incident, to some extent as a result of her grief at losing her old home of Drishane Castle. Most of her property she left to her nephew Daniel O'Leary of Millstreet, from whom it eventually passed to his grand-daughter Helen.

The Wedding at Drishane.

It was in the tradition of the times that young Arthur was despatched to Drishane to accompany his sister Juliana to her marriage. It also appears to have been part of the bargain that Arthur would be found a small estate near Drishane. Times were difficult in Uibh Laoghaire. All the O'Leary lands had been confiscated, and old Donal MacAirt "sent to Connacht". After the Restoration of Charles the Second in 1660 it was expected that the confiscated lands would be returned to their rightful owner. This did not happen, and they were in fact awarded to MacCarthy of Muskerry, or Lord Clancarty as he was now known. There were secret dispositions under which Leases of the lands would be given by the MacCarthys to the O'Learys, but this did not take place until 1677 after the death of Lord Clancarty and his successor. So the prospects of living on the old estates must have seemed rather remote to Arthur, and he welcomed the move to Drishane, and established himself there, where he and his descendants were known as "O'Leary of Millstreet".

Arthur subsequently appears in the lists of Outlaws during the period 1689-1699. "Outlawed 1690. Arthur m'Daniel Leary of Drishane, gent". (Analecta Hibernica.) There is no record of his pardon, which suggests he died during this period and before



1699. Daniel O'Leary of Coomlagane, son of Arthur, was born about 1685 but little is known of his life. He was succeeded in the Coomlagane estate by his son, Denis, who was born in 1721.

Coomlagane.

Coomlagane is a townland on the West side of Millstreet town. It lay to the North of the main road to Killarney, less than a mile out of town, and extended Northwards for a mile towards Millstreet Railway Station, bounded on its East side by the present tarred road. The main entrance was at the South end where there was a lodge gate and stone pillars, and there was a further Lower Lodge and secondary entrance at the North end, about a quarter of a mile from the Railway Station. The townland of Coomlagane contains 600 acres and was divided into five farms. Four of these were tenanted, and the fifth, a farm of 110 acres was held "in fee". The O'Learys built a small house on this estate, which was replaced eventually by a much grander mansion by the MacCarthy-O'Learys.

Denis O'Leary.

Denis married in about 1749, Mary, daughter of Charles MacCarthy of

Rathduane. The marriage took place secretly at the old Catholic Masshouse at Rathduane. Marys family were well known Catholic landowners, at a time when such was difficult under the Penal Laws, and so was Denis himself. The Rathduane MacCarthys were 8th. in descent from Eoghan MacCarthy, eldest brother and tanaiste to Cormac Láidir MacCarthy of Muskerry. In fact it was Eoghan who killed his brother Cormac, and for this misdeed was set aside from the chieftaincy, but paid off with the gift of the estate of Cloghroe Castle, later generations being moved on to a smaller estate in Rathduane.

The marriage of Denis and Mary was not successful. Within a few years they became divorced through the Church of Ireland Courts, in a scandal which rocked the neighbourhood, and which appears to have been entirely the fault of Denis and his wild behaviour.

But in the meantime, they had produced their one and only child, a daughter Helen. "Tralee. Mary O'Leary, daughter of Charles Cartie, Rathduane, decision against Denis O'Leary of Coomlegane, who was condemned in costs". (Matrimonial Court of Ardfert and Aghadoe)". (Cork Journal 1754). "Confirmation

of the dissolution of marriage between Mary and Denis O'Leary by a Judge of the Metropolitan Court of Cashel". (Cork Journal 1754). "Confirmation of the Decree of Mary O'Leary, orse M'Carty, by the Bishop of Raphoe". (Cork Journal 1755).

Denis O'Leary of Millstreet was a well known figure in his home town, and there are many descriptions of his habits and eccentricities. The following passage is taken from Archdeacon Townsend's "Statistical Survey of County Cork 1810" and is typical.

"The mention of Millstreet brings to my recollection a remarkable personage once well known in its vicinity, a short account of whom may not be unacceptable. At the head of a respectable old Irish family he was well known only by the name of O'Leary, and was one of the last of that description who affected the ancient style of hospitable living. This too he was enabled to accomplish on a moderate fortune, as his hospitality was unencumbered with equipage or parade. He lived in a small house, the lower part consisting of little more than a parlour and kitchen, the former of which, properly supplied with every article of good cheer, was open to every guest, and at every season, and, what will more surprise, this profusion was accompanied with perfect cleanliness and decorum. His cellar well stocked with good liquors, never knew the protection of a lock and key, for, as he said himself, nobody had occasion to steal what anyone might have for asking. It derived security however from other causes, from deference to his sway, and respect for his person, both of which were universally felt and acknowledged within the circle of his influence. He was also a Justice of the Peace for the County. The appearance of O'Leary was always sufficient to maintain order in fairs and meetings, and to surpress any spirit of disturbance without the aid of soldier or constable.

He possessed, indeed some remarkable requisites for a maintainer of the peace; for he was a very athletic man, and always carried a long pole, of which the unruly knew him to be no churl. To these qualities O'Leary added an inexhaustible fund of original humour and good natural cheerfulness, and, being very fond of the bottle himself, it was impossible to be long in his company sad or sober. Of this I recollect one remarkable instance. A good many years ago, some friends of mine arrived in the evening in Millstreet, and being fatigued from a long journey, wished to retire to early rest. O'Leary who was in town, happening to be a little acquainted with one of the party, after many entreaties, prevailed on them to take supper at his house. Thither they proceeded accordingly with rather ungracious reluctance, and a fixed determination neither to drink, nor to remain longer than was barely necessary. But such was O'Leary's power of pleasing that they willingly prolonged their stay till near morning, and were imperceptibly led from bottle to bottle, till it became a task of some difficulty to regain their lodgings. In this way O'Leary lived many years, impairing, though he did not exhaust, his property. He left one daughter, since married to Mr. MacCarthy, who has built a very neat and fashionable house near the site of the old mansion".

Other extracts from Newspapers of the time throw a little light on a remarkable man.

"James Lombard sold to Denis O'Leary of Coomligane, gent., the lands of Coomligane, for 200 pounds ...at a yearly rent of 21 pounds". (Casey Vol. 8 Leases Page 2300 Feb. 1747).

"Denis O'Leary of Coomligane, gent., sold to Stephen Collins, Coomligane, Keathybegg pastures, 361 acres for 130 pounds". (Casey Vol. 8 Leases Page 2300 March 1747).

"To be sett, Inishinelinnane, Kilverelugg, and part of Carrigafooky, 3 miles south of Macroon. Apply Denis O'Leary, Millstreet". (Cork Journal 1760).

"Lost on the mountain road of Mushera, a silver mouted pistol by the servant of Denis O'Leary". (Cork Journal 1767).

"11th. Nov. 1768. Samuel Windis of Dublin, hosier, the lands of Pobble O'Kiev containing 4000 acres in the Barony of Duhallow for the use, benefit and advantage of Denis O'Leary of Millstreet, Co. Cork, consideration being mentioned". (it isn't.)

Denis O'Leary died in 1788 at the age of 68. He left all his wordly goods to his only daughter Helen. She erected the tombstone to her father which is still to be seen in the Old Cemetery in Millstreet. It reads;

"Here lieth the body of O'Leary of Millstreet Obiet 1st. February 1788 aged 68 years. Repaired by the Will of his daughter Helen McCarthy of Coomlagane 1813".

Helen and the MacCarthy-O'Learys.

Helen, the daughter, and only child, of Denis and Mary, was born about 1750. She remained unmarried until after her father's death in 1788, when she inherited the remains of the estate including that part which had come down from Juliana. She in fact became one of those valuable commodities of the time, an heiress in her own right. Despite her age of over 60, she then negotiated an arranged marriage with another local landowner, Denis MacCarthy of Glyn, in 1811.

This "Alliance" included terms under which the children of this Denis were to change their names to MacCarthy-O'Leary and adopt the coat-of-arms of the O'Leary family. On these conditions they then inherited Helen's wealth on her death. Thus

was ended one old line of the O'Learys, and simultaneously started a new line known to subsequent generations as the MacCarthy-O'Learys of Coomlagane.

It is not my intention to continue the history of the MacCarthy O'Learys in this article, but this will be a topic for a future Journal. Suffice it to say that the family were successful landowners and supplied many distinguished descendants during the 19th. and 20th. centuries. The lands of Coomlagane were of course eventually lost to them under the Wyndham Acts, and many of them subsequently emigrated to the Colonies.

Were these families, O'Leary and MacCarthy-O'Leary of Coomlagane, Catholic or Protestant? It is difficult for us today to understand how Catholics, under the Penal Laws, could have been JPs, landlords and wealthy successful men. Both families seem to have been Catholics. So how did they get away with it? Perhaps some of them operated in that hazy zone where the head of the family officially adopted Protestantism, but the remainder of the family carried on with the old ways. We will probably never know the whole truth of these matters, but these families were typical of several living similar lives in other parts of County Cork.

So ended the line of the O'Learys of Millstreet. We have no knowledge of any surviving members of this Millstreet branch. There were of course survivors of the other descendants of Donal MacAirt, some of whom are alive today.

The O'Learys of Millstreet were replaced by the MacCarthy O'Learys. The MacCarthy-O'Learys have survived to the present day in various parts of the world, but not in Ireland. It will be seen that there was no O'Leary blood in these MacCarthy O'Learys. They were pure MacCarthys despite the name. Oddly enough, some of them in later years abbreviated their name and called themselves simply O'Leary; The name must have a strong attraction.

An Táilliúr agus Ansty

Achoimre beag ar shaol an Táilliúra, a bhean chéile Ansty agus an díospóireacht i gcoinne an leabhair.

I mBaile Fearainn Ghaorthadh na Péice, i ndúthaigh Bhéal Athan Ghaorthaidh, i bParóiste Uibh Laoghaire, i mBarúntacht Mhúscraí, i gCúige Mumhan a bhí cónaí ar an Táilliúr Tadhg ó Buachalla.

Chónaigh sé, lena bhean chéile Ansty i dtigín beag ar ghrua chnoic, ar acra talún in aice an bhóthair, míle go leith slí ón Ghuagán, i lár gleanna ar theora Chorcaí agus Chiarraí.

Is in san tigín seo, ina raibh ceithre seomraí, tine oscailte nár mhúch ri-amh fad a bhíodar ina gcónaí ann, leis an "cornucopia" agus bosca ime folamh, air a suíodh sé istoíche, nuair a bhíodh lucht na scoraíochta ag teacht isteach chun scéalta agus cúpla amhrán a chloisint uaidh, nó chun nuacht an lae a thabhairt dó, a chaitheadar a saol pósta.

Is ann a dúirt sé "Glac an saol bog agus glacfaidh an saol bog tú", agus sin mar a dhein sé. Ní raibh ach bó amháin acu ar an bhfeirm agus ní mór an obair í sin agus an chuid is mó den am ní bhíodh an Táilliúr á h-aoracht ach ag caint leis na daoine a bhíodh ag gabháil suas nó síos an bóthar.

I réamhrá ag Frank O Connor, i leabhar Eric Cross d'úsáid sé an píosa seo chun cur síos a dhéanamh ar an Táilliúr. "He was a small crippled man with a round merry face". Chuireas ceist ar chomharsa liom sa bhaile cén saghas fir ab ea an Táilliúr agus dúirt sé liom, cé go raibh leathchos caillte aige, gur fear mór láidir os cionn sé troigh ab ea é. Cheapfa nach mbeadh sé in ann mórán a dhéanamh ach thagadh sé síos go dtí an chomharsan i rith sábháil an fhéir agus chíféa é ag dreapadh an dréimire go dtí an scioból lena chos mhaith agus é ag cothromú lena mhaide croise, chun an féar a chur isteach.

Má bhí an Táilliúr sona níorbh amhlaidh d'Ansty. Bhuail an bheirt le chéile nuair a bhí sí ag obair sa Ghuagán agus phósadar go gearr ina dhiaidh sin. Bean bheag ab ea í le gruaig fhada, deirtí gur bean mífhoighneach ab ea í go h-áirithe leis an Táilliúr. Bhí uirthi cúramaí an tí a dhéanamh, féachaint i ndiaidh an bhó, na cearca, na lachain, an madra agus an cat chomh maith le bheith ag éisteacht leis an Táilliúr ó mhaidin go hoíche. Cúntas beag ó Eric Cross mar gheall uirthi.

"Ansty wanders in and out of the house, broom in hand, hair awry, looking like one of the fairies and acting as an antithetical chorus to the Tailors way of life".

Cheapadh sí gur cheart a tigh a choiméad glan ar eagla na heagla go dtiocfadh an bás uirthi go thobann agus nach mbeadh an áit réidh don tórramh.

I 1942 tharla eachtraí dóibh a thug clú agus cáil dóibh ar fud na h-Eireann, d'fhoilsigh Eric Cross an leabhar "The Tailor and Ansty".

Rugadh Eric Cross i gContae an Dúin sa bhliain 1903 ach tógadh i Sasana é. Is go h-Eirinn a thagadh sé ar laethanta saoire agus is le linn cuairt a thug sé sna fichidí a bhuail sé leis an Táilliúr agus Ansty i nGaorthadh na Péice don chéad uair. D'fhan sé sa Ghuagán ar feadh tamaill mhaith agus i 1942 tháinig an leabhar "The Tailor and Ansty" i gcló.

Ní raibh a fhios aige is dócha, nuair a scríobh sé an leabhar go mbeadh an méid sin trioblóide ann nuair a thioctadh sé i gcló. Dúirt sé gur scríobh sé an leabhar mar chuimhneachán ar an Táilliúr agus ar a bhean agus ar na cairde a bhí anso timpeall aige.

Deineadh an leabhar a fhoilsiú i mí Iúil 1942. Cúpla mí ina dhiaidh sin tháinig an Bord Cinsireachta isteach sa scéal agus faoi Acht Cinsireacht

Foilseacháin 1929 deineadh an leabhar seo a chosc. Chuir an cosc seo díomá ar an údar Eric Cross, ar an Táilliúr, ar Ansty, ar na cairde a bhí acu agus fiú amháin ar roinnt daoine sa Seanad.

Tosnaíodh aragóint agus díospóireacht faoi sa Seanad i dtaobh an Bord Cinsireachta agus na leabhair a bhí coscaithe, ar an t-ochtú lá déag, mí na Samhna 1942 do dhein Sir John Keane, úinéir talún Protastúnach tairiscint a mholadh i dtaobh "The Tailor and Ansty". Lean sé ar aghaidh chun cuntas a thabhairt faoi leabhar Eric Cross. Is é seo a dubhairt sé.

"It is a book dealing with local country life. It contains the sayings of country folk in a rather remote part of County Cork, the sayings of an unsophisticated, but never the less racy couple, the Tailor and his wife Ansty. Its banning has aroused more indignation I think on the part of those who are interested in domestic literature and the genius of our people than on the part of those who are interested in the wider world. If I am not wrongly informed those with Gaelic interests are in opposition to and in condemnation of this censorship".

Lean díospóireacht fíochmhar ar feadh ceithre lá le Seanadóirí ag déanamh ionsaithe ar a chéile, de bharr an leabhairín seo, agus dúradh rudaí uafásacha i gcoinne an Táilliúir agus a bhean chéile Ansty. Bhí díospóireachtaí lasmuigh den tSeanad chomh maith idir scríobhnóirí cáiliúla agus daoine áitiúla, ach sin scéal eile do lá éigin eile.

Deich mbliana ina dhiaidh san, bhí athraithe sa Bhord Cinsireachta agus ardaíodh an cosc ar an leabhar ach faoin am so bhí an Táilliúr agus a bhean chéile ar shlí na Fírinne. Cailleadh an Táilliúr i 1942 agus Ansty dhá bhliain ina dhiaidh san. Táid ina luí in aice a chéile i Reilig an Ghuagáin agus leanfaidh a gcáil timpeall na h-áite so go deo.

Liosda na Sgeilge 1935

A mhuintear an Ghaorthaidh ó pharóisde Uibh Laoghaire
 Atá modhail, miochair, séimh agus cneasda
 Eistidh lem dreacht-sa go n-innsead mo sgeal díbh
 Is gealaim nach bréag díbh a chanfad
 Mar is mó bruinneal béasach, múinte, geal, Gaedhealach
 A fágadh go dearcach gan coinne
 Is mo bhrón iad na "Stagers"
 Nár dhein dóibh san geilleadh
 Is nár ghlac chucu féin iad san Inid.

2.
 Is dubhach duaire mo sgealsa 's is náireach don tréad so
 Nár thógadar céile na leabhthan
 Ach a gabhail connar, is reidh cnuich
 Is treasna na sléibhte go Sgeilg na Naomh siar ar fad uainn
 O sceimhle 'gas lein orthu agus buadhream a tsaoghail seo
 Ná glacadh le soisgeal a tSagairt
 Is bruinneal binn béal-tais
 Nó cúilfionn cinn craobhfolt
 Do ghlacadh chucu féin faid a mhairfid.

3.
 Bhí an Cróineach seo taobh linn ró gnóthach le tréimhse
 A tarrach gairbheal agus gainimh
 Dun cuineamh ar chéile a luigfeadh síos taobh leis
 Is a bhéarfadh dó cóir agus aire
 Is ní taise don "Tailor" atá leis 'na aonar
 I mBéal Athan Ghaorthaidh le sealad
 Níor sgiob sé leis beib deas
 A shníomhfaid an bréid dó
 Is a cóireofadh dinnéar dó is leabthan.

4.
 Tá mac ag John Leary 's is dóigh liomsa féinigh
 Gur mithid dó Katie do cheangal
 Is í thógaint siar taobh leis
 Fé cuing cruaidh na cléire
 Ar eagla d'aon straere í ghlacadh
 Is an Críodánach séimh sin ó Sliabh Doire an Aonaigh
 Tá cos leis san casta le fada
 Ach tá cailín ag Casey agus deaighleal maith spré lei
 Is deirtear gur lei sin a phreabfaidh.

5.
 I dtig na mBan mbéasfadh tá maighdean modhail,
 maordha
 Oig bean ar a nglodhtar Anne Cremin
 Go bhfuil a dearca dá claonadh
 Ar thalamh glas féireach atá ag William Dick taobh leis an
 muileann
 Ach fágfam 'n ár ndéidh iad go ragham ar an gCéim Siar
 Chun trácht ar Jack féin, Drummer eile
 A siubhalfadh ón gCaol-chuill ó thuaidh go dtí Cladhach
 Chun radharc d'fhaghal ar Beib leis a tairmfeadh.

6.
 Ar bharr Céim a Bhéarla tá Stracaire Brioghmhar
 Nár misde dhó scaoileadh den taisteal
 Ag imteacht na straoille ó céilí na Buidheanna
 Agus Katie de siar in a fhaire
 Is ag trácht ar Crónínigh tá duine ar an Sliabh theas
 Go nglodhtar air riamh Seamus Patcy
 'S is mó bhean na thimpeall a léimfeadh ó croidhe amach
 Chun bheith na mnaoi-tighe i mBán Garbh.

7.
 Tá fear eile luath láidir ar chúl tighe an Choláisde
 De shliocht Uí Liatháin an fear treabhtha
 A ghabhann an bóthar ón sráidín go modhail mín macánta
 Go Jer Lucey atá ceanúil ar chapail
 Ag an gCríodánach mánla a bhíonn ag líonadh na málaí
 Ní fada go mbeidh tinteán sa Chottage
 Agus deirid na faidí
 Nach fada na dheáid sin go mbeidh aige inghean
 Johnie Phaidí.

8.
 An Seitheachánach ceardaighe a mhúscann ón
 shámh-shuan
 Na gabhair a bhíonn i gCar-house Dick Bothair
 Is dó súd is náireach ná soláthruighean an fáinne
 Is é thabhairt uaidh le gradh geal do Kathy
 'San Drummer mór árd san a sgríofadh síos dán duit
 Is a dhéanfaid job breagh ar do "Watch" duit
 Gheobhaidh sé Abbey 'gus fáilte agus "Ver" lei más
 gadh san
 Mar is air atá árd-mheas ag Connie.

9.
 An tastalaidhe treanmhar a bhíonn amuigh
 moch is déanach
 Mick Barry an Famous Mechanic
 Is ró-mhór is lean liom gur airigheas an droch sgeal san
 Gur rug Jackie Mickie a bhean uaidh
 A Mhick, ariu a Laogh liom cad a bhain duit in aon chor
 Is dul soir thar an Reidh go dtí an Halla
 Nár fhanaise taobh linn a' tabhairt aire don Spéir Bhean
 A tháinig le déanaighe don Sagart.

10.
 Tá Neillí na gcraobh-fholt ag Crosaire an Chéama
 Le Cronin a théigheann sí go seasgair
 Is ar an dTúirín Dubh taobh lei tá fear ruadh 'na aonar
 Is mithid dó sméide ar Hannie
 Ba mhór é mo mheala gur imthig Jer Leary
 Ach sé deirtear i gceartain Dick Manning
 Gur ró ghearr an tréimhse a chaith sé i gcéinn uainn
 Mar gur mhéinn leis a Mhary a mhealladh.

11.

Tá duine eile don táin seo O 'Seaghda atá sa Chéard Sgoil
 'S is minic é ar fán uainn ón mBaile
 Ach 'sé eachtra na Dáimhe nach fada a bheidh rás fé
 Gur i Maghchromdha a bheidh a sáinn le na Anna
 Is an Súileabháineach gradhmhar a reidhtigeann gach
 cás dúinn
 I Siopa na Sráide le fada
 Ní séaneann dá thár rith thar cladhtacha is bánta
 Go mbíonn Eibhlín go sámh aige na Bhaile.

12.

Nach danaid an sgeal é go dteighean óigfhear ar
 strae uainn
 Is ná glacaidh le beithe sa bhaile
 Teigheann uainn Patie Healy i dtreo Doire an Aonaigh
 A'diarraid a Nóirín a mhealladh
 Is ón Lodge leis teigheann Réice atá ag eirighe amach
 aerach
 'Na ghluaisteán ní séanann don taisteal
 Sé deirid lucht leighinn liom nach fada an tréimhse
 Go mbeidh Yank aige i nDoire na Leacan.

13.

Nách aindheis an sgeal é go bhfuil againn stroinse
 A bhíonn ar an mbóthar go maidean
 Is ní sásuigheann san fós é gan cluas le fuinneóg aige
 Ag iarraidh uainn eolas do mhealladh
 Cím anois an stróinse ag faire ar na doirsibh
 Léin agus scóladh ar an ngaige
 Is go deimhin duit ní neosfainn aon eachtra ar geochach
 A dhéanfadh le Poet rud cómh meathta.

14.

Nách aindheis an cás é i dtaobh Máire Ní Chárthaidh
 Atá anso againn ón sáile le sealad
 Ná bíonn léi a grá-geal ach uair ins an Ráithe
 Mar is i bPort glas an Pápa seadh stadann
 Is tá fear cneasda, grámhar, séimh, múinte, galánta,
 aitheaseach,
 blámhar, fial, flaitheamhail Johnie Lynch mánla a
 ghluaiseann go "cautious"
 Go bun Seithe ag fiosrú "Molly".

15.

Tá ceathrar ceardaighe go gcaithfeadsa trácht orthu
 Na Súileabhánaigh, Seán agus Connie
 An chéad fear san áireamh gabhann le Neillí go sásta
 'San duine eile le Lily a racaidh
 Ach tá beirt fós san áireamh a thóg tigín cois an Coláise
 Chun fothain don mhóin a thabhairt ón bhfearan
 Ach is dóigh liom go mbhfearr leo bheith mar
 fir-farris traoire
 ag Tadhg O Mathúna agus Januk.

16.

Sis a Concubhair Uí Mathúna is mór liom an t-iongnadh
 Nár glacaise chugatsa an Annir
 Béal tanaí, múinte, déid geal, glas súileach
 "Neóin" a bhí uainn seal sa chathair.
 Is níorbh iongnadh 'na dhiaidh sin
 Dá n-imthigeadh fear ar strae uainn ó Bán an
 Aoil soir Béal a Ghleanna
 Mar tá inghean ag Jack Sheehan a grádhan ó croidhe é
 Is a ceorfaidh go mín faid a marfaid.

17.

Tá an Ceallachánach ceolmhar, fear séidhte feadóige
 Is dó súd ba chóir bheith ag bogadh
 Mar tá na mná óga ó Cuan Baoi go hEochaill
 Ag leanamhaint na dheoid sin ar sodar
 'Sé a sheinnfeadh an ceol duit, 'sé a rinneadh ar bord duit
 'Sé a chaitheadh leath-coróinn ar an spota
 Is nách cásmhar is nách brónach a shamhail sin de stócach
 Bheith singil gan sógh cois a Locha.

18.

A Dhomhnaill Uí Laoghaire ba mhithid duit sméide
 Ar cúilfionn a reidhteocaidh gach beart duit
 Tá agat ba is caoire agus tuille mar aon leo
 Is tiocfaidh beagán spré léi comh maith san
 Agus tá annsan Séamus ar na Currathaoibh taobh leat
 Agus cuir cuige sgeala go tapaigh
 Gur mithid dóibh géilleadh do raidthibh na béith-searc
 Is glacadh le soisgeal a tSagairt.

19.

Ach tá tuille fós ann nách ndíolfadh an cóir leo
 Táim tinn, tuirseach, breoidhte dem aistear
 Is a Rí Gil na Glóire, ná scaoilse ar strae iad
 Ach tabhair dóibh treoir agus teagasg
 Is go deimhin féin na dheoid sin
 Tá duine clumhail comhachtach nár luadhasa díbh fós
 ins an aise
 Sé Paddy lamhach Jones shuas a ghabhann siar
 an comhgar
 Go dtí Peggy más fíor Mary Manning.

20.

Sin agaibh mo sgeal díbh is nách mise atá scóltha
 Tá cead agus deor ar mo leacain
 Tá néal trom de ceó ar gach maol-cnuich sa Pharóise
 Toisc rigneas na stróinse gan anam
 Sé deir Tadhg ó Tuama nách fada bheidh beó sinn
 Ná beidh againn ach streoirí ar an mBaile
 Ná beidh "Hackney" ná cóir uatha ag Baisde ná Pósadh
 Is tá an "Nurse" beag go breoidhthe is go lag-bríoghach.

Séamus Ó Seaghda,
 Diarmuid Ó Liatháin,
 Eoin Ó Súilleabháin,
 Risteard Ó Coitir.

Eachtra An Chapailín Bháin

le Seoirse Seartan

Do sgeóladh sa tseanchas eachtra na larach,
Cúntas a gaisge, a h-eagna is a máchail;
Tá a fhios ag an dtalamh nach bhfuil leath insa
chlár sin,
D'ár chleachtuigh an capall más dearbh mo ráite.

Dóigh leis an aois seo gur sidhe chapall aorach,
Nó capall fá dhraíocht í gan bhrí gan réimeas;
Is follas do mhíltibh nach fínnithe bréige
Gur chaith sí a h-aois go fíor sa tsaol seo.

Eachtra A h-Aon.

An Tábhairne.

Maidin Dé Máirt agus gá le pórtar,
Níor mhisde an láir do gabháil chun bóthair,
Soir go dtí an tSráid mar is gná do treóradh,
Ach mo chreach bhí an tiománaí ar lár le breóiteacht.

Uireasa dí níor chuif do'n tábhairne
Do mheas fear a' tí ná claidhfeadh do'n ghábhtar,
Do bhreac roinnt scríbhinn síos ar chárta,
Agus cheangaill gan mhoill ar mhoing na lárach.

Phreab sí le h-acfuinn agus theannaidh ar théadaibh
Gan fuip a chnagadh ná bata á léasadh;
Eólas a taistil is dearbh gur léir dí,
Mar d'aimsigh an baile gan meathadh ná staonadh.

B'é iongna na sráide an láir 'na h-aonar
Ar sodar go fáith-ghlic gan tásce ar Shéamus;
B'eól do gach deagh-fhear a h-árus sa Ghaortha,
Agus ghuíodar go grástach an t-ádh mhaith léi-se.

Do sheasaimh constábla ar lár an bhóthair,
A bhata ina láimh agus "Halt" do órdaigh;
Cúirt is fíneáil bheadh i ndán di is dóich liom,
Ach go bhfacthas an cárta fásgha ar a scórnaigh.

Thíos ag an stór ba leór an friothálamh;
Do luíodar le mórtas a ngnótha do thásghadh,
Le Mustar Is Fórsa do seóladh anáirde
Gach barraille beórach 'na dtreo san do thárla.

Ceithre tiarsa dí a bhí sgríte ar an gcárta:
Beag an tsuim a chuir an bhuidhean in sa táille;
Chasadar timcheall agus dhírig an láir bheag
Ar bhóthar na h-Innse agus ghuíodar slán léi.

A sé déag de mhílte bhí roimpe an tráth san;
Suarach a suim ar íslibh ná ar árdaihbh;

Easba taithí is fíor nár chás di,
Agus sheachain sí an díog mar mhaithe d'á sláinte.

Ag Droichead na Tuinne fuair uisge is béile,
Neartaigh a fuinneamh is a misneach 'na dhéidh sin,
Ba chuma léi soineann ná doineann ná pléascadh,
Ach dúil aici filleadh ar a cine in Uíbh Laoghaire.

Thiar in Uíbh Laoghaire ba léanmhar an cás é,
Fuireann ó'n gCaol-Choill agus Eigse na Gráige
Ag feitheamh go déarach le scéala na lárach,
Tart ar gach éinne agus gan braon ins an tábhairne.

Meitheall sa chistin agus tuille sa phárlús,
O Ghoirtín na Coille go h-imeallaibh Bharr Ghleann,
A bhfoidhne ar bhriseadh, a ngoile gan sásamh,
Cluas ar gach duine le cliotar na mbán gcrobh.

Iar dtuitim na h-oíche is fíochmhar do réabadh
Ag doras an tí mar scaoileadh na bpléarach,
B'é an bheirt teachtairí mílíteach a n-éadan
Le scéala an staigín leath-mhíle ó'n dtaobh seo.

B'é an cipe daraoil é nuair d'írig an grásgar,
Soir an Mhór-Choill mar fiagaí le fánaidh,
Le bacla brainnsí do fhíodar bláth-fhleasc,
Agus chas le ribíní é ar dhruim na lárach.

Le h-áthas 'n-a croí is bíodhga do léimrigh,
Go h-uaibhreach puimpeach ríodha aerach,
An slua ag feadúil agus ag rinne taobh léi,
Mar filleadh ghaiscidhigh ó choimheasgar aonair.

Ar shroisint an tábhairne níor bhfáilte go dtí san,
Chloisfí na gártha anáirde ar an Maoilinn,
Nuair deineadh an t-áireamh is ádhmharach frítheadh
Baraille slán thar táille an scríbhinn.

Ceithre tiarsa dí bhí sgríte ar an gcárta,
Ach do bheir an láirín cúig cinn slán léi;
Mar shéideadh na gaoithe do sginn an ráfla,
Is ní raibh seasamh ná slí ná suí sa tábhairne.

Bhí pórtar in aisce do leath an pharóiste,
Sláinte an chapail le h-aiteas d'á n-ól ann,
B'é Tóramh bharraille Bhaile Mhic Oda é,
Agus deór ní fhacthas ar maidin i dtóin de.

Fearadh mar dhíol ar ghníomh na lárach,
Bodhrán mór bídh a bhí dingthe fásgha,
Leabaidh de'n tuí ba mhíne fhásaidh,
Suanta na h-oíche is lá saoire amáireach.

