

Cumann Staire  
Bhéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh

# Ballingeary Historical Society

## JOURNAL 2006



IAN 'SCOTTIE' MACKENZIE KENNEDY

### INCLUDED INSIDE:

An Scoraíocht agus Scéalta eile.

Christmas in Inchigeela.

The Great Oilean Uí. Mhaothagáin Mystery.

Florence Wycherley.

Scealta Bhéal Oideasa.

A Scottish Gael who died for the  
Irish Republic.

# Contents

2. Focal Ón Eagrathóir.
3. The Great Oilean Uí. Mhaothagáin Mystery.
4. A Scottish Gael who died for the Irish Republic.
7. What's in a Name: Coyne. 2005 Progress Report on Carrignacurra Castle
8. Tenth Annual O'Leary Clan Gathering
9. The Diocese and the Ecclesiastical Parish.
10. Scealta Bhéal Oideasa.
16. Endurance: Heroic Journeys in Ireland.
18. Gougane Barra 1902 Photograph.
19. The O'Leary DNA Test Project.
20. An Scoraíocht agus Scéalta eile.
23. Abbots, Bishops, Coarbs and Erenaghs.
24. Christmas in Inchigeela.
25. The FitzGerald of Munster..
27. Béal Átha An Ghaorthaidh.
33. Pre-Christian Tribes in Ireland - The Corca Laoighdhe.
34. Florence Wycherley.
40. Memorial for a Galtee Mountain Boy.
44. Poetry - Mike Dineen.
45. The Ownership of Land in Ireland and England.
47. The O'Learys of Fermoy
48. Wild life Heritage of Uibh Laoire (part 5) - Fungi
51. The Landlords of Uibh Laoighaire Parish in 1854.
56. Heritage in Schools (2005).

## FOCAL ÓN EAGRATHÓIR

*Fáilte go dtí an tarna eagrán déag de Iris Chumann Staire Bhéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh.*

*Ó 1993 tá ana chuid de Stair na haite churtha i gcló agus tá níos mó ann a líonfaidh cupla eagrán eile. I m'blíana tá Scealta Bheal Oidis againn ós na scoileanna i mBeal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh ó 1938. Tá suil againn níos mó daoibh a chur i gcló amach anseo.*

*Is é 2006 Comoradh Cheid Eirí Amach na Casca. Men from Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh marched to Kealkill on Easter Sunday 1916 to join a Company Banty Volunteers to take part in the Rising not knowing it had been postponed. Should a re-enactment be organized?*

*2006 is also the Centenary of the attempt to evict the O'Mahony family at Drom An Ailtig during the summer of 1906. A description is included in our translation of the first book written on the history of Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh.*

*Ian MacKenzie Kennedy or 'Scottie' was a well known figure around Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh during the War Of Independence. His story is retold here by Stephen Coyle. Tá suil again go mbainfidh sibh taitneamh as ár n-iarriachtaí.*

*Buiochas*

*Míle buíochas le gach duine a chabhraigh le h-ullmhú an Irisleabhair seo. Seo liosta diobh agus tá brón orm má dhéinim deármad ar einne. Martina McCarthy, Baile Mhuirne, Con Ó Murchú, Aileen Deasy, Joan Twomey, Peter O'Leary, Joe Creedon, Orla Nic Charthaigh, An Ionad Áise. Táimid fíor bhúioch, chomh maith, do gach éinne a scríobh alt.*

*A few websites have come on-line recently which will interest Ballingeary and Inchigeela people. We have recently relaunched our own website [www.leevalleyireland.com](http://www.leevalleyireland.com) in conjunction with An Coiste Forbartha. It can also be reached through [www.ballingeary.com](http://www.ballingeary.com). You can get information about Gougane at [www.gouganebarra.com](http://www.gouganebarra.com).*

*Ceann eile isea [www.musgrai.com](http://www.musgrai.com). Mar a deireann an suiomh "do cuireadh an coiste ar bun i Mí na Féile Bríde 2002 d'fhonn Gaelainn Mhúsgráí Uí Fhloinn, idir scrí agus labhairt, a shaothrú agus a chaomhnú, a's d'fhonn a dheimhniú ná leogfar i léig an cruinneas agus an saibhreas is dual do Ghaelainn Mhúsgráí."*

*Inchigeelagh has two websites [www.inchigeelagh.net](http://www.inchigeelagh.net) and [www.inchigeelagh.com](http://www.inchigeelagh.com) which are worth a visit.*

*Don't forget to contact us if you have anything which you want to publish. Beir Bua,*

**Seán Ó Súilleabháin**

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e-mail [history@ballingeary.com](mailto:history@ballingeary.com)  
or our website [www.leevalleyireland.com](http://www.leevalleyireland.com)*

# The Great Oilean Uí Mhaothagáin Mystery

In our Lough Allua, which lies between Inchigeelagh and Ballingeary, we have the only Crannóg, or man made island, in County Cork. These defensive features were usually built by chieftains as an additional defence close to their ring fort. Sure enough there is a ring fort close to the Crannóg and in the townland of Tirnaspideoga.



On the maps our Crannóg is called Oilean Uí Mhaothagáin or Inismheaghain. The island of O'Mehigan. Who then was this O'Mehigan? There are other theories about this name but the simplest answer would be that a chieftain named O'Mehigan lived in Tirnaspideoga ring fort, and built the Crannóg, probably some time between 500 and 1000 AD.

We only have a few clues to go by. There definitely was a clan with this name, and today's 021 telephone book shows us that we still have 36 families of that name (Mehigan or Mehegan) in Co. Cork. It was probably a small clan.

A further clue is a ruined tower house lying high above Crookhaven harbour and called Castle Mehigan.

In the period between 500 and 1000 AD this area formed part of the territory of the chieftain O'Donoghue, whose land stretched from Bantry almost to Macroom. It was mainly located in Carbery and his principle residence was at Kinneigh. This family were related to the O'Mahoneys, who occupied a huge territory westwards from Carbery to Cork City. The O'Mehigans are believed to have been followers of the O'Donoghues and became their hereditary bards. It is quite possible that they were the occupants of Tirnaspideoga at this time, whilst it will be remembered the O'Learys were still in Rosscarbery.

Relatives they might have been, but sadly the O'Donoghues and the O'Mahoneys came to blows in about 1000 AD and the O'Donoghues were defeated. As a result, they moved away, some to Killarney (O'Donoghue mór) and some to the valley of the River Flesk (O'Donoghue Glan).

This part is known history. But what happened to the small clan of O'Mehigan.

We don't know for certain, but believe that they transferred their allegiance to the conquerors of the O'Donoghues ie., the O'Mahoneys. They then became hereditary bards to the Western branch of that family (O'Mahoney of Iveagh) and were rewarded for this with the land on which they later built Castle Mehigan.

# A Scottish Gael Who Died for the Irish Republic

Ian Graeme Baun MacKenzie Kennedy or 'Scottie' as he was inevitably nicknamed, was a well known figure in Ballingeary and in Irish-speaking circles during the Tan War. His short life is a story of burning idealism and noble courage and deserves to be retold.

## Family Background

MacKenzie Kennedy was born in 1899 and is believed to have hailed from Inverness-shire in the Scottish Highlands. He came from a distinguished family that was steeped in the military tradition and his father was a major and his uncle had been a major general in the British Army. His brother was killed in action in France, and his mother keen for her son to avoid the same fate, took him to live in Ireland about 1916.



The youthful MacKenzie Kennedy was a tall strapping young man in kilts and his Glengarry cap sported the Kennedy badge. He was proficient in Scots Gaelic and was clan proud. Donald, the Great Steward of Mar, a district associated with the Kennedy's to the present day, had led a contingent to the aid of King Brian Boru at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014, and the great Brian was himself MacCenneidigh, son of Kennedy, chief of Thomond and hereditary ruler of North Munster. The royal blood of the Bruces also flowed in the Kennedy veins. The Princess Mary, great-granddaughter of Robert Bruce and sister of King James the First of England (James the Sixth of Scotland), married Sir James Kennedy of Dunure, a direct ancestor of Ian Baun.

Scottie and his mother initially lived in Killarney, County Kerry with the Honourable Albina Broderick whose brother the Earl of Middleton, was leader of the southern unionists. Albina gaelicised her name to Gobnait ni Bruadair and was an unrepentant republican. Later he arrived in Ballyvourney looking for a place to stay in order to learn Irish and further his interest in Celtic studies. Creedons of Ballyvourney advised him to go to the famous Toureen Dubh in Ballingeary where he stayed for the next three years. The house belonged to the Twomey family and had a reputation for being full of laughter and boundless hospitality. Appearance and more recent history would seem to have been against him. His fellow Highland Gaels came to Cork not as allies in the age old struggle against the ancient foe as did the Gallowglasses several centuries earlier. Having been vanquished at Culloden in 1746, the Scottish Gaels were now organised into regiments like the Cameron Highlanders in the pay of England, and were tragically engaged in the attempted suppression of their fellow Celts.

## A Gael Among Gaels

Despite his background Scottie was warmly accepted by the people of Ballingeary as a true Gael among Gaels, and soon the tiny valley among the hills thrilled to the skirl of his pipes. He is still remembered for his sunny happy nature. A friend Geraldine Neeson, Cork City musician and journalist, gives the following description of him: "He was a most attractive person whom we all liked very much. An extrovert with a consuming curiosity about people and their motivations. He had a sharp, frequently-used wit and a clear, infectious laugh, and was excellent company."

## Joins the Irish Volunteers

Scottie seemed to love Ireland from the first and before long joined the Ballingeary based D Company, 8th Battalion of Cork No.1 Brigade. His comrades best remembered him for the amusement he caused on so many occasions. His notion for a stovepipe cannon wound tightly with steel wire, to demolish barracks-doors with, might or might not have succeeded. Nobody wished to test it. The sail affixed to his bicycle was quite effective but a good deal more fun. His comrade Pdraig Greene who is still with us, recounts the gunpowder episode. "Scottie made a quantity of gunpowder and was preparing to test it – an operation in which he asked for my assistance. He had prepared the 'boxing', i.e. the cast iron tapering cylinder which goes into the nave of the wheel by plugging one end of it. With a measured amount of powder he wanted to estimate how far it would throw a 26 ounce steel

bowl. He had all preparations made to do the test, but luckily for me, I was given another job that took me away from the house. Scottie took the 'cannon', poured in the powder, placed the bowl on top of it and then tamped plenty of paper on top of the bowl. He made one great mistake – he forgot to put paper on top of the powder before he inserted the bowl. When he started the tamping, metal struck metal creating a spark, and the whole thing blew up in his hands. His hands were black from grains of powder and the lintel over the window was cracked and so was the sill. Everyone in the house was in a state of shock when I returned. The following day, the Bean A' Tigh told Scottie to remove the gunpowder into the ashes around the fire causing an explosion which covered the kitchen with ashes and cinders causing further uproar. Few people, other than Scottie would have been allowed to remain on in the house after these episodes. Scottie's only complaint was that part of his moustache was burned on one side."

There is another story about how he went about Killarney quite openly during the struggle, but before it reached its Black and Tan zenith. The town was full of British military and one day two swaggering officers armed fully passed him in the street and made some sneering remark about his cowardice in not "joining up". He reached out and grabbed one in either hand, banged their heads together, and threw them dazed up the street.

The writer Sean O'Faolain who was a comrade of Scottie's, recalls him in his autobiography 'Vive Moi!' from when he stayed in Dick Twomey's of Tureen Dubh. 'I slept there (in a haybarn) many a night beside a magnificent tall Scot, named Ian Bawn MacKenzie Kennedy, who had come over to Ireland to fight for the Irish Republic'.

Scottie was respected by his IRA comrades as was shown early in 1921 when he was entrusted with the arms fund totalling £85 and travelled to England at great risk to himself to purchase arms. He returned on March 24th with eleven new Webley .45 revolvers hidden in a crate of plough socks. An underground foundry was constructed at Carrigbawn, Ballingearry to manufacture hand grenades and bombs. Local volunteers scoured the countryside for scrap metal, old pig troughs and plough boards. A year earlier Scottie had provided the "74/14/12" recipe for gunpowder to the officers.

Scottie played the Flowers of the Forest on the bagpipes at Donall 'ac Taidhg McSweeney's funeral, at the old man's dying request. He visited his mother at regular intervals in the Castle Hotel in Killarney, but she failed to persuade him to return to Scotland.

In what was a big occasion for him Scottie and his mother converted to Catholicism, having been influenced by the religious atmosphere of the home of St. Finbar. There is a story that he made a visit to Rome, and while there had an embroidered Tricolour, which he had worked himself, to be blessed by Pope Benedict the Fifteenth.

### Republican Separatist

The signing of the Anglo-Irish Treaty led to a split in the IRA and Scottie opted to defend the Republic against the emerging Free State. In about July 1922 he strapped his rifle to his tall bicycle, and set out with his Republican comrades to oppose the landing of Free State troops at Passage West. Everyone in the Twomey household tried to dissuade him to no avail. He seemed to have had a premonition that he would not return to Ballingearry as he left his camera, his family pedigree and other personal belongings there.

### An Epic Struggle

It was not long before Scottie was to enter the fray. Most of what follows is based on an article that appeared in Poblacht Na h-Eireann (Scottish Edition) dated 21 October 1922. During the fighting in the Passage Rochestown front, as the covering party of the IRA was evacuating to their second position near Douglas village, their lorry broke down at Belmont Cross. Three Volunteers





*Scottie and his mother in Killarney*

jumped from the lorry and took up position in Belmont Cottage nearby to enable the rest of the party to get away under the protection of an armoured car. These were Scottie, Frank O'Donoghue and Moloney. One party of Free State soldiers who charged the cottage was forced to retire leaving one of their number by the name of Flood, a Dublin man, dying on the road. Frank O'Donoghue rushed from the cottage to Flood's aid, whispered an act of contrition into his ear, and the unfortunate Flood died grasping O'Donoghue's hand. The Republicans took one prisoner.

The cottage was later surrounded, and the three brave Republican soldiers kept up an unequal fight against 64 Free State troops, killing 12, and wounding 15 according to the report. Only when the last bullet was fired did the battle cease. When further resistance was impossible, and having delayed the enemy until the Republicans had taken up their position, the little party decided to surrender.

MacKenzie Kennedy opened the door and put up his hands in token surrender, but was shot dead as was Moloney. O'Donoghue was captured and taken prisoner. He and his companions had been at confession the previous evening, and received extreme unction.

Ian MacKenzie Kennedy was only 23 when he was killed on the 7th of August 1922. Everyone was heartbroken when news of his death reached Ballingearry. Large and sympathetic crowds attended his funeral. He was buried on the 12th of August in the Republican plot in St. Finbar's Cemetery in Cork City alongside other soldiers of the Republic. There is a small plaque to his memory in Ballingearry and he is commemorated on the Republican Monument in Macroom. There was a MacKenzie Kennedy Cumann of Fianna Fail in Mitchelstown, County Cork in 1933.

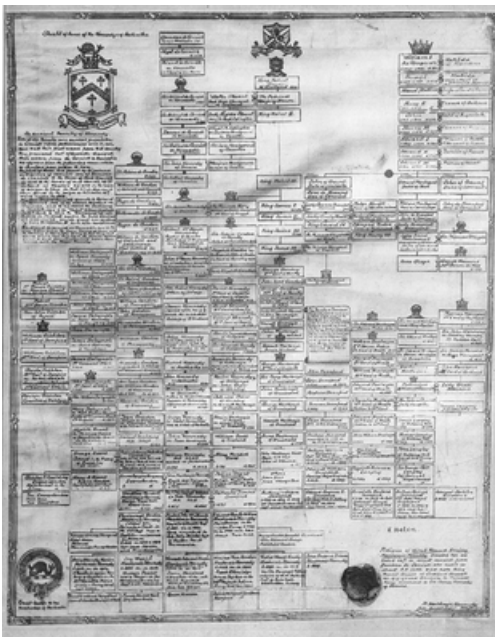
### **A Cause Not His Own**

Some people have written that MacKenzie Kennedy died for a cause not his own. It is unlikely that he would have seen it that way however. If the Englishman is a foreigner in Ireland, the Scot is not. Gaelic Ireland and Gaelic Scotland are the sea-divided Gael and share the same great Celtic civilisation. Robert the Bruce the King of the Scots, of whom Scottie was a descendant according to his genealogical chart, told his Irish allies who helped to

defeat the English at Bannockburn in 1314: 'our people and your people, free since ancient times, share the same national ancestry and are urged to come together more eagerly and joyfully in friendship by a common language and by common custom.' The small band of Scottish Republicans that gave practical assistance to the IRA during the Tan War and helped save Scotland from disgrace, viewed the Irish and the Scots as one race with common objectives. This was also the position of John McIntosh, another courageous Highland Gael and trusted lieutenant of Robert Emmet, who shared the same fate as his leader for his part in the abortive rising of 1803.

To conclude, MacKenzie Kennedy was an exemplary Gael and man of noble ideals and great integrity. The story of his sacrifice in defence of the Irish Republic and the cause of the sea-divided Gael, cannot fail to inspire the true Gaels of Ireland and Scotland and freedom loving people everywhere.

*Stephen Coyle*



*Scottie's Genealogy*

## WHAT'S IN A NAME: COYNE

“Coyne”, (Coinneamh; a billeted person) or sometimes “Coyne and Livery”, was a general term which covered the exactions which a great lord, like McCarthy, imposed on his followers. These exactions included various charges each with its own name, and each requiring the under chieftain to maintain and subsidise the life style of his over lord. The principal requirement was the cost of billeting the lord's armies.

The custom and practice varied up and down the Country, and generally we find that the purely Gaelic areas, like the kingdoms of the O'Neills in the North, were more moderate in their exactions. The worst were areas under the great Earls such as the FitzGerald's of Desmond.

But everywhere the chieftains and freeholders groaned under the weight of these exactions. In some instances we hear of a freeholder being given the offer of giving up three quarters of his land in exchange for total relief from the exactions. We also hear sometimes of that same freeholder, a few years later, being charged the exactions as before, but now on his reduced piece of land. An example of this sort of sharp practice was our own over-lords, the McCarthy's of Muskerry, who had brought this to a fine art.

One element of Coyne had a more specific definition. This was the term “Bonnacht” (buannacht; billeting tax) which was used to define the additional costs of supporting Gallowglass when these were introduced into Ireland in the 13th.c. from Scotland. In the McCarthy areas these were usually from the MacSweeney families, but there were many other names in other places. The Earls of Desmond for example employed MacSheehy gallowglass.

A “battle” of gallowglass was in theory 100 men under the command of a constable. They were all professional soldiers who had to be paid. They also had to be housed and fed. And horses provided for them which also had to be looked after. It was a considerable cost to the overlord, and eventually this cost was passed on to the chieftains and freeholders.

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## 2005 Progress Report on Carrignacurra Castle

We told you last year that the young couple who had offered to buy Carrignacurra Castle were negotiating with the Planning and Archaeological Authorities in Cork, but having difficulty in reaching agreement.

That deal fell through, but another buyer was found shortly afterwards.

We understand that it is the intention of this latest buyer to restore the castle in such a manner that they will then be able to live in it.

They will therefore presumably be going through the same motions as before with the Planning, Archaeological and Heritage Authorities to try to make this happen.

This will always be a difficult proposition, in view of the necessity of providing modern living conditions within a medieval framework.

It will probably only be made possible by the provision of large sums of money, which may not seem a sensible use of such money.

If this part of our heritage were ever to fall into our hands we would not have such problems. It would be our intention to make such simple restoration to ensure the further life of the castle, and then to use it as a tourist attraction in the ownership of the local community.

## TENTH ANNUAL O'LEARY CLAN GATHERING



If 2004 was one of our smaller Gatherings, this year was amongst the largest. We have some 350 loyal members, and of course many of these live in America, Australasia and other far away places. Most can only come to the Gatherings from time to time, and we have always understood that this is the nature of things.

A small number of members who are better placed come to the event virtually every year, and we are delighted to keep welcoming them each time.

2005 was our tenth anniversary, and we had about 100 at our dinner, most of whom attended the other functions as well. This year we were delighted to see a large American contingent, after a fall off following the Twin Towers disaster and the subsequent and natural reluctance to flying.

Our theme this year was the DNA Project which has reached an interesting point. There is tremendous interest in this new approach to genealogy. Many of our members cannot take part directly because of gender, and in other instances members are closely related to one member who represents the whole group. But all without exception show a close interest in progress and a determination to press on with the study and to achieve results.

As usual we gathered at Creedon's Hotel in Inchigeelagh. We were welcomed at our Reception on the Friday evening by Eugene O'Leary, our Chief Organiser, by Joe Creedon, our hospitable host, and by Michael Manning, Manager of the Cork and Kerry Tourism Board who takes such a kind interest in our progress.

This was followed by entertainment given by our old friend, Tomás O Canáinn, Chief Bard of Ireland and Uilleann Piper Supreme.

On the Saturday morning we had our group photograph taken, a copy of which adorns this Journal. As last year, the location was Inchigeelagh Cross, and traffic was brought to a standstill for several minutes.

Next was an introduction and survey of our first ten years presented by Joe Creedon.

Then a general survey of progress on the DNA Project. This paper was written and prepared by the leader of our DNA team, Bonnie Norma O'Leary Harvey, from Florida. Unfortunately, due to family illness, Bonnie could not be present in person, so her paper was delivered with great gusto by our old friend Don O'Leary from Philadelphia.

Peter O'Leary followed this with "Where do we go from here?" and elicited strong support for some invaluable funding by members of the next phase of our work.

We then had a rest from work with a coach trip to Carrignacurra Castle and to Gougane Barra.

Saturday evening concluded with a splendid dinner at Creedon's Hotel, and musical entertainment to follow it.

On Sunday morning we had two talks from very experienced amateur genealogical researchers, our two members Kathleen Flanagan, from New Jersey, and Kate Corbett, from Sussex. Both gave us the benefit of their many years searching for their own family trees, and helping many others to do likewise.

On Sunday afternoon as is now usual, we attended Mass in the old churchyard in Inchigeelagh. Fr.Martin O'Hare officiated, and Frs. Barry O'Leary (Ecuador), Tim McGrath (Wales) and Dan Crowley (Boston) assisted. Fr Barry gave a most interesting homily which brought in the O'Leary family, and the Environment.

This concluded a very happy and interesting weekend. Roll on 2006.

## THE DIOCESE AND THE ECCLESIASTICAL PARISH

Christianity came to Ireland in the 5th.c.AD, brought to the then pagan country by a number of Saints including St. Patrick. It spread quickly but co-existed quite happily with the old pagan druidic religion for a long time. Because of the separation from the rest of Europe, the form of Christianity practised in Ireland was quite unique, and this gave offence to Rome who were determined to unify practices and beliefs in the new Catholic World.

The great Reformer who undertook this task was Maol Maodoc Ua Morgair, better known to us as St.Malachy, who came from Armagh. For many years he was a priest, then a Bishop engaged in administration in the Irish Church. His real ambition was to become a Cistercian monk and retire from the World and he spent several years working with St.Bernard of Citaux, but this was not to be. He died in 1140AD.

We are not here concerned with the great work that Malachy did in reforming the Church in general, but only with the two great Synods of Rathbreasail in 1111 and of Kells in 1152. At Rathbreasail a beginning was made to introduce Dioceses and Parishes into the Country to replace the typical Irish system of Monasteries and Abbot/Bishops attached to a Royal Palace. The new reformed Administration of the Church was further improved at Kells, and although Malachy had died by then, his influence was still strongly felt.

These decisions were severely influenced by pressure from the individual Kings, but despite this difficulty we finished off with a structure which is not unlike that of today.

There were to be four Provinces, 36 Dioceses, and a complete structure of Parishes covering the entire country. The actual introduction of this new structure took many years to accomplish. Of course there were far too many Princes to try to please and we finished up with far too many Bishops. But overall it was a huge improvement and only minor modifications were to continue over the next nine centuries.

County Cork was provided with three Dioceses, Cork, Cloyne and Ross. This essentially gave complete coverage, although a few Parishes had to be catered for in Kerry and Aghadoe, Waterford and other neighbouring Dioceses. Ross was included to mollify O'Driscoll, but was too small to be an economic success and eventually both the Catholic Church and the Church of Ireland had to amalgamate Ross with its neighbours.

The interesting fact is that most of the important over kingdoms in Ireland finished off with a Diocese, and most of the important Tuatha finished off with a Parish. This must have been a massive task, and an excellent result which would please most people at the time and since.

# Scealta Bhéal Oideasa

**Tagann na scealta seo leanas ó bhailiuchán a deineadh i 1938 i ngach scoil sa tír. Níl anso ach sampla des na scealta atá ar fail ós na scoileanna i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh agus i gCéim an Fhia.**

## Fear Neamh-shásta

Bhí rí sa domhan thoir uair amháin agus cé go raibh an saoghal ar a thoil aige ní raibh sé sásta. Bhí bean gheanamhail agus clann bhreagh aige. Bhí cáirde macánta agus sláinte an bhradáin aige. Bhí dúthaigh ghrianmhar agus palás áluinn aige. Ba choir dó bheith sásta ach ina dhiaidh san agus uile ní raibh sé sásta ná leath-shásta. I ndeireadh na dála chuaigh an scéal i ndonaidheacht chomh mór san is nár fhéad sé codladh na hoidhche d'fhághail agus buaileadh breoidte é.

Tháinig an dochtúir ach níor éirigh leis é leigheas. Tháinig dochtúir eile agus dochtúir eile fós ach theip orthu go léir é do leigheas. Tháinig fear feasa an tslíge lá agus fuair sé cead cainte leis an rí. Chuir sé tuairisg na h-aicíde agus dhein sé a mhacnamh ar feadh tamaill.

"A rí onóraigh" ar seisean, "níl ach an t-aon leigheas i ndán duit agus muna bhfaigheann tú an leigheas san tá deireadh leat."

"Agus cad é an leigheas é, a fhir chóir?" arsa an rí.

"Sé an leigheas é, a rí onóraigh," arsa an fear feasa, "ná léine fir éigin atá sásta leis féin agus leis an saoghal d'fhághail agus é chur ort."

Lá ar na mháireach chuaigh teachtairí ón rí ag cuardach na ríochta d'fhear sásta. Do chuireadar caint agus cómhraídh ar gach aon fhear riamh a casadh orthu ach ní dubhairt éinne leo go rabhdar sásta.

Fuair eadar fear ag lorg goile dá bhreicfeasta agus fear eile ag lorg breicfeasta dá ghoile. Bhí an fear saidhbhir gan a shláinte agus fear na sláinte gan a dhóithin airgid aige. Dubhairt an gréasaidhe go raibh an leathar ró-chruaidh agus dubhairt an siúinéir go raibh an t-adhmad ró-bhog. Do chuarduigheadar na teachtairí dóigh agus andóigh ach ní bhfuair eadar aoinne a bhí sásta, agus b'éigin dóibh filleadh gan pioc de bhárr a gcuardaigh acu. Bhíodar a' tiomáint leo abhaile nuair d'airigheadar an port feadaíle istigh i bpáirc. D'fhéachadar isteach thar an gclaidhe agus annsúd ós a gcomhair do chonnaiceadar an scafaire fir. I na shuidhe ar phaca fé scáth crainn a bhí sé, a dha uilinn ar a ghlúnacha aige agus é cromadh os cionn teine brosná ag róstadh maróige a bhí ar bárr cipín aige. Do chuadar isteach chuige. Do bheannuigheadar dó go séimh agus do fhreagair sé iad go fáilteach. "Táir ar do chúilín tseabhrach anso," arsa duine acu leis.

"Ní gearánta dhom buidheachas le Dia," arsa fear na maróige. B'fhéidir go bhfuil tú sásta," arsa an teachtaire. "Níl cíós cás ná cathughadh orm, buidheachas mór le Dia na Glóire," arsa mo dhuine. "Táir sásta mar sin," arsa an teachtaire. "Táim sásta agus lán tsásta," arsa an scafaire. "Tabharfad céad púnt duit ar do léine," arsa an teachtaire agus é ar inneal. "Léine, a chroidhe," arsa na fear na maróige, "ní chaithim a leithéid ná níor chaithes le fada an lá." Do chuadar abhaile gan léine agus fuair an rí bás.

*Fuair Tadhg Ó Tuama an scéal seo óna athair Séan ó Tuama,  
Na Curratthe,  
14-12-37*

## Leipreachán

Do bhí buachaill ana-leisciúil ann fadó. Séan a b'ainm dó. Ní dhéanadh sé aon obair ach ag cur trapanna roimis na héanlaithe agus suil ribeanna roimis na coiníní agus ag breith orthu. Lá amháin nuair a bhí sé ag féachaint ar a chuid trapanna do chonaic sé leipreacháinín ag dul isteach i bpoll. Do chuir sé súil ribe roimis agus nuair tháinig sé airís bhí sé in achrann ann. Do rug sé ar an bhfirín agus thosnuigh sé a' screadaigh agus a' léimrigh ar buile.

Dubhairt Séan ná leogfadh sé dhó imtheacht go dtí go dtabharfadh sé dhó próca óir. Dubhairt an firín ná raibh aon ór aige. Annsan tháinig solus éigin roime 'na shúile i dtreo nach féidir leis pioc d'fheiscint agus chaith sé leogaint do'n firín imtheacht. Tháinig sé amach as an áit agus é go h-ana bhrónach. Do shuidh sé síos ar bhun chrainn a bhí taréis tuitim. Nuair a thosnuigh sé ar shiubhal airís níor bhféidir agus shiubhal sé leis agus an crann ceangailte dhe. Do thuitfeadh sé isteach ins gach díg a bhuaileadh uime agus do leagfadh sé gach coca féir. Fé dheireadh do shrois sé tigin an-bheag. Do bhuail sé ag an ndorus, agus tháinig fear críonna caithte, liath amach chuige agus dubhairt sé nach féidir leis aon rud a dhéanamh dó.

Do thiomáin sé leis go dtí gur shrois sé tigin eile agus tháinig fear eile liath amach chuige agus bhí an sceal céadhna aige mar a bhí ag an bhfear eile. Do chaith sé suidhe síos agus fuair sé bás ann.

*Fuair Tadhg Ó Tuama an scéal seo óna athair Séan ó Tuama,  
Na Curratthe,  
14-12-37*

## Gan Murcha gan Maonas

Feirmeoir do beadh Murcha. Ní raibh aoinne sa tigh ach é féin agus a bhean. Do bhuail bean siubhail isteach chucu agus fear ar a drom aice. Maonas do b'ainm do. Mairtíneach do beadh é. D'iarr sí lóistín na h-oíche i gcúntas Dé agus fuair sí é. Thug Murcha na ba abhaile. Do chrúigh Murcha agus a bhean agus bean Mhaonais iad. Nuair a bhí na ba crúite acu do shuigh bean Mhurcha agus bean Mhaonais taobh amuigh don doras ag caint. Dubhairt bean Mhurcha gur mhór an t-amadán í bheith ag bhreith an fhir san ar a drom léi gach lá. "Is sadhbhir an fear atá agam'sa," arsa bhean Mhaonais. Chuir sí lámh isteach 'na burlach agus do thairig sí sparán mór lán d'airgead. Do chuadar a chodladh an oíche sin. D'éirigh bean Mhurcha agus sgíob sí léi Maonas. Nuair d'éirigh bean Mhaonais ní raibh aon tuairisg ar Mhaonas. Do rith sí síos an bóthar agus thainig sí suas le bean Mhurcha agus Maonas ar a drom aice. Do ghaibh sí go maith uirthi agus thóg sí Maonas ar ais agus d'imig sí. Dimig bean Mhurcha abhaile ach ní leogadh Murcha isteach í agus annsan do bhí gan Mhurcha gan Mhaonas.

*Fuair Seán Ó Toibín an scéal óna athair Seán Ó Toibín,  
Inse an Fhosaídh,  
21-10-36.*

## Sgéal na Potóige

Do bhí fear agus bean 'na suidhe cois na teine um thráthnóinín déanach. "Ní bhfuaireamair aon seans ar bheith saidhbhir riamh" arsan bhean. "Nach maith a fuair Cormac Beag próca óir" arsan bhean. Airiú cé chífidís ná bean uasal 'na seasamh síos ag an doras. "Seadh" ar sí "iarraig" trí ghuidhe agus gheobhfaidh sibh go dtí an taca seo amáireach chun 'úr n-aighe do dhéanamh suas" Annsan d'imthigh sí. Do bhíodar ag cuineamh agus ag cuineamh ar cad d'iarfaidís. "Fiarfóimid ár ndóthain airgid ar aon chuma" arsa an bhean, "agus sláinte ana mhaith" Do bhí an sgéal socair ansan. Níor chodladar puinn an oíche sin ná ní dubradar puinn paidreacha. Ambasa do bhí an t-am ag druidim leo.

"Go deimhin, a Sheáin" dubhairt an bhean. "Ba mhaith liom go mbeadh slat do phótóige agam chun é a róstadh ar an dteine". Do thainig an phutóg an simné anuas. Do bhí Séan ar buille. "Sin guidhe breagh imthighthe" ar seisean. "Go gceangla sé suas le do chaincín." Do léim an phutóg agus do cheangail sé suas lena caincín. "Airíú" arsan fear, "fág ort é agus cuirfimid cás óir air" ar seisean. "Sin é an tarna guidh imthighe" "Tá aon ghuidhe amháin againn anois," arsan fear. "Ó a Sheáin," ar sise "ní dhéanfadh san a gnó go deo." Do thoilightheadar é thuitim anuas di agus do chuir an phutóg an simné amach di.

*Fuair Seán Ó Toibín an scéal óna chomharsan Bean Uí Chríodáin,  
Inse-an-Fhosaídh.  
26-11-37*

## An Fáinne

Do bhí rí ann fadó agus do bhí ingeann óg álainn aige. Do caillead go h-obann í. Lá na socraide nuair a bhíodar á cur sa chomhrainn do bhí gabha láithreach agus chonaic sé fáinne breagh óir ar a méir. Dubhairt sé leis féin go bfaighadh sé punt ar an bhfáinne dá mbeadh se aige.

An oíche 'na dhiaidh san, chuaigh sé go dtí an reilig agus d'osgail sé an uaigh agus thóg sé an clúdach d'on chomhrainn. Rug sé ar an láimh go raibh an fáinne uirthi agus bhí sé ag d'iarraigh an fháinne bhaint di. Chuir sé a cheann isteach sa chomhrainn agus chuir sé a méar isteach na bhéal agus a fhiacra dtaobh istig d'on fháinne. Do luigh sé go dian ar i gcás go bhfeadfadh sé é a bhaint di. D'fhaig sé an mhéar níos mó agus sar a raibh fhios aige cad a bhí tuitighe amach do bhí a dá láimh curtha mór thíompall a mhuinéal aice. Do léim sé amach as an uaigh agus do léim an cailín amach ina dhiaidh. Thug sé leis abhaile í ach ní raibh aon urlabhra aice. D'imthigh an gabha go dtína h-athair agus dubhairt sé leis go raibh an cailín sa bhaile aige. Ní chreidfeadh an t-athair é ach mar sin féin do thainig sé go dtína thig. Do sgríobh an cailín síos i bpaipéar an cuma a gheobhadh sí a h-úrlabhra airís. Do chuadar go dtí gleann go raibh sruthán ag rith tríd agus bó riabhach istigh ann agus luachair ag fás ag bun an tsrutháin. Naoi mbrobh luachra do stathadh agus fainní do dheanamh díobh, agus an naoú ceann do chaithneamh uatha. Na h-ocht gcínn eile do ceangal le ríbe as eirbeall na bó agus iad do bheiriughadh i mbainne na bó agus uisge an tsrutháin agus thabhairt le nól di agus do fuair sí a h-úrlabhra airís agus do phós sí an gabha.

*Fuair Seán Ó Toibín an scéal óna chomharsan Bean Uí Chríodáin,  
Inse-an-Fhosaídh.  
20-1-38*

## Ag Foghlaim Béarla

Bhí triúr deartháir 'na gcomhnuí mór thíompal na h-áite seo fadó. Ní raibh aon Bhéarla in aon-chor acu. Cheapadar dá mbeadh Béarla acu go mbeadh a sgéal i bhfad níos fearr acu. Dubharadar leo féin go gcaithfidís dul ar sgoil agus Béarla a fhoghlaim. An lá na dhiaidh san chuaigh an deartháir is sine ar sgoil agus sé rud a fhoghlaim sé ná "We three." Nuair a chuaigh sé abhaile d'inis sé do'n bheirt eile cad a fhoghlaim sé. Chuaigh an tarna duine ar sgoil an tarna lá agus sé rud a fhoghlaim sé na "for want of money." Nuair a chuaigh sé sin abhaile leis d'inis sé don bheirt eile cad a fhoghlaim sé. Chuaigh an deartháir

is óige ar sgoil an triú lá agus sé an rud a fhoghlaim sé sin ná “all right.” Cheapadar annsan go raibh a ndóithin Béarla acu. Bhí an triúr acu ag siubhal an bóthar lá agus do casadh fear marbh orthu. Bhíodar ag féachaint air ar feadh tamaill. Ní rabhadar i bhfad annsan nuair a tháinig gárda. D’fhiafraigh an gárda dhíobh as Béarla “who killed the man?” agus dubharadar san “we three.” “Why?” arsa an gárda “for want of money” arsa duine acu. “Ye will be hanged” arsan gárda. “All right” arsa duine eile acu. Do crochadh iad mar gheall ar an méid Béarla a bhí acu.

*Fuair Seán Ó Súilleabháin an scéal seo óna athair Domhnal ó Súilleabháin,  
Na Curraithe,  
30-11-37.*

## An Lios

Bhí fear 'na chomhnuí taobh thoir do Inse Geimhleach in áit go ngladhatar Ros Mór uirthi. Ní raibh aon talamh in aonchor aige ach an t-aon tigh amháin. Bhí lios ag feirmeoir le hais a tige agus ní raibh sé ag deanamh aon obair air. Seán Ó Cróinín ab ainm don fheirmeoir agus Tadhg ó Cróinín ab ainm don bhfear eile.

D'iarr Tadhg air a' dtabharfadh sé an lios dó. Dubhairt Seán go dtabharfadh sé an lios dó, gan amhras, ach go mbíodh púcaí ann oidhcheanta anois agus airís. Ní raibh an lios i bhfad aige nuair a bhí sé á threabhadh agus ag cur gach aon tsaghas glasra ann. Fear mór láidir do beadh Tadhg agus ní raibh eagla air roimh púca, ná duine ná aon rud eile. Bhí na glasraí ag fás go h-an-dheas. Oídhche amháin chuaidh sé ag sgoruíochocht go dtí tigh duine des na comharsanaibh. Tiompall a deich a chlog d'éirigh sé féin agus duine eile des na comhnarsnaibh chun dul abhaile. Bhíodar ag caint le chéile ag dul abhaile mar gheall ar phúcaibh. Nuair a thánadar go dtí tigh an fhir eile chuaidh an fear san isteach. Bhí tigh Thaidhg tamall eile ón dtigh sin.

Níor chuaigh sé abhaile in aonchor an oidhche sin. Bhí an Laoi ós comhair an leasa amach. Ar maidin bhí na daoine go léir á chuardach agus ní fhéadfaidís é fhágáil in aonchor. Fé dheireadh fuairadar é ar an dtaobh eile do'n loch díreach anonn o'n Lios agus é marbh. Bhí droichead trí mhíle taobh thoir den lios agus droichead eile trí mhíle taobh thiar den lios agus do thógfadh sé lá agus oidhche d'aon duine dul siar do dtí an droichead agus dul soir airís ar an dtaobh eile, nú dul soir go dtí droichead agus siar ar a dtaobh eile. Deirtear gur ab ahlaidh a chaith na púcaí anonn thar an loch é. Tá an lios ann fós agus níor chuir aoinne a chos isteach ann riamh ó shoin.

*Fuair Seán Ó Súilleabháin an scéal seo óna mháthair Peig (Mairéad) Uí Shúilleabháin,  
Na Curraithe,  
13-1-38*

## Scéal Bhéal – Oidis .

Ní bhíonn aon chapall ag na púcaí acht nuair a théigheann siad amach is t-oidhche. Deineann siad capaill des na céad rudaí a chionn siad. Ach dá labhradh aoinne acu faid is bheidis anáirde ar na capaill thuithfidis anuas agus d'íompódís go dtí a gcruth féin arís.

Bhí rás ag triúr acu oidhche amháin. Bhí muc ag duine acu agus cearc ag duine eile agus sean-bhéim chéachta ag an tríomhadh duine. Bhíodar ag dul thar áit go raibh abha bheag ag rith tríd. Do léim an chéad duine treasna na habhann. “Mo chara chroide, léim, a shean bhéim céachta,” ar seisean, is do thuit sé anuas dá chapall isteach san abhainn. Bhí fear na muice ag teacht ar buile is ní fhaca sé cad d'imthig ar an gcéad fhear in aon chor. “Tar slán, a mhuc, is maith an léim í sin,” ar seisean, agus thuit sé sin chomh maith. Do bhuaidh an fear deireannach an rás.

*Máire NíTóibín Feabhra I adh. 1937*

## Scéal Bhéal Oidis

Chuaidh fear bocht isteach go tigh feirmeóra lá agus fuair sé féile agus fáilte ann. Chonaic bean an tige go raibh droch-chasóg air agus dein sí casóg plainín dó. Ghaibh sé bhuideacas léi agus dubhairt sé, “an chéad ghnó a thosnóchair ar maidean amáireach,” ar seisean, “go leanfaí sé diot go hoidce.”

Thosnuigh sí ar phlainín do thomhas agus bhí sí á thomhas go h-oidhche sara dtánaig a dheireadh agus bhí an tigh lán de. Tháinig comharsa léi isteach agus bean an-shanntach do beadh í.

“Ó cá bfuais an plainín go léir?” ar sise. D'innis sí di. “Nach mór an truaigh,” arsan bhean sanntach, “ná tiocfadh sé chugamsa.”

Seachtain na dhiadh san do tharla gur bhuail sé chuig an mbean sanntach isteach agus dhein sí léine do agus thug sé an guidhe céadna dhi agus é ag imtheacht. Bhí an-scannradh chun tosnuigte uirthi ar maidin.

“Iosfad blúire ar dtúis,” ar sise léi féin i gcás nach gádh dom stopadh go h-oidhche de m' chuid plainín féin do thomhas. Thosnuigh sí ag ithe agus níor stop sí go h-oidhche agus d'ith sí a raibh sa tigh. Ní raibh pioc de barr na sainte aice.

Sean-fhocal: Sáruigheann an tsaint í féin.

*Máire NíThóibín Márta I adh 1938*

## Scéal Bhéal Oidis

Do bhí bean 'na comhnaidhe 'na h-aonar in áit uaigneach. Do cuirtí olann chuici isteach ón dtír mór-thimpeall agus dheineadh sí í do glanadh agus do cíoradh agus do sníomh. D'fhanfadh sí chun áirneán á dhéanamh. Oidche amháin d'fhan sí suas an- dhéanach agus amach san oidche do tháinig duine éigin go dtí an doras. "Osgail seo dom," arsan glór. D'osgail bean an tige an doras agus do thánaig bean mhór láidir isteach go raibh adharc ar lár a h-eadain.

Do dhein sí suas ar an dteine agus rug sí ar ladhar olna agus dubhairt sí, "lámh síos, lámh suas, lámh luadh bean an tige. Slám a cíoradh slám a chárda, sgruid árnaín bean a tige."

"Cé h-é tusa?" arsa bean a tige. "Cailleadh na n-adharc," arsa an bhean agus níor labhair sí aon fhocal eile.

Ba ghearr go dtáinig an glór go dtí an doras arís. "Osgail seo dom." D'éirigh cailleadh na n-adharc agus do tháinig bean eile isteach go raibh dhá adharc uirthi. Thosnaig sí ag obair agus dubhairt sí an cómhadrh ceadna agus do bhí scannradh ag teacht ar bhean a tige mar thuig sí gurbh í féin an sgruid. Bhíodar ag obair leo ar feadh tamaill mhaith gan focal do labhairt go dtáinig an glór amuigh arís, "eirigh a chailleadh an dá adharc" arsa cailleadh na n-adharc "agus leog cailleadh na dtrí n-adharc isteach."

D'éirigh sí agus leog sí bean isteach go raibh trí adharc uirthi agus dubhairt sí sin an comhrádh céadna a dubhairt an chéad bheirt agus mar sin dóibh go raibh beirt bhan deag istigh agus bíodh adharc níos mó ar gach duine a thagadh go dtí go raibh dhá adharc dhéaga ar an duine deireannach.

Bhíodar go léir ag obair ar buile acht ní fhéadfadh an bhean pioc a dhéanamh ach féachaint orthu le scannradh. Nuair bhí an obair geall leis críochnuighthe acu dubhairt cailleadh an Dá adharc dhéag le bean a tige corcán uisge do chur síos. "Níl braon uisge istigh agam," ar sise. "Imthig á iarraidh mar sin," arsa an cailleadh.

Fuair an bhean buicéad agus d'imthig sí amach. Do labhair spideog léi agus dubhairt sí, "Táid chun tú a mharbhadh" ar sise. "Tá a fhios agam," arsa an bhean. "Acht cad é mo leigheas air?" "Anois" arsa an spideog, "nuair raghair isteach abair, "tá Sliabh na mBan bhFionn go léir tré theine agus rithid go léir amach. Ansan cuir amach sluasadh agus sguab na luaithe agus uisge na gcos agus dún an doras orthu is ní féadfaidís teacht isteach chughat a thuille." "Tá go maith" ar sise.

Do rith sí isteach, "Ó" ar sise, "tá Sliabh na mBan bhFionn go léir tré theine." "Puilliliu mo leanbh-sa" arsa gach duine acu agus iad ag baint an doras dá chéile. Nuair bhí an duine deireannach acu amuigh do dhein sí mar a dubhairt an spideog léi agus dhún sí an doras go daingean.

Tháinig na mná thar nais agus dubhradar léi an doras a osgailt dóibh ach níor leog sise uirthi gur airigh sí iad. Annsan ghlaodar ar uisge na gcos agus ar sluasadh agus sguab na luaithe acht dubhradar san leo go rabhadar amuigh agus chaithheadar imeacht. Níl lá ó shin i leith na gur thug an bhean biadh don spideog.

*Máire Ní Thóibín, Bealtaine 2adh 1938*

## Scéal Bhéal Oidis

Do bhí sprid ag Casadh na Spride áit atá tamaillín taobh thiar de Bhéal Átha an Ghaorthaidh, fadó agus bhíodh eagla ar gach aoinne gábhail an treó san oidche. Do bhí fear amháin d'ainm Díarmuid Ó Tuama is ní chuirfeadh aon rud eagla air.

Oidhche amháin bhí sé ag dul ag sgoruideacht agus chuaigh sé thar Chasadh na Spride agus léim an sprid amach chuige acht má léim do léim Díarmuid anáirde ar a drom.

Do bhí géaráin ar a chosa aige agus sháigh sé isteach i gcliathánaibh na spride iad. "Sáigh agus tairg" arsan Sprid. "Sáithfead agus ní tharraigeoidh" arsa Díarmuid agus níor tháinig sé anuas den sprid gur shrois sé an tigh go raibh sé ag dul ag sgoruideacht ann agus bhí an sprid tuirseach amach aige.

An chéad oidche eile go raibh sé ag gabhail na slighe bhí an sprid taobh istigh don claidhe agus dubhairt sí "a Dhiarmuid bhfuil na géaráin ort anois?" "Tá" arsa Díarmuid, is níor bhac an sprid leis go brách arís.

*Máire Ní Thóibín Meitheamh 28adh 1938*

## Scéal Bhéal-Oidis

Lánamha phósta a bhí ag teacht abhaile ó thigh an tsagairt. Connaiceadar dhá éan i bpáirc. "Is breá an dá ghé iad san" arsa an bhean. "Níl ann acht aon ghé amháin," arsa an fear. "Deirim-se go bhfuil dhá ghé ann," arsa an bhean. "Níl, go deimhin, acht aon ghé amháin," arsa an fear. Do leanadar ag áiteamh ar a chéile mar sin gur chaith an bean í féin ar an mbóthar.

"Éirigh" arsan fear agus téanam ort abhaile" "An bhfuil dhá ghé ann? ar sise. "Níl" ar seisean, "acht aon ghé amháin." Dhún sí a súile agus leog sí uirthi bheith marbh.

D'imthigh seisean agus thug sé leis a h-athair agus a máthair. Do rugadar abhaile an corp mar dheadh. Tháinig na comharsain chun an tórraimh. Amach san oidche tháinig an fear os cionn an chuirp ag gol mar dheadh. Thug sé cogar di. "Éirigh as san," ar seisean "agus bíodh ciall agat." "An bhfuil dhá ghé ann?" ar sise. "Níl" ar seisean, "acht aon ghé amháin."

D'fhan sí mar a raibh aici. Ghlúais an tsochraid ar maidin. Do thangthas chun na reilige. Bhí an uaigh ar leathadh. Do léigh an sagart na paidreacha. Do cuireadh síos san uaigh í, do caitheadh sluasadh cré anuas ar an gcómharainn. Do sgread an bhean; "a Thaidgh, a Thaidgh" ar sise. "Leag amach as so mé, níl ann acht aon ghé amháin nó dhá ghé pé'cu is maith leat-sa."

Do rith na daoine as an reilig. D'osgail an fear an chomhra. Thóg sé amach an bhean agus í leath mhúchta. Chuir sí cupla fanntas di. Tháinig sí chuici féin. Thugadar aghaidh ar an mbaile. Ba ghearr go bhféacadar ar an bpáirc chéadna an dá ghé céadna. "Feach a Taidhg" ar sise "acht is cuma liom ó deirim ná fuil ann acht aon ghé amháin" "Aon ghé amháin" ar seisean "agus aon ghandal amháin."

"Ó ó ó" ar sise agus ón lá san go lá a bháis níor labhair sé focal nár ghéill sí dó ann, pe'cu bhí an ceart aige nó ná raibh.

*Máire Ní Thóibín lú I adh 1938*

Sean – Fhocail

Nuair is fuair é an teachtaire is fuair é an freagra

Seachain an droch-dhuine agus ní baoghal duit an duine macánta.

Ná bíodh ionthaoibh choidhche agat as cois deiridh an chapail bháin.

Bíodh rud agat féin no bí 'na éagmuis.

Nuair is fuair don chailleach caitheann sí rith.

Más peacadh beirt bhuidhe tá na mílte damanta.

Is giorra cabhair Dé ná an doras.

Fear na bó féin fé na h-eirbeall.

Sean-amadán an t-amadán is measa.

Cuimhniú na h-oidhche buanú na soininne.

A sgéal féin sgéal gach aoinne.

An rud is annamh is iongantach.

An té bhíonn suas oltar deoch air agus an té a bhíonn thíos buailtear cos air.

Ceannuigh deagh-rud is tá agat saor-rud, ceannuigh droch-rud is ní bheidh agat aon rud.

*Máire Ní Thóibín, Samhain 16 adh 1938*

### Scéal Bhéal-Oidis

Bhí fear 'na chómnuidhe i gCill Mhuire fadó. Bhíodh sé ag briseadh cloch ar an mbóthar agus bhí sé an-shimplí macánta. Siobhán a b'aimn dá mhnaoi agus bhí sí ana chiallmhar agus ana ghlic.

Lá amháin bhí Seán ag obair agus chuaidh cóisde mór thairis agus thuit sparán mór trom amach ó dhuine éigin. Thóg Seán an sparán agus thug sé abhaile chun Siobhán é. Thóg Siobhán an sparán agus chuir sí isteach fé an dtocht é. "Anois a Sheáin," ar sise, "ná hinnis do aoinne go bhfuairis é seo. "Tá go maith" arsa Seán. Acht mar sin féin bhí fhios ag Siobhán go raibh sé chómh simplí san go neosfad sé duine éigin é.

An lá na dhiaid san leig sí uirthi gur chaith sí dul go Maghchromtha. Rug sí Seán lei go dtí an tsráid agus rug sí isteach ar scoil é agus d'iarr sí ar an máigistir aire a thabhairt dó mar nár mhaith lei é d'fhágaint sa bhaile 'na aonar. "Ó tá go maith," arsan maighistir, "beidh ana shaoghal aige annso."

D'imthigh Siobhán annsan agus bhí ana spórt ag Seán, ag spórt leis na leanbaí is níor leig sé dhóibh pioc a fhóghluim. Thánaig Siobhán ghá iarraidh am thráthnóna arís agus rug sí léi abhaile é.

I gcionn seachtmhaine do bhí Seán ag obair ar an mbóthar arís agus tháinig fear chuige agus d'fhiafriuigh sé dhe a bhfuair sé sparán. "Áiriú do fuaras," arsa Seán, "agus thugas abhaile chun Siobhán é. Téanam ort agus tabharfaidh sí duit é."

"A Shíobhán," arsa Seán, "Is leis an fear seo an sparán, tabhair do é."

"Níl aon chiall ag an bhfear san," arsa Siobhán leis an duine uasal, "níor thug sé aon sparán dom."

"Acht, a Shíobhán," arsa Seán. "Nach cuimin leat an sparán a thugas chugat an lá sara chuadhas ar scoil." "Anois" arsa Siobhán. "An bhfuil aon chiall aige?" "Ó níl is dócha," arsan fear uasal agus d'imthigh sé leis an doras amach agus tá an sparán ag Siobhán ó shin.

*Máire Ní Thóibín Samhain 22adh. 1938*

### Próca Óir

Bhí siúnéir na chómhnuide sa pharóiste seo fadó darb ainm Liam na Croise. Ní dheineadh sé aon obair 'na thig féin ach i gcómhnuide amuigh ag obair i dtighthe na bhfeirmeoirí ag déanamh trucaillí agus buttaí agus gach rud oirfeadh dóibh. Aon uair a bhíodh sé ag obair i bhfad óna thig ní fhilleadh sé abhaile go dtí 'stoiche Dé Sathrainn.

Maidean Luan áirighthe do chuaidh sé ag obair soir go barra an Churraithe go tigh feirméora darb ainm Micil Chonchúir Mhóir. D'fhan sé ag obair annsan i rith na seachtmhainne. Gach oíche taréis suipéir théigheadh sé a chodladh. Bhíodh an fear bocht tuirseach, tnáiththe taréis obair an lae agus ní bhíodh sé i bhfad sa leabaidh nuair a thuiteadh suan codlata air agus ní bhíodh sé tsuan san nuair thosnuigheadh sé ar thaidhreamh agus ar thaidhreamh go raibh próca óir i bhfolach fé thalamh i naice an Leasa Báid agus leac anuas agus sgairtín sceiche gile ag fás ós a chionn, istig i bpáircin beag, íseal, cluthmhar agus sean-chasán ag dul isteach chuige agus triúr sean-chailichíní na 'suidhe síos ina aice ag tabhairt aire dhó. Nuair d'éirigh Liam an mhaidin Dé Sathrainn, d'inis sé an sgéal do Mhicil. "Bhfuileann tú deimhinnitheach" arsa Micil, "gur taidhreamhuigheadh duit trí oíche i ndiaidh a cheile é?" "Táim siúralta" arsa Liam gur thaidhreamhuigheadh gach oíche é ó thánag anso."

“Ní foláir nú gur fíor é mar sin” arsa Micil “agus ná téirig abhaile i n-aon chor anocht agus raghaimíd fé na dhéin.” “Is baolach go millfeadh na sean chailichíní sinn” arsa Liam. “Ní mhillfidh in aon chor,” arsa Micil. “Is minic d’airigheas” ar seisean “dá mbeadh aon úirlis déanta do chruaidhe agat go gcoimeádfá uait amach a leithéidí agus togfam-na linn siséil. Taréis an tsuipéir nuair a bhí gach aoine ag dul a chodladh thógadar leo capall agus trucaill agus ghluaiseadar fé dhéin an bhaile, cruaidh, tirim, réillteach. Nuair a thánadar i n-aice an bhaill do sgaradar an capall agus cheangaladar do thor aitinn é. Nuair a chuardar isteach sa pháircín chonaiceadar an triúr sean-chaileach ’na suidhe i naice an sgairtín.

Dheineadar ortha isteach agus bhagair Liam na siséal orthu agus dubhairt sé leo scrios as an áit sin go mear nó go scaoilfeadh sé faor orthu. Ní túisce bhí an focal ráidhthe aige, ná bhíodar imighthe as a radharc. Thosnuigh Micil ar thaighde lasmuich dhe agus é siúbhal tiompall agus siséal ins gach lámh aige. Ní raibh sé ró-fhada ag sgaolradh nuair d’éirigh an leac chuige. Leis sin d’éirigh an stoirm agus an ghaoth ba uathbhásaghe dár airigh aoine riamh i dtreo dá sínfidís amach a lámh nárbh fhéidir leo é fheiscint. Chaitheadar é thabhairt suas agus is ar éigin a bhíodar ábalta a tslí fhágail amach as a bpáircín agus taréis dul amach bhí se dian orthu an capall agus an trucaill fhágail. Chaitheadar filleadh abhaile agus é fhágaint na ndiaidh.

Níor shásaimh san Micil. D’éirig sé go moch ar maidin lár na mháireach agus chuaidh sé go tigh Eoin Mhóir, deartháir a chéile dhó agus dinnis sé an sgéal do.

“Is minic d’airigheas,” arsa Eoin, “an té thógfadh suas ór mar sin ná mairfeadh sé ach seachtain ’na dhiadh san.”

“Más mar sin atá an scéal,” arsa Liam, “is fearr dhúinn gan bacaint leis mar sin”

Arsa Eóin “buaill i leith chugham um thráthnóna agus raghaimíd fe na dhéin an t-amadánín beag atá chomhnuidhe anso i nár n-aice agus béarfaimíd linn é agus ionntóidh sé an leac dúinn agus tógfaimíd linn é tógfamid aníos aon rud tá fé agus ma gheibheann sé bás féin is beag méala é. Ghabhadar suas an capall tráthnóna agus thógadar an t-amadánín leo. Chuireadar isteach sa pholl é agus d’ionntuigh se an leac agus thóg sé amach próca mór óir. Thánadar abhaile agus bhíodar ar an mbeirt ba shaidhbhire ar an mbaile riamh ó shoin agus níor thugadar oiread agus pingin do Liam Na Croise. Lar na mháireach buaileadh an t-amadánín breóite gan aithne gan úrlabhra agus níor mhair se ach dhá lá na dhiadh san.

*Fuair Mícheál Ó Críodáin an scéal seo óna athair Tadhg ó Críodáin*

*Céim Chorra Bhuaile*

*14/2/38*

## An Muilleadóir

Bhí fear na chomnuí thiar sa Chaolchill agus do bhí muileann mór aige agus bhí sé ana bhocht ar fad. Do bhí sé i gcómhnuí ag cuimhneamh conus a dhéanfadh sé airgead. Gach aon oidhche do shocródh sé é féin i slighe go mbeadh sé ag taibhhreamh. Oidhche do bhí se ag taibhhreamh go raibh corcán óir fén mhuileann. D’éirigh se go luath an mhaidin sin agus do bhris sé gach aon rud a bhí sa mhuilean agus do chaith sé amach an doras iad. Ansann do fuair sé sluasad agus ráinn agus thosnuigh sé ar pholl a osgailt. Fé dheireadh do thainig sé go dtí carraig ana mhór. “O” ar sé leis féin “sé so an bhun chloch” agus le na chuid nirt go léir d’iompuig sé an charraig. An neomat san do chonaic sé an corcán iompuithe síos suas. “O” ar sé leis féin nach brea a fhéadfainn mo lámh a chur isteach ann agus do rug sé ar an gcorcán agus bhí sé folamh agus do chuir sé béic as agus dubhairt sé go raibh sé creachta agus go raibh a mhuileann briste aige

*Fuair Mícheál Ó Críodáin an scéal seo óna mháthair Bean Uí Chríodáin*

*Oilean-Eibhneach*

*17/1/38*

## Liam a’ Coitir agus an Leipreachán

Bhí fear ag baint mhóna i mbliana i Muing na Lúbán. Liam a Coitir dob ainm dó agus tá sé ’na chomhnaí i sráid Bhéal Átha an Ghaorthaidh fós. Tráthnóna amháin nuair a bhí sé ag teacht abhaile ó Mhuíng na Lubán ó bheith ag obair dó féin cé bheadh ar an gcasán roimis ach firín beag cam agus snathád agus céir agus meanaithe agus casúr agus ceap agus sgian choise duibhe agus crúiscín brannda aige agus próca óir féna chasóigín. Bhí caipín árd agus cleite bán sáite ann anairde ar a cheann. “By dam” arsa mise, “ach tánn tú ag obair go cruaidh”. “O an diagh” air seisean, “acht nílim ag obair níos cruaidhe ná an duine atá taobh-thiar diotsa” agus do fhéach Liam taobh thiar de. Ní raibh aoine ann. “Cé tá ann?” arsa Liam agus é ag iompáil a chinn. Bhí an firín imthighthe glan as an áit ’na raibh sé.

*Fuair Mícheál Ó Críodáin an scéal seo óna athair Mícheál Ó Críodáin*

*Oiléan-Eibhneach*

*6/12/37*

## Endurance: Heroic Journeys in Ireland'

a new book reviewed by Jerry O'Sullivan

Weight is an important consideration when going walk-about so if given the choice of that emergency flare or Dermot Somers' book 'Endurance: Heroic Journeys in Ireland', leave the emergency flares behind.

'Endurance' is composed of seven stories spanning 2,000 years, from the Fifth Century BC to the compilation of the 'Annals of the Four Masters' just before the arrival in Ireland of Oliver Cromwell in the mid 1600s. It allows the reader to superimpose upon the mental map of Ireland the sweeping tides of history both National and European, before the centralization of power in London and the Plantations.

### Escape and Brutality

The first story recounts Red Hugh O'Donnell's kidnap in 1587. Set against the pre-Armada paranoia of Elizabethan England and his subsequent "escapes" from Dublin Castle. It segues nicely into the story of the shipwreck of Francisco De Cuellar on Streedagh Strand, County Sligo in September 1588. The reader is introduced to the casual brutality of troubled times where shipwrecked survivors were either murdered for their possessions and clothing or stripped naked and left to the harsh elements. Francisco's account,

possessing great humour at times, shows us avarice, greed, mercy, barbarity and life and death on a whim. It is poignant for its view of shifting allegiance. Red Hugh's father handed over Spanish survivors to Dublin Castle in return for his son. The Spanish were promptly executed. Red Hugh remained a prisoner.

### O'Sullivan Beara

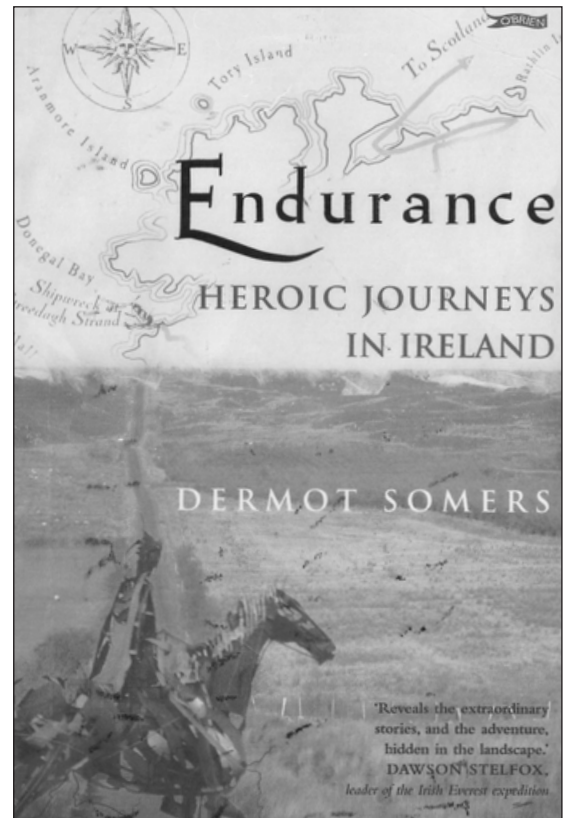
The third deals with Donal Cam O'Sullivan Beara's retreat/flight from Beara, Co. Cork to Briefne, Co. Leitrim. The 400th Anniversary of this epic walk took place in January 2002. The details of this story are well documented but Somers manages to add a new slant to some aspects of the story, asking was O'Sullivan a "charismatic figure that folklore reveres, or simply a running man protected by hired soldiers?" Somers also wonders why we know the names of none of the people who died en route but have the full story on the demise of a horse called An Cearc!

### An Táin and Acallamh Na Seanorach

The Tain and the Connaught invasion of Ulster under Queen Medb is one of our greatest legends. It retraces the invasion route from Cruchan, County Roscommon to County Louth, but deals in myth, difficult to credit numbers, and feats of magic that leaves little impression on the rational mind. As little in fact as on the landscape. For these tales require a suspension of belief which is difficult in modern Ireland.

This restraint must remain with the reader in the section devoted to Acallamh na Seanorach, 'Discourse of the Elders', the story of a journey around Ireland made by St. Patrick and a pagan warrior of the Fianna, Caoilte mac Ronain. It continues on in the vein of incredible acts of magic and complete disrespect for time and chronology. *Acallamh* is a conversation on the changes between pre-Christian and Christian Ireland taking place in Fifth Century Ireland which was in fact written in the Twelfth Century. Already changing due to the Norman invasion they however laid the foundations for our characters and myths, reinforcing the truism, "He who writes history decides who has merit and who is without."

### High King



Brian Boru's tour of the North is an account of a High King's patrolling the kingdom to control his subject lords. Though a real historical figure, his accession to power bore a strong resemblance to a leveraged buy-out deal of today, and his power base folded just as quickly upon his death. Generational change always brought a realignment of the pieces on the chess board and the absence of a centralized bureaucracy during Brian's reign the reader awaits the inevitable end and the shout of - *all change, start again!*

### **The Annals of the Four Masters**

The final story covers the journey of Michael O'Cleary..

The Annals of the Four Masters were compiled by Micheal O Cleirigh agus Cuchoigriche O Cleirigh, Fearfeasa O Maolchonaire agus Cuchoigriche O Duibhgheanainn. They were two O'Clearys from Donegal, one of the Roscommon Conrys, and a Duignan from Leitrim. The Annals are a compilation of Irish legend and history from the Year of the Deluge, or Noah's Flood to 1616 AD. Michael O'Cleary, the chief of the Four Masters, had spend time as a Fransiscan in Louvain where spiritual material was printed to be used in the Counter Reformation in Ireland and to publish evidence that would glorify the history of the Irish Catholic Church. As Somers' says, "a Scottish theologian, Thomas Dempster had kidnapped the entire canon of Irish saints to whose names the adjective 'Scotus' had been appended. The coup included figures as thoroughly green as St. Bridgid – for 'Scotus' of course had traditionally meant Irish. This was a major crisis at the time. Damage to Ireland's religious image would also erode the country's political status in Catholic Europe."

An edition, published in 1848-51 and edited by John O'Donovan, of the Annals of the Four Masters (compiled during the period 1632-6) was published in six massive volumes, plus a seventh as an index, and runs to well over four thousand pages.

It is debatable as to whether the "Annals of the Four Masters" would ever have been compiled without Michael O'Cleary.

Somers traces his journeys upon his return from Louvain, Belgium in 1626 for ten years to 1636. It recounts his compilation by debate of what merited retention of Gaelic Ireland's history definitely slanted to over-emphasize the contribution of the Northern half of Ireland. He was hereditary historian to the O Donnells of Donegal. When viewed with the benefit of hind-sight his journey and work was more important than even he could have imagined.

A contemporary was Ussher, Protestant Primate (who traced the creation of the world to October 23rd, 4004 BC at 8:00pm!) and whose extensive library O'Cleary visited to do research.

Somers' also informs us of the academic spleen which greeted O'Cleary's work and which did perhaps more to popularise it than anything else.

For anyone driving, walking around Ireland this is a good companion. It will also interest anyone interested in a series of short, palatable stories identifying where upon the landscape the stories which inform our myths, legends, history and literature were written, This book is well written and is a testament to the changes of yesteryear and also a witness to the changes of today.

**Endurance; Heroic Journeys in Ireland by Dermot Somers is published by O'Brien Press, Dublin and is available for €17.95 from Macroom Bookshop Tel (026) 41888**

## Gougane Barra 1902 Photograph



*The front cover of our 2005 Journal carried a worn photograph of the first Irish classes held in Gougane Barra in 1902. The above photo is much clearer. Here is its story.*

My name is Deborah Lacy. I live in Dallas, Texas in the United States of America. Sean O'Sullivan of your historical society has asked me to write to you.

I would like to tell you the story of my picture of the Reverend Richard O'Daly and the Gaelic revival at St. Finbarr's Island, Gougane Barra, County Cork, Ireland in the year of 1902.

Recently I heard a squirrel in my attic. I wasn't thrilled about him living in my house and paying no rent, so I set a trap to catch him. While in the attic

I spotted a wonderful old group photo that I bought back in the 70s at a flea market here in Texas. Over the years I've gotten many things that now reside in my attic and none of THEM pay rent either. Anyway, my old picture was under a blanket of dust, but I could see that the people in my picture deserved better treatment than I was giving them, so I brought them downstairs.

Then the really fun part began.

I could see that at the bottom of the picture there were the words "Gaelic revival St Finbars Island Gougane Barra County Cork Ireland." By the people's fashion of dress I dated it around the turn of the century...well not this last turn, but the one before the last!

So I sat down at my computer and started doing searches on these words and looking for Gaelic groups. This technology wasn't available when I originally bought the picture. I sent out many emails and soon heard back from none other than Mr. O'Sullivan himself. Turns out Sean was able to tell me all about my wonderful old picture. Who the people were, why they gathered, where they gathered and the year their gathering took place. The more I studied my picture the more I fell in love with the spirits residing therein. The old man who brought this group together, Father Richard O'Daly, was born in Australia in the 1800s! Can you imagine what life was like in Australia in late 1800?

The group of students he brought together that day are actually teachers from around Ireland, come to learn how to teach Gaelic to their students. To literally revive the Gaelic language! They look like they were NOT all work and no play to me. So many grins on their faces. The snappy straw hats on the gentlemen and the ladies who tried to look pretty while wearing all those heavy clothes! What did they do in the evenings while there and not studying? Did they have a pint or two? And was it their first time away from home?

Did they know what a wonderful cause they were about to undertake? I think they must have been very proud to give to future generations something that was in danger of being lost forever. I love to think about them. I wish I knew each of their names.

How did my picture get to a flea market in Texas?

This, I don't think I will ever know. When I removed it from its frame I found a little stamp that says Royal Photography, San Rafael, California. From the way the stamp looks and the age of the frame, I believe this company made the copy that I now own, in the 1920s. San Rafael is a small town near San Francisco and there would have been many immigrants coming through that port. I have tried to contact historic groups and Gaelic groups in California, but I've had no replies.

Anyway, back to the here and now.

I sent Sean digital copies of my picture by email. And he asked me to make a good copy of my picture, which he now has in his possession. Sean also asked that I write my story of my lovely old picture for you to read.

It's often we feel we can do something for someone we know. And sometimes we feel we can do something for someone yet to be born. But I feel like I've done something for some people who came and went before me, and for that I feel honored and grateful.

If someone in this picture was a relative of you, the reader, then all the better. I extend a hand across the water to you!

On a personal note. My grandmother's name was Mae Yeates. I know her people came from Ireland. Sadly, that's all I know of them. Maybe that should be my next project!

Warm wishes to y'all from the great state of Texas!

Deborah Lacy  
Dallas, Texas USA  
texasdb@yahoo.com

## The O'Leary DNA Test Project

*by Peter O'leary*

I hope my readers will remember the outline of this Project which we reported on last year. This is the point at which this year's Report starts. We assume you now have in mind the general nature of DNA and how it is used to further genealogical research way beyond the boundaries which we get to by researching Church Records etc.

The first phase of the O'Leary family project has now been concluded with a Final Report from the Laboratory on our first batch of 18 men, all of course (O)Leary by name. 12 of these turned out to be from the main stem of the family within the past 1000 years or so. The remaining 6 men branch off from this main stem many years before that.

This random testing will continue to be available to any (O)Leary who wishes to join and to subject himself to this most useful test.

A further extension is also now agreed and will start this year.

This will be more tightly controlled and directed as a study of the structure of the (O)Leary Clan, such as we have never been able to have before. The Tests will be exactly as before, but the candidates will be selected to allow us to study the relationship between different branches of the (O)Learys. Terms like "candidates" and "selected" are used because this will have specific objectives, and will be funded by the Clan Gathering Organisation and the donations of its members. There will be no charge made to (O)Learys who cooperate at this stage.

You might say that Phase I was rather tentative and to see what could be achieved. Now we realise the enormous potential of this technique, we also realise that we have to control our objectives much more closely, and not leave it to chance.

It does also mean that the success of the next phase will depend on individuals making themselves available for testing if approached. If we ask you to take a test it will be because your family play an important role in our investigation into the structure of the Clan.

We earnestly hope that we will get the full support and cooperation of any (O)Leary who falls into this group.

# An Scoraíocht agus Scéalta eile

le Seán Ó hUiginn

## Dá fhaid í an oíche, tagann an lá.

Le teacht an gheimhridh, thosnaíos ag cuimhneamh ar m'óige i gCúl a' Ghriamáin, ar Bhóthar an Locha taobh le hInse Gheimhleach agus conus mar a d'éirigh linn na hoícheanta fada a chur dinn in aon chor. Tríd 's tríd, caithfidh mé a rá go bhfuil cuimhní taitneamhacha agam ar na hoícheanta fada sin, ar a shon nach raibh teilifís, na raidió, ná faic eile againn ach chomh beag. Ach bhí tine bhreá mhór móna agus sinn go léir bailithe timpeall uirthi, go deas compordach. Bhíodh na scoraíochtóirí ag bailiú isteach i ndíadh a chéile le nuacht an lae agus le cur síos beacht cruinn ar an aimsir; oíche spéir – ghealaí, de gnáth, le blúirín seaca. De shiúl na gcos a thagadar uile, tar éis míle nó dhó a thaisteal, agus chomh fada agus is cuimhin liom bhídís í gcónaí geal-gháireach, sona séimh breá sásta le saol na linne.

## I scáth a chéile a mhaireann na daoine.

Gan amhras, tá sé níos mó ná seasca blian o shin anois, ach chomh fada agus is cuimhin liom seo leanas cuid des na daoine, deasa míne mánla úd a thagadh ag scóraíocht: Dob é Thady Croinin Coolroe West an duine ab annsa liom, is dóca mar gur labhair sé liom, rud nach raibh ro choitianta an uair úd: "children could be seen, ar éigin, but not heard!". Go gearr in a dhíadh sin, phós sé an cailín óg ab áille dá bhfaca riamh, Eibhlín Ní Luasa, Goirtín Eoin agus is annamh a thagadh sé ag scóraíocht dá éis sin. Ní nach ionadh bhí Gaeilge bhlasta aici, go háirithe ráitisí gonta mar, "Tá's ag fia 's ag fiolar." Is minic a sháidh mé isteach in aiste é ar scoil, ag ligint orm, gur liom féin é, rud a chuir, ionadh agus alltacht ar mo mhúinteoirí deasa, Séamus Ó Laoghaire, a chomharsa ó Dhoire Mheáin, Donnchadha Ó Laoghaire, agus fiú, ar Miss Twohig, go raibh sé deacair an dallamullog a chur uirthi, geallaim-se duit. Thóg Thady agus Eibhlín clann bhreá mhór atá scaipithe ar fúd na tíre anois, agus ag éirí go breá leo. Níl ach Nell fágtha ag baile anois, ach tá sí féin agus Doney ag coimeád traidisiún na fláithiúlachta go beo, bríomhar, go fóill. Gura fada buan iad.



## Thuas seal agus thíos seal, uasal agus íseal.

Tháinig slua ollmhór anuas ó Meall – áit a bhí í bhfad Éireann níos mó agus níos airde ná an Meall Mór suarach í mBéal Átha! Fir bhreátha, mhóra, scóipiúla iad, Con Lucey, Con Jerh Mór (Ó Murchú) agus Dan Reathaí (Ó Murchú leis) Daoine uaisle, macánta, sonasacha, iad nach raibh droch-fhocal ná droch-mhian, ar bith, eatarra uilig.

Bhí fear oibre ag Con Lucey, darbh ainm, Din Carroll, "from the South!". Bhí an dúil mhallaithe aige

sna cartaí. Sé an cáil is mó a bhí air ná gur fhág se rian a ailt ar ár mboirdín oíche gur bhuaidh sé cleas tabhachtach éigin ós na seairc sciliúla eile go léir, Jim Peats ina measg 's uile. Ní raibh clann ná gaolta aige, go bhfios dúinn, ach duine uasal é, a bhí sásta len a chuid agus a chaith a shaol ag saothrú go macánta, i measg, muintir na háite. Maraoidh Dan Reathaí bocht in a dhíadh sin, í dtimpist, i nDireens ag stracadh le hinneal buailte. Ba dheas grámhar geanúil é, cosúil leis na fir eile. Ar dheis Dé go rabhadar go léir.

## **Bíonn blas ar an mbeagán.**

Ach, is diogh liom gurab í Sile Dromey, an caractaer ba mhó agus ba neamh gnáthaí díobh ar fad. Gabhainn ba ea a muintir riamh agus choimead sí an gnó agus an nós ar siúl len a fear oibre; Jerry Driscoll “from the South”, freisin cad eile, arsa tusa! Bhí sí an-ghreannmhar go hiontach chun scéal dinnsint agus chun gaisce mór a dhéanamh de gach rud. Bhí sí thar barr ar fad ag déanamh aithris ar ghuth agus ar gheaitsí, na gcomharsana. Níor ghá aon raidió ná ábhar lítheoireachta an oíche go mbíodh Sile ag scóraíocht – bheadh na deora ag sileadh le dhuille an oíche go léir.

Toisc an oiread sin daoine ag glaoch chun na cheartan is dóca, bhí mion nuacht na háite go léir aici. Dá dtéadh an sagart, Fr. Driscoll, nó an Dochtúir, Dr. Collins, nó an Garda Hartnett nó Charlie McCarthy suas Meall nó siar Bóthar an Locha, ba ghairid an mhoill a bhíodh ar Shíle a oibriú amach cá raibh a dtriail. Nach raibh sé tugtha fé ndearra aici ag Aifreann an Domhnaigh roimhe sin, cé bhí bán nó bacach. Bhíodh sí cruinn ceart de ghnáth leis, geallaim-se duit.

## **Brón ar an mbás, sé dhubh mo chroí-se.**

Ar maidin nuair a tháinig “de Paper” abhaile ón Uachtarlann, “um eadartha”, mar a bhí í gcaoineadh Airt Uí Laoghaire, dób é an taon rud go raibh suim ag mo Aintín Peg ann ná, na DEATHS. An lá nach raibh éinne tar éis bháis sa Pharóiste, i gCill Mhicil nó i gCill na Martra, ní raibh aon nuacht gur fiú trácht air sa “Paper”, dar léi! Ach an lá go mbíodh, chaitheadh sí an chuid eile den lá ag cur ‘s ag cúiteamh go n-oibríodh sí amach cérbh iad agus gach rud eile fúthu; an raibh aon ghaolta acu in Inse Gheimhleach, an mbíodh said ag na “hAll Nights” – rincí fada, 9pm go 4am le “meat teas” i Paddy Casey’s ar leath-choróinn nó an rud ba thabhairt ar fad, an raibh siad ag sochraid Uncle Jack, nó Granny nó Peats Mór Lucey é féin, a shíolraigh ó Charraig Bhán, agus níos measa fós, thar na cnoic aniar ó Chiarraí, roimhe sin, phew!

## **“de Bharr na gCnoc í gcéin”.**

“Bhí go maith ‘s ní raibh go holc, go bhfuair duine éigin bás “South o’ the Hill”. Ní raibh ach duine amháin go raibh aon eolas nó aithne aici ar an áit dhiamhrach úd agus b’ shin, mar a cheap tú, Síle Dromey; níl fhios agam conus san í gceart ach, ní hamháin go raibh aithne aici ar dhaoine “South o’ the Hill”, ach bhí aithne aici ar dhaoine “South down” agus fiú “Away South Down”, chomh maith, san áit ina bhfuil na Nua Age Travellers i gCoolmountain anois, is dócha. Tá radharc iontach ar an ndúthaigh sin go léir o dheas, ó bharr an chnoic, ar a dtugtar, Pipe Hill. Deireadh Síle gurab í an áit álainn, iarghílta seo an taon áit shábháilte a bhéadh fágtha dúinn ag deireadh an Domhain!

## **“A com seang geal”**

An uair úd bhíodh a mhallacht pearsanta féin ag gach seana leaid a d’úsáideach sé ar ocáidí mhóra sonais agus donais agus fiú, nuair nárbh gá rud ar bith a rá. I measg na gcinn móra, galánta a ritheann liom, anois, ta: t’anam un Diabhal, mo chroí un Diabhal, m’anam-sa, tá’s ag fia, a bhíodh ag Eibhlín Thady, mar a dúirt cheana, agus “Ó gráin ort you old poisánín”, a bhí ag DORA in a siopa beag gleoite, ar an abhainn í lár Inse Gheimhleach, go háirithe dá mbeifeá ag déanamh grinn des na corsets breátha, móra flaithiúlacha a bhí ar crochadh aici on tsileáil. Táid ag a mac grámhar, aerach, Johnny, go fóill déarfainn.

Gan amhras bhí a ráiteas féin ag Síle. Ghlaoigh sí “táthaire” ar dhaoine go minic, agus, ar a shon, nach bhfuil fhios agam í gceart, cad ba bhrí leis, ní dóigh liom gur chun daoine a mholadh a d’úsáid sé é! Síle was herself, beannacht Dé léi agus leo go léir.

## **Tionlachan na nÓinseach.**

Diaidh ar ndiaidh agus mé ag éirí beagainín níos cróga, thugas faoin scoraíocht seo, mé féin. Chuig Muintir Uí Thuama, Gort na gCnocán, tuairim ‘s míle siar Bóthar an Locha, uainn. Sár seanchaí ba é Dinny

Twoomey féin. Níor ghá ach suí sa chlúid ag tine mhillteach mhór, ag ithe cannta breá aráin le him agus subh go tiubh air ag éisteacht leis ar feadh na hoíche. Bhí gach uile rud riamh a bhí ait, nó iontach, nó eaglach nó olc, feicthe aige. Nuair a bhíodh sé ag filladh abhaile ó Inse Gheimhleach, sna hoícheanta, dubha dorchá úd, a bhí ann fadó, is ea a tharlaoídh an raic agus an ruaille bualadh do. Thart ar Charraig a' Choireáil, lastoir de Charraig an Aifrinn an áit ba mheasa. Deineadh diablaíocht éigin ann fadó, ba dhóigh le Dinny. Dób é an Madra Mór Dubh, ba mhó a chráidh é, you know who, ta's agat, i riocht bréige. Muna mbeadh go raibh an Páidrín go docht ina dhorn, os a chomhair amach, bheadh deireadh leis cinnte. Chomáineadh Dinny an tainmhí allta seo roimhis amach, agus é ag drannadh 's ag glamhaoil, spréacharnaigh as a shuile, an ionga ar a ruball ag scríobadh an bhóthair le teann feirge agus diabhlaíochta, go dtí go dtéadh sé trasna an tsrutháinín idir Thady Cronin's agus Con Joe's agus seo leide duit féin, a léitheoir, muna bhfuil tú imithe scannraithe uaim fadó, má chastar ainspiorad den tsort seo ort féin riamh, níl le déanamh, dáiríre, ach uisce o thrasnú, mar nach féidir leo tú leanúint! Ní raibh gaiscíoch mar Dinny Twoomey sa Pharóiste riamh roimhe seo ná ó shin.



### Beidh lá eile agam bPaorach.

Chonaic Dinny go leor eile, leis, an tsochraid a d'imigh os a chionn san aer, capaill, caráistí agus conair, sluaite ollmhórn leanúint, caoineadh uaigneach truamhéileach, raic agus ologón agus tinte dearga dallta, iad go léir ag druidim í dtreo Muine Mhadra ach, faraoir chaithfear é sin agus torramh brónach Mary a inghean álainn óg féin, a fhágail go fóill.



Bhios ró-óg chun é a thuiscint ach, is dócha go raibh an saol i lár na hAoise seo chaite dian go leor ar dhaoine, ag iarradh greim bídh a choimeád ar an mbord agus compórd de shórt éigin a sholathar don líon tí. Táim cinnte gur chabhraigh nós na scoraíochta, saol na ndaoine a dhéanamh beagainín níos boige agus níos taitneamhaí.

Beidh áthas orm má mhusclaíonn mo smaointe ar an scoraíocht, cuimhní-chinn, comparáidí agus comhrá briomhar, in Aharas, i nDoire'n Aonaigh, i nDrom an Eallaigh nó i mBán an Aoil féin agus, go

háirithe ar na daoine uaisle, álainne a shíúil na bóithrínní, sna hoícheanta spéir gealaí, i dtreo an tsolais sa bhfuinneog chun greas cainte a dhéanamh len a gcairde agus len a gcomharsana, geanúla, groí.

# **Abbots, Bishops, Coarbs and Erenaghs.**

*by Peter O'Leary*

In the early days of the Christian Church in Ireland these terms were freely used and often misunderstood. We will examine their correct usage, but must be prepared to find all sorts of misuse of the words when reading History of these times.

The Abbot was the ecclesiastical head of a Monastery. He was an ordained priest, and was normally elected by his brethren for an agreed term, often seven years.

The Bishop was also a much used term and there were many more Bishops then than today. Over 50 are recorded in the Country at one count which is probably understated. A Bishop, like today, was also an ordained priest, and had the same duties as today as pastor of all the Christians in his area. The Bishop was very often also the Abbot of a Monastery.

The Coarb (Comarba; heirs, successors) were members of the family which had bred the Saint. They were normally married men and not ordained. The office was hereditary to this family. An example were the Clann Sinaich heirs to St. Patrick. This relationship to the Saint gave them importance in the community, and often wealth as well.

The Erenagh is often confused with the Coarb but there was a subtle difference. Like the Coarb they were normally married men and not ordained. The office was hereditary to this family. They were a family who were chieftains of the Tuath in which the monastery stood and very often regarded their role as a sort of Lay Abbot alongside the Ecclesiastical Abbot. An example is the family of O'Herlihy who were chieftains of the Tuath of Ballyvourney. They were also the hereditary guardians of the sacred relics of St. Gobnait's Shrine.

In later days the Erenaghs continued as chieftains of a clan, but also in their spiritual role as well. The lands of the Tuath formed part of Church property, and rent was paid to the Bishop of the Diocese and not to the overlord, who in the case of O'Herlihy, was McCarthy of Muskerry.

The McCarthys of Muskerry had made a practise of "persuading" their under-lords to give up ownership of their property into McCarthy hands, and accepting a much lower and less dignified position of servility. This was done by putting great pressure on them, increasing their dues, and other means.

By 1655 when the Survey was made of the property of McCarthy of Muskerry we learn that all the clans under his control had given up their rights in this manner, except for O'Leary of Uibh Laoghair who had somehow managed to cling on to the old family property.

But there were also four other exceptions and they were the Erenagh families of O'Herlihy of Ballyvourney, O'Healy of Donaghmore, O'Long of Cannaway, and O'Cremin of Aghabullogue. Because the freehold of their land was held by the Bishop of Cork, McCarthy was prevented from using his usual tactics, and these clans retained their lands.

It has also been believed for a long time that our Cronin clan were an Erenagh family, but we have no knowledge as to where they exercised their jurisdiction.

# CHRISTMAS IN INCHIGEELA

by Joe Creedon



At the sound of the first gobble, gobble, gobble from the Friday village market, our glad hearts awaited Christmas. The post office ceiling was hung with pudding bowls of plumb pudding, cheek by jowl with smoked hams and salted ling. The rush was on. months of raising turkeys was coming to a happy conclusion. John P had given up on his lazy turkey cock and had hired a taxi to transport his hens to a livelier foul in Leath Geneeve.

Mail time was a buzz - turkeys ready to be sent to Inchigeela folk in England and in Cork and Dublin - mother deftly parcels and

addresses the consignment in brown paper parcels in time for the 4 pm mail car. In turn the Christmas post brought badly needed cash - Grandfather told the story of the envelope bearing dollars, getting a great welcome and an enquiry about the post mark - Silver City Missouri – What a great name they gave that city! .

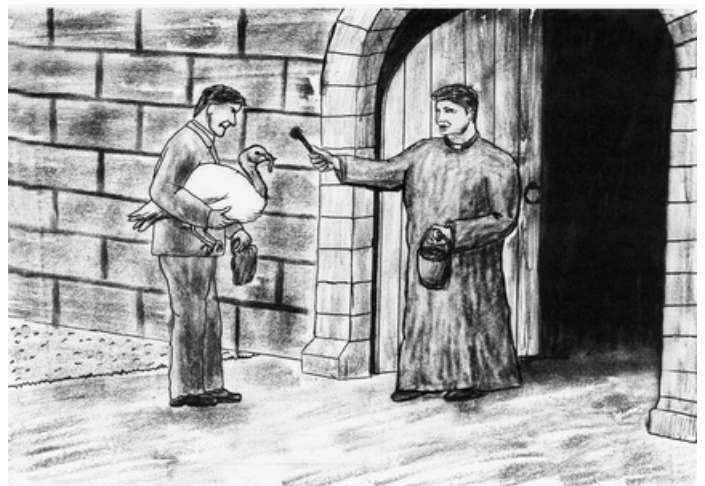
In the last remaining days turkeys came on foot - one very cross black turkey lurched out in attack from under the table at any one venturing in to the back kitchen.

Fr. Bernard the PP gave a parochial blessing to his present of a live turkey and suggested that he would be even more pleased if the turkey could be oven dressed and sent by post to his sister in Dun Laoighaire.

In later years - with air travel grandparents often went to visit families in England for Christmas. One such jolly grandmother having checked in to Cork airport for her flight decided some Brandy would provide some comfort for the journey. Turkey came too as neatly parcelled hand luggage. Just then, a family seeing their grandfather off, joined her at the bar with a parcelled goose. In no time at all both parties had agreed to be travelling companions. Some Brandies later a bemused airhostess showed her passengers to the aircraft, jokingly she asked if they were newlyweds! The merry pair soon airborne and grandfather got his air legs for the first time, So relaxed was he that he enquired if they would be stopping anywhere along the way!.

Another inebriated company at the bar counter in Inchigeela wished one another the compliments of the season and enquired if every thing was ready for Christmas dinner. To be sure the hams stuffed and the turkeys boiling!

The Wren , the Wren the king of all birds,  
On St. Stephens's Day he was caught in the furze.  
Although he is little his family is great,  
I pray you good lady to give us a treat.  
My box it would speak if it had but a tongue,  
But a penny or two would do it no wrong.  
Sing holly, sing ivy, sing ivy, sing holly ,  
A drop just to drink would drown melancholia.



# The FitzGerald's of Munster.

*by Peter O'Leary*

When the first Anglo-Norman invaders arrived in Ireland in 1169 AD they included amongst the heavily armed knights, one Maurice the Invader, who was the ancestor of two of the greatest lords to rule on behalf of the English king. These two brothers were named Gerald fitzMaurice and Thomas fitzMaurice of Shanid.

Gerald was the ancestor of the Kildare fitzGerald's, and his progeny were probably the richer and more successful. A later descendant became Earl of Kildare, and his family are still in existence.

## **Thomas fitzMaurice**

Thomas and his descendants are of more interest to us because they became in effect the overlords of Desmond or South Munster. They eventually owned most of the North and East of Co.Cork, and large estates in Counties .Kerry, Limerick, and Waterford. They occupied or built numerous castles but resided mainly in Askeaton, in County Limerick.

It was intended that they should also rule over the territories held by McCarthy mór in the South and West of Co.Cork. This turned out to be more a theory than practical. Over the years the FitzGerald's demanded dues from McCarthy's, but these were rarely paid.

It was also an experiment by successive English governments to give Palatinate powers to the fitzGerald's which allowed them to rule without reference to the king, but in his name. This was also eventually a failure, and many of the Desmond fitzGerald's spent much of their time in rebellion against their king.

The first Earl of Desmond was the great great grandson of Maurice of Shanid. He was named Maurice fitzThomas Fitzgerald and he was created Earl in 1329AD. He had a troubled reign, forfeited his Earldom once, then had it restored; he spent much of this period attempting to destroy the power of his king. He eventually became Justiciar of Ireland and died in 1355.

2nd.Earl. Maurice, son of Maurice fitzThomas, married an English woman, but only reigned for three years before he was accidentally drowned in 1358AD

3rd.Earl. Gerald, Maurice's younger brother, had a forty year reign. He became Hibernicised, and a Gaelic scholar, and all his children were brought up as Gaelic Irish. He served as Justiciar from 1367 to 1369. He was known locally as "Gerald The Poet". He died in 1398AD.

4th.Earl. John eldest son of Gerald succeeded in 1398AD. But he only reigned for one year, and was accidentally drowned in his first year of office.

5th.Earl. Thomas fitzJohn was expelled by his uncle, James, in 1411AD and retired to France where he died in 1420. He was son of Earl John.

6th.Earl. James fitzGerald, who had expelled Thomas, was a younger brother to John. He was known as "James, The Usurper" and had a long reign of 40 years from 1422 to 1462 during which he became virtually king of Desmond. He made great use of the Irish custom of Coyne, by maintaining a regular army which was cessed on the country under his control. He died in 1462

7th.Earl. James' son and successor, Thomas fitzJames, became Lord Deputy 1463-1467. This was the time of the Wars of the Roses in England. Thomas was a supporter of the Yorkists, and carried on war against his Lancastrian enemies, the Butlers. He was captured by Tiptoft, the Lancastrian Deputy who succeeded him, and was executed in the king's name in an act of judicial murder.

8th.Earl. James fitzThomas. Did not succeed until 1470 because of the war which followed Thomas' execution.

This was a campaign of wasting Leinster carried out by his uncle Garret. James finally succeeded Thomas in 1470 but was murdered in 1487 allegedly at the hands of two of his brothers, John and Maurice.

9th.Earl. Maurice "The Cripple" brother to James above. He was a cripple but turned out to be a strong and effective ruler despite this.

10th.Earl. James fitzMaurice. Son of "The Cripple", he was defeated by McCarthy Mór at the battle of Mourne Abbey in 1521 and died 1529.

11th.Earl. Thomas fitzThomas known as "Maol". The third brother of James he succeeded 1529. He had been an ally of McCarthy Mór at the battle of Mourne Abbey, and was on the winning side. He died 1534.

12th.Earl. John fitzThomas. The fourth brother of James. He seized the Earldom despite the presence of a more legitimate heir, the grandson of Thomas. He only reigned for two years and died in 1536.

13th.Earl. James fitzJohn, son of John fitzThomas. Succeeded in 1536 He had been brought up in England but returned to Ireland on the death of his predecessor. He married the daughter of McCarthy Muskerry and died 1558.

James fitzJohn had a brother who was known as Muiris a tóteáin, or Maurice the Burner. It was his son, James fitzMaurice, who went into rebellion in 1569 and was the ultimate cause of the demise of the house of FitzGerald. He was killed in 1579 just before the massacre at Smerwick in Dingle.

14th. and last Earl. Gerald fitzJames. Half brother of James fitzMaurice. Went into rebellion after the death of his half brother, was hunted down in the wilds of the Cork mountains, and killed by his hunters in 1583. All his property was confiscated by the Crown.

This was the end of this Earldom, but there are three other members of the family who carried curious titles which stick in the mind.

James "The Court Page". Was the grandson of the 11th.Earl. He was put forward as a rival to the 12th.Earl but was murdered in 1540.

James "The Súcán Earl". Was a grandson of the 13th.Earl. He was supported by Hugh O'Neill as his nomination for 15th.Earl but he was captured by the English in 1601, and put in the Tower where he died in 1608.

James "The Parliamentary Earl". He was the son of Gerald fitzJames but had been brought up in England as a Protestant. He was brought to Ireland by Carew in 1600 and put up as the English nomination for 15th.Earl. Was not accepted by his people because he was a Protestant, returned to England in disgrace and finally died from poison in 1601.

There were other Fitzgerald families which were branches off this main one. These included Fitzgerald of the Decies, Fitzgerald of Dromana, Fitzgerald of Cloyne, Fitzgerald of Conna, Fitzgerald of Castlemartyr, Fitzgerald of Carrigaline, Fitzgerald of Imokilly and others, all related to the Earls.

## Béal Átha An Ghaorthaidh

*This is the text of the first book on the history of Ballingeary.  
It was written by Fr. Donnchadh Ó Donnchadha and published in 1922*

The village of Ballingeary is in the Parish of Uibh Laoire, in the diocese of Cork, and in West Cork half-way between Bantry and Macroom. It is the second village in the Parish. Inchigeela, the other one, is six miles east of it. In ancient times Uibh Flainn Laoi was the name of the whole countryside from Dripsey, which is half-way between Cork and Macroom, to Bhoirneach in Ballyvourney. That clan ruled the country till the clan McCarthy seized Muskerry. And the Learys were an important tribe under the McCarthys. It is from them that the name Uibh Laoire was given to the Parish from Droichead Na Tuinne in the east to Céim An Fhia in the west and from Cnoc Na Seithe in the south, to The Toon River in the north. They had thirty townlands with no rent to pay except the usual tax (rent) to the overlord, according to law. They came from the south, from Roscarbay, in 1192. After the victory of the Normans they were exiled out of that place with the Donovans and they came from the south to the River Lee. When the McCarthys took control of Muskerry they left the Learys in this district. The luck of the O'Learys changed accordingly as victory or conquest befell the McCarthys. Finally they were dispersed in 1588, as happened to the whole countryside. There are a lot of O'Learys in the Parish still.

There are 107 townlands in that part of the Parish that is in the Barony of West Muskerry. Most of the houses of the village are in Drom An Ailtigh. The rest of them are east of the bridge in Kilmore (Coill Mor). That part of the Parish that goes with the Chapel within Guagán is also called Ballingeary, but there is no townland by that name. There is a small river called the Bun Síleann going through the village and it meets the Lee below it. The Bun Síleann is east of Drom An Ailtigh and there is another stream called the Abha Gharbh in Muing Na Biorraighe or Gort Luachra to the north and it runs down the slope in the direction of the Lee on the west side of Drom An Ailtigh. This is how Séamus Breathnach from Túirín Dubh sang in reference to Muing Na Biorraighe.

I have another trade of living if the potatoes don't come (fail)

The hound and the green, and may it bring a lot with it,

The cock and the partridge dropping down

And the ducks and the drakes on Muing Na Biorraighe.

In the bed of the river there are large stones and high rocks on the banks of the stream. There is a bridge on the Bun Síleann at the head of the village and it is from that that "The Bridge" was the name of the village among the old people. The old road from Macroom to Bantry went this way, thence west across the new road and along the old boreen at the back of the forge. At the place where it struck the bank of the Lee to the west of Drom An Ailtigh there was a crossroads. There was a ford on the Lee there, where the road continued westward to Bantry. Northwards the other road continued about a half-mile, across the stream and westwards over Cnoc An Earbail in the direction of Guagán.

There was an old thatched chapel in Ballingeary a long time ago and it was presumably this fact and the high road where two rivers met was probably the reason why houses were built there, and eventually a village developed there. Drom An Ailtigh is a rough and wild townland. There are 328 acres there but scarcely any of the land is economically workable. Potatoes and oats and vegetables are the most cultivated in that sort. In 1766 there were only four houses in the whole townland. The following are the householders and their households, Daniel O'Leary, seven; Matthew Ring, six;



An Coláiste Nuath

William O'Harrihan, five; and another Daniel O'Leary, five. In the course of years the village grew. In 1821 there were 16 houses in the town, though some of these were farmers' houses that were outside the village.

These are the householders of every house;

Denis O'Leary, laborer, eight; Denis Managan (Manning), blacksmith, five; Cormac Walsh, eight; Andrew Foley, farmer and weaver, seven; Richard Walsh, farmer, six; Michael Lehane, farmer, three; Nora Hurley, widow, four; Denis O'Mahoney, farmer, nine; Timothy Lehane, laborer, eight; Sioban Lehane, widow, two; Patrick Cotter, farmer, eight; Timothy O'Mahoney, farmer, ten; Sean O'Sullivan, laborer, eight; John O'Leary, laborer, five; John Ring, farmer, eight; Thomas O'Leary, four.

At this time the village ran along by the old boreen facing south. Then the new road from Macroon to Bantry was built - The Prince of Wales Way as it was called. It was James Barry (1747-1832) - The Big Barry as he was called - from Kilbarry, east of Inchigeela that made the road. He was collector and High Sheriff of the country. Captain Hedge and Lord Bantry had the road made. The bridge on the river was built about 50 yards north of the old ford and the new road crossed the bridge and along the western side of the river till it met the old road. It crossed the old boreen and continued westwards by the Lee in the direction of Bantry.

The new village was built on both sides of the road along the Bun Sileann. But there are a couple of houses and a lot of ruins still along the old boreen westwards where the old village was. About 1840 the Canalltons (Cearbhallthánaigh) and Captain Mitchell were the landlords of the town. They leased to one tenant alone for three lives, that is generations, (99 years) and he in turn leased to 15 tenants. Seven of them later had farms of land, the rest had small houses; 67 pounds rent they got from them. A change of fortune befell the landlords. The place went before the Count of the Chancellor and the Grehans from Banteer took control of the place. They had a lawyer, Terry by name. There were 26 houses in Drom An Ailthigh in 1881. There were 143 people living in the village. Then 79 pounds, 5 shillings was the value of the houses and the land that same year. There are 23 houses in the village today (1922) with 100 people living in them. The people of the village pay rent to the farmers on whose land their houses are built.

The old people there now remember when there was only very few houses in the village and both of them were thatched houses. In 1842 there was only one tavern there. It was at the head of the street facing the bridge and Mrs. Cronin was the owner. Sometime before 1850 William Shorten opened another tavern beside that house on the south side. The Cronins got out of the business a short while before that. The other tavern is still there, Benjamin Shorten being in residence. He is a grandson of old William Shorten and a brother to George Shorten who wrote the song, "Den Capallín Bán". There is reference in the book, 'The Felon's Track' by Michael Doheny to the good treatment received by James Stephens and himself for a couple of nights at the tavern when they were on the run.

There was an old thatched chapel in Ballingeary before 1824. It was in a field at the corner of the Street between the road of the village and the old boreen (behind Forge - Ed.). It is still called "Paircín An Seipéil". There is the track of the gap on the ditch of the old boreen where the people came into the chapel. There is nothing left of the old chapel except a couple of corner stones. It is hard to make out what size it was, most probably it was 40 feet long and 20 feet wide. The walls were not high; a person standing on the ground beside the chapel could reach the roof with his hand. The door was at the east end and the altar at the west end. Once a fortnight Mass was held there.

When Father Diarmuid O'Houlihan (1815-1864) came to the Parish he noticed that the chapel was not suitable for the people and he planned to build a new chapel for them. The landlords donated the land to him. Stones and slates were available in the quarry in Oilean Eidhneach, a townland adjacent to Drom An Ailthigh on the southern side of the Lee. The chapel was begun in 1824. That was the beginning of the Chapel that is there now. The Chapel is built in the form of a Cross, though in the beginning only the branches were built. It faced south. It is 72 feet long and 24 feet wide. The door was on the north side and the altar on the south side. There were six windows, four on each side and a window on each gable. The south wall was damp and slate was put on it outside for protection against the rain. There was a small house at the back of the sanctuary with a door going to the Altar. About 30 years after that the south wall was taken down and the middle aisle of the chapel was built along the side of the road. The old door was closed and three new ones put in, one in each branch on the eastern side and a door in the north side of the middle aisle on the northeast corner. The windows on the old part were closed except those on each gable and three big windows were put in on the new aisle, one in each side and one on the gable. The altar was changed and placed in the center of the west wall of the Chapel. The new part is of the same length and width as the old part.

A gallery was erected at the end of the chapel. There were four pillars under it in a straight line across, behind the door. People went up on the gallery from this door. There were 10 seats in each side of the gallery and though the gallery is not there now some of the seats are at the end of the Chapel. There was a rail surrounding the Altar and from within it one went to the little house at the back of the Chapel. Beside the rail, outside and on the north side, was situated the Baptismal Font. The Chapel cost £500 pounds. The people paid for it.

When Father Patrick Hurley (1888-1908) came to the Parish he began to make improvements to the Chapel. He built a porch around each door. Each of them is nine feet long, eight feet wide and seventeen feet high. There is a small Gothic window in each porch and a Holy Water Font on the sill of each window. Each window is 1 foot 9" wide and 7'7" high. The Holy Water Font is 1'7" wide and 5" in depth. The letters I.H.S. are on each font. There are two half-doors on each porch and two more going into the Chapel. Besides that the field behind was taken away at the back of the Chapel and the west wall of the Chapel was taken down and the Altar was erected further back inside the new wall of the Chapel. Two small houses were erected outside the Sanctuary on the south side, one within and the other without, with a door to enter them by the altar. Each one of them is 14' long and 12' wide. Three stained glass windows were placed in back of the Altar. On the south window is an image of St. Finbar, the crozier in his hand and the bishop's miter on his head. This is written at the base of the window, "*St. Finbar, pray for Sarah Sutherland by whom this window was given. A.D. 1889.*" She was the wife of an Irish merchant from Cork. The image of the Sacred Heart- of Jesus in the middle window, with this written at its base, "*Jesus have mercy on us; Sacred Heart of Jesus bless the donor, Rev. Cornelius O'Sullivan.*" Father Cornelius O'Sullivan was born in the Graig west of Inchigeela. When he was a boy Fr. Diarmuid O'Houlihan took him into his house, the priest noticed how interested the boy was in learning and how holy he was and he placed him in College to become a priest. He was ordained and died as Parish Priest in Enniskeane. The image of the Virgin Mary is in the north window with the following words at its base, "*Mary Immaculate, intercede for Martha MacCarthy who gave this window A.D. 1889.*" This noble lady is Mrs. Tadhg Scannell, who is presently mistress of the girls in Ballingeary school.

Besides this Father Patrick Hurley bought new seats for the chapel. He took out the gallery, built a new small room for the Baptismal Font at the end of the Chapel on the southeast corner. There is a nicely ornamented door leading into this room from the Chapel. One of the McCarthys, a carpenter in the village, made the door. The old Font was taken east to the Parish Priest's house. A new rail was placed around the Altar, also. In the middle of the rail a brass plate has this written;

*Presented by Stephen Grehan, Esq. of Banteer, who also gave the site of this Church A.D. 1889.*

There is an old vessel in the small house (Sacristy) that was used as the Lavabo Plate in the Chapel. In the middle of the plate there is an image of King William III on horseback; at the base of the image is written, "*William III No Surrender.*" Around the plate, written by the margin is this writing: "*This emblem of intolerance was used for many years as a 'Lavabo' in Ballingeary Chapel, Co. Cork, A.D. 1890.*"

The Stations of the Cross are in Gaelic. At each station the colored figures stand out. On 21st Sept. 1890 they were erected and blessed.

A Catholic from England by name Art Brandreth changed the writing. He was born in Barrow. He was not a born Catholic, but converted. He often came to Ballingeary during the time of the College. He had great interest in the



*Scoil na leanbh*

music and learning of the Church and in the Sacred Vestments. He used to go all around the country to see Churches and take pictures of them. He had great esteem for the Gothic Vestments and would make samples for his priest-friends. He took great interest in maps and in place-names and out of such interest he presented maps to the College at Ballingeary. It was the Faith that first

brought him to Ireland. He used to read the Leader every week and it was this reading that urged him towards the Gaelic. He saw clearly the connection of the language with the Faith. He went in the British Army in the beginning of the Great War (World War I) and though he could have been an officer had he wished he would not take any high authority in the army. He had no love for the army, but that he considered it his duty. He was killed in the war on All Saint's Day 1916. This is what a friend of his, Fr. John O'Maher of Liverpool, said about him.

"I think he was received into the Church in 1904. He was then at Barrow, apprentice engineer at Vickers Shipbuilding works. I fancy he remained there about eighteen months. It was the priest at Ulverston, a small town about nine miles from Barrow, who instructed and received him. In appearance Brandreth was a medium height, of tough-looking build, rather aquiline features, short stubby red hair. He had a jerky, emphatic way of speaking. His humour was of the quiet kind. He was very devout, and his interest in Liturgy was not the indulgence of a mere aesthetic taste, but the natural expression of a soul whose unconscious motto was *\*sentire cum Ecclesia*. He was very proud of having so many friends among the clergy secular and regular. He was a great motor-cyclist, and was devoted to his cycle, which he made use of in his pilgrimages to visit Cathedrals and Churches. Looking back now, I would compare him to some Damask blade of fine temper; he was usually quiet and reserved -at rest in his scabbard, so to speak; but at the right moment, he would flash forth with a cut and thrust and slash-though there was no cruelty or aggressiveness about him.

The Chapel was completely finished by Easter 1889. Easter Sunday, April 8th, the Chapel was blessed and placed under the protection of St. Finbarr and St. Ronan. About four miles west of Ballingeary is Guagán Barra where St. Finbarr is said to have had his cell long ago. And a little less than a half-mile east of the village and beside the new road in the Cill Mór is the 'Cillín Leasa Rónáin' that was under the protection of St. Ronan. Therefore it was fitting that the new Chapel be blessed in honor of St. Finbarr and St. Ronan.

There is a beautiful Altar in the Chapel. It is a marble Altar and there is a slab of gray marble on the table of the Altar. There are four supports under the column in the center above the tabernacle. There is an ornamented silver chalice belonging to the Chapel. This inscription is at its base, "*Ballingeary Chapel 1883*". Besides this there are two silver ciborium there. On one of them which is ornamented there is written on the edge of the base, "*Ora pro anima Cornelius O'Leary P.P. qui obiit, 1913, R.I.P.*".

On the other one which is not ornamented there is this inscription on the edge of the base, "*Ora pro anima Cornelius O'Leary, Parochi, Obiit 1913, R.I.P.*".

Father O'Leary was Parish Priest in Uibh Laoire from 1908 to 1913. He left the two silver vessels in a will to the Chapel of Ballingeary.

### New Schools

Together with the Chapel, the old priest, Fr. Diarmuid O'Houlihan, built a new school in 1820. The school was built in the Chapel yard, to the south and beside the road of the village. It was 45 feet long and 14 feet wide. The slate was taken from the quarry in Oileán Eidhneach.

.When the Board of Education was established in 1831 they paid 17 pounds a year to the master and the school children paid him some money too. In 1840 there were up to 132 pupils, between boys and girls. The pupils were getting larger in number and the parish priest noticed there was not enough room in the old school and he undertook to build a new one for the boys. He asked the land from an English farmer by name of Williams, who lived in Cill Mhór that time. He refused him. He filled in the bed of the river and it was raised and the school was built opposite the old school on the eastern side of the road of the village (1845). Mr. Healy was the first master. He was a Kerryman. It appears he was from Derrynane. A big kind strong man he was. The year of the famine he went to New England and died there. Mr. Corkery came after him. He was born in Beal Na Marbh. He came to Ballingeary from Inchigeela. He was married to Genny Barry who was a close relation of the Big Barry. He left the teaching in 1880 and Diarmuid Ó Tuathaigh came after him.

The boy's school was taken down and in 1898 a new one was built in the same place. Father Patrick Hurley, a nephew of the old priest, built the school. It is a big school. There is a large room and a small room in it. The girls remained in the old school till a new one was built for them in 1887, east of the bridge at the corner of Cill Mór at the Crossroads. The old school was used as a hall by the people of the district till the Coláiste Na Mumhan was established in 1904.

Before the College was opened, a place for teaching was sought. They found a place. The east wall of the old school was knocked down and 10' were added to the school and a new roof was put on the school. Fr. Hurley directed the work. Doors were placed in the middle of the school inside, dividing the large room into two. There are double

doors entering the College from the road of the village and above them is written "Coláiste Múinteóirachta Na Mumhan". This school was the College till the new College was built in 1914. The old College is used as a hall now by the people of the place.

#### Coláiste Na Mumhan

The new College is an iorn-clad building. It is situated about 100 yards west of the village by the side of the new road. There are wooden planks under the steel inside. There is a very large room with a stage at the eastern end and two small houses behind the stage. Two folding doors can be drawn across the room, making three divisions when classes are in progress. There is a door at the west end, another on the east side, and two doors entering the porch on the south side. The windows are on the south and north sides. There is a large door on the porch on the east side and another on the west side and a large window on the south side. At the base of this window outside is the foundation stone on which the following writing appears,

*"An tAthair Peadar Ó Laoghaire, Canónach, do chuir A.D. 1914".*

Father Richard Daly, D.D. collected the money to build the new College and Father James O'Leary, P.P. from 1913 to 1920 directed the work. Coláiste Na Mumhan was the first College for the Irish language Colleges established in Ireland. It was founded to impart methods of teaching Gaelic to teachers. The fame of the College spread all over the country. Many teachers came there to receive their certificates and many others including French, Italians and Danes, from near and far came to the village. Dr. Ó Dálaigh was the first Head-Professor, and Father Gearóid Ó Nualláin M.E., Gaelic professor at Maynooth, was the second Head Professor.

#### The RIC and the last Eviction in Ireland

Up to very lately there was another house in Ballingearry that was the barracks. The British Police came there in 1894. There was strife concerning a farm of land in Inse An Fhosaigh, a neighboring townland to Drom An Ailthigh, during that year. The police came and stayed. They took the Hotel of John Shorten who lived in the tavern opposite. It was called "The Bungalow Hotel". Here the gentry people traveling the road from Macroom to Bantry used to stay and get a fine meal for themselves and their horses. Here the police settled down. The first man in charge of the barracks was an O'Neill.

In 1906 life was rough for the police. Tuesday, July 24th, the landlord, Grehan, evicted Diarmuid O'Mahony, and put a man named Simpson in charge of the place. Dermot O'Mahony had a neat hospital house on the side of the road at the western end of Drom An Ailthigh on the road from the bridge of Inse An Fhosaigh to the northern road to Guagán. It was the third house on that road. The night he was put out the local people came and with the help of those attending the college and they put the "emergency man", Simpson out and put Dermot O'Mahony in possession again. Simpson went with the police to the barracks for the night and fled in the morning. On Thursday night, the 16th of August, up to 50 police came up from Dunmanway and arrested 9 of the locals and took them to Macroom. After the indictment they were released on bail till the winter sessions to follow.

The police came again, early in the morning a week afterwards and evicted Dermot O'Mahony again and placed a man named McDavid in charge of the place. They left three policemen, of the Curtain family, in charge to watch over him. On the following Sunday, the 26th of August, a public meeting was called in the field on the south side of the new road, east of the bridge of Inse An Fhosaigh, to protest the eviction. There were a lot of people there. It was agreed to attempt to put the watchmen out and to reinstate Dermot O'Mahony. There were a lot of police there, armed. An attack was made on the house and the battle began. A few were hurt, among them a policeman of the Curtins. The police entered the house and got their guns and they fired a few shots. This scattered the crowd. Six prisoners were taken after the day. They were brought before the Justice in Macroom and having entered their plea they were remanded on bail to the winter sessions.

The police continued their search for the others of whom they were suspicious and in February they arrested four more. They were brought before the Justice in Macroom and they were remanded on bail for eight days. One of the policemen was sick and that left them free. The other prisoners were put on trial at the winter sessions in Limerick City. They were not jailed. They were remanded on bail except Daniel O'Leary from Bán An Aoil, Conchubhar O'Leary from Cum Dorcha and James Cronin from Inse Idir Dha Faill. They were imprisoned and sentenced to three months hard labor. The ladies of Macroom petitioned the wife of the Viceroy, Lady Aberdeen, on their behalf and six weeks was deducted from their sentences on that account.

During this time other people were arrested. Some of them were fined and some of the women of the place who helped the men were fined also. But shortly, the landlord realized there was no good trying to oppose the people and the other landlords agreed likewise. Father Timothy Murphy was the parish priest in Uibh Laoire that time. He arbitrated between the sides and did so very well. Four other prisoners were taken on the 6th of April 1907

and it appeared to the rest to be the best thing to surrender themselves. All the prisoners were put to trial and they were all released except Diarmuid A'Choitir, the storyteller from Currahy, James Cotter his brother and John Twomey. They were jailed, because they were convicted of attacking the police and they were given a months hard labor. They were imprisoned on the 14th of July and they were released on the 14th of August 1907. That was the end of the conflict but as a result of it the landlord was obliged to allow O'Mahony to return and all the other landlords were constrained to sell the land to the tenants. The people of the place made a good fight and there is much credit due to them for the way they achieved their rights.

Life was good for the police till 1920. The government had contemplated relinquishing small barracks. Besides, they feared that if the barracks were attacked, at night when help would be hard to come by, that it would be taken with its contents. Besides, though the previous attack failed there was no guarantee that it would not be taken the next time. On a certain day then, the police departed. That same night the barracks was burned. A man by the name of Appleby was the last man in charge of the barracks.

Father James O'Callaghan who was murdered in Cork was the first curate in Ballingearry. He spent about two years at first assisting the Parish Priest.

Father Conchur O'Leary was the Parish Priest in Uibh Laoire at the time and his health was not too good. When Fr. O'Leary died in 1913, Father O'Callaghan was transferred to Ballingearry to be curate there. He worked zealously for the Faith and for the Country, and on behalf of the language. He was the Local Secretary of Coláiste Na Mumhan. He was transferred to Cork City, January 1917 to be Chaplain to the Convent of the Good Shepard. He boarded at the house of Michael Lucey in Cill Mór when he was attached to Ballingearry. He used to teach in the College during the summer. He was highly esteemed by the people of Uibh Laoire - May he rest in peace.

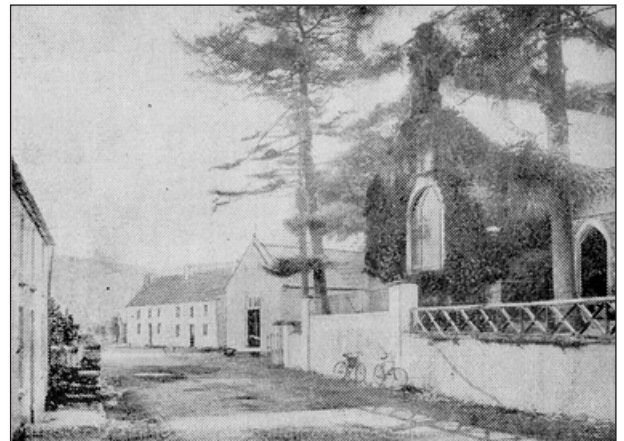
Here is the poem Donál Ó Laoire from Inchigeela composed in praise of Coláiste Na Mumhan.

There is a Gaelic College in Ballingearry,  
And a holy priest teaches there  
A blood brother of Máire Ní Laoghaire  
She is the flower and branch of the authors  
She composed verses  
That the scholars and authors loved to read  
And over the seas they desired very strongly  
That they might awaken her voice.

Father Daly who came to us from overseas,  
I wish you courage and enthusiasm  
God be with you, while reading the Passion  
And the Kindly Maker direct you  
It was the scholars that helped us that day  
To chase the bailiffs away,  
It is my regret that they did not leave Terry stretched prone  
As \*Smith was on his belly on the top of \*Diuchoill.

In the Parish of Uibh Laoire are the bravest men  
Under the sun by all accounts  
Put Terry and his followers and strong forces  
In every dike, their pulse exhausted.  
The bugles were blowing loud in the hillside  
And thousands coming to our aid  
Let us put the flock at once out of Erin  
And drowning of the stormy seas to them.

I have heard it said that the prophets said  
That Luthers offspring would fall,  
That then fine houses and white walls  
Would be under waterfalls, jackdaws and curlews.



*Radharc ar an tSráid-bhaile –  
An Séipeal agus an sean-colláisbe*

That the children of one great hero would yet be important  
 Hunting in splendor enthusiastically  
 Dancing in the clean boards with gracious ladies  
 Drinking punch from the table.

The Milesian Clan have ever been harassed  
 And the gallows and rope given to them  
 And it was thought by the powers and by the holy prophets  
 That their term of life was ended.  
 The skies will tremble above the ocean  
 With shooting of bullets and powder  
 And Ireland will win with the children of Gael  
 As it was promised by these accounts.

\*Dr. Daly is related to Mary Leary, the poetess, Maire Ban she is called. She was of the clan of Leary Buine (Fair O'Learys)

\*An English soldier was killed in the Battle of Ceim An Fhia in 1822. John Smith was his name.

\*Diuchoill is near Ceim An Fhia

## PRE-CHRISTIAN TRIBES IN IRELAND. THE CORCA LAOIGHDHE

*By Peter O'Leary*

From about 200 AD onwards there was established in South West Cork a tribe known as the Corca Laoighdhe. They were the descendants of a remarkable man called Luy Maccon who is listed in the Annals as the High King of Ireland during the period 196AD to 225AD.

This tribe were part of the Erainn people, which simply means the Celtic Race which existed in the Country before the coming of the Gaelic invaders. Most of the country was in the hands of these Erainn people, but there were a few other tribal groups known, such as the Cruithni or Picts in the North.

As a youth, Luy had been banished to the kingdom of the Picts in Scotland. He grew up at that court where his talents were well recognised. After a few years the king of the Picts raised an army and crossed over to Ireland with young Luy to restore him to his birthright. In 186AD at the battle of Ceanntfeabhrat Luy was wounded in the thigh in personal combat with Cairbre Musc. From that date on he always walked with a limp.

In 196AD Art the son of Conn of the hundred battles was slain by Luy at the battle of Magh-Mucruimhe near Athenry. Beinne Brit, the king of the Picts, was also slain in this battle which was fought to restore Luy Maccon.

In that same year of 196AD Luy Maccon, son of mac Niadh, became accepted as High King of Teamhair (Tara). It must be remembered that this office merely meant that all other kings bowed the knee to him. There was no attempt made by the High-King to conquer or administer the territories of the other kings.

At his peak, Luy Maccon ruled the area stretching from the Beare peninsula to Kinsale, ie. the land occupied today by all the present Carbery, Beare and Bantry baronies and more.

In 225AD after a reign of 29 years, Luy fell by the hand of Feiris, son of Cormac Ecces, having previously been expelled from Teamhair by the young Cormac mac Art, the grandson of Conn of the hundred battles.

He left behind him five sons who divided his land amongst themselves. The eldest was Aongus who was the ancestor of the O'Driscoll and the O'Coffey clans.

His fifth son was Fothach Canaan who was the ancestor of the O'Leary and the O'Bari clans.

# FLORENCE WYCHERLEY

**A POLITICIAN OF WEST CORK**  
**Polaiteoir De Chuid Iarthair Chorcaí**

By Vincent Ó Súilleabháin (Céim an Fhia agus Beantraí)



*Flor Wycherley*

Ó bhíos im leaidin óg bhí suim ana mhór agam i gcúrsaí staire agus i gcúrsaí polaitíochta. Cloisinn m'athair go minic ag caint mar gheall ar Ted Riabhach O' Súilleabháin, Dick Ó Néill agus Florence Wycherley. Politics and the history of same were always a subject of great discussion, debate and even of argument, in my parents' (Dan and Molly O' Sullivan) house in Keimaneigh. When I was in Third and Fourth classes in Keimaneigh National School, my father used to talk about all the local political representatives and the names that mostly spring to mind from those far off days were, Dick O'Neill, Fianna Fáil, Dunmanway; Séan Collins of Fine Gael, a nephew of Micheal Collins; Ned Cotter, F.F., Bantry; Ted Riabhach O' Sullivan, F.F., Bantry and of course, the subject of this article Florence Wycherley, Independent Farmer, Skibbereen. I also remember seeing posters in pre-election days of Charlie Bryan, Lisbealad, of the Farmers' Party and Stephen Holland of Skibbereen. All were councillors for our area of Ballingearry South or Ballingearry (Dunmanway) as it is officially called, except Ted O' Sullivan and Ned Cotter, who were councillors for the neighbouring Schull (Bantry) Electoral Area. Ballingearry (Dunmanway), as our District Electoral Division was called, was in Skibbereen County Electoral Area. Ted O' Sullivan was a Teachta Dála (T.D.) for the whole Dáil cheanntair (or constituency) of Cork West. Ned Cotter would later take his place. Flor Wycherley first campaigned for the Cork County Council Elections in 1950. I remember vaguely, as a little lad, him visiting our house. I can still picture him talking to my father. The picture I remember is of two tall men both wearing hats. The heads were nodding and shaking vigorously but the hats never fell off. I also remember him calling to Cronins' house and Alec Burkes', two of our next door neighbours. The records show that he got a good vote for a beginner but was not elected. He again was a candidate

## Electoral Divisions of County Cork

## Electoral Divisions (areas) of County Cork

The very first Cork County election was on the 6th of April, 1899. Cork was divided into 32 County Electoral Divisions and Balingeary (Dunmanway) District Electoral Division and Balingeary (Macroom) District Electoral Division were both included in the County Electoral Division of Inchageelagh, which had six other District Electoral Divisions also, including the District Electoral Division of Inchageelagh itself. This continued until the formation of Dáil Éireann in 1919. In the local Government Act, 1919, the County was divided into 8 County Electoral Areas and our District Electoral Division of Balingeary (Dunmanway) was placed in Bantry County Electoral Area. This lasted for another 20 odd years until, in 1942, Balingeary (Dunmanway) was finally placed in the County Electoral Area of Skibbereen. So it has remained ever since.

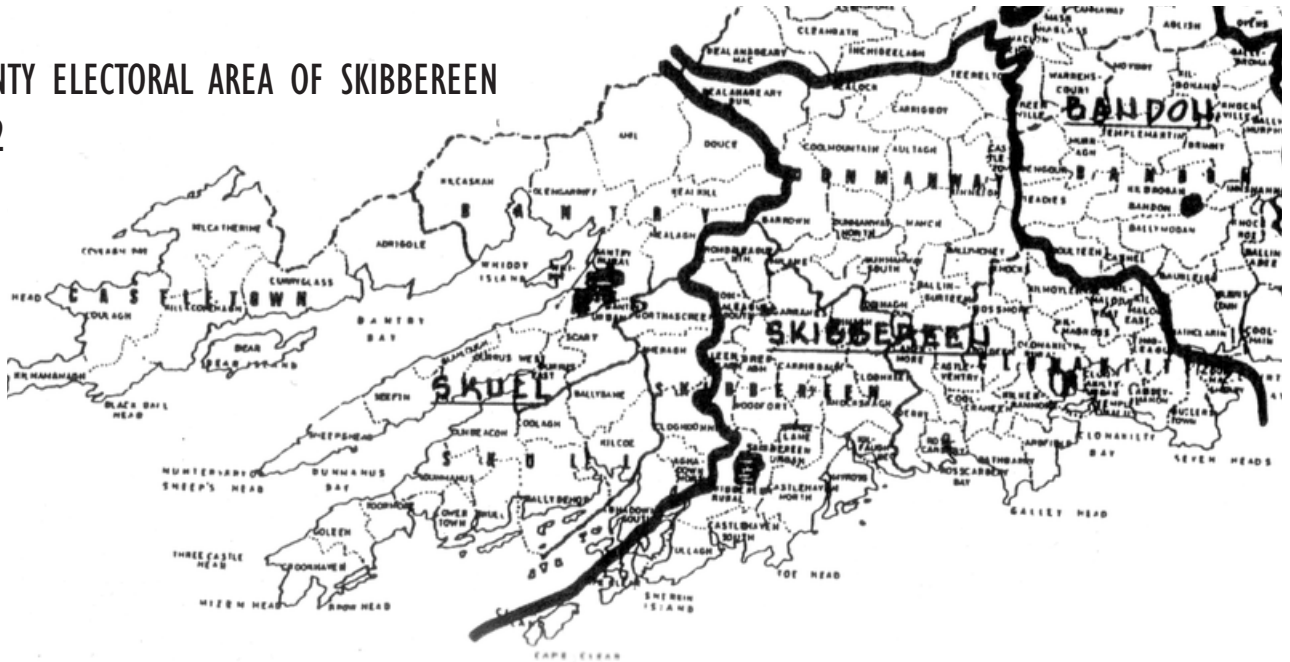
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Into this arena of Skibbereen County Electoral Area , in 1950, stepped Florence Wycherley. He was a brave man, because as an Independent he was taking on the might of the three big parties , Fianna Fáil, Fine Gael and Labour, with all their cumainn/branches and financial support. He had a small but enthusiastic body of supporters who helped in his campaign. He had a huge area to canvass . It stretched from Céim an Fhia in the northwest along the Sheha Mountains, along a line just west of Skibbereen town and south as far as Oileán Cléire (Cape Clear) in the southwest. The River Lee was its northern boundary, from Coomroe Forest Park, near Gougane Lake in the west, to Terelton in the east. From there it extended southwards to Barryroe and Seven Heads. The Atlantic Ocean was its southern boundary from Courtmacsherry Bay to Baltimore Harbour. It included the major towns of Dunmanway,

Clonakilty and Skibbereen. In a word, it stretched from Gougane Barra to Galley Head. Many of the candidates in the 50s and 60s were, like my father, members of The Old I.R.A., but they belonged to the Third Cork Brigade, whereas the IRA members in Ballingeary, Keimaneigh and Inchageela belonged to the First Cork Brigade. Our townland, Ínse Bheag, lies along the dividing line of the two brigade areas. The top of the Pass of Keimaneigh, Bárr a' Chéama, is the boundary line between so many areas, both religious and secular. Another very interesting fact about Skibbereen C.E.A. is that it is the only county electoral area which has two separate Gaeltachts, Oileán Cléire (Cape Clear) and Béal Átha an Ghaorthaidh (Ballingeary).

Before we proceed with the political career of Florence Wycherley perhaps a look at the history of Flor Wycherley and his family might be appropriate.

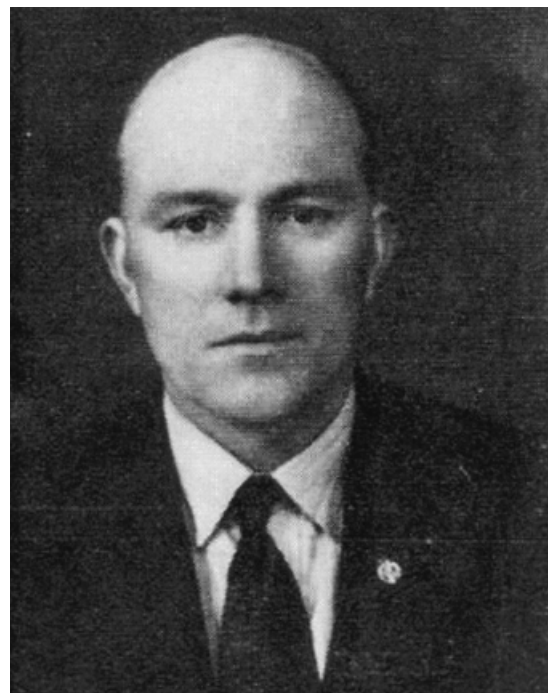
## COUNTY ELECTORAL AREA OF SKIBBEREEN 1942



### Florence Wycherley

Florence entered politics in 1950. He didn't succeed as we wrote earlier, but in 1955, he did. He was elected on 6th count. Also elected were John L. O' Sullivan, Mick Finn, and Dick Ó Néill etc. There was great rejoicing in Skibbereen and Rosscarbery. In those years, I was away at school in Coláiste Íosagáin, Bhaile Mhúirne, where football was the main focus of attention. It was the golden age of Munster Colleges Senior football in Coláiste Íosagáin, now sadly closed. But I was at home in 1955 for the long summer holidays, during the county council elections and many people in Keimaneigh and Ballingeary were delighted that Flor Wycherley was elected. I can still remember the posters on the way up to Keimaneigh School Voting Centre saying: Vote Wycherley, Vote for Dick Ó Néill etc.

**VOTE No. 1 WYCHERLEY**  
**A voting poster from the election**



In 1954, Florence had entered for the Dáil elections, but even though he wasn't elected, he did remarkably well, finishing just a few hundred votes behind Sean Collins, FG., who got the third seat. Many people admired Florence for his courage and spirit as there had been a great sadness in his life. His mother had died at a fairly young age when he was growing up in Ardagh, Rosscarbery. He was born in 1908 and in 1937 he married Mary O' Donovan of Gortnaclohy, Skibbereen an only child of a farming family, Fr. Pat Wycherley, his brother, was the chief celebrant. They bought a farm in Westfield Aughdown. Five children were born here, 3 boys and 2 girls. Sadly, in 1948, Mary died leaving a husband and very young family. They moved back to his wife's farm in Gortnaclohy, where the grandparents helped to rear the children and Flor ran the farm. Very soon, he began his political life in 1950. He was elected as we have seen, in 1955 to Cork County Council and was a candidate in 1954 in the General Election, finishing just behind Sean Collins F.G., Ml. Pat Murphy, Labour and Ned Cotter, FF. After being elected to Cork County Council in 1955, there were great expectations that he would be a candidate again for the General Election of 1957. I missed all the great excitement of the 1957 Dáil contest, as I was away from West Cork at school in Dublin.

However, exciting news reached all of us West Cork boys that Ned Cotter, FF, Bantry had headed the poll and Ml. Pat Murphy, Labour got the 2nd seat.

But the greatest news of all was that Florence Wycherley had put Gortnaclohy on the map, and in a stunning and electrifying fashion had taken the 3rd seat, ousting Sean Collins, F.G. This result sent shock waves all over West Cork. So, there was now a new Independent T.D. There were torchlight processions in Skibbereen and Rosscarbery and great celebrations.



*Ellen and Julia Wycherley at the Blarney Rose Contest*



*Julia Wycherley*

### **Flor's Family**

By far the most glamorous of all the Wycherley family were his two beautiful daughters, Ellen and Julia. They were admired far and wide for their beauty and took part in many Beauty Contests all over the county. They were both participants in The Blarney Rose Contest of 1963. Ellen emigrated in 1964. Julia was a finalist in The Blarney Rose contest in 1964, in those days one of Ireland's most important contests. She was also a finalist in 1964 and 1965. She was a winner of the Dairy Queen Contest at Carbery Show in 1965 and went on to compete in the National Dairy Queen Contest. She found time to run the house in Gortnaclohy and she drove her father all over the constituency and often sat on platforms at pre-election rallies in the squares of towns and villages.

In 1967 she went to Trinidad and Tobago where she spent a year or two. She is now Mrs. Deasy of The Pike, Lisavaird having married D.J. Deasy in 1973. Her sister, Ellen, is now Mrs. Hollywood and she and her husband David live in Dundalk. The oldest brother, Geoffrey, is living on the original farm in Westfield, Aughdown. Sadly, two of the brothers, John and Fineen, died at a comparatively young age in 1978 and 1979.

In 1960, Florence again was an Independent candidate. It was my first time voting. He got a good vote and was elected to the 6th seat. He combined the duties of T.D. and County Councillor until 1961, when in the last of his Dáil elections, he was narrowly defeated for the 3rd seat. That signalled the end of Independents being elected in Cork South-West. In 1964, Flor Wycherley married Marie Murphy, who had nursed him in The Orthopaedic Hospital, Cork shortly before. Three sons George, Don Paul and Gordon were born to this second marriage. They all work in Dublin. Don Wycherley became famous as an actor in television and stage. He played the part of the young curate "Fr. Aidan", in "Ballykissangel", and of course he was one of the trio in "Bachelors' Walk". He played in the recent Christmas Show in the Abbey, "The Shaughrán", by Dion Bouccicault.



In 1967, Flor Wycherley was a candidate for the last time in the County Council elections. He lost his seat. It was clear that the day of the Independents was coming to an end. He continued as President of Carbery Agricultural Society, who organised Carbery Annual Show in Skibbereen and also as Chairman of Skibbereen Gymkhana and Festival. Suddenly and unexpectedly, in 1969, he passed away while working on his farm. He is buried in The New Cemetery.

He will be remembered. His daughter Julia told me that the older people in Skibbereen still talk of his melodious voice when acting as announcer at the Show and Gymkhana. He was the first Independent T.D. to defeat the big parties in West Cork. The last time I saw him was at a football match in Skibbereen. My father had a brief chat with him. The last thing I can picture of that meeting, was of two tall men in hats, nodding and shaking their heads. They both passed away within a few years.

Before I conclude, I have been asked, since I began compiling this article, to include a brief history of the Wycherley Clan in West Cork.

### **Wycherley Clan of West Cork**

According to John Brawny Wycherley, of Middle Ring, Clonakilty, who is a great family historian and a veritable mine of information, they were Normans who came to England and settled in Shropshire, in West England near the Welsh border in 1066. They were called De Wycherley then. In 1640, the first (and maybe the only) Wycherley to arrive in Ireland was Benjamin, an army captain who arrived in Clonakilty with his regiment. He settled in Ahamilla, Clonakilty. They later spread to Rosscarbery. Like their earlier Norman ancestors who came here in 1170, they soon became more Irish than the Irish themselves, "nios Gaelaí ná na Gaeil féin". They can be truly regarded as a West Cork clan because they are not found in any other county in Ireland. They married into the chief local families; O' Donovans, McCarthys etc and became very nationalist in spirit. Some were Protestant for a few generations but their families became Catholic. Florence Wycherley's great grandfather, an O' Donovan was second – in – command to Tadhg an Astna at The Battle of the Big Cross in Shannonvale, in 1798. It is said that the Wycherleys of Rosscarbery can trace part of their lineage to Tadhg an Astna O' Donovan, himself. One of the Clonakilty branch became an eminent doctor in Cork City and practiced between 1830 and 1892. He became High Sheriff of Cork in 1883 and was created Sir George Wycherley in 1885 by Queen Victoria on her Cork visit. Wycherley Place (Wycherley Tce.) near College Road, is named after him. But most of the Wycherley clan were anti – landlordism and pro-Home Rule or Independence for Ireland. They gave priests and nuns to the church. Florence's father, Geoffrey, was a farmer, poet and satirist who lived in Ardagh House. He was a member of Cork County Council from 1969 to 1920, his cousin Geoffrey (Black Geoff), was also a poet and writer. He worked with "The Southern Star" and "Skibbereen Eagle" around the turn of the last century. He was instrumental in bringing O' Donovan Rossa back from the USA to unveil the Maid of Erin Monument in 1904. Maud Gonne also attended



Photograph "Maid of Erin"

This very rare photograph was taken on the occasion of the unveiling of the "Maid of Erin" National Monument in the Square, Skibbereen, on Sunday, November 27, 1904. The unveiling was performed by the great patriot Jeremiah O' Donovan Rossa, seen here third from left. Second from left is Mr. Tim Sheehy, Skibbereen, later "Father of the Dail". On Rossa's left hand is Geoffrey Wycherley, Rosscarbery, and beside him is Dan Burke, Skibbereen. The person on the left is thought to be Eamonn O' Neill, Kinsale, who delivered an address in Irish on the occasion. The person on the right is not known to us, though it could be a James Ronan of Cork who spoke on the day. The premises at rear was Sheehy's public house and shop. It was then a 3-storey building and was later demolished and rebuilt in the present 2- storey fashion.

Today Gearóid Wycherley ,of Rosscarbery (and now Kinsale), is a well-known entrepreneur and businessman. He is owner of the Celtic Ross Hotel in Rosscarbery.

But Florence Wycherley, T.D. M.C.C. was a trailblazer and will never be forgotten. Every 3 years beginning in 1998, then 2001 and 2004, a Wycherley Clan Gathering has been held in Rosscarbery in The Celtic Ross Hotel. The next Gathering will probably be in the Autumn of 2007 .

### Acknowledgements

My thanks to :

**Mrs. Julia ( Wycherley) Deasy** of Lisavaird for her great help in researching for this article, by supplying information , photographs and books.

Also to **John Brawny Wycherley** of Ring, Clonakilty, for historical information.

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The Staff of Bantry County Library.

The Staff of "The Southern Star" .

## MEMORIAL FOR A GALTEE MOUNTAIN BOY

On Saturday, June 11, 2005, in the presence of the last two surviving Irish fighters of the 15th International Brigade, the Cathaoirleach of South Tipperary County Council unveiled a memorial to Kit Conway in his native village that reads as follows:

KIT CONWAY, BORN BURNCOURT 1897.

FLYING COLUMN, 3RD TIPPERARY BRIGADE,  
IRISH WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

COMPANY COMMANDER, 15TH INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE, SPANISH ANTI-FASCIST WAR.

KILLED IN ACTION, BATTLE OF JARAMA,  
12TH FEBRUARY 1937.

Dedicated to his memory and the memory of all those Volunteers from Burncourt who fought in the War of Independence.

Ar son saoirse na hÉireann agus na Spáinne. Por la causa de la Libertad de Irlanda y de Espana.

Memorial unveiled by Councillor Mattie McGrath, Cathaoirleach, South Tipperary County Council. in the presence of International Brigade veterans Bob Doyle and Michael O'Riordan, 11th June 2005.

There were 100 people present at this ceremony in the village of Burncourt, County Tipperary, which is situated only a few miles from Mitchelstown Caves, and also lies only a few miles south east from Kilcoran Lodge on the main Dublin to Cork road between Cahir and Mitchelstown. The Cathaoirleach, Councillor Mattie McGrath, paid tribute to Kit Conway and welcomed the attendance of relatives of a number of others from the Burncourt area who had fought alongside Conway in Flying Column actions during the Irish War of Independence. Among local Volunteers mentioned were Mossie McGrath, Denis "Sniper" Lonergan, Jack Ryan, Michael Guerin and Jack Creed. Councillor McGrath then requested Burncourt local historian and Irish language author Seán Ua Cearnaigh to give an address.

The speaker related how his own father, Captain John Kearney, had commanded the local Burncourt D Company, 6th Battalion, of the IRA's Third Tipperary Brigade during the War of Independence. His father had also been Kit Conway's best friend. It was in Kearney's local IRA Company that Conway had initially served, before progressing to Seán Hogan's Flying Column. One of Conway's earliest actions had been an attack on the RIC barracks in the neighbouring village of Ballyporeen. It had been the outstanding combination of courage and military expertise shown by Conway during the course of this attack that led his Battalion Commander, Col. Thomas Ryan, to write of him in later years that "had the circumstances afforded the opportunity, he might have been a famous leader like Tom Barry", the Flying Column Commander of the 3rd West Cork Brigade and author of "Guerrilla Days in Ireland". (This was a notably generous and noble tribute from Ryan who, subsequent to their common struggle during the War of Independence, had gone on to become a Free State Army officer and had accordingly fought against the Republican Conway during the course of the Irish Civil War. But, then, the Irish language term used to designate that latter war is "Cogadh na gCarad", or "the War of the Friends", a term that would certainly not be applicable to the nature of the Civil War fought in Spain.)

The speaker further spoke of Conway's decision to go to Spain in order to fight in defence of the Spanish Republic, and his appointment as Company Commander of an Irish unit of the 15th International Brigade's British Battalion. He also spoke of how Captain Kit Conway had been killed in action during the Battle of Jarama on February 12, 1937, while commanding not only his own Irish company, but two companies of English volunteers as well, after their own commanders had already been killed on that day.

The unveiling ceremony was a truly historic one, due to the presence of Dubliner Bob Doyle, the last surviving Irish fighter of the Aragon front and a former prisoner of the fascist concentration camp of San Pedro de Cardena, and Cork's own Michael O'Riordan, son of Ballingearry parents and the last surviving Irish fighter from the Battle of the Ebro. The latter's son, Manus O'Riordan, sang a popular Tipperary ballad of the War of Independence, "The Galtee Mountain Boy", with five new verses added in honour of all of the volunteers from the Burncourt area, above all Kit Conway himself. Both O'Riordan contributions are reproduced below.

Immediately following the unveiling of the memorial by Councillor Mattie McGrath, the renowned Clare-born traditional accordionist Bobby Gardiner, son-in-law of Kit Conway's best friend Captain John Kearney, played Tipperary's own "Sliabh na

mBan" as a slow air in honour of the dead. This was, indeed, a particularly appropriate choice of music, as it was this very same Irish language song of the 1798 Rebellion that the Waterford International Brigader Frank Edwards had also sung as a lament when burying his fallen comrades-in-arms in Spain. The ceremony concluded with the singing of "Amhrán na bhFiann.

It is a measure of the interest evoked by such tributes to a local hero that a number of Burncourt people came forward after the ceremony with personal reminiscences of Kit Conway that had been passed on by their parents through family lore. Perhaps the story that attested most to the formation of Kit's character at a very early age was that told by the son of a farmer who had once employed him as a labouring boy. When the teenage Kit - who at that time was still known as Christy - came to a decision that he was at long last old enough to quit and escape from such labours, he composed what perhaps must rank as one of the most originally worded notices ever given by a worker to his employer. On a sandy patch of ground on the farmer's land Kit had carefully fingered in that same sand the following message, before disappearing into the dark of the night:

"CHRISTY CONWAY. NOW A MAN. GONE FAR AWAY"

Yes, Kit was truly a remarkable and courageous man!

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#### ADDRESS BY MICHAEL O'RIORDAN

It is indeed a great honour for me to be present, in the company of my fellow International Brigade veteran Bob Doyle, at the unveiling of this memorial plaque to Kit Conway in his native Burncourt.

For it was here in 1919 in his home county of Tipperary, between the Knockmealdown and the Galtee mountains, that Kit first took up arms in the fight for freedom.

In this very countryside he fought to defend the Irish Republic -- that our own parents and grandparents had democratically chosen in the 1918 General Election -- and during that War of Independence he fought shoulder to shoulder with others from the Burncourt area against the Black-and-Tan terror that was unleashed on the Irish people by British imperialism.

But Kit was not only an Irish patriot. He was also an internationalist, and in 1936, when Franco and his generals - aided by Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy - sought to overthrow the democratically elected government of another Republic in Spain, Kit Conway rushed to the defence of the Spanish people.

Father Michael O'Flanagan, that outstanding Irish Republican patriot priest, rightly pointed out:

"The fight in Spain is a fight between the rich privileged classes against the rank-and-file of the poor oppressed people of Spain. The cause being fought for in Spain was nearer to us than we realised. Franco's foreign legion and Moorish troops were to Spain what the Black-and-Tans were to Ireland."

Nobody had a better grasp of the significance of that comparison than Kit Conway, a veteran of the Flying Columns that had fought against the original Black-and-Tans here in Tipperary.

Since there was such powerful propaganda against us during the course of the war in Spain, most of us Irish International Brigaders, who had volunteered to fight in defence of the Spanish Republic, had to leave Ireland quietly and secretly.

But with that combination of outstanding physical and moral courage that he always displayed, Kit Conway refused such secrecy and felt compelled to take a very public stand before his departure.

He was determined to explain to his fellow building workers - who like himself were members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, now known as SIPTU - why he was going off to fight for the Spanish Republic.

On the building site where he was working at that time, Kit mounted an oil barrel and defiantly declared:

"Sooner than Franco should win there, I would leave my body in Spain to manure the fields!"

During the battle of Jarama in February 1937 --- as he commanded not only his own Irish company, but had also taken command of a further two companies of British anti-fascist volunteers --- Kit Conway did indeed lay down his life for the Spanish Republic, and in solidarity with the democratic choice of the Spanish people.

Jarama was one of the greatest battles in the Spanish War. Since Franco had failed in his attempt to capture Madrid directly, he decided on a major offensive to isolate that capital city from the rest of Spain by trying to cut off the road to Valencia, as it passed through the Jarama valley. The Republican forces defeated that attempt, at the cost of 10,000 Spanish Republican and International Brigade lives.

Eighteen other Irishmen died alongside Kit Conway at Jarama, from both North and South, and from all traditions - Catholic, Protestant and Jewish. Among them was the poet Charlie Donnelly, whose vividly descriptive statement, just before he himself was killed, that "even the olives are bleeding!" conveys so much of the horrors of that battle. Furthermore, the unity of the Catholic and Protestant Republican traditions was underlined by the death at Jarama of a former Irish Christian Brother from Derry, Eamon McGrotty, and a Church of Ireland clergyman from Killarney, Co. Kerry, the Reverend Robert Hilliard.

Despite such sacrifices, the overwhelming military assistance that Franco had received from Hitler and Mussolini -- coupled with the actions of the British and French governments in blocking any similar assistance to the Republic -- enabled fascism to triumph in Spain two years later and to impose a vicious dictatorship on its people that would last for almost forty years.

It was in a totally vengeful spirit of victory that Franco went out of his way to desecrate the graves of Kit Conway and thousands of others, by digging up their remains and reburying them en masse on the site of a rubbish dump at the rear of a cemetery in the Jarama valley.

But democratic Spain has changed all that.

In 1996, by a unanimous decision, the Spanish Parliament voted to award to Bob Doyle and myself, and to all other surviving International Brigaders, the right to claim Spanish citizenship, in acknowledgement of the fact that we had stood by them in their hour of need.

And two years previously, thousands of the Spanish Republic's martyred dead from the Jarama battlefield had themselves been appropriately honoured.

In 1994 --- together with Bob Doyle and the late Peter O'Connor of Waterford, who was the last Irish survivor of the battle of Jarama -- I was privileged to represent Ireland at the unveiling of an imposing memorial.

This memorial, approved by the Spain's own democratic government, at long last marked and honoured the final resting place of Kit Conway and his comrades.

Now the wheel has come full circle, as today we honour Kit Conway in his place of birth, together with all of his comrades-in-arms who fought in the War of Independence.

We are indeed proud of this son of Burncourt, and we salute his memory !

Long live the Republic !

Viva la Republica !

An Phoblacht abú !

---

"THE GALTEE MOUNTAIN BOY"  
SUNG BY MANUS O'RIORDAN

The village of Burncourt, County Tipperary lies in the valley between the Galtee and Knockmealdown mountains, adjacent to Mitchelstown Caves. Known as Rehill until the mid 17th century - and Rehill still survives as the name of one of the local townlands - Burncourt derived its name from the imposing ruins of the castle adjacent to the village, burned in 1650 as Cromwell's army laid waste to our country. (Not every Republican development can be viewed positively in Ireland, particularly when the English Republican leader Oliver Cromwell set about his mass murder of "the mere Irish"!)

"The Galtee Mountain Boy" is a popular song of the Irish War of Independence and Civil War, and was composed by Patsy Halloran. It was recorded by Christy Moore, who also added a fourth verse. A further five verses have now been added by Manus O'Riordan to mark the unveiling of the Kit Conway memorial, and the song was sung by him at the unveiling ceremony itself.

I joined the Flying Column in 19 and 19,  
In Cork with Seán Moylan, in Tipperary with Dan Breen.  
Arrested by Free Staters and sentenced for to die.  
Farewell to Tipperary, said the Galtee mountain boy.

We went across the valleys and over the hilltops green,  
Where we met with Dinny Lacey, Seán Hogan and Dan Breen,  
Seán Moylan and his gallant men that kept the flag flying high.  
Farewell to Tipperary, said the Galtee mountain boy.

We tracked the Dublin mountains, we were rebels on the run.  
Though hunted night and morning, we were outlaws but free men.  
We tracked the Wicklow mountains as the sun was shining high.  
Farewell to Tipperary, said the Galtee mountain boy.

I bid farewell to old Clonmel that I never more will see,  
And to the Galtee mountains that oft times sheltered me.  
The men who fought for liberty and who died without a sigh,  
May their cause be ne'er forgotten, said the Galtee mountain boy.

So gathered here, let's raise a cheer for Burncourt's native sons,  
Jack Ryan and Michael Guerin, defending with their guns  
The Republic and Dail Eireann, the Irish people's choice.  
First in the fray brave Kit Conway, with John Kearney and the Boys.

At Ballyporeen Kit's courage was seen on that Flying Column raid.  
Of no RIC, nor Auxies, nor Tans was he afraid.  
"A leader bold, in Tom Barry's mould!", his commander would exclaim.  
For freedom's light to the death he would fight on a war-scorched hill in Spain.

'36 the year, defying fear, saw the Spanish people vote  
A Republic for the Rights of Man! But Franco would revolt.  
Gernika ablaze from Hitler's planes, the Republic overthrown,  
Despite the brave 15th Brigade, Kit Conway to the fore.

Outside Madrid 10,000 killed in Jarama's vale of tears.  
In that war's hell Kit Conway fell that Spain might yet be free.  
And with freedom Spain a gravestone raised, thanks gave in '94,  
Where thousands lay with Kit Conway, far away from Galteemore.

In the year '05, Kit's name to inscribe, 'twas to Burncourt that we came,  
Tipperary's fighting story to honour and proclaim!  
With his comrades from the War in Spain, Mick O'Riordan and Bob Doyle,  
A plaque unveiled, Kit Conway praised. Here's to freedom's Galtee Boys!

**SMIRNOFF**

Lend me your ears for a moment of two  
A tale of a horse I will tell to you  
Of a piebald that stood fourteen two  
On passing Tuirin Dubh, would come into view.

Smirnoff, a drink you may say  
Was a creature that loved her bale of hay  
In the glen she would graze, gallop and run  
An when the kids would call  
To the fence she would come.

Was partial to slice pan or mothers queen buns.  
Her master a decent honorable man  
A descendant of the O Leary clan  
A lover of all creatures great and small  
Wouldn't step on a spider nor a mouse in the stall.

But Pat has a grievance now for two crooks  
Crooks with a disregard for the law of the land  
On Smirnoff laid a thieving hand  
The cover of darkness wasn't needed  
Brazen and bold in the cold light of day they succeeded.

Now she wasn't bred by the Aga Kahn  
In the national never ran  
Her ilk to be found in Baile Bui  
Where horse men come from far and near  
A bargain to acquire  
In that West Cork town, home of Sam Maguire.

But her weight in gold can't compare  
To little faces now in despair  
And yet they ask every day "oh why did Smirnoff go away"  
O don't let her be a memory in portrait or in mind.  
I wish you luck this day O'Shea, those thieving crooks to find,  
And come next spring, When birds will sing  
And green won't subside  
You'll give O Leary back his pride  
Smirnoff with a kicking foal by her side.

*Mick Dineen*

**AN SEAN FEIRMEOIR**

Scamaill ag cur scríbhneoireacht sa spéir  
Feirmeoir ag obair san móinéir  
Fáinleoga ag eitilt ina thimpeall  
É ina dhícheall ó mhaidin go hoíche  
Ar slusaid, ar phíce

An t-earrach, an samhradh, an geimhreadh, an fómhar  
Saol crua saol an sean feirmeoir.

Laethanta fada ar speal  
Ciúnas an domhain os a comhair amach  
Ach an speal ag bualadh an féar glas  
Doirín i dhá dhorn  
Fola ar allas faoi spéir ghorm

An portach nú an ghort ar sleán nú ghrafán  
Ag piocadh prátaí nú ag déanamh púcán,  
I bhfad ón dinnéar, buidéal bainne is píosa arán,  
Ag iompar ciseán nú ag casadh súgán

An t-earrach, an samhradh, an geimhreadh, an fómhar,  
Saol crua, saol an tsean-feirmeoir

Ag déanamh chlaí le clocha trom  
Ag crú na ba nú ag tarraingt gamhain  
Lámha láidir crochta ar ghualainn leathan  
Cosa traochta ina dhiaidh capall is céachta  
Dochtúir ag cealg a dhroim  
Míle corramhiolla timpeall a cheann

An t-earrach, an samhradh, an geimhreadh, an fómhar,  
Saol crua, saol an sean feirmeoir

Fir righe, fir láidir, fir an lae inné sínte  
Anois curtha faoi cré.

*Mick Dineen*

**FUN CYCLE DAY**

Did you get on your bike on fun cycle day  
and head for Kenmare in the old fashioned way.  
Were you in training for four weeks or six  
or was it just the day before you got your bike fixed.

Were you puffing or panting on the way to the Glen,  
look down on your peddles and said  
"dear God, what gear am I in".  
Did you pass Top Of Coom with a want and a thirst  
or say to your self I'm over the worst.

Reached Kenmare without fright or fall  
but then had to listen to old Fianna Fail.  
Or were you inspired by Jackic Healy Rae  
or was it JK who rode all the whole way

with elegance and ease  
no trace of síghe gaoithe nor breeze.

Did you get on your bike on fun cycle day  
and show your legs to the light of day.  
Were you afflicted with ailments not seen before,  
walked like John Wyane with saddle sore.

It matters not one mile or two, climb or decent  
you came and you went.  
The heart willing, the pocket giving  
Mary Mount Hospice all the more for your shilling,  
Many friends you have made although you haven't met  
when you gave of your time for those with little time left.

*Mike Dineen*

# The Ownership of land in Ireland and England

Many of our most intractable problems over the ages have arisen because of the fundamental difference between the definition of ownership of land as between the Celtic peoples and the Anglo-Normans.

## Gaelic Landownership System

Land, to the Celtic people, was in the ownership of the Clan. The exact geographical boundaries of the Tuath could change over the years, for various reasons, including expansion by conquest, or reduction by yielding land to other stronger Clans. But at any time when a new chieftain was to be elected, all the land in the ownership of the Clan at that time came up for consideration when the new chieftain redistributed it amongst his followers. There was a natural tendency, often yielded to, for the new chieftain to favour himself, his Tanaiste, his other brothers, and his various other followers who had expectations. But the chieftain had to control these natural desires, because he was dependant on all his followers to support him and keep him in his inheritance.

This definition of ownership was universal and sacred. In practice and to avoid dissension, it was customary for the chieftain, as far as was possible, to ensure that all his principle followers obtained basically the same land as before, even if it had to be reduced in size because of the growth in numbers expecting an allotment.

## The Normans

Now consider the definition of ownership current amongst the Anglo-Normans. Normandy had been one of the earlier and largest settlements of the Norsemen, and had been a reward from the French kings to try to end their incessant warfare and raiding. In this new kingdom of Normandy land was defined in a new way. The entire stock of land in the country belonged, simply, to the king. Obviously he could not farm it all himself, so he granted large tracts of it to his principle Earls, free of ground rent, but in exchange for serious commitments such as the necessity to supply armed knights when demanded by the king. If the Earl failed in his duties or his absolute loyalty, the grant of land could be rescinded at will by the king.

These major land holders (called free holders since they paid no money ground rents) would then grant smaller, but still large tracts of land to their knights and other supporters, but now for the payment of ground rent. Small ground rents per acre of land would amount to huge incomes when the land might amount to 5,000 acres or more.

And so the system continued down the social scale. The knights themselves would lease out most of their lands to commoners, and these rentiers in turn would lease out land to individual tenant farmers.

The feudal system, which took hold of large parts of Europe, was based on this land definition. In effect all land occupiers were subject to some lord above them who could to some extent demand their loyalty in order for them to continue their livelihood. There were of course different lengths of lease, from one year to 999 years, but these only gave them partial protection against a strong and ruthless lord..

## Normans come to Ireland

When the Anglo-Norman hosts poured into Wexford in 1169, and were followed by further and larger inroads over the next 100 years or so, these invaders were infused with their feudal system, and oblivious and uncaring of any existing Celtic customs of land ownership. The result was of course disastrous to the Irish people. There was no way in which the two systems could work together, and brute force decided that the Anglo-Norman system would replace the Celtic one wherever the invaders overcame their new territories.

Up until 1641 there were still many Gaelic areas where the old order prevailed, although the feudal system was enforced on the majority of the country, including the Pale, and the great lordships of the FitzGerald, the Burkes and the Butlers.

Between 1641 and 1700 there was a period of confusion and mingling of the systems but after 1700 the English system, based on the same concepts as the Anglo-Norman one, prevailed at last across the entire country.

Between 1700 and 1900 we had that era when the worst obscenities of this system were being exacted. This was the time of the landlords. There had been landlords before, but not the pattern which brought with it the penal laws, tenants at will, rack rents, evictions, poverty and eventually the starvation and disease of famines.

These cruel conditions resulted also in opposition by the people, and naturally to a determination to get rid of landlordism itself. This eventually happened in the years after 1895 and the Wyndham Acts, which led to the enforced sale of farms to their existing tenants.

When studying the records such as the Griffiths Survey, it is often quite difficult to determine the actual Owner of land. To simplify matters, the Recorders of these Surveys asked the simple question "to whom do you pay rent" and the answer to this was written down as the Owner.

Thus the owner so far as the tenant farmer was concerned was his immediate landlord, eg. A farmer in Tirnaspideoga would pay his rent to Thomas Barters. The labourers cottages would be owned by the tenant farmer himself, so it would be the tenant farmer whose name appeared against these cottages.

In practice Ownership could be quite complicated, and would often be concealed behind such answers. Most people who we knew as landlords were in fact tenants of a greater Landlord themselves. In some cases they might be fortunate enough to obtain a lease of 999 years from this greater Landlord. But in many cases perhaps only 100 years tenancy or even less.

The freeholds were usually held by rich Lords who lived in England and preferred their existence to be kept secret. The freehold of much of the land in Inchigeelagh Parish was ultimately owned by the Duke of Devonshire, but this fact was rarely known. Another rather shy owner of freeholds in this Parish was Lord Riversdale, whose name was William Tonson. He lived in Kenmare, and maintained his privacy by employing a Land Agent to collect his rents. Yet another was Boyle, the Earl of Cork, who was a keen collector of ground rentals.

It is difficult to be dogmatic, but it is probable that none of the farms in Inchigeelagh Parish ever had freeholds directly held by the people we know as "the landlords". These people were always holders of long leases of the Inchigeelagh land, and themselves subject to payment of rent to some superior landlord.

# THE O'LEARYS OF FERMOY

*By Peter O'Leary*

You are probably all familiar with the Clan of O'Leary who were the chieftains of the Tuath of Uibh Laoghaire from about 1100 AD up to the destruction of the Clan system in the years following 1689 AD.

It is perhaps less well known that there were other families who took the name of O'Leary in other parts of the country, for example Sligo. There are fewer remains of these other families with us today.

One of them however was established in the Fermoy district, and there are many people of this name still in that area, and in Wexford where many of them settled later. They are not related to the O'Learys who come from Uibh Laoghaire.

This is all quite simply explained. Surnames were introduced around 1000 AD because of the rapid expansion of the population. One popular method was to honour one's grandfather, or an earlier forebear, by using his name in the newly adopted surname. Thus one of the Clans in Rosscarbery had a much respected ancestor called Laoghaire who had lived in the 6th.c. AD and they called themselves after him, O Laoghaire or descendant of Laoghaire.

This Clan formed part of a large and numerous tribe called the Corca Laoighdhe who were named after a king of Ireland called Luy Maccon who thrived in the early 3rd century .AD. This tribe originally occupied a territory which was roughly the area of the present day baronies of Carbery, Bantry and Beara together.

## Fermoy

At the same time in the 3rd century. AD there was a tribe called the Fir Maige Feine who had a territory mainly situated to the North of the River Blackwater, in North East Co.Cork. It can be defined roughly by the present day baronies of Fermoy, and Condons and Clangibbon. (see Journal no 11, page 55).

The modern town of Fermoy is in fact named after the Fir Maige Feine.

One of the families making up the Fir Maige Feine named themselves as O'Leary at the same time in about 1000 AD, and again, honoured some ancestor of their own.

We do not know much of the history of this Clan of O'Leary. They do however make a brief appearance in the Annals named The Book of Lismore, where they appear as the chieftains of a Tuath or civil parish, known as Ui Becce Abha.

Their territory lay to the North of the River Blackwater and was centered on their ring fort of Dun Cruadha. This Tuath today forms the modern civil parishes of Castletownroche, Kilcummer, Bridgetown and Monanimy. It has a river running through it, a tributary of the Blackwater, which is called at times the Awbeg River, and at other times An Fhuinsinn.

These O'Learys were a vassal clan to the major clan in the area, Ui Cheim (later O'Keefe). This was one of the Eoganacht family of the kings of Munster which had been planted here to control the region. Previously to their arrival, the chief king had been Ui Dubacáin (O'Duggan) who was still a major chieftain but had had to yield up the principle fortress at Glanworth to Ui Cheim.

It appears that O'Leary shared the territory of Ui Becce Abha with another clan called O Gobhann. Whilst O'Leary was the senior and normally provided the chieftain, O Gobhann had the curious and unusual privilege of providing a candidate for chieftain in the event that there was not someone suitable from the O'Learys.

The church and burial ground for both these families was at Cill Connair (Kilcummer).

Other names of clans in this kingdom were Duggan, Buckley, and Dinneen, just like in Rosscarbery at the same time.

Apart from these facts we know nothing of the day to day history of this O'Leary clan. We do however know the manner of it's demise. In about 1100 AD the area was overrun by the Anglo-Norman baron named De Rupes or Roche. He seized control of all the land and built his principle castle on the site of Dun Cruadha, whose name was changed to Castletownroche. The clan system was destroyed and the existing land holders became mere tenant farmers under the Roches.

Before reaching Fermoy, the Roches had been granted extensive lands in the Wexford area. In the 16th.c. one of these Wexford Roches died and left his lands to a Fermoy Roche. This man thereupon moved to Wexford and took with him many of his tenant farmers. This event explains the presence today of a number of the Fermoy O'Learys in the county of Wexford.

During the 18th. And 19th. Centuries there was much movement of population within the Country and then by emigration abroad. Today it is often difficult to identify whether an O'Leary originally came from Fermoy or from Uibh Laoghaire, if that family have moved from their homeland.

But there are of course a number of families in each district who have lived there for many generations, and about whom we have no doubts of their origin.

## Wild Life Heritage of Uibh Laoire (part 5)

**FUNGI***by Ted Cook*

For our purposes it is proposed to profile the higher fungi commonly called mushrooms or toadstools as distinct from the lower fungi that include many familiar mould that grow on stale bread and other food stuffs.

Up to recently this barely explored fungal kingdom was considered by biologists as part of the plant kingdom but the way fungi feed without a capacity to harness the sunlight has destined these primitive organisms for distinct classification.

Containing more protein than vegetables and apart from sunlight our only other source of vitamin D, both the German and the French continue a strong tradition of wild fungi use – over three hundred mushrooms are licensed sale and human consumption.

In Eastern Europe enormous quantities of fungi (mainly *Lactarius deliciosus* – see **picture 1**) are gathered and dries in the natural coniferous forests. Picture 1 was taken in Kilbarry townland in October 2005. Whether such traditions existed in Uibh Laoire in historical times is not difficult to gauge. Not alone because herbalists were one of the listed classes forcibly deported on mass from Ireland during the 1607 “flight of the earls” (Kingston. R). Neither is there mention of large bodied fungi in the dietary codes of the Brehon Laws. And remarkably no reference has survived from the black 1840's in relation to the 3000 or so edible fungi that occur in Ireland. Albeit, less the 30 species being toxic. Fungi have played a central role in human civilisation. Their fermentations have given us bread, wine and Beer. The penicillium mould remains one of several antibiotic derived from fungi.

2005 marked an excellent year for mushrooms. Long dry summer stretches and an autumn that saw soil temperatures averaging 11°C, and air temperatures holding at 20°C and continuing into November coupled with inordinately high rainfalls in Uibh Laoire. Perfect conditions for the Shaggy Ink Cap (or Lawyers Wig – **Picture 2**) at an unimproved upland pasture and for the “Plums and Custard Mushroom” growing on a conifer stump (**Picture 3**). “Puff Ball” in **picture 4** covers almost the entire under canopy of a young oak and appeared overnight during late September.

This has certainly been the year of the “Antabuse Ink Cap” – **Picture 5** – occurring in gardens and fields, near hedgerows and in the vicinity of deciduous tree stumps. This fungus, although edible, causes sickness if eaten with alcohol and has provided chemical in progressively necessary Antabuse Medication. Both the Field and Horse Mushrooms (**Picture 6 & 7**) are occasional upon open grassland, pastures and hillsides throughout the parish though absent on intensively managed farmland as are most toadstools. Both can grow in fairy rings and are one and the same as the commercially produced varieties.

It is reckoned that half of all insects live on dead and rotting wood including twiggy debris lying along field boundaries and roadsides and on old decaying trees. At Boylesgrove's Oakwood (Droumcarra South) each autumn two kilograms on average of leaves, bark, twigs, fruits and nuts fall on each square metre of the wood floor. And by the following late spring/summer the forest floor is ship shape – with progressive relays of primrose, wood anemone, bluebell, Irish spurge etc – a combination of fungi and insects have been at work to decompose the litter – the foundation of soils worldwide. Without fungi as Bellamy says, life would choke on its own waste reminding us that ecology on our pilgrim planet evolves on the fragile balance between growth and decay.

**Fungal Functions**

The root systems of the fungi commonly found on farmland or in the forest are called mycelia (mycelium for singular) resembling a mesh of threads growing outwards from the mushroom (fruiting body) at a rate of up to two inches each day.

Radio active labelling experiments confirm that nitrogen, phosphorous and calcium are carried via the mycelia to the feeding roots of virtually all plant life including farm crops, trees and wild plants. as yet the mode of transfer of nutrients and water to host grasses etc from the =fungal web is not well understood. The Centre for Ecology and Hydrology at Edinburgh has established that extensive damage to mycelia results from excess application of inorganic fertiliser and pesticides. Equally important is the mycelial function as a “safety net” in that the fungal threads search for nutrients for



their host plants and by interception the minerals released from the litter on the soil surface the fungi prevent dissolved minerals from leaching out and polluting our ground waters.

Additional benefits from out toadstools include efficient transport of water to dry soils- consider water requirements of our marram grass of our coastal sand dunes.

Foresters only know too well of the root disease *P. cinnamoni*, and the role of fungal sheaths that present physical barriers against root infections and furthermore fungi produce soluble antibiotics that are active against a host of soil borne “nasties”.

New research in the US has shown that a cubic inch of soil contains more than one mile of mycelial threads and the one ounce of healthy soil hosts thousands of different fungal species.

One simple example of a fungus enjoying a mutually beneficial arrangement with our silver birch is the scarlet Fly Agaric (very poisonous) see **picture 8**, widespread in hedgerows where birch occurs.

Other examples of fungi include Death Cap (fatal) found around oaks and beeches (see **picture 9**); Blusher (edible) (**Pic 10**) found in coniferous forests; Blewit (**pic 11**) associated with grassland and sometimes available in shops; Foxy Spot (**pic 12**) associated with heathy bracken; Saint Georges Mushroom (**Pic 13**) a spring time fungus associated with April the 23rd or St. Georges feast day; Entoloma Toadstool (**Pic 14**) another springtime fungus common in garden soils and long hawthorn hedgerows.

Because fungi cannot photosynthesise (convert sunlight into energy) they instead release enzymes to digest complex molecules present in dead wood and animal matter and converting them into solutions that can be up-taken by the plant kingdom – in exchange for plant carbohydrates that the fungi cannot otherwise access. The group of fungi known as Polypores mostly grow on wood and form solitary or tiered bracket like structures and can be spotted growing far up tree trunks. They are parasitic on associated host plants and include Birch Bracket (**Pic 15**); Dryads Saddle (**Pic 16**); Beef Steak Fungus (**Pic 17**); Inonotus Fungus (**pic 18**) and Ganoderma (**pic 19**). Finally the Oyster fungus (**Pic 20**) of dead branch stubs.

Polypores function as decomposers mainly on injured or damaged hardwoods eg oak, ash, birch, elm, sycamore and walnut. Polypores possess powerful chemical enzymes to convert the locked up nutrients into a soluble form for transport into the forest floor mycelial web for further transport along the hedgerows and unfertilised corridors for a radius of several kilometres.

The introductory picture to this piece records a very common parasitic fungus the Honey fungus or Bootlace fungus which behaves like a polypore but occurs normally around the base of the main trunk below 50 cms and renders trees very liable to wind blow. Readers are advised to keep a lookout for Honey fungus along roadside trees for obvious reasons particularly large top heavy beech.

In conclusion a UN report on the condition of our global environment finds that our earth has lost 30% of its entire natural resources in the last 25 years –and the report was dated 1999.

Uibh Laoire's most precious resources for the upkeep of life are its waters and its soils both of which are the foundation of ecological stability and vitality and are inextricably connected to the fungal wellbeing of the Lee Valley Catchment area. The single most damaging assault on this “trinity” is posed by releasing dioxins.

“We should learn from our elders; native peoples worldwide have viewed fungi as spiritual allies” (P. Stamets in *Whole Earth*, 1999).

Ted Cook  
(Heritage Specialist)  
Supported by The Heritage Council



Pic 1



Pic 2



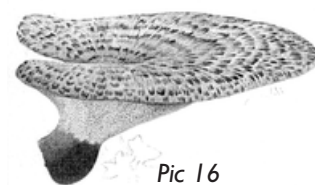
Pic 3



Pic 4



Pic 4



## THE LANDLORDS OF UIBH LAOGHAIRE PARISH IN 1854

By 1854 some of the larger landlord's holdings had been broken up and replaced by more but smaller units. Two large holdings, those of Barry and Boyle were in the hands of the Court of Chancery due to the lack of a sound male heir. One new holding, that of Hoare, had been formed when Capt. William Hoare married one of James Barry's daughters and her dowry was in land. It is also noticeable, looking down the list below, that there were a number of newcomers who lived in neighbouring Parishes, but who were investing in nearby Inchigeelagh. These included Goold and Minhear from Macroom, Sir Augustus Warren from Kilmurray, and Benjamin Swete from Kilmichael. There were also several Catholic names now. The Penal Laws had gone, and Catholics were beginning to become Land Agents, and then to buy land on their own account. This is certainly true of the two O'Learys, Denis and Richard O'Leary Breac (Glasheen, Mileen and Coolmountain), and may well be so of the several O'Donovans and O'Sullivans named in the List. There are three members of the Clergy. One, Rev. White was a Church of Ireland clergyman who was Vicar of Inchigeelagh. His land was the Glebe and went with the job. The other two, Revs. Brown and O'Sullivan, may have been Catholic. There are six bearing the name of Brown and Browne and this may be a bit confusing. The descendants of the Protestant Bishop of Cork, then living in Coolcower House, used the spelling Browne. Another family were descended from an English soldier, a member of the garrison in Inchigeelagh, and they used the spelling Brown. But we cannot be certain that these names have been written down correctly in each case.

This information comes from the Griffiths Survey for The Civil Parish of Inchigeelagh of 1854.

"It is difficult to be dogmatic, but it is probable that none of the farms in Inchigeelagh Parish ever had freeholds directly held by the people we know as "the landlords ". These people were always holders of long leases of the Inchigeelagh land, and themselves subject to payment of rent to some superior landlord." (see article "The Ownership of land in Ireland and England" also in this Journal)

### List of Landlords and their Townlands.

|                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Robert Adams                    | Dooneens,  |
| Thomas Barters                  | Carrleigh, Derrinaneanig, Derryvane, Dromcarra North, Inchigeelagh, Inchineill, Turnaspidogy,                                |
| John Brown                      | Carrig, Cappanaminna, Coomdorracha, Currahy, Gurteenowen, Maulmore,  |
| Rev. John Brown                 | Rossmore,  |
| James Brown                     | Garrynapeaka, Tooreenlahard,   |
| William G. Brown                | Derryvaleen, Gortnamona,   |
| Richard Browne                  | Dromanallig  |
| Jemmet Browne                   | Cloonshear beg, Curraheen, Gorteenadrolane,  |
| - Broderick                     | Coomlibane, Milmorane(with Mitchell)   |
| Mary Burns                      | Bargarrieff, Derreendonee, Derrygortnacloghy, Derryleigh, Derryriordane North, Gortnalour, Gortnarea, Inchideraile, Scrahan, |
| Thomas Clarke                   | Teergay,   |
| Court of Chancery               | Dromcarra South,   |
| Richard Creagh and Thomas Leane | Shanacrane East,   |
| Richard Donovan                 | Moneylea,  |
| William Field                   | Cloonshear More,   |
| John Goold                      | Carrignadoura,   |

|                         |   |
|-------------------------|---|
| Lewis Gollock           | Dromnagapple, Teeranassig,  |
| Henry Hatchell          | Carrignaneela,  |
| Thomas Leader           | ditto.  |
| Stephen Hayes           | Illauninagh West,   |
| Henry Herrick           | Illauninagh East, Kealvaugh beg, Kealvaugh more,  |
| William B..Hoare        | Augheras, Cahernacaha, Cleanrath North and South, Silvergrove,  |
| Henry Law               | Carrigbaun, Cornery, Gortnaloughra, Gurteenflugh, Lyreenageeha, Scrahanmore,  |
| James Minhear           | Derreenglas, Inchinossig(with Mitchell), Tooreenduff,   |
| Daniel O'Donovan        | Clogher, Coolcaum, Coolmountain, Lackabaun(map93), Tullagh,   |
| Denis O'Leary           | Derreen, Gortnahoughtee, Gortsmorane, Graigue, Rossalougha,   |
| Richard O'Leary         | Glasheen,   |
| Denis O'Sullivan        | Derreenabourky, Derreenlunnig,(with Mitchell), Inchimore, Keamcorrovooly,   |
| John O'Sullivan         | Derryvacorneen, Inchibeg,   |
| Rev.Laurance O'Sullivan | Lackabaun (map 68),   |
| Daniel O'Sullivan       | Shanacrane West, Shehy beg, Shehy more, Tooreen,  |
| John Orpen              | Coolroe West, Coornahahilly, Gortaknockane, Gortatanavally, Monavaddra  |
| Jasper Pine             | Cappanclar, Carrignacurra, Carrignamuck, Cloghboola, Coolroe East, Coorolagh, Derrynagree, Derryriordane South, Garryantornora, Gortaneadin, Inchigrady, Lagneeve Tooreenalour, Tooreenanean, |
| Henry Pope              | Milleen,  |
| Patrick Reardon         | Rathgaskeeg,  |
| - Savors                | Kilbarry(with Mitchell),  |
| Henry Seaward           | Coolnacranagh, Gortnacarriga (with Mitchell),   |
| Benjamin Sweete         | Gortavear,  |
| Richard Townsend        | Cooragreenane, Derreenacusha, Gortafludig, Inchinaneave, Gorteennakilla,  |
| Rev.James White         | Glebe,  |
| Sir Augustus Warren     | Cooleen,  |
| Michael Williams        | Kilmore,  |

## The Houses of the Landlords

From the same Survey we can identify the houses of those landlords who lived in the Parish. The list below includes all the houses in the Parish valued at £5 per annum or above. For that amount of money one could obtain a two storied, four bedroomed , slated, stone built house with a good courtyard, coach house and stabling.

### List of the Landlords Houses

| Townland         | Landlord          | Value    | Tenant             |
|------------------|-------------------|----------|--------------------|
| Carrignacurra    | Jaspar Pine       | £8.5.0   | in fee.            |
| Carrignadoura    | William B.Hoare   | £17.0.0  | in fee.            |
| Carrignaneela.   | Hatchell & Leader | £11.0.0  | Nicholas Barry     |
| Dromcarra North. | Thomas Barters    | £11.5.0  | in fee.            |
| Dromcarra South  | Chancery Court    | £12.15.0 | Devonshire Hawkes. |
| Glebe            | Rev.James White   | £8.5.0   | in fee             |

“In fee” means that the landlord occupied this house.

Two of the above were not occupied by the landlord at that time, but because they were in the hands of the Chancery Court they were let out by that body until all probate matters had been concluded.

Another four houses were of the same order of value, but not used by the landlord.

|              |                   |          |                      |
|--------------|-------------------|----------|----------------------|
| Cappanclare  | Jaspar Pine       | £8.5.0   | Rev.Jeremiah Holland |
| Milleen      | Henry Pope        | £9.10.0  | Richard O'Leary.     |
| Teergay      | Thomas Clarke     | ££5.5.0  | Edward Woods.        |
| Coolmountain | Richard O'Donovan | £10.10.0 | Denis O'Leary        |

### “Strong” Farmers’ Houses

Next we consider another group of houses whose value was just below this. These were two storied, slated, stone built houses with good out buildings. They are valued at between £2 and £5 per annum. You might describe them as superior farm houses.

| Townland       | Landlord          | Value   | Tenant Farmer         |
|----------------|-------------------|---------|-----------------------|
| Cahernacaha    | William Hoare     | £2.15.0 | Cornelius Lucey       |
| Cahernacaha    | William Hoare     | £2.0.0  | Denis Lucey           |
| Carrigleigh    | Thomas Barters    | £2.0.0  | Andrew Brophy         |
| Cloghboula     | Jaspar Pine       | £2.0.0  | James Cotter          |
| Cloonshear beg | Jemmett Browne    | £2.10.0 | Peter Williams        |
| Coolmountain   | Richard O'Donovan | £2.15.0 | Jeremiah Crowley snr. |
| Coolmountain   | Richard O'Donovan | £2.10.0 | Jeremiah Crowley jnr. |

|                    |                    |         |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|---------|--------------------|
| Coolroe East       | Jaspar Pine        | £3.5.0  | Jeremiah Sweeney   |
| Coolroe East       | Jaspar Pine        | £2.10.0 | Jeremiah Cotter    |
| Coorologh          | Jaspar Pine        | £2.0.0  | Denis Mahoney      |
| Cornery            | Henry Law          | £3.0.0  | Cornelius Horagan  |
| Currahy            | John Brown         | £2.0.0  | Timothy Leary snr. |
| Derreen            | Denis O'Leary      | £2.10.0 | Denis Murphy       |
| Derryriordan South | Jaspar Pine        | £2.0.0  | John Shea          |
| Garryantornora     | Jaspar Pine        | £2.0.0  | Patrick Leary      |
| Gorteenadrolane    | Jemmett Browne     | £2.15.0 | Andrew Buckley     |
| Gorteenakilla      | Richard Townsend   | £4.0.0  | Ellen Cronin       |
| Gortnalour         | Mary Burns         | £2.0.0  | Daniel Riordan     |
| Illauninagh West   | Stephen Hayes      | £2.5.0  | Michael Creedon    |
| Illauninagh West   | Stephen Hayes      | £3.5.0  | John Creedon snr.  |
| Illauninagh West   | Stephen Hayes      | £2.5.0  | James Moynahan     |
| Inchibeg           | Denis O'Sullivan   | £2.10.0 | Alexander Burke    |
| Inchibeg           | Denis O'Sullivan   | £2.10.0 | John Walsh         |
| Inchygrady         | Jaspar Pine        | £2.15.0 | Michael Murphy     |
| Inchimore          | Denis O'Sullivan   | £3.0.0  | John Walsh         |
| Inchnaneave        | Richard Townsend   | £2.0.0  | Margaret Sullivan  |
| Inchnaneave        | Richard Townsend   | £2.0.0  | John Murphy        |
| Inchineill         | Thomas Barters     | £2.10.0 | Mary McCarthy      |
| Inchineill         | Thomas Barters     | £2.15.0 | Timothy Sweeney    |
| Inchinossig        | Minhear & Mitchell | £3.0.0  | Cornelius Reardon  |
| Kilmore            | Michael Williams   | £3.5.0  | John Lucey         |
| Monavaddra         | John Orpen         | £2.0.0  | John Ring          |
| Monavaddra         | John Orpen         | £2.15.0 | John Ashe          |
| Rathgaskeeg        | Patrick Riordan    | £2.10.0 | Daniel Creedon     |
| Scrahanmore        | Henry Law          | £2.0.0  | Andrew Moynihan    |
| Teeranassig        | Lewis Gollack      | £2.10.0 | Robert Wiseman     |
| Tullagh            | Daniel Connor      | £4.10.0 | Daniel O'Donovan   |
| Turnaspidogy       | Thomas Barters     | £2.5.0  | Mary Sullivan      |

A few comments on the tables above. Two large landlord families had recently left the scene by 1854. After the deaths of James Barry and John Boyle both estates were in the hands of the Chancery Court.

Stephen Grehan had not yet appeared on the scene. Richard Townsend's shooting lodge in Dereenacusha (Gougane Barra) appears but is valued at less than £2. Grehan's shooting lodge in Gortnahoughtee has not yet been built. The same applies to Barter's shooting lodge in Turnaspidoga, although the house tenanted by Mary Sullivan (in 1854) may be the building used for this purpose later on.

A further family has changed in name only. This is the Masters family who lived in Castlemasters (Carrignacurra), but have now changed their name to Pine, through marriage.

The original William Masters was a clerical officer of the Hollow Swords Blade Company who was involved in the sale of the tenancies in 1703. He "purchased" the Carrignacurra estate from Keadagh O'Leary who was acting on behalf of the O'Leary Merigah under-age family. William built Castlemasters House alongside the Castle and moved into it in 1723. Eventually his son, Jaspar Masters repaired the Castle in 1777 but continued to live in Castlemasters, a large house he built next to Carrignacurra Castle. Jaspar had only one son, Stephen who was killed in a riding accident. Jaspar therefore left the properties to his daughter Mary who had married Arthur Pine of Ballyvolane, Castleloyns, Co. Cork. Arthur and Mary had a son, Jaspar Richard Masters Pine, and he was the owner of the properties in 1854, but they spent most of their time in Ballyvolane, and left the management of the Inchigeelagh estates to a nephew of Mary's, John Masters Browne, a son of Jammet Browne. This John Masters Browne acted as Steward to Arthur Pine, and lived in Castlemasters until 1894 when he died at the old age of 94. It was a popular misconception that he was the owner of the house of Castlemasters, the Castle of Carrignacurra, and the whole estate.

There are also a few houses which are shown, not in their townlands, but in the two villages. These are the villages of Inchigeelagh and Ballingearry. None of the houses in Inchigeelagh is valued at over £2 apart from Fr.Holland's which is shown under Cappanclar. In Ballingearry village there is one further house which meets our criteria.

| <b>Townland</b> | <b>Landlord</b>  | <b>Value</b> | <b>Tenant</b>   |
|-----------------|------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Dromanalig      | Honorina Scriven | £2.12.0      | William Shorten |

Probably a Public House even then.

All the rest are valued below £2.

.It is interesting to note how many of these houses are still standing, though no doubt much restored today. In some cases the same family is in occupation. Many can be clearly identified.

Most of the smaller tenant farmers, and all the labourers, had to live in low standard housing which can only be described as appalling. Single story, two rooms, straw roof, often no chimney or windows, small and squalid. In many cases the annual rental value of these houses was 5 shillings or so.

Most of the 1000 or so families who lived in Inchigeelagh Parish in 1854 had to survive in these disgraceful conditions.

## HERITAGE IN SCHOOLS (2005)

by Ted Cook (Heritage In Schools)



This Primary School Project is co-funded by the INTO and the Heritage Council, with matched contributions by each Primary School. €75 represents the school's contribution for a full days visit by the Heritage Specialist.

During 2004 and 2005 both Kilbarry and Inchigeela Schools visited the Gearagh to expand the school's knowledge of this very important environment and to grasp the growing need for clean, renewable and sustainable energy.

Our visit in 2004 was intended to mark the 50th Anniversary of the Lee Valley hydro-electric scheme and to evaluate the impacts on the Gearagh's Ancient post glacial wooded alluvial plain by the project. We also wished to identify both the resident wild plants and bird species. Some birds migrate from Canada, Greenland, Scandinavia, Russia and Africa. Photo 1 records Ms Teresa Downey's Class and Photo 2 records us sketching the still life of swans and decaying oak stumps.

Inchigeelagh School group (Photo 3) spent a half day in May time 2005, identifying the early flora and lichens together with the hydrological functions of the Great Flood Plain. The Gearagh is unique in Western Europe and is one of only three types of UN Ramsar Wetland on Earth. Wildlife Need Their Wilderness – and so do we.

