

béal átha'n ghaorthaíon
An Cumann Staire
balingearry
Historical Society

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Donal Cam O'Sullivan Beara

Comoradh 400 Chúltroid Uí Shúilleabháin Bhéara
400th Anniversary of the Retreat of O'Sullivan Beara

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Ba mhaith liom ar dtús failte a chur roimh gach éinne go dtí an 10ú eagrán d'ár Iris Staire. Níor cheapamar i 1993 nuair a foilsíodh an chéad eagrán go mbeadh dóthain abhar againn chun ceann eile a chur ar fáil. Bhí, dár ndoigh, agus cúpla chéann ina ndiadh san chomh maith! Is chúis bhróid é do ghach duine a scríobhann alt (nó a chuireann brú ar duine é a dhéanamh), toradh ár gcuid saothair.

Déineadh comórad ar Chúltroid Uí Shúilleabháin Beara ag deireadh 2002. Ba mhaith linn ár mbuiochas a gabháil le gach éinne a thug cabhair, an Buíon Piobairí, Lucht na Píicí, Mairéad Ní Sheartan, Anna Marie Ní Shúilleabháin agus Annie's Cafe, na tithe loistín, Donal Ó Croinín, Bán Na Teampall, na maor agus gach éinne a rinne aon chuid den siúlóid.

Chaill an paróiste roinnt daoine i rith na bliana 2002. Gúimíd rath Dé ar a múintir go léir. Chaill an Chumann Staire triúr a thug tacaíocht duinn thíos tríd na blianta. Cailleadh Séamus Ó Tuama agus a bhean Máire ar 15ú Samhain agus d'eág Jerh Ó hÉalaithe an mí chéanna. In iothlann Dé go dtugtar a hanam.

This is the tenth edition of the Journal of An Chumann Staire. We have collected a wide range of articles for you and we hope you enjoy them. Our main emphasis is on the 400th Anniversary of The Retreat Of O'Sullivan Beara in 1602–03. This important event heralded the end of one era of Irish history. Communities all along the route of the original march commemorated the march last winter and will do so again this summer. Our thanks to all who helped in any way with the events in Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh.

Our thanks also to all who helped put together this years Journal; to all the writers acknowledged and anonymous; to Margriet Bukers, Joan Twomey-O'Sullivan, Martina Kelleher, Gill Bristow, Nora Levis, Mary Lovett, Noel Harrington, Catherine Harrington, Conchúr A'Choitir agus Conchúr Ó Murchú
Beir Bua,
Seán Ó Súilleabháin

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Séamus Ó Tuama 13/09/1921 go 15/11/2002 agus Máire Bean Uí Thuama 03/01/1923 go 15/11/2002

Ba mhór an chúis bróin é do einne le baint acu le Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh nuair a chualadar faoi bhás Máire Uí Thuama agus a fear cheile Séamus. Bhí Maire duine des na chéad baill a bhí ag an gCumann Staire. Bhí dlúth baint aici le Béal Áthan Ghaorthaidg ona hóige. Bhí a hathair, Liam Ó Ruiséail, ag obair i gColáiste Na Mumhan. Bhí Séamus agus a chuid gnothaí mar chuid de shaol An t Sráid ó na daicheadaí. Thug Séamus agus Maire gach cábhair don Chumann Staire ó thosach. Is minic a fuair me teachtaireacht buaileadh isteach go 'Maimí's' chun alt nó griangraif eigin a fheiscint. Nuair nach mbeinn chinnte faoi ainm duine eigin chuiridís ar an mbóthar cheart me. Dheánaimíd cómhbrón le Muintir Uí Thuama SÓS



13/09/1921 – 15/11/2002 R.I.P. 03/01/1923 – 15/11/2002
SÉAMUS & MÁIRE Ó TUAMA

Bóithrín na Smaointe

Le Seán Ó h-Uigín

Nuair a fheicimid siar ar laethe ár nóige, ceapaimid go raibh an ghrian ag taitneamh de shíor agus go raibh gach éinne go sona sásta. Mar a dúirt an file:

It was a childish ignorance
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy

Anuraidh thugas strac-fhéachaint siar ar an Nollaig le linn m'óige i gCúl a'Ghrianáin, in Inse Gheimhleach. Cheapas go raibh gach rud go hiontach. I mbliana táim ag casadh mo smaointe ar gné taitneamhach eile dem' óige: an turas abhaile ón scoil um thráthnóna! Mar is eol do chách, tá cur síos déanta ag Alice Taylor ar an aistear chun na scoile, 'To school thru' the fields!' Ní dóigh liom féin, ar aon chuma, go bhfuil cuimhní ró-mhaith ag aon dalta scoile ar an turas chun na scoile ná ar an lá scoile, ar a shon nach raibh ceachtar díobh ró-olc, ach oiread.

Ach, i mo thuairim-sé ní bheidh sárú, go deo, ar an 'excitement' agus mothú an tsaoire, nuair a ligeadh amach an doras sinn, ar a trí a clog.

Ceathrar táilliúr gan a bheith bréagach!

Dob é an chéad 'stop', de gnáth, tar éis dúinn an sean-droichead thar an Laoi a chur dinn, ná dul isteach chuig Peter Dan, an táilliúr. Bhíodh sé féin agus a 'ghiolla' Christy White ina suí anáirde ar bhord ollmhór lena gcosa trasná agus iad ag déanamh culaithe do mhaithibh 's do mhór uaisle an pharóiste. Is é an rud is mó a thaitin linn mar gheall ar Peter Dan ná go raibh teanga bhorb aige agus caint ghairsiúil! Ba dheas an t-athrú é, is dócha, tar éis paidreacha na scoile agus eachtraí míne cultúrtha an lae, le Miss Twohig agus an máistir Séamus Ó Laoghaire.

Bhíodh scéalta 'gorma' aige leis, nach féidir liom a innsint in Iriseán deas múinte mar seo. Ach bhí scéal aige faoi Caitheach go raibh madra aige nach n-íosfadh feoil ar an Aoine. Chuir Protastúnach geall £5 leis nach raibh sé fíor. Cuireadh pláta blasta feola ar an urlár chun an mhadra, a ghluais fén a dhéin, go hocrach "Friday" a bhéic an Caitliceach agus rith an madra bocht scannraithe ar ais faoin mbord láithreach.

Bhíomar óg neamh-urchóideach, God help us, an uair úd agus ní raibh fhios again ná ag an Produstúnach gurab é 'Friday' ainm an mhadra. Nach raibh na Protastúnach an-simplí, fadó, do réir deallraimh!

Sliobairí na Móinteán!

Ar an mbealach amach chastaí Annie, bean Peter Dan orainn, go minic. Bhí tuin na bPoncánach aici, mar chaith sí a hóige i Meiriceá. Thugadh sí cannta aráin dúinn le im agus subh go tiubh anuas air. Slogadh siar gan mhoill é, geallaim-se díbh.

Choimead Annie, lóisteoirí, daoine galánta, an Bainisteoir Uachtarlainne nó Cigirí na nDíog agus a leithéidí. Leids arda, caola, éadtroma, seang ab ea iad, a bhí ábalta siúl thar na riasga agus na portaigh agus léimt thar na srutháin agus na díoganna, gan stró. Thugtaí, dá bharr san, 'Sliobairí na Móinteán' orthu.

Bhí Sliobhaire amháin nárbh sliobhaire ceart in aon chor é! Séamus Caomhánach, Ciarríoch, ón nDaingean atá i gceist agam. Ar an gcéad dul síos níor fhan sé le Annie; bíonn na Ciarrígh ard nósach, tá's agat – so, chuir sé fé, in Óstan Uí Chríodáin, i lár na sráide. Ní raibh sé caol, ard, ach oiread, ach mar sin féin, déirtear go sáródh sé an Poc ar Buile féin ag sciarradh thar aitinn 's thar sliabh!

An-pheileadóir, 'could your Granny suck eggs' agus ard fhear chun deontaisí breatha d'fháil dos na feirmeoirí bochta (nothing ever changes in that regard). Bhí an-mheas agus an-chion ag gach éinne air. Bheadh scéalta iontacha aige dá bhféadfaí é a mhealladh chun a chur ar pháir. Chaith sé gach samhradh, dá shaol, ina dhiaidh sin ag múineadh i gColáiste na Mumhan, áit a mbeidh cion agus meas air chomh maith.

Céapach an Chláir uncovered!

Chuirfeadh sé scannradh ort, ach tá sé tuairim is seasca bliain ón uair aerach úd. Dob iad na leids in éineacht liom, más buan mo chuimhne ná, 'Patho' Galvin, a bhí ina shár-pheileadóir, Pat Mahony, Cúl Rua Loch, Pat Lucey, Gortnahochtaí, agus mo chara mhór, ghrámhar, thaitneamhach, Séan Lucey, Mall. Ní raibh Con Joe linn – déarfadh sé go dtí an lá atá inniú ann, le buachailí neamh-urchóideacha, ar nós Séamus Scriven agus iad súd, go raibh sé i bhfad níos óige ná mise, go háirithe!

Dá mbeadh sé ag crochadh ó Dhroichead Bun Síleann ó shlánaigh sé bananas a tharrach timpeall na tíre ina mhála anois! An créatúr bocht, tá saol cruaidh aige, leis na pianta is uile.

Rogha na mBan

Faicim nár luaigh mé cailín ar bith i mo liosda! Bhíomar 'more into' eels(eascú), otters (dobharchú) agus rudaí seanga álainne eile ag an aois sin. Cúpla bliana ina dhiaidh sin, ámh, in aimsir na gCéilithe, san Halla, in aice le Caseys thosaíomar ag tabhairt fé ndeara go raibh Bridie Corcoran, Lil Cronin, Nora Mahony, Mary Lucey, Nell Lucey, Mary Murphy, Rath Aoidh, go deas, mar chairde (!) freisin.

'Slick Cuties' a ghlaotar ar a léithéidí sa lá atá inniú ann. Bhí an diabhal d'éileamh orthu ag an gCéilí, go mór mhór ag Ionsaí na hInse, togha agus rogha an uile dhuine. Muna gcuirfeá ceist orthu, seachtain, ar a laghad, roimh ré, ní bheadh seans ar bith agat dul ag rince leo! Ansan, chaithfeá bheith sásta le cailíní, ón dtaobh thall den droichead, mar Mairín Hartnett, Angelina Sullivan, Teresa Creedon, Cáit Manning, Peggy Kearney agus Josie Callaghan, Doire Mhéan, nó Chrissie Noonan, Bearna na Gaoithe, nach raibh an stuif céanna iontu, in aon chor!

Tá an tádth liom go bhfuilim im' chónaí

i bhfad uatha go léir – maróidh siad mé! 'I just likes to be thinking of them all, mo bhrón. Tá súil agam go bhfuilid go léir slán, folláin, go foill.

Bron ar an mBás

Sara bhfágfaidh mé ceantair an droichid, caithfidh mé seal a chaitheamh ag smaoineamh, go brónach, fós fiú, ar bhuachaill, álainn, uasal, lách, a bhí i mo rang, dárbh ainm Teddy Corcoran, a fuair bás, tar éis tinnis mistéireach, cuíosach gairid, nuair a bhí sé i Rang a Sé. Théimis isteach sa teach gach tráthnóna chun dreas creaic agus cainte a dhéanamh leis, agus é i leaba a' bháis, rud nár thuigear san am, gan amhras. Chaith an Máistir, Séamus Ó Laoire, an lá ar fad tar éis na sochraide, ag caint linn, ar scoil, mar gheall ar Teddy bocht agus ar chúrsaí bhróin agus bháis. Glaotar 'counselling' air sa lá atá inniu ann, is dócha. Bhí sé uainn go géar mar bhíomar scriosta tar éis imeachta ár gcara dhílis. Bhíomar ag druidim le haois na diablaíochta san am, ach chuir an tarlúint do-chreidte seo sceoin in ár gcroíthe.

Timpeall an Tí

Bhí an saol lán de reiligiún an uair úd, ach bhí sé níos iomláine fós ar feadh tamaill fhada tar éis bháis Teddy Corcoran. Leanamar mar sin go ceann i bhfad b'fhéidir chomh fada le aimsir na gCéilithe. Bhíomar chomh damnaíthe ag na 'ocáidí peaca' úd, nach raibh aon teangmháil againn leis na cailíní mealltacha, ach, just barr na méireanna. Ins an casadh, bhí orainn

bheith fíochmar cúramach leis an lámh dheas a leagan go héadtrom fán a coim, agus chomh fada agus ab' fhéidir, in aon chor, ón dá áit mhallaithe, ar fad, ar fad, lastuas agus lastíos, má thuigeann sibh mé!

Ní haon ionadh, go raibh éad againn le Danny Pheig agus cailín breá teann ar a ghlúin á fásceadh aige agus é ag rá ó am go ham: 'O de comfort!' De réir, deallraimh, níor chuala muintir na Gaeltachta faic mar gheall ar na peacaí uafásacha seo – nach raibh an t-ádh leo!

An gaois gorm

Gan amhras, ní ghlaoimís ar gach éinne, gach tráthnóna, mar conas a bhéadh am againn tamall a chaitheamh leis na Gardaí, Hartnett, Charley McCarthy, An Sáirsint Smith, a bhíodh ina suí ar an bhfalla, os comhair na bearaice, sna tráthnóintí breátha. Ba dhiabhail de rógáirí iad leis, mar bhídís ag fiafraí dinn conas Poitín a dhéanamh. Agus bhíomar in ann é a mhíniú dóibh go mion agus go fonnmhar agus sinn inár n-amadáin gan chiall! Dob ait an meangadh gáire a bhíodh ar agaidh Jim Pats nuair a d'inis mé an písín nuachta sin dó! Ní dóigh liom go raibh Johnny Murphy, Leath Gníomh ag léimt san aer le háthas ach oiread. Ní bhfuair mé aon chuireadh, suas ar an genoc, go Poll na hÉireann, i Kearneys River, nuair a bhí an chéad fheachtas eile ar siúl acu, geallaim-sé duit!

Abhaile má fhéadaim.

Is eagal liom, an turas so, nach mbeidh sé d'aga agam glaoch ar Dinny Buttimer, an greasaí macánta, ná Mrs

Cotter sa tsiopa, ach oiread. Caithfear, Timmy O'Connell san Uachtarlann a fhágáil ar lár, chomh maith le Michael Mahony, fear a' phoist. Bheadh leabhar iomlán ag teastáil chun cur síos ceart a dhéanamh ar Síle Dromey agus ar Jerry Driscoll sa chearta. Caithfidh mé filleadh freisin, chun deighléail I gceart le Neoiní Galvin, a choimead an Séipéal chomh slachtmhar i gcónaí dúinn. Áus fear álainn eile, Thady Cronin, Cúl Rua. Thiar, an duine ab annsa liom ar fad, i m'óige, a thagadh ag scorafocht chugainn cúpla óiche sa tseachtain – sin scéal eile, leis.

'I'd eat the back door if it were buttered!'

Ar deireadh thiar tá mo mhuintir féin na Pats Lucey, Cúl a' Ghrianán, sroiste agam. Bhí an míle slí deireannach, beagáinín uaigneach mar ní raibh aon scoláirí eile ag dul chomh fada siar Bóthar an Locha Theas liom. B'iad na Cotters, Leath Ghíomh, an chlann dheireannach a ghaibh an treo; Kathleen Cotter a thóg ar scoil mé an chéad lá, bail ó Dhia uirthi, bhí sí an-deas.

Bhíodh cúpla práta, á róstadh ar an ngriosach ag mo Sheana Mháthair, Johanna Lucey (nee O'Connell, Dromcarra dom. Nuair a bhíodar measgtha suas le blúire ime agus taosgán uachtair, bhí blás iontach astu. Ní raibh aon trácht ar mhilseog, nó 'afters' an uair úd-pláta jelly um Nollag an taon uair a bhí trácht ar sin.

Ó, bhí blas ar an mbeagán!

Seán Ó h-Uigín,
Co. Chill Cheannaig, An Robhar

Inchigeelagh School Centenary 2005.

The present Primary School in Inchigeelagh was opened in 1905. In 2005 we will be celebrating its centenary. The preparations for this are now starting, and we are particularly looking for people who can help, and also written materials relating to the School. In 2005 we hope to produce a History of the School.

This was not of course the first School in Inchigeelagh. We have decided that this History must also cover the story of the other Schools which went before it. These will include the earlier Schools in Inchigeelagh and also the Schools in Coolmountain and Toorenalour which were eventually amalgamated with it.

There will be a public meeting held shortly to get our ideas together. If you would like to help in this Project, or if you have materials you can lend to the team, you will be very welcome to come along to this meeting.

Watch the shops and the Newsletter for notice of the date and time of the meeting.

If you can't make the meeting please contact Joe Creedon, Creedons Hotel, Inchigeela or Sean O Sullivan, Currahy, Ballingearry.

Jerh Ó hÉalaithe 1918 - 2002

Le Donnadh O'Luasaigh,, Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh.

Tráthnóna lae Samhna 2002 d'fhágamar slán le Jerh nuair a cuireadh i gcréafóig an Ghugáin é. Tráthnóna mánla dorcha a bhí ann a oir an ócáid. D'oir an dorchadas don tocht a bhí ar a mhuintir agus ar a cháirde. Bhí sé tráthúil go raibh an tráthnóna mánla mar ba dheachair teacht ar fhear eile in Uíbh Laoghaire a bhí chomh cneasta, cineálta; seimh, síochánta; mín, mánla le Jerh.

Ar an 15 Aibreán 1918 a rugadh Diarmad Ó hÉalaithe. Tógadh i dtúg a mhuintire é ar Goirtin na C(o)ille. Deartháir amháin a bhí aige - Peaití - a chonaigh ar an gCill Mhór agus deirfúr amháin, Nóirín, a bhí pósta i Sasana. Táid aron ar shlí na Fírinne le tamall.

Tadhg Ó Scanaill agus Pádraig Ó Suibhne na múinteoirí a bhí aige i scoil na mBuachaillí ach ní mór a chloisfeá uaidh i dtaobh laethe a scoile. Nuair a bhí an t-am istigh -14 bliana an uair sin - d'fhág Jerh an scoil. An bhliain dar gcionn thosnaigh se ar obair le Danny Hyde. Trí bliana a chaith Jerh le Danny sarar bhris sé amach leis féin.

A Chuid Oibre

Le himeacht ama deineadh ceardaí críochnúil, slachtmhar de Jerh. Ba bheag obair láimhe ná raibh ar a chumas. Bhí sé go seoigh chun maisiúcháin agus chun deisiúcháin. Dheisíodh sé doirse, gloine, glais, cathaoireacha, boird, suíocháin, leापacha, pópáí uisce, buaicairí agus leithris. An rud ná bíodh indeisithe, dheineadh Jerh ceann foirfe as an nua. Ina theannta san chaith Jerh tamall ag taispeáint scanánán san seana halla. Dob aige a bhí an t-aon pictiúrlann a bhí riamh i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh.

Bhí ana mheas air mar dhathadóir, deaslámhach, néata. I'm óige, dá mbíodh an stáisiún le bheith i dtigh, an chéad rud a deintí na fios a chur ar Jerh. Bhí nós péinteála ar thoscán na cistine sa bhfaisean an uair úd ar a dtugtaí 'grain-ing'. Dob é Jerh an *Master grainer*.

Amach san am, luigh sé féin agus Jerm Kelleher isteach le chéile agus ghlacaidís le hobair nios troime - tógáil fallaí agus díonta, plástarail agus uaireanta thógaidís tigh ar fad - ó bhonn go ceann. 'Bé *Bun Coille*, ar Inse an Fhosaigh, an tigh deireannach a tógadh leo.

Aoinne go raibh se de rath air bheith i measc na beirte seo agus iad i dteannta a chéile bhí saibhreas le fail aige nach bhfuil teacht air in aon mianach - ná in aon leabhar. Saibhreas a piocadh suas as a n-óige ó bheith ag éisteacht le agus ag faire ar chomharsain ina dtimpeall. Saibhreas a cuireadh i dtaisce go cúramach i ndoimhneas na hintinne. Saibhreas a scaoileadar uatha arís ina sceflíni simplí saoihiúla a bhí lan de ghaois agus de ghreann, de ghrinneas agus de ghreannúireacht. Scealaithe snasta ab ea iad beirt - an friotal agus an t-athfhriotal ar fheabhas ag Jerh.

Buidhean Piobairi Barra Naofa

As a oíge bhí suim ag Jerh sa bhuión ceoil - Buidhean Piobairi Barra Naofa. Chaith se tamall ar an nDruma Fada, tamall ina mhaor druma agus tamall ag baint ceoil as an nDruma Mór. Bhaineadh Jerh anaphleisiur as na turasanna a dheineadh sé leis an mBanna Ceoil. Ní raibh sé riamh gan scéilín féna bheilt ar teacht abhaile do. Amach san am chuireadh sé oiliuint ar dhruamadóirí óga. Bé Uachtarán coiste na búione é go lá a bháis.

Gnothaí stáitse

Ach ba i ngnothaí stáitse is mó a bhí suim ag Jerh. Músclaoidh an tsuim seo ann nuair a fhreastail sé ar ranganna Gaelainne a bhíodh ar siúl ag Éamon Ó hAragáin sa Cheard Scoil. Ar na dramaí go raibh páirt aige iontu san blianta sin bhí- *Dúir(t) sé Dair(t) sé; Cor in aghaidh an chaim, Aiséirí, Cruachas na mBaitsiléirí 7rl*. Bé an 'Bunnán Buí' an chead dráma a dhein se fé Sheamas Ó Sé agus buadh Chraobh na hEiréann. Sa dráma san, chomh maith le Diarmuid agus Séamus Ó Sé, bhí Conchubhar Ó Críodáin, Diarmuid Ó Mathúna, Siobhán Ní Cheallacháin, Eilín Ní Mhuirthille, Maighread Ní Shuilleabháin (Uí Lionáird, anois). Fuair Diarmuid Ó Mathúna gradam na hócaide don aisteoir ab' fhearr.

Ní suim sa stáitse amháin a spreag Jerh chun freastal ar na ranganna seo. Bhí cloch eile ar a phaidrín. Ag freastal chomh maith bhíodh Siobhán Ní Cheallacháin. Deireadh an scéil gur chuireadar a seó féin ar siúl, ar stáitse an aireagail sa Ghugáin, sa bhliain 1953 nuair a pósadh iad; seó a mhair geall leis leathchead bliain Beirt iníon agus triúr mac atá

orthu. Tá sé le maíomh gur chaith gach ball den dteaghlach seachtair seo seal ar stáitse.

Nuair a cailleadh Séamus Ó Sé thit cur chun cinn na Gaeltachta ar Jerh. Ba mhaith chuige é. Bhíodh sé i gcónaí ag faire ar sheansanna ainm Bhéal Átha an Ghaorthaidh a chur chun tosaigh. Bhí ana-shuim aige i dtionscail a mhealladh chun an cheanntair. Thuig sé gur tríd an nGaeltacht a thárlódh san agus dá mbeadh ainm láidir Gaeltachta orainn go leanfadh na tionscail. D'athbhunaigh sé an Coiste Forbartha go luath sna seachtóidí. Mealladh tionsclaíochta ba phríomhchúram don gCoiste.

Cumann drámaíochta

Eagraí ana-mhaith ab ea Jerh. Bhí cumann drámaíochta ana-láidir sa phobal sna seascaidí agus sna seachtóidí. Bé Jerh príomheagraí an chumainn. É siud a roghnaíodh na dramaí, a gheibheadh na hais-teoirí agus a shocraíodh cúrsaí taistil. Thaisteal an cumann Gaeltachtaí na Mumhan ag iomaíocht, agus ba mhinic duais leo abhaile. Chuireadar seóanna ar siúl chomh maith in áiteanna chomh hilghnéitheach le Baile Ghib(Co. na Mí), Bleá Cliath, Corcaigh, Ceatharlach, Conamara, Luimneach, Aonach Urmhumhan, Gaillimh, Tráilí, Oileáin Aráinn, chomh maith le stáitsí ba chomhngaraí do bhaile. Bhíodh páirt lánach aisteoireachta ag Jerh sna dramaí seo go léir agus is mó duais a bhí aige ar fheabhas na haisteoireachta san. Shroich sé buaic i bpáirt an mheisceora i ndrama *Frank O'Connor - "ar an dTraen"*.

Thaistealaidh Jerh go cruinnithe Chomhaltas Drámaíochta na Mumhan a tinólaí i Magh Ealla, le linn an gheimhridh agus an Earraigh. Da bharr so, ba mhinic féilte drámaíochta á dtionól i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh le linn na seachtóidí. D'imigh cáil na ndeirí-seachtaine drámaíochta so i bhfad agus i gcéin. Thagadh complachtaí anso ó cheann ceann na tíre. Is cuimhneach complacht do theacht ó Dhoire agus ceann eile ó Chontae Aontrama. Ag an bhFéile dheireannach acu so, 1978, d'eirigh le Coiste na Feile ardán a thabhairt do dhrama agus fiche. Jerh a bhíodh ina bhainisteoir stáitse, imeasc rudaí eile, ar na Féilte.

Ach, dob é An tAgallamh Beirte an mean aisteoireachta a b'fhearr le Jerh. Thaitníodh go seoigh leis, dá mbíodh sé ina aonar i mbun obair an lae, bheith ag smaoinemh ar théamaí, ar phlotaí, ar bhéarsaí nó ar línte glice, gaosmheara, greannúra a fhéadfaí a fhí isteach in Agallamh. Bhí an meán so ana-oiriúnach don bhféith laidir grinn a bhí i nDiarmuid agus bhaineadh se lán-leas as agus é ag coimheascar lena leath-bhádóir, Nóra Bean Loibhéad. Do chomórtaisí an Oireachtais is mó a cleachtaí na hAgallaimh seo ach tógtaí leis iad go SCÓR agus go coirmeacha ceoil ar fud na háite. Bhíodh Jerh ana-mhórálach go mbíodh go leor ó Bhéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh ag triall ar an Oireachtas go minic ina theannta. Orthu so bhíodh scéalaithe, amhranaithe agus ar feadh tamaill (1972-1976) Cór Eaglaise agus Claisceadal. Bhuidís seo go leor duaiseanna agus, dar le Jerh, chabhruíodh so go mór le hainm Bhéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh a chur chun cinn.

Buille cruaidh don áit

Farfóir, ní raibh an rath ar an mealladh tionsclaíochta lena raibh Diarmuid ag súil,

de bharr na ngníomhaíochtaí seo. Is iad na gnóthaí a fuarthas don ndúthaigh sa tréimhse seo ná an Níolann agus *Ce Bonn Teo*. Ba bhuille cruaidh do Dhiarmuid agus dá chomhleacaithe é gur sciobadh uathu muileann adhmaid *Grainseár Teo*. a bhí le lonnú sna Curraithe. Ba mheasa le Diarmuid an slimearáil agus an chamastuól a bhíodh ag oifigigh áirithe de chuid Udaras na Gaeltachta/Gaeltarra Eireann. Nuair a fhógair duine acu nach raibh *O'Donovan Enterprises* (anois *Firebird*) a bhí aimsithe do Bheal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh ag teacht, d'fhag Diarmuid an cruinniú le déistean.

Ar mhaithe le Béal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh

Bhí Diarmuid, chomh maith, i mbun na craoibhe áitiúil de Chonnradh na Gaelainne agus, chomh maith leis an Athair Ó Mathúna, i mbun gnóthaí Ghlór na nGael i mBéalÁtha'n Ghaorthaidh. Ba bhall é leis den gcearbha áitiúil de Chómhaltas Ceoltóirí Eireann. Da bharr so dheineadh sé a lan taistil go cruinnithe in áiteanna éagsúla – i gcónaí ar mhaithe le Beal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh.

Choláiste na Mumhan

Deireann Siobhán, a chéile dflis, gurb é deireadh a shaoil, na blianta a chaith sé ina airíoch ar Choláiste na Mumhan, an t-am ba shonasaí ina shaol. Thaitin an obair leis agus thaitin nfb' fhearr leis an t-atmasféar Gaelach ina raibh sé ag obair. Bhí sé ana-mhórálach as an gCúrsa Crazy Gailf a leag sé amach in aice an Ostáin. Is ffor a rá chomh maith go raibh ana-mheas ag múinteoirí agus scoláirí araon ar Dhiarmuid. Ba mhínic iad le feiscint ag éisteacht leis, ag baint taitnimh as na scéilíní áitiúla a bhíodh á insint aige. As an mion rud agus as an mion-duine a dheineadh Jerh stair sna scéilíní sin.

Iórón an tsaol é, farfóir, gur stair anois é Jerh – ach is mór le rá é i stair phobail Bhéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh.

Deinimídne san Iris Staire seo comhbhrón lena chéile, Siobhán; le Caitlín agus le hAine, le Pat, Michael, Fionnbarra, agus le pobal Bhéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh ina mbris. Go deimhin is boichtede sinn go léir a imeacht uainn. Iarraimíd leabaidh imeasc Gael na háite seo dá anam uasal.



ó clé: Katie Ní hEalaithe, Jerh Ó hEalaithe, Máire Uí Laoire agus Sinéad Ní Laoire

The Retreat Of O'Sullivan Beara

By Jerry O'Sullivan with additional
information by Donal MacSuibhne and Seán Ó Suilleabháin

(I dtosach nílím a rá gurb ainm Ó Súilleabháin atá níos tabhachtaí ná níos isle na aon ainm eile. Tá sé de dhulgas ar gach einne eolais a bheith aige faoin a ainm fein, Cad as a thanaig sé, cad is bri leis agus cad a dhein daoine airithe leis an ainm sin.

A moral judgement is not being made of the rights and wrongs of this period. There are no rights and wrongs in war just winners and losers. The writer's feelings on this period are at best ambivalent. But in history the writing hand having written moves on. It remains to future generations to learn it's lessons.)

DEFINITIONS:

ENGLISH: For the purposes of these articles, English will mean those fighting for Queen Elizabeth I of England, and to further English interests and policies in Ireland. Most of these people were indeed Irish – also known as *Queen's Irish*.

IRISH: As a term used here more narrowly defined as anyone opposing these aforementioned aims and policies (of the English). Ireland in 1600 most closely resembled Afghanistan today or Bosnia in the early 1990's, a shifting reality of fragile alliances – today's friend being tomorrow's enemy and a friend again on Thursday week.

The March: Donal Cam O'Sullivan Bere, Chieftain of the O'Sullivan Bere Clan, marched from the Beara Peninsula in County Cork to Breifne Castle in Leitrim village, County Leitrim, in 14 days. The march covered well over 250 miles, in the terrible cold, wet and snow of January and the marchers were harassed and attacked continually. The march, for the first 10 days at least, involved the vanguard punching their way through any and all

resistance, which at least during daylight hours seems to have been continuous. The rearguard kept any pursuit at bay. In between these two groups were camp followers, baggage, supplies and civilians who seem to have suffered most during the march. Great clouds of gunpowder smoke usually obscured either side from seeing much of each other.

Gallowglass: These Irish wars were not the stuff of 'Braveheart'. Donal Cam's men were for the most part hired men called Gallowglasses. These men from the Highlands and islands of Scotland were of Norse-Scots blood and followed their trade well into the 1600's – forerunners of the Wild Geese. They were paid about 3d a day, all found, following O'Neill's reorganization of the Irish armies from about 1585 onwards. They were renowned as big men. A witness, Dymoke, commenting on them in the year 1600, described them as '*picked and selected men of great and mighty bodies. Cruel without compassion.*' Dressed in coats of mail or iron-bar lined jackets with metal helmets, guns, swords, axes, pikes, even some bows and arrows, these men stood and fought and were the equivalent of the ancient shield wall. They were very proud of their tradition as violent power for hire.

KERN/BONNAGHTS: Irish light-infantry. Un-armoured, lightly armed with spears, darts, short swords and some guns, these troops were used for scouting and ambush and were usually a Chief's personal retainers, extended family or Irish youth for hire or adventure.

GUNS: Large heavy, cumbersome early muskets called *arquebases* were in general employment in Ireland at this time. They were about 5 -10 kgs in weight and could be loaded and fired at

about 1 shot every 1 – 2 minutes or 40 shots an hour. The cost of an arquebase was the equivalent of six cows.

VANGUARD: A portion of an army which precedes that army.

REARGUARD: A force which defends that army's rear.

PLASHING: Weaving live tree branches together to create walls to stop or funnel your enemy's movements.

AMPHIBIOUS: Moving men and supplies by ship to attack a land while bypassing its' land-based defence lines.

The Period Leading Up To The March 1601- 1602

All Ancient peoples have a history replete with many confusing wars. In this, Ireland is no exception. The period involved in this article is the time after the Geraldine Wars and 9 Years War – also best known perhaps as the Wars of O'Neill and O'Donnell – which effectively ended Irish hopes with their defeat at the Battle of Kinsale in December 1601. King Philip of Spain had sent his Armada against England only 15 years previously. Elizabeth I was nearing the end of her long reign in England but her armies and their Irish allies were still seeking to impose English rule firmly throughout Ireland.

Kinsale had been a disaster for the Irish. Not so much because any important wing of the Irish had run away or that any of the armies there had been cowards, but because the Irish Army had been sent on a night attack against the English lines and they had blundered about in the dark while the English, who had been warned, managed to find the Irish and slaughter them. It was a salutary lesson for the Irish who lost, some say, 4,000 and for

the English who lost only 16. From now on, as advocated by Carew, Wilmot and Mountjoy, three of the ablest military commanders to ever play upon the Irish stage, the English would use deliberately induced famine (by burning crops, taking or killing cattle and sheep, and killing any who opposed them) as a tactic to fight their wars. The Irish starved while the English were supplied by ships. Campaigns would be fought in winter so as to avoid ambush as the trees would be bare and plashing or signs of it would indicate imminent attack, and the English would also use directed and surgical amphibious assault in Ireland.

May 11 – June 1, 1602 : Bantry to Beara

After The Battle of Kinsale in December 1601 the English gained control of all the castles along the south coast of Cork. By summer 1602 Beara was the only area holding out against them.

Bantry/Ballylickey was the staging area for the invading English armies who had come from the south and north between mid-May and June 1st. When the siege of Dunboy (Donal Cam O'Sullivan's main fortress) began, the Irish waited and the English acted, foraging the countryside and taking all defensive outlying strongholds and islands while waiting for their siege cannons to arrive on ships. The Irish commander of Dunboy was Richard MacGeoghegan and his second-in-command was an Englishman named Thomas Taylor who was in the employ of the renowned mercenary leader Richard Tyrell. The English were commanded by George Carew, assisted by Charles Wilmot.

June 1 – June 16/17, 1602 : The Fall of Dunboy

By June 1st, the English besieging force numbered 4,000 and the Irish defenders of Dunboy 140. Carew had taken Bear Island and landed men on the mainland shore. Richard Tyrell had been wounded trying to repel this attack and had slipped away to Ardea in Kerry where Donal Cam was waiting for Spanish aid and Gold. Two weeks were taken while the massive English siege guns were set up where the current Puxley Mansion stands. On June

16th, the bombardment of Dunboy fortress began and a tower collapsed into the space between the fortress and an earthen bank, allowing a bridge to form. The sloping earthen bank had been built, on the advice of three Spanish gunners, who after the Battle of Kinsale, had been ordered to volunteer to remain behind in Dunboy and offer advice while the other Spanish soldiers were shipped home. The earthen bank was to absorb and deflect the pounding from the massive siege guns, but this bank proved a fatal mistake as it allowed English entry and obscured the defender's view from the arrow slits allowing them to return fire only from the exposed top of the castle's walls.

All the defenders were killed - most in the vicious hand-to-hand fighting, while the survivors were executed. The three Spanish gunners were the only men that Carew offered to pardon. They chose to be executed.

June 17 – December 30, 1602

The situation for the Irish in Beara was desperate. Having managed to hang on by hiding and moving and avoiding anything but small vicious guerrilla attacks when he got the opportunity, Donal Cam nevertheless was on his last legs. Richard Tyrell and his troops had deserted him and marched to the north in the autumn of 1602. His creagh of 2,000 cattle and 4,000 sheep (his people's entire food supply) had been taken by the English and Wilmot had given him just enough time to get hungry before he moved in from Kerry to Glengarriff. The two armies camped about a mile apart and waited. Donal Cam called a meeting to decide whether to stay at home and fight or to run away and fight another day. It was decided to flee. Words are important. The difference between the words "retreat" is vast, so let's call it a "fleeing retreat".

The March : Beara to Breifne – 31/12/1602-14/01/1603

To Uibh Laoire and Ballingearry

New Year's Eve, 1602, saw a fast moving column of O'Sullivan's followers move towards the Pass of Ceim An Fhia. This column consisted of about

400 soldiers – 100 in front and 300 behind; and 600 to 800 in the middle - camp followers (including families and children of the hired soldiers). (Donal Cam left his own wife and infant son behind in Glengarriff on a mountain top to await his return. He never did and they were later reunited with him in Spain.)

As there wasn't a road through the Pass at that time the group more than likely followed the Old Road up the side of the Pass and east along the side of Doughill Mountain. They then swung north to cross the River Lee at Insemore into Gortafloodig. They followed the track along Scrahanmore and on to Keimcorabhoulá. The road at that time was behind Creed's and led downhill through what later became Pat Ahern's farm. They forded the Bunsheelin River into Gurteenakilla late in the evening of December 31st 1602 and headed for the even then, ruined church Tempeallín Aharas, two miles north of Ballingearry.

This church takes its name from the now neighbouring townland of Aharas. It's present location in Gurteenakilla is more than likely the result of a boundary change after it's construction. However there is also the local legend that the church moved across the valley from Aharas to its present location. This may sound implausible to many but there is evidence of such a move!. A holy-water font can be found in the roadside stone wall just north of Aharas Cross, where it fell while the church made it's journey across the valley. Who are we to say otherwise!?

Here O'Sullivan and his followers spent the first night of their forced march. This was McCarthy territory and they probably felt that an attack was imminent. However it would not come until the next morning in Ballyvourney. Already word must have been spreading of the movement of such a large number of people.

The group would have risen early the next morning, January 1st 1603 . Shortly after leaving Tempeallín Aharas the first serious mishap happened. O'Sullivan's valuable horse named the Cearc Ban – that he had received as a present from O'Neill at the Siege of Kinsale – was accidentally drowned in a bog hole which is called

Poll Na Circe to this day. They travelled upwards and northwards along the old road that lay at the west bank of the river, and soon reached the spot where the town lands of Cahir and Gortnabinná meet near a cascade known as Easach Circe. From here they headed for St. Gobnait's Shrine in Baile Mhuirne.

Baile Mhuirne

The old road stretched north-eastwards over the Gortnabinná Mountain, through peat bogs and wet terrain. A thousand people with horses and baggage would have difficulty in negotiating this route, so they apparently decided to circumvent the mountain rather than cross it.

Tradition has it that they split into two or more groups. One group travelled west to Beal a' Mhama, and then east along the northern slopes of Gort Ui Rathaille, crossing the river Duglais near its source, and soon reaching the Bona Ban road and so to St. Gobnait's. Another group travelled east as far as Gortanimill town land and then north, across the river Duglais, and over the hill, meeting the others at St. Gobnait's. Very few, if any, travelled the old road. It is well to remember at this point that in 1601 Pope Clement VIII imparted a special Indulgence of ten years and Quarantines to the faithful who would visit the parish church of Gobnait on her feast day, would confess and receive Holy Communion, and would pray for peace among Christian princes, for the expulsion of heresy, and for the exaltation of Holy Mother Church. St. Gobnait's, now officially recognised as a place of pilgrimage, was obviously regarded by O'Sullivan as an important place in which to stop and pray.

Having made the Rounds, they set out on their journey once more. They crossed the Sullane River, and travelled north through Kippags. Here they were attacked by a group of the McCarthy's, and in the ensuing skirmish the O'Sullivan's lost much baggage, but did not, apparently, suffer any casualties.

One must remember that in the previous year O'Sullivan had equipped and army of mercenaries to ravage West Muskerry and Duhallow, so this was

obviously a revenge attack by the McCarthy's.

The O'Sullivan's beat off the attackers and continued on their journey onwards to Clondrohid Parish and Carriganimmy. The marchers would have followed a route close to the current road to Glendav.,

Through North Cork, Limerick And Tipperary

O'Sullivan Bere travelled north east to ford the river Blackwater at Boing Ford near Millstreet and was afforded food and hospitality by O'Keefe at Boing Castle.

The next day (Jan 2nd 1603) some O'Keefes attacked them nearby at Flintfield and the McCarthy's of Drishane and Kilmeeady tried but failed to ambush them.

They travelled north to Newmarket via Maher and Derrinaturbid and were welcomed by Mc Auliffe. On hearing of a threatened attack by Barry's of Buttevant they swung east to Freemount and to Ardfinnan and the Glen of Aherlow rather than a direct approach to the River Shannon.

Here they fought their first major engagement by an English garrison assisted by the Barry's when crossing a ford near Lisscarroll. The Queen's army was forced to retire through hunger and **f a t i g u e**. The column had now to cross the Golden Vale to get to the safety of the Slieve Felims. At Kilmallock, the White Knight and his mercenaries attacked. They were then attacked at the rear by the previous day's assailants but succeeded in avoiding a clash. Chief town of the Golden Vale is Kilmallock, capital of the Earls of Desmond. Mercenaries of the White Knight, the Gibbons, men from Limerick City and some Englishry, in all making up more a mob than an army, came upon O' Sullivan's host, making for the mountains. This battle may have been in the region of Knockany, Hospital or Emly. It was by far the fiercest battle that the refugees had suffered thus far.

Slieve Felim

After their heavy losses O'Sullivan and his men reached Slieve Felim, where the Twelve Peaks are seen. They

camped at Solohead - a famous place, made famous by Brian Boru, Dan Breen and Sean Treacy. Here they recovered themselves and set off for Donohill (Dun Eochaille, fort of the Yew Wood) where there was a considerable store of food. Their hunger gave them the courage to storm the place and gain access to the food supplies.

Onwards then towards Cappawhite. So numerous were their attackers that the fugitives feared complete destruction. Ormond left them no choice but to defend themselves by attacking. This they did with some success, but also with some losses. Out of O'Sullivan's one thousand followers only two thirds now lived. On the way they marched the road which climbs the side of Knockafine, and on to the peak of Slieve Kimalta (Sliabh Coimealta, Keeper Hill) which is nearly the highest summit seen in all the march. That night they camped at Latteragh. Then onto Knockshegowna, Lackeen and towards the river Shannon where it enters Lough Derg, north of Portumna.

The Shannon Crossing

Here boats were built on 7th - 8th of January under the direction of Dermot O'Sullivan from Dursey. The Beara men had to kill their horses and use the skin to make a twenty - six foot boat. The Connaught soldiers in O'Sullivan's group made a smaller boat which sank under its first load. A crossing was affected in the early morning of the 9th of January while under attack from McEgan of Redwood Castle. It became necessary to kill McEgan since he would not cease his pillaging and killing of the weakened West Cork civilians. It is claimed that McEgan's men found it so easy to kill these civilians that 'they just did'. On the Connaught shore, the Maddens did likewise.

Aughrim, Co Galway

Straight northward again the following day, where the major battle of the march occurred at Aughrim. It is recorded that here Donal Cam gave his most stirring speech (off-the-cuff) and it is for this rhetoric he is best and justifiable remembered. He told his people the truth, to the effect that they

were all going to die and the only way to avoid it was to fight like tigers. You can only imagine what they thought of this, and all for 3d a day's pay! This was a battle which should have been a foregone conclusion. Some 800 well-armed, rested, English troops under Malby and Sir Thomas and Richard Burke, faced some 120 rear-guard Irish mercenaries under Donal Cam (his vanguard of 80 soldiers had run away). His speech having properly motivated his soldiers, Donal Cam then sent 40 of his available 120 men to his rear to hold off his enemy's allies (other Irish clans) who were already plundering his meagre baggage. He was left to face the 800 English soldiers with 80 men of his own. O'Sullivan was on low, boggy ground; the English advancing and beginning to encircle him.

He ordered his men to run away out of the low, wet ground to a grove of Sally bushes growing a few hundred yards to his rear. Seeing the retreat, the 800 English soldiers gave chase, trying to race each other, vying to be first to get to the available 80 victims. Upon reaching the grove, with the English horse floundering and making heavy-going of the chase in the low, wet ground, Donal Cam ordered a quick about-face, a volley and a charge. His men reacted with clock-work precision and Dermot O'Sullivan of Dursey Island and O'Connor Kerry (both 70 years old at the time) led the charge going in to kill Richard Burke and other English officers. Donal Cam himself was said to have ridden straight into the enemy and beheaded Malby. Sir Thomas Burke ran from the field and leaderless, the English paused. Hesitation means death in war. Donal Cam's vanguard, who had run away without orders, now returned, and trying to wipe out their disgrace, hacked into the English. An hour later Aughrim was strewn with English dead. Donal Cam had lost 14 – all of them from the 40 who had gone to protect his rear and baggage.

Northwards, the march continued. Since many of his remaining troops were from Connaught originally we can only assume that some of them stayed here and returned to their

homes. Donal Cam, 35 men and one woman reached Leitrim village 6 days later on January 14th 1603, having suffered great privation on the Bricklieve and Curlew Mountains but having evaded further major conflicts.

Donal Cam's Final days in Ireland

Donal Cam only stayed in Leitrim village a few days. He hired another army – Richard Tyrell and his 300 men again – and going from island to island on the Lakes of Fermanagh he sought out and deliberately hunted for any English garrison or man and put them to death.

When he reached O'Neill's camp on the northern shore of Lough Neagh O'Neill had already gone to surrender to the English and be re-granted his title and lands. Ironic that O'Neill surrendered to a dead Queen – the news of Elizabeth's death being withheld from him 'till after his abject grovelling.

Towards the end of 1603 Donal Cam sailed for Spain, never to return to Ireland. Brian Og O'Rourke died soon after, while besieged. These two friends remained the only two unpardoned Irish leaders.

Another School of Thought

Having gained his Chieftaincy through the English Courts, Donal Cam O'Sullivan's behaviour during this time leaves him open to much criticism:–

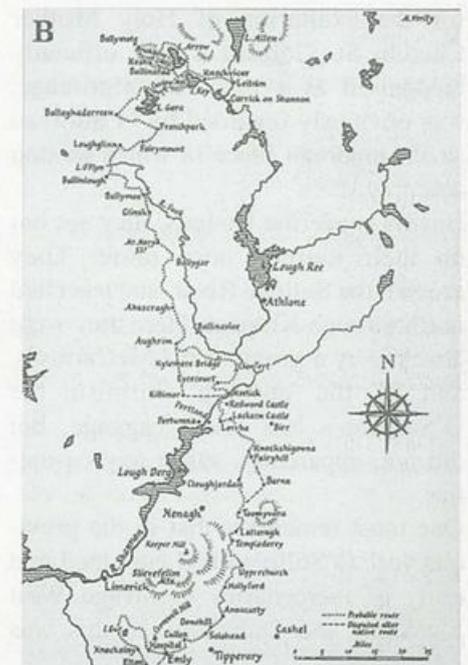
his decision to join the O'Neill



Campaign against the English; his treatment of the neighbouring areas bordering Beara; his post-Kinsale Battle decision to continue to fight; his refusal to send any relief to Dunboy; and when he eventually lost the means to feed his army with the loss of his creagh (cattle and sheep), his compounding of that debacle with a decision to march more than a thousand people, over half of which were non-combatants, across Ireland in the heart of a severe winter. That so many survived the Crossing of the Shannon River is a credit, not only to his determination as a war leader and the professionalism of his hired army, but also to the stamina, industriousness, ingenuity and bravery of the people of West Cork.

Donal Cam rode a horse on much of the journey and 20,000 Ducats of Spanish Gold reached Brian Og at Breifne – somewhere in the region of 1,000 people did not.

His decision to march through a country laid waste first by O'Neill's army heading south to the Battle of Kinsale in 1601 and then by the remnants of that same defeated army heading north to home; through a Munster famished and deliberately wrecked by Carew and Wilmot that previous summer; and through other people's lands with whom he was still at war; would beg the question – Was Donal Cam a fanatic.



Beara to Breifne - 2003

A personal account of the Re-enactment of O'Sullivan Beara's March
by Jerry O'Sullivan.

New Years Eve 2002

It was a mild and sunny New Year's Eve morning at about 9:30a.m. when some 150 to 200 people began to walk out of Glengarriff. I had been driven there by my brother Denis and his wife Kay. I had a child's school sack and remembering my F.C.A. days, had packed, or more correctly, my wife Joan had packed under my interfering directions. I had enough socks and food and other necessary items such as anti-perspirant, extra coats and items of hat care to walk to Moscow and back, twice. I had bought new specialty mountain boots in Killarney 2 days previously and looked at the other walkers with pity as unprepared without any visible provisions save what they carried in their pockets. We were led by a piper having just listened to Mary McDermott (of Glenroe fame) and an O'Sullivan man from Castletownbere who had a lovely walking stick and who could sing a song at nine in the morning without just having come at the song from the night before.

I did not know many people on the walk at that stage. Just some people who knew me and said, "Hello, Jerry!" And I pretended I knew them 'till having conversed with them for some time and by paying close attention to what they said I would build up a picture of who they might be and that saves me the embarrassment of openly admitting that I am a fool who does not remember people who I should make it my business to remember (this usually works for me).

The walk, organised by Jim O'Sullivan from Castletownbere, and the entertainment and presentations organised by Michael Ed O'Sullivan, Clan Chieftain, was an effort to use the 400th Anniversary of the March to connect together all of the green/walkways from West Cork right up to the border with the North of Ireland and was under the auspices of Beare Tourism. I, who intended doing the walk some time during my life anyway as a sort of O'Sullivan pilgrimage, decided to tag along. My preparations from a physical standpoint were complete and involved sitting into my car and driving any time I wanted to buy a cup of coffee in the shop across the street.



At Highwood, Co. Sligo

Jim O'Sullivan, Beara Breifne Greenway Co-ordinator, and on right Clan Chieftain Michael Ed. O'Sullivan with some of the welcoming group.

The Girls were from Geevagh National School

The Walk Starts

We walked from Glengarriff to Ballylicke. After a warm welcome at Carriganass, Kealkill we headed on to the Pass of Keimaneigh

where the day, almost as if to remind us of the original marchers mood on fleeing their homes, turned wet, dreary and cold. So we walked the last 4 to 5 miles in heavy rain. I was feeling bad by the time I reached Ballingearry. My feet had refused remain in perfect condition over 20 miles. My knap-sack had been gaining weight at an alarming rate all the long day and needed to become involved in a crash diet. After a torch lit, pipe band parade to the park on the old road in Ballingearry, I sat into Conor O'Sullivan's car and was helped out of it at my home, as I was unable to stand. I remember peeling off my socks and about half the skin from the soles of my feet; running a bath, dreaming of a just trial and punishment for my speciality boots, and thinking of 70 year old O'Connor Kerry's speech made 2 days after Aughrim when he spoke to his blistered and broken feet:

"Feet, have you not endured the most difficult trials these thirteen nights past? Oh! feet most delicate feet of mine, is not my head - is not the safety of all my members, of more concern than your own comfort? What will it profit to have fled so far, if here and now through laziness we fall into enemy hands? Surely, feet, I'll see to it that you shake off this sluggishness!"

Thereafter he stamped his feet against the ground, squeezed out the blisters, staggered upright in his heavy armour and marched on with the rest.

I awoke at six in the morning on New Year's Day and could not stand, but remembering my training from cross-country running as a boy in Colaiste Iosagain said I could work out of that through pain. Two hours later I was sitting into Conor's car again, shod in Wellington boots with a fist of sop as an insole, being driven to Gurteenacoille Bridge where I started walking for the Mouth of the Glen, trying to get as much of a head start as possible. I reached Cahir Cross, slowly passing the Teampaillin on my left with the ceremony going on led by Donal Dinny Dan's bag pipes. I knew the sound of pipes signalled that I was the fox and that the chase was on and when they caught up with me I would feel so defeated and in pain that I would drop out.

Beara and Ballingearry have the same look: rocks and water, fields like handkerchiefs hanging from the sides of the mountains. Over the Buachaillins, I made my way down into Gortharathilly on the Rae Road coming out on the Rath Road where I was directed left toward Coolea, to make a right at the Togher and take the Bothar Ban to Relig Gobnathan in Ballyvourney. I made it as far as this before getting a lift from Eoinie Mikey Ó Suilleabháin as I must have looked in need of one. There I had to drop out as my feet were getting further damaged with every northward step. Welcome was made before us by the Ballyvourney people in the former Church of Ireland building at St. Gobnait's Shrine, a beautifully built stone church, and put to great use now as a meeting place.

Two Days Recuperation and then Tipperary

The March continued without me as I recuperated for the next two days, hobbling about the house, Conor asking me at suspiciously frequent intervals was Leitrim a biteen farther north than

St. Gobnait's. Our car was in the garage being repaired but the morning of the 4th of January found Joan and me in Donohill in South Tipperary. This is tough country, wet and cold, no rocks, just trees, forest, frost and furze-covered mountains. To the south and east the Galtee's rear up shielding the Glen of Aherlow from the south. Mountains and bad rushy land are plentiful here and over the next 2 days I walked, slowly, as much as I could, sometimes putting in an appearance with the rest of the walkers, if only to ask where the next days walk would begin. My feet were improving and going slowly and carefully I was completing most of each days allotted mileage.

By the evening of the 5th of January reaching Ballingarry, Co Tipperary. We were seen off the next morning by former Government Minister Michael O'Kennedy as the representative of the O'Kennedy Clan. I felt well enough to rejoin the march properly, in more rolling country now, an ungrassed hill was rare and roads different from the tough country we had been travelling. This, in its sameness, had its' own appeal. A feature would be an old castle or church friary or Abby. We reached Lorrha, a quiet small village, well kept, with extensive ruins of three different major ecclesiastical sites.

I was after getting to know most of the regular walkers by this time when out before us stepped three friars in full regalia. In awe I asked someone were they for real and got the answer: "wearing Hush Puppies? Probably Friars just for today!"

Here I must explain that about 15 people were actually walking all the time then about another 5 were involved in staging horses, receptions, accommodation, entertainment, etc... and then depending on the severity of the weather conditions you might be joined by up to a hundred people who might accompany you on a half or even a full days walk.

Since every interested community group along the route was visited, binding them together might involve walking east, then west, then east again instead of just walking south-north. We were at all times within about 10 miles of the original route and in the flat and rolling country you would have clear sight of the route only to look - from Lorrha to Redwood on the banks of the Shannon. We would be leaving Munster the next morning so here in a wood I cut a walking stick as it was here that the Beara men had built their boats so long ago.

Joan, my wife and our children were still with me at this time and it was like a family holiday making up a little for all the holidays I had missed while living abroad. The best walker turned out to be my daughter Heloise, who at the age of 3 was a great soldier while showing off to Mommy driving behind us in the car. But as soon as Joan went off to do messages Heloise suddenly wanted to be carried.

Into Connaught

Tir Cinn Easera (Land at Esker's End) is in Connaught about ten miles up river from Portumna Bridge. This is ESB, Shannon country, boating and flooded areas that dry out in summer called 'callows'. Here is where Donal Cam crossed the Shannon and it was a perishing spot.

The marchers were ferried across by a currach skippered by Pat O'Sullivan and by Shannon Cruiser.. I met an older lady here who was talkative and I didn't like to insult her by being curt and walking off, so unable to keep warm by walking at speed, I promptly got some kind of a chill or very severe flu which I managed to keep at bay with Panadol. It was my brother Seán who, two days later by phone, said that there was such a thing as suicide by Panadol and one way of accomplishing this was to eat two trays of these tablets each day as I had been doing. So I had to give them up.



The group who did the entire walk

Back l. to r. Tom Scriven, Niall Twomey, Cal McCarthy, Stephen Quill. Carol and Greg O'Sullivan and in front Darragh O'Sullivan

Aughrim

Meelick, (where the first All-Ireland hurleys were manufactured), Eyrescourt (inspired Jane Eyre), and Laurencetown (planned on the design of Bath, England) were reached and then on to Aughrim, famous for St. Ruth and another famous battle fought there in 1691. It was dark night by the time we got to Aughrim and the local people had gone to great trouble to organise our welcome with costumes, bonfires, plashing and tall horses and dark riders dressed in belted jute sacks charging up the road to meet us. One thing designed to take you back to the times when life was base, brutal and short is the sight of dark horsemen at night. In Aughrim their leader said he didn't know much about Donal Cam's Retreat until a few days before. When reading up on the subject he discovered that the original Marchers had beaten the Hell out of his own people. But out of courtesy he would put welcome before us anyway. Jim O'Sullivan on our behalf thanked him and said he himself had been rummaging around Dunboy before leaving on this walk and he had found something that probably belonged to the people of Aughrim, at which point he tossed a blood-splattered severed human head to the Aughrim man. I got an awful shock! The Mayor of County Galway was on hand to welcome us also and Joan O'Sullivan, a local historian, told us a little about Donal Cam's march through Aughrim.

East Galway and Roscommon

Everywhere we went we were met by local people who fed us, gave us copious amounts of tea and hot soup, chatted happily to us and gave us all great welcome. The Ireland of the 'Fior Failte' is alive in the West of Ireland. (Probably helping our case was the fact that we weren't collecting money!)

The next morning we left Aughrim and travelled through Ahascragh (yes it exists!), Ballygar and Creggs, where another welcome awaited us. All along the route welcomes were the rule rather than the exception and lack of welcome drew comment from the rest of the walkers. We were now into flat country, open and bitterly cold. This is the western end of the Bog of Allen and small villages in East Galway and Roscommon, unless they are on the main road, are dying, and the further north I went the more I noticed 'For Sale' signs up on even newly constructed houses. Fields were flat but not large and the local crop of choice was rushes. Horses were everywhere and what roads there were across the expanse of 50 to 80 miles of flat bog were trunked up 15 to 20 feet in places. A lake was a rare sight and on one very clear day I saw Croagh Patrick like a beacon some 50 miles to our west. Each day a local historian would walk with us and indicate and explain points of interest so that places we had always heard of were suddenly made real.

Galway is big sky country with a very low horizon. Memories of this area include a children's band playing wind instruments – the notes for each child pinned to the back of the child in front, 'til the first child becomes unsure as to direction and this leads to a split performance. Or 50 children on the back of a lorry next to Glinsk Castle, brightening up a rendition of the 'Fields of Athenry' with 'O Baby Let The Free Birds Fly'. The 'whisps' of northeast Galway; everyone lighting a straw fire at the bottom of their own lane – a small fire, perhaps a fist-full, and then feeding it slowly with a little more straw each time. Viewed from a distance on a calm day it resembles grey matchsticks holding up the sky. One man, not paying attention, let his fire get away from him and his supply of bale and bag of loose straw covering the road with smoke. He looked shell-shocked and embarrassed as we passed, looking forlornly at the other fires of his neighbours, wishing no-doubt life could be different.

East Galway and Roscommon, as a historic crossroads, has a rich and varied story to tell. To our north the Curlews could be seen and around the 12th of January we came off the bogs and started going through more interesting country again. The main stronghold of the young nobleman who funded the 'Annals of the Four Masters' was pointed out to us and also where two men lost their lives during the Land Wars of the 19th Century defending a field maybe a half acre in size. We saw a Famine Village with no streets as the residents were too poor to have horses and carts. The space between the houses was about the width of a modern pavement, just wide enough for donkeys with creels. There were fields to the mountain tops. Stone ditches double and treble thick surrounded fields about the size of a modern house – if they just roofed the fields they would have a mighty city I thought, as most of the work was already done. Some villages would have 3 or 4 new houses, most would have none, dying places with no children.

Sop Supply

Then Kesh mountain. Swinging in and out of Roscommon now. Some places beautiful. Tobar na Greine. Though holding my own against the flu now, it was a small thing that would set me shaking and I had run out of a supply of sop for my shoes. The idea had caught on as more and more of the other walkers started using this, the oldest of insoles, which meant that each day I had to rob more and more hay and as I had long abandoned my rucksack, the loot from my thefts had to be secreted under my coat which made me look pregnant towards evening. Hotels where I slept must have thought I was keeping a horse in my room.

The 3rd last day of the walk we come into Castlebaldwin, Co Sligo. At Heapstown on the shore of Lough Arrow, I asked about a picture on a wall of what looked like a giant heap of beet. A local looked at me in horror and explained that it was not beet but stones and was like New Grange, but unfinished. It was still the largest in the country. Our Chieftain, Michael Ed O'Sullivan, ever sensitive to the local sensibilities, interjected with: "wouldn't it be a good idea to move that old heap of stones and not leave them lying about like that spoiling the scenery." Adding: "If we had them in West Cork we would have used them for trunking or something". I, in my delirium and dying of the thirst, thought this funny and I couldn't help laughing. It was at that point that I lost my voice completely. That was the 12th of January, and I did not speak normally again for about 2 weeks. From Heapstown we walked to Vicarstown, As on the other days we got a great welcome at lunch time this time in Highwood. The children from Geevagh N.S. as all along the route watched as their local place-name and Clan names were tacked on to a two staffs.

The route was above Lough Arrow here, where according to legend the Ancients battled. On a scenic level this area has beautiful views, castles, lakes, and good varied country. Rushes are in a

class of their own. But there are people here, and children and hope.

The Last Day

The last day of our walk took us to an old wall in Leitrim village – the remains of Brian Óg O'Rourke's Castle. Having received my Certificate from Garda Commissioner Pat Byrne, I left the sop insoles in a little alcove in the wall as a memento and I was delighted to have made the journey.

I was sad it was over. I met good people and walked with great ones. Tom Scriven from Kilnamartyra stood out as one of the ablest and fittest; a logistical genius, and great companion during the day, and a one-man, top-class floor show at night. Cal McCarthy, at 68 years, walked every step from Castletownbere to Breifne. I used to time myself on him. Captain Niall Twomey of Bantry, showing perhaps that Ireland still has army officers who, through encouragement and good humour, can shepherd a group of non-combatant civilians across Ireland – this time just for fun! Paddy O'Sullivan (brother of Jim), his two ski poles tapping his way, in pain but great humour, to Leitrim. Darragh O'Sullivan burning up the miles with his long looping stride, considering this trip physically a lesser challenge. Stephen Quill, who travelled all the way from Boston especially to walk on this journey, shaming us with his deep knowledge of our shared history and culture, quoting and composing poetry at the drop of a hat. Greg and Carol O'Sullivan, also from the States, equally at home here, Max Fell on his horse 'Jack', Kieth from Donegal, Willie, Larry, Elaine, Rosalie and all the Marys. Space prevents me from mentioning all the others but they know who they are and I shall never forget them.

Claire O'Sullivan, Beara Tourism PR, who needs to grow some more ears – perhaps 3 – just to juggle the various mobile phones and responsibilities. And Jim O'Sullivan who spent 4 years of his own time visiting every village, community and furze bush on the route to organise this event. (I heard this after the march was over.) The application forms have just arrived from the Vatican and I think an expedited process is in order so he can be justifiably called 'Saint Jim' during his lifetime.

For more information visit the website www.bbgreenway.org

NOTE:

I am writing this the morning after going north to Coolea to Finbarr Kelly's Removal. He walked with me for a while, in sandals in Gortarahilly, near Ballyvourney. He was an out-going, well-spoken, genial and good man. We miss him already.

Jerry O'Sullivan
Currahy, Ballingearry
March 2003



Leitrim Village Jan 15th

Max Fell, Castletownbere, who completed the march on his horse "Jack" with Commissioner Pat Byrne

CROSSING THE SHANNON

7th JANUARY 2003 by Tom Scriven, Cork and Kilmartry

I do not particularly like being transported on water, it must be something about the loss of control, the motion of the water worries me. I've always felt that way and I'm not likely to change. Thus having decided to join the 400th anniversary walk of the O'Sullivan Beare 1602/3 March from Beara to Leitrim, it was decision time ! The organizers had arranged a curragh.

crossing of the Shannon near Redwood in North Tipperary, at what is believed to be the original crossing point, and I as a 'core group' walker, was afforded the opportunity to cross the river in the curragh.

It was an opportunity that could not be missed, and so, on a windswept dry crisp January morning we gathered at the river bank in anticipation. Within the hazel and white thorn trees a local farmer was wintering adult cattle, some of which had horns, a rare sight today. One animal with Whitehead breeding, had one horn pointing up with the other down, thus prompting a comparison to Donal Cam O'Sullivan, who, it is alleged, held one shoulder high. The cattle, with their coats ruffled by the northerly wind, stood in a scene devoid of modern influence, the only blemish being their yellow plastic identity tags.

The crossing point chosen was a bank to bank crossing, with no jetties, embarking steps or modern aids. The 2003 curragh, built for the occasion, was of a size to be rowed by two oarsmen carrying two passengers, one fore and one aft. O'Sullivan Bere's boat was considerably bigger, as dimensions are quoted in written accounts, however, how and by whom they were measured and recorded is not ! Two boats were built for the original crossing, a curragh in Dursey Island style and a coracle in the Connaught tradition. The timber frames, crafted from riverbank trees with whatever implements were available, were covered with the hides of eleven horses and one horse respectively.

Niall Twomey and I were chosen for the second crossing. Thus fully dressed for the freezing temperatures, (the battery of my camera failed to operate, such was the cold), be-hatted and be-gloved, we waited for our call from the last dry patch of the semi-frozen callow land. The curragh approached on the return leg of the first crossing, with Paddy and Frank, our oarsmen, wearing capes reflecting the garments of earlier times over their life jackets. Using my experience of boyhood days in a West Cork farm, I ran to the bank from one tussock to the next, in a zigzag pattern to the sound of crunching ice. One of our fields at home was wet, uneven and dark-soiled, and thus named "An Manntan Dubh". Changing land ownership and modern farming methods using square paddocks will result in a loss of a great store of local history and folklore.

The northerly wind was even more noticeable at the waters edge. Using deft and delicate footsteps, I boarded the curragh and seated deeply into the bow, with my knees drawn up to my chin. Curraghs have a shallow keel, to avoid contact with rocks or tree roots in shallow waters, this results in a swaying motion with any movement. Thus passengers are required to maintain a low centre of gravity and remain still to avoid literally "rocking the boat"! I was a collection of emotions, fear of water, anticipation of a great happening, and trusting two oarsmen whose skills I had not yet witnessed. Their performance over the following few minutes dispelled that fear quickly. A solid push from the bank was given, we were underway and my vote was cast !.

Due to the fast flowing southwards current and the northerly wind, the oarsmen stayed near the Tipperary bank and rowed upstream solidly and in unison for a hundred metres. The remaining group on the eastern bank and the welcoming party on the Galway side seemed distant and detached from us. Using great skill and understanding between them, our mariners brought

the curragh out to the midstream with its silent deeper waters of Irelands mid-land counties. The curragh bobbed and creaked and now with my back to the direction of travel, we angled across the Queen of Irish rivers, the distance being judged neatly by our oar-heaving friends. Suddenly, with the Galway bank looming, a decisive call from Paddy prompted a quick shift in direction and we were in Tiranascragh in the province of Connaught. We alighted gingerly, and stooping low as we were advised, we pushed the slim blades of the oars, and thus the curragh, away from the bank. The oarsmen started again with sharp quick strokes of the slender oars to gather speed against the flow to begin the return crossing.

The last few incidents all happened very quickly, and then filled with emotion, we realized we had recreated four hundred years of history. We shook hands, issued congratulations and all fear or thoughts of water was temporarily forgotten. The welcoming party embraced us, more handshakes and welcomes were issued, followed by an invitation to refreshments and a musical performance at the Auld Shebeen.

This Shannon crossing experience was to be the highpoint of our expedition. We had walked for eight days to reach Redwood averaging over twenty miles a day. Seven more days of approximately seventeen miles per day remained, by now we were confident of achieving our aim. Our re-enactment was authentic, walking the historical stages as recorded and crossing the Shannon in a traditional hand-crafted curragh. We experienced great welcomes and enjoyed great hospitality with traditional homemade fare on display. In an age where environmental and animal welfare affairs are coming to the fore, readers will be pleased to note that "Jack", the horse used in the horse-riding re-enactment by Max Fell of Castletownbere was spared, his hide was not required!.

Taken from "WEST CORK AND IT'S STORY" by J. O'Mahony.

The Retreat of O'Sullivan Bere

After the destruction of Dunboy Castle, on June 22, 1602, Donal O'Sullivan, Chieftain of Bere, retired to his stronghold, the romantic and beautiful region of Glengarriff. Here for many months he defied the efforts of the English to dislodge him, but gradually his position became more desperate, and he resolved to fly from his native home, and seek shelter among the kindly and yet unconquered people of the north. The prospect of the retreat, even under the most auspicious circumstances in mid-winter, was not a cheerful one, but to make conditions worse, Sir George Carew, anticipating his hazardous enterprise, had sent forth orders broadcast, threatening all and sundry, on peril of being punished as O'Sullivan's covert or open abettors, to harass him in every way, and the petty chieftains, dreading the wrath of the cruel president, were prepared to embarrass the march of the chieftain of Bere as far as lay in their power. However, O'Sullivan recked not the dangers that lay before him, and on December 31, 1602, he left Glengarriff, and faced on his perilous journey to the north. His force consisted of four hundred fighting men and six hundred non-combatants, including women and children, servants, aged and infirm people.

(This poem was recited by Stephen Quill of the USA in community halls, on roadsides and pubs all along the route during the Re-enactment of The Retreat in December 2002 and January 2003.)

I

*Dunboy lay in ruins, no shelter was there
For it's dauntless chieftain, O'Sullivan Bere,
Betrayed by his kinsmen, harassed by his foes,
Troubles and dangers before him arose;
With no home but the mountains, no roof but the sky,
Surrounded by foes he determined to fly.
But where could he face? Alas! it was true,
All Munster was held by the cruel Carew.*

II

*But Ulster, brave Ulster, unconquered and bold,
Would give him a refuge from hunger and cold;
And thither he'd lead—himself in the van—
The famed but depleted O'Sullivan clan.
Though winter was come, all dangers he'd brave;
His true-hearted followers' honour to save;
While his arm had strength his good sword to wield,
To the cold-blooded Saxon he never would yield.*

III

*The crafty Carew had an order sent forth
To impede O'Sullivan's retreat to the north,
And who'er dared to succour the bold rebel chief,
Would mourn his action—his triumph would be brief.
Was there e'er such a plight for a chieftain to face?
But cowardice and fear was unknown to his race;
Though death lay before him, he'd venture and dare,
And Carew would not capture O'Sullivan Bere.*

IV

*O'Sullivan knew that no time could he waste,
And soon all his clan were assembled in haste;
A thousand brave souls replied to his call,
Resolved with their chieftain to conquer or fall,
And out of that number, oh! pitiable sight,
But a scanty four hundred were able to fight;
The rest of the force, six hundred all told,
Were women and children, and feeble and old.*

V

*Ah! Sorrowful day, the last of the year,
When the brave clan commenced that journey so drear;
Then fond ties were sundered, fond memories arose
To darken and deepen the fugitives' woes.
But dangers that threatened o'ershadowed their grief,
And sobbing and wailing and crying were brief;
Yet say was each heart and wet was each eye,
As they bade loved Glengarriffe a lasting good-bye.*

VI

*Onward, right onward, the fugitives hied,
And Acharis they reached that same even tide;
Through famed Ballyvourney they next took their way,
At the shrine of St. Gobnat they tarried to pray;
And soon their misfortunes in earnest began,
When the faithless McCarthy attacked the brave clan.
But fiercely they fought and defeated the foe,
Then marched by Duhallow to Green Aherlow.*

VII

*At Bellaghy's ford they met the attack
Of Barry's retainers, and soon drove them back;
Then over the river and forward again,
With patience they pushed into Aherlow glen.
From Aherlow's refuge they marched the next day;
And many succumbed to the hard, toilsome way;
Still on they advanced—despite every snare—
The brave faithful clan of O'Sullivan Bere.*

VIII

*On the sixth day of January, the clan camped beside
The great, lordly Shannon, flowing deeply and wide—
Too wide! For alas! No boat could they find,
While the enemy's forces approached from behind.
Were they caught in a trap? Where could they go?
With the river before them, behind them the foe?
O'Sullivan's followers were filled with despair,
But hope filled the heart of the chieftain of Bere.*

IX

*His genius conceived a most far-seeing plan
To safeguard the lives of his hapless clan,
With branches and saplings and soft undergrowth,
He hastily fashioned the frame of a boat.
He next killed some horses and soon had them flayed,
And with their strong skins, a currach he made,
And their flesh, served as meat, seemed dainty and rare,
To the famishing clan of O'Sullivan Bere.*

X

*On the newly-made currach the fugitives crossed
O'er the waves of the Shannon by wintry winds tossed;
MacEgan of Redwood, attacking their rear,
Was killed in the fight and the clansmen got clear.
Then onwards and northwards the fugitives fought,
And every new furlong fresh enemies brought,
And their numbers decreased with each desperate fight,
Till now scarce three hundred take part in the flight.*

XI

*At Aughrim a force of eight hundred men lurk,
Commanded by Malby and Sir Thomas Burke;
But the brave men of Bere a great victory gain,
And Malby and Burke lay dead on the plain.
Next crossing Slieve Muire, their progress is slow,
For the ground is here covered with deep drifts of snow;
MacDavid pursues them, but soon he retires,
Their valour that coward with terror inspires.*

XII

*And now the brave fugitives' patience is tried,
The pathways are strange, and they have not a guide;*
But the Great God of Mercy provides one, and lo!
No longer they suffer attacks from the foe.
The castle of Brefney next day is espied,
And the toil-worn fugitives hail it with pride.
To heaven their voices they joyously raise,
In Prayers of thanksgiving and accents of praise.*

XIII

*With a cead mile failte O Ruairc Brefney's Chief,
Gives the staggering fugitives food and relief.
But, alas and alas! the great fearless clan
Have sadly grown small since the journey began.
Of a thousand brave souls, but a bare thirty-five,
Along with their chieftain, at Brefney arrive;
Some fifty or more reach safety next day.
All the others are dead or have strayed on the way.*

XIV

*Men talk of young Cyrus and his famous retreat,
Have they ever e'en heard of O'Sullivan's feat?
And yet can we read a more heart-stirring tale,
Than this story of bravery of old Innisfail,
When rather than fawn to the harsh conquering foe,
The gallant O'Sullivan faced hardship and woe.
Such deeds should inspire us to do and to dare,
Like the gallant intrepid O'Sullivan Bere.*

**A woman believed to be Our Lady strangely
appeared as a guide.*

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir

Vandalism by our Road Improvers.

I want to protest, through your Journal, on the vandalism recently perpetrated by our Road Improvers in the Ballingearry area.

We do not have many sites of Archaeological interest remaining in the Parish of Uibh Laoire. Many have been destroyed in the past by thoughtless or selfish levelling of gallauns, ringforts, and ancient tombs.

It is to be hoped that our attitude today should be much more knowledgeable and caring for the remains of our ancient culture.

It is with sorrow therefore that we note the destruction of a part of our one and only 7th.c Ecclesiastical Site in Kilmore, just east of Ballingearry village, as part of the road-widening scheme. By a stroke of luck, the road wideners just missed destroying one particularly important feature in this Enclosure. They appear to have missed the Souterrain by a few feet.

Why do we have bodies such as an Taisce, Duchas, and the Archaeological Departments of UCC and the County Council? Are they consulted before major road works are started? Were they consulted in this project? Do they know what has been done without their noticing.

Although it had been known as a Kileen for generations, the full importance of the 7th c. Ecclesiastical site in Kilmore was first realised in 1989, when a piece of farm machinery fell into the Souterrain. This item was examined by an Archaeological team at the time. Since then, during 1997, the potential Ecclesiastical Site was examined by the Glasgow University Archaeological Research Division under Jerry O'Sullivan.

Their Report indicated the probability of an important Ecclesiastical Site, and the intention to carry out further diggings at a later date, when funding could be obtained.

The site is included in the Cork Archaeological Survey for Mid-Cork, described as Site No 9209 as a "possible early ecclesiastical site."

Why do we have such desecration? Who is responsible for this happening? Will it happen again, here or at another of our few remaining sites?

We would like to have some explanation of all this.

Yours faithfully

Peter O'Leary, Derryvane, Inchigeelagh.

Phillip O'Sullivan Beara (1590? -1660)

A lot of the detail of *The Retreat of O'Sullivan Beare* was published in a work by Philip O'Sullivan in 1621. This article takes a critical look at this and Philip's other works and their position in 17th Century literature.

Philip O'Sullivan Beare, commonly known as Don Philip, son of Dermot O'Sullivan Beare and nephew of Donal Cam O'Sullivan Beare was born around 1590 at his father's castle in Dursey Island. He was sent to Spain in 1602 as hostage to King Philip III in return for agreed aid to the O'Sullivans. He lived out his life there, with a career in the Spanish Navy and a second profession as a writer and 'historian.' A rumour that he returned to Ireland and died in a Franciscan Convent in Cork is without foundation; in fact, it's the kind of thing he might have written himself.

Best Known Work

'*Historiae Catholicae Iberniae Compendium*' (Compendium of Irish Catholic History published in 1621) is Philip's best known work, which showcases his own family, the O Sullivans, and has guaranteed legendary status to the winter-march led by his uncle, Donal Cam O'Sullivan Beare, and his father Dermot. Other commentators attest many of the incidents in this epic event, and the march was so dramatic that it may have needed little embellishment from Philip's partisan imagination.

Elsewhere in the work, his accuracy is more suspect. Philip couldn't resist making a good story better – which is a virtue in a novelist, a flaw in a historian.

Philip's famous description of the Irish people, written in exile in Spain, is worth quoting at length. (The original is in Latin, as is all of Philip's writing.)

The Irish, he says, are 'men of an

ingenious and liberal disposition, who take honour in the scholarly and military side of their earthly life, who abhor servitude and mechanical labour, who are benign and hospitable to each other, and even more so to strangers, and most friendly. As they are of elegant build, so too they are of great physical and intellectual vigour, highly skilled in warfare, and most patient of cold, heat, thirst and hunger...'

Nothing wrong with that is there? Philip doesn't let accuracy get in the way of propaganda. It's a lot better than the comment Archbishop Lombard made at the same time, in which he describes his fellow-Irish as '...all too indolent, whence they are all the more prone to lapse into love-making and carousing.'

Philip, we might conclude, rather than the Archbishop, is the man to have on our side in troubled times. Don't be too sure! Philip is not quite in control. In defending the honour of his uncle, Donal Cam O Sullivan Beare, he got into a duel with one John Bathe. Donal Cam, the innocent observer, was stabbed to death in the quarrel. Collateral damage! Philip of course remained unharmed. Be very, very careful around Don Filippo, as the Spaniards called him. If something nasty happens, the odds are it won't happen to him. A born survivor, he outlived sixteen brothers and sisters.

Catholic Defender

The fiction of Cervantes, creator of Don Quixote, was published during his lifetime and its picaresque traits can be recognised in his prose,

competing with the dogmatic tones of fundamentalist orthodoxy. An exile, Philip wore his heart on his sleeve and it dripped constantly onto the page. As a passionate writer in defence of Catholicism, his exaggerations and inaccuracies caused his Catholic colleagues at the time to wince and their successors have been cringing ever since. He claimed as fact that an eyewitness account of the passion and person of Christ was given to King Conor Mac Nessa by a pilgrim. Also, that St. James, the Apostle, preached the faith in Ireland, and that his father, Zebedee, was our first bishop.

His ignorance of fact could be astonishing, destroying any credibility he might have strained for as an historian, (and yet he comments smugly on the esteem in which Irish historians are held by their people.) In castigating the English for disloyalty to the Church, he assumed that Frederick the First was king of England and he gave that king's treatment of the Pope as an example of English infidelity.

Its Jesuit editor with admirable reserve describes part of his 'Zoilomastix' (A Lash for the Detractor) as a book 'filled with rhetorical denunciations and inaccurate statements.'

'Archicornigeromastix' is a famously abusive attack on the Protestant Archbishop Ussher of Armagh, whose work Philip is unlikely to have read. That didn't prevent him from heaping a volume of purely personal insults on Ussher's unfortunate head. The very coarseness of the abuse has left commentators (usually

Ghaorthaidh fé láthair í. (1922)

'N-a theannta sain do cheannuigh an t-Athair Pádraig Ó Muirthile suidheachaín nua do'n t-Séipéal. Do chuir sé rachtaí agus d'fón agus slínn nua air. Do thóg anuas an lochta, agus do dhein sé seómra beag d'en tobar baisdighe ag bun an t-Séipéil ag an gcúinne thoir-theas. Tá doras deas, neáta, órnáideach ag dul isteach sa tseómra so ó'n Séipéal. Fear do muinntir Chártaigh, siúnéir 'sa tsráid-bhaile, a dhein an doras. Do tógadh an seana-thobar soir go tigh an tsagart pharóisde. I dteannta an méid sin do deineadh ráil nua ag aghaidh na h-Álthóra. I lár baill ar an ráil ar phláta phráis tá ab sgríbhinn seo:

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

Tá sean-árthach 'sa tigh bheag a bhíodh mar Phláta Leavábó 'sa t-Séipéal. I lár baill ar an bpláta laistig tá dealbh an tríú Ríogh Liam agus é ar muin chapail; agus ag bun na deilbhe tá an sgríbhinn seo: "William III. No surrender" Mór-thimcheall an phláta istigh, fan na ciúmhaise, tá so scríbhthe:

"This emblem of intolerance was used for many years as a 'Lavabo' in Ballingearry Chapel, Co Cork A.D. 1890"

Is i nGaolúinn atá Stáir na Páise ann. Ar gach stad seasuighid na figiúirí daithte amach. An chéad lá fichead do'n Mheádhon Fhóghmhair i mbliadhain a 1890, do cuireadh suas 's do coisreagadh iad. Caitliceach ó Shasana darbh ainm Art Brainóreach d'aistrigh an sgríbhinn. Do rugadh i mBearró é. Ní raibh sé 'n-a Chaitliceach ó thosach, acht d'iompaigh sé. Do thagadh sé go minic go Béal Átha an Ghaorthaidh aimsir an Choláisde. Bhí ana-dúil aige i gceól agus i leigheann na h-Eaglaise, agus san éideadh bheannaighthe. Do théidheadh sé mór thimcheall na tíre chun na seipéal d'fheicsint, agus do thugadh sé leis pictiúir díobh. Bhí árd-mheas aige ar

an éideadh. Gótach, agus do dheineadh sé sompla dhíobh d'á cháirdibh sagart. Do chuireadh sé anashuim i léir-scáilibh agus i n-ainmneachaibh áiteann, agus is ag ucht na suime sin gur bhroinn sé léir-scáileanna ar an gColáisde i mBéal Átha an Ghaorthaidh. B'é an Creideamh ar dtúis fé ndeara dhó teacht to h-Éirinn. Do léigheadh sé an "Leasider" gach seachtmhain, agus b'é léigheamh an pháipéir sin a ghríosuih chun na Gaolúinne é. Do chonnaic sé go soiléir an bhaint abhí ag an dteangain leis an gCreideamh. Do chuaidh sé i n-arm Shasanna i dtosach an chogaidh mhóir, agus cé go bhfeadfadh sé bheith 'n-a oigigheach dá mba mhaith leis é, ní ghlachfadh sé le h-am ardréim san arm. Ní h-aon ghrádh abhí aige do'n arm, acht gur dhóigh leis gurbh' é a dhualgar é. Do marbhuightheadh 'sa chogadh e Lá Fhéile na Naomh Uile i mbliain a 1916. Seo mar adubhairt cara dhó, an t-Athair Seán Ó Meachair ó Libherpúl, mar gheall air:

" 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 Ulverstown, a small town about nine miles from Barrow, who instructed and received him. In appearance Brandreth was of 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".

Ainm An t-Séipéal

Bhí an Séipéal go léir críochnuighthe um Cháisg, 1889. An t-ochtmdhadh lá do mhí Aibreáin, Domhnach na Cásga, do coisreagadh an Séipéal, agus do cuireadh fé choimirce Bharra Naomhtha agus Rónáin Naomhtha é. Timcheall ceithre míle laistiar de Bheal Átha an Ghaorthaidh tá Guagán Barra, ball to ndeirtear go raibh Ceall Barra Naomhtha ann fadó, Agus taobh istig de leath-mhíle lastoir de'n tsráid-bhaile, agus le h-ais an bhóthair nua ar an gCoill Móir, tá "Cillín Leasa Rónáin" a bhí fé choimirce Rónáin Naomhtha. Ba chóir, dá bhrígh sin, an Séipéal nuadh do choisreagadh i nonóir Bharra Naomhtha and Rónáin Naomhtha. Tá Álthóir dheas néata 'sa t-Séipéal. Althóir mharmuir 'sead í, agus tá leac de marmar riabhach ar chlár na h-Álthóra. Tá ceithre ursanna fé'n gcolumhain i lár baill os cionn an Phailliúin. Tá Cailís órnáideach airgid ag gabháil leis an Seipéal. Tá so sgríbhthe ag bun na Calíse:

"Ballingearry Chapel, June, 1883"

'N-a theannta sain tá dhá Cibórium airgid ann. Ar cheann aca atá órnáidí, agus tá an sgríbhinn seo ar an gciúmhaise ag á bun:

Ora pro anima Cornelii O'Leary, P.P. qui obiit 1913
R.I.P.

Ar an gceann eile atá gan aon órnáidí tá an sgríbhinn seo ar an gciúmhaise ag á bun:

"Ora pro anima Cornelii O'Leary Parochi. Obiit 1913
R.I.P."

Bhí an t-Athair Conchubhar Ó Laoghaire 'n-a shagart Paróiste i n-Uibh Laoghaire ó bhliain a 1908 to dtí bliain a 1913. D'fhág sé an dá árthach airgid le h-údhucht ag an Séipéal i mBéal Átha an Ghaorthaidh.

An Scoil

Maraon leis an Séipéal thóg an sean-shagart an t-Athair Diarmuid Ó h-

Uallacháin, sgoil nua i mbliain a 1820. Do cuireadh suas an sgoil i gclós an t-Séipéil laistear, agus cois bhothair na Sráide. Bhí sí cúig troighthe agus dachad ar fhaid agus ceithre troighthe dheag ar leithead. Fuarathas an tslínn i gcoiréal ar Oileán Eidhneach. Nuair a cuireadh Bórd an Oideachais ar bun i mbliain 1831 do dhíoladar seacht bpúint dhéag sa bhliain leis an máighistir, agus do thugadh na scoláirí airgead dó leis. I mbliain a 1840, bhí suas le céad agus dhá sgoil déag ar fhichid ann(132), idir buachaillí agus cailíní. Bhí na sgoilí ag dul i lionmhaire, agus do thug an sagart paróisde fé ndéara ná raibh slighe dhóibh 'sa tseana-sgoil, agus do chuir sé chun sgoil nua do thógaint dos na buachaillibh. D'iarr sé an talamh ar fheirmeoir gallda darbh' ainm Bhilliams a chomhnaigh ar an gCoill Mhóir an uair sin. D'eitigh seisean é. D'árduigheadh grainneal na h-abann, agus do tógadh an sgoil ar aghaidh na seana-sgoile amach ar an dtaobh thoir de bhóthar na sráide. B'é Mac Uí Éalaighthe an chéad máighistir. Ciarruigheadh do b'eadh é. Is é is deallraithighe gur i nDoire Fhionáin é. Fear mór groidhe, láidir do b'eadh é. Bliain an ghorta d'imigh sé go Sasana Nua, agus fuair se bás thall. Mac Uí Chorcora a tháinig 'n-a dhiaidh. Do rugadh i mBéal na Marbh é. Tháinig sé go Béal Átha an Gaorthaidh ó Ínse Geimhleach. Bhí sé pósta le Fainche de Barra, cailín go raibh gaol gairid aici leis an "mBarrach Mór". D'eirigh sé as an múinteoireacht i mbliain a 1880 agus is é Diarmuid Ó Tuathaigh a tháinig 'n-a dhiaid. Do leagadh sgoil na mBhuachaillí, agus i mbliain 1898, do deineadh sgoil nua dos na buachaillibh 'san áit chéadna. An t-Athair Pádraig Ó Muirthile, mac drithár do'n tsean-sharart a thóg an sgoil. Sgoil mhór 'seadh í. Tá seómra mór agus seómra beag innti. D'fhan na cailíní 'sa tseana-sgoil to dtí gur cuireadh suas sgoil nua dhóibh i mbliain a 1887, lastoir de'n droichead ag cúinne na Coille Móire ag an gcroisaire. Bhi an tseana-sgoil mar halla ag muinntir an bhaill to dtí gur cuireadh Coláiste na Mumhan ar bun i mbliain a 1904.

Coláiste Na Mumhan

Sar ar thosnaigh obair an Choláisde do bhítheas ar lorg ionaid múinteórachta. D'aimsigheadar an ball. Do leagadh an falla thoir de'n tseana-sgoil seo, agus do cuireadh deich droighthe 'sa bhreis leis an sgoil, agus do cuireadh slinn nua ar an sgoil go léir. An t-Athair Pádraig Ó Muirthile, a stiúraigh an obair. Do chuireadh dóirse i lár na sgoile istigh a dheineann dá leath do'n tseómra mhór. Tá dóirse dúbhalta ag dul isteach 'sa Choláiste ó bhóthar na sráide, agus ós a gcionn tá so sgríobhtha: "Coláiste Múinteórachta na Mumhan" Bhí an sgoil seo 'n-a Choláisde go dtí gur deineadh an Coláiste Nua i mbliadhain a 1914. Bíonn an "Seana-Coláiste" anois mar halla ag muinntir na háite.

Tigh iarrainn 'seadh an Choláisde Nua. Timcheall céad slat laistiar do'n tsráid bhaile ar thaobh an bhóthair nua is eadh tá sé. Tá cláracha adhmaid fan an iarrainn laistigh. Seómara an-mhór atá ann, agus stáitse ar an dtaobh thoir agus dhá thigh bheaga lastoir de'n stáitse. D'fhéadfí dhá dhoras fillte do tharrac treasna an tseómra mhóir chun trí chuid a dhéanamh de, nuair a bhíonn na buidheanta ar siúbhal. Tá doras ar an staobh thiar agus doras ar an staobh thoir agus dhá dhoras ag dul isteach go dtí an póirse laistear. Táid na fuinneóga ar an dtaobh theas agus ar an dtaobh thuaidh. Tá doras mór ar an bpóirse ar an staobh thoir, agus ceann eile ar an staobh thiar, agus fuinneóg mhór ar an dtaobh theas. Ag bun na fuinneóige seo lasmuigh tá an choch-bhuinn, agus sidí an sgríbhinn atá uirthi:

"An t-Athair Peadar Ó Laoghaire, Canónach, do chuir, a.d. 1914"

B'é Risteárd Ó Dálaigh, Sagart agus Dochtúir Diadhacha a bhailig an t-airgead chun an Coláisde do chur suas, agus b'é an t-Athair Séamus Ó Laoghaire, Sagart Paróisde ó bhliain a 1913 to dtí bliain a 1920, a stiúraigh an obair. Is é Coláiste na Mumhan an chéad Choláiste dos na Coláisdí Gaedhealachaibh do cuireadh ar bun i n-Éirinn. Do cuireadh ar siúbhal é d'fhonn módhá múinte na Gaoluinne

do thabhairt do mhúinteóiríbh. Do leath clú agus cáil an Choláisde ar fuaid na tíre. Is mó múinteóir a tháinig to dtí an Coláisde chun teasd d'fhagháil, agus is mó duine seachas iad san, idir Franncach agus Dánar agus Iodáileach, a tháinig i bhfad 's a gcéin ag triall ar an sráid-bhaile. B'é an Dochtúir Ó Dálaigh an chéad Árd-Ollamh, agus is é an t-Athair Gearóid Ó Nualláin, M.E., agus Ollamh re Gaoluinn i gColáiste Mhaigh-Nuadhat, an tarna Árd-Ollamh.

An Bhearraic agus Eachtra an Dí-shealbhú

Go dtí le fíor-déanaighe bhí tigh eile i mBéal Átha an Ghaorthaidh. B'in é an bhearraic. Tháinig póilíní Shasana go dtí an ball i mbliain a 1894. Bhí achrainn ar siubhal ar Inse 'n Fhosaidh, baile atá teoranta le Drom an Ailtigh laistiar, i dtaobh feirme thailimh i rith na bliana úd. Táinig na póilíní agus d'fhanadar. Do thógadar tigh ósda le Seán Shorten, do chomhnaigh sa tigh tábhairne ar a aghaidh amach, "An Bungoló Hotel" a tugtí air. Is ann d'fhanadh na daoine móra do ghabhadh an bóthar ó Mháchchromdha to Beantraighe, agus is ann do gheibhidir béile maith bídh dóibh féin agus d'á gcapallaibh. 'Sa tigh sin do chuir na póilíní fútha. Do mhuinntir Néill do b'eadh an chéad fear a bhí i mbun na bearraice.

I mbliain a 1906, bhí saoghal go dian ar na póilíní. Dia Máirt, an ceathrú lá fichead do mhí an Iúil, do chuir an Greathánach, tighearna talamh, Diarmuid Ó Mathghamhna amach, agus do chuir sé fear darbh' ainm Simpson isteach i bhfeidhil na h-áite. Bhí tigh deas muinntire ag Diarmuid Ó Mathghamhna ar thaobh an bhóthaire atá ag gabháil liastiar de Dhrom an Ailtigh ó Dhroichead Ínse an Fhosaidh to dtí an bóthar thuaidh ó'n nGuagán. Is é an tréighe tigh ar an mbóthar sain e. An oichche a chuireadh amach é, tháinig muinntir na h-áite, agus le cabhair lucht an Choláisde do chuireadar amach an t-aodhaire, agus do chuireadar Diarmuid Ó Mathghamhna isteach i

Eric Cross

by Sonia Kelly

Eric Cross was born in Cheshire, England in 1908 to an Irish mother and an English father. He had one sister. He subsequently obtained a degree in chemistry from Manchester university and worked with ICI, during which time he was closely involved in the development of the Oxo cube among other things.

In 1939 he came to Cork in Ireland and became part of a group which included which included Seamus Murphy, the stone mason and sculptor, Nancy McCarthy, another chemist from Douglas, Captain Seán Feehan, the founder of the Mercier Press and Father Tim Traynor a priest of some notoriety. Later Eric Cross purchased a horse drawn caravan and moved it to Gougane Barra in West Cork. Gougane was frequented by the group, who were drawn to it by the famous couple known as the Tailor and Ansty.

This tailor, Tim Buckley, had been afflicted by polio in his youth and consequently had a crippled leg. While at work with his needle he entertained his many visitors with folk tales and philosophy in a manner of a rural Dr. Johnson. His wife Ansty, acted as his foil and between them there were no subjects proof against their analysis and wit.

Eric eventually recorded their doings and sayings in his immortal book, 'The Tailor and Ansty', which was banned after it's publication. In time it was to become a best seller and is now regarded as a classic. It has also been dramatised and performed throughout the country and in The Abbey Theatre.

The banning of the book gave rise to a lot of publicity causing the Tailor himself to be demonised and things did not go well for Eric either. This set back was compounded by an altercation involving Cpt. Feehan and a company which had been formed to produce a type of turf briquette, invented by Eric, who continued to utilise his scientific background. The war years were causing shortages, which he was taking advantage of, producing among other things knitting needles made from bicycle spokes.

But his love affair with Cork was coming to an end and when he saw an advertisement in "The New Statesman" for someone to teach a family of children near Westport in Co. Mayo in return for board and lodging, he applied. There were in fact several applications but Eric" was chosen as he seemed to offer the most long-term prospect.

The actual term turned out to be over thirty years for he remained with, and became part of, the Kelly family until his death.

He educated the two eldest girls completely; after his arrival they never went to school. The three boys did subsequently move on after being thoroughly grounded by him and afterwards they always excelled in mathematics, that being his speciality.

His activities were by no means confined to teaching, though; he regularly broadcast on 'Sunday Miscellany' on RTE Radio. He contributed to various literary publications and wrote a book of short stories called 'Silence is Golden'. He also produced 'The Map of Time', an extremely complicated undertaking, consisting of several large sheets



Knappa Church, C. of I., Co. Mayo
where Eric Cross is buried

covering sequential periods of history, on which one could see at a glance how each historical event related to others of the same date.

Many surprising and diverse talents could be ascribed to him; he could carve in wood, the beautiful lines of his creations being based on the Greek concept of the Golden Mean; he could model in plaster and make the requisite moulds for reproduction and he invented all sorts of ingenious puzzles.

These multifarious activities were brought to bear in the various enterprises undertaken by the Kelly family. At one period they were weavers and Eric was constantly dreaming up new and more efficient methods of manufacturing the 'crios' material, which was the end product. He modelled and mass produced leprechaun heads for a hand craft project and was extremely useful during a period of wheeling and dealing in antiques. On one occasion a 'Murillo' was found abandoned under a bed with a spike up through it. Eric repaired it flawlessly and it was sold as a work of one of the Master's pupils. He could patch up all kinds of china and pottery items to look like new, and metal repairs were not beyond him either.

Gardening was another of his interests. He took over a portion of the grounds at Cloona Lodge and attended to it himself. Mowing the grass and meticulously building walls. He walked everywhere, as he had never learned to drive, and he adopted the family Labrador, Missy, as his own, walking her for long distances.

But talking was his main entertainment and he could spend hours at it. This proclivity fitted in well with another of the Kelly undertakings – that of establishing a health farm. It was not that he had the slightest interest, or belief, in any of the relevant disciplines, but an ever-changing audience fell into his lap as manna from Heaven.

The enjoyment was mutual, until one day he failed to emerge from his room by four in the afternoon. Not that that was at all unusual, but for some reason the man of the house investigated.

Eric had died in his sleep.

The year was 1980 and he was 72 years old.

His remains lie in Knappagh churchyard, Co. Mayo, in the erstwhile domain of his good friend, Canon Percy Lewis.

“I Walked Some Irish Miles”

by Dorothea Sheats,

The article that the following extract comes from was published in the National Geographic Magazine from May 1951.

Near Macroom

.....I stopped with Mary and John Healy on a small farm near Macroom. Cows and a few rolling acres occupied what was left each day after John collected eggs from near-by farmers for shipment to England or sale in Cork City. The house was nearly 200 years old.

What does an Irish household do on Sunday?

It tunes the wireless to hear the big football match-Cork vs. Cavan! The broadcast came from Dublin and was sprinkled with O'Reillys, Murphys, O'Keefes, McGraths, O'Donahues, and Cronins!

One warm summer evening, eight of us sat around the Healy kitchen, enjoying a gathering for storytelling. Neighbours dropped in one by one, taking places on the settle, the kitchen chairs, the settee.

Mickey, a brother, turned the pages of an album of yellowing photographs and told of his days near Delhi with the British Army.

“I'll Ne'er Forget Old Ireland -”

Ella in a high, clear voice began the song, “The Irish Emigrant”-

*I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
when first you were my bride-*

We listened in the lamplight, hushed, as she finished —

*They say there's bread and work for
all, and the sun shines always there,
But I'll ne'er forget old Ireland, were it
fifty times as fair....*

About it there was that haunting quality that runs through so many Irish songs.

The ESB

Mary Healy excitedly told me the house had been ‘measured’ for electricity. Ireland's Shannon Scheme in 1925 first harnessed the 100-foot fall of the River Shannon between Lough Derg and Limerick. By 1928 there were 50,000 users of it's electric power. Not long ago the expanded plant's output reached 310,639 users. Some generating stations use turf as fuel.

“What will you buy first after the lights are turned on?” I asked Mary as she waited for the water to boil.

“An electric teakettle-from Cork!”

But 75% of the community must agree to buy electricity. Here only 40% had accept-

high rates, or because they had always managed without it. But not John.

“It's for the future,” he said. “We might have an electric milking machine some day - God is good! And if we win the Sweep- an electric pump!”

Walking west of Macroom, I put my pack down on a big rock near the River Lee. A dark bird with white waistcoat and a bit of a tail skimmed the water. It was a dipper, or water ousel, and bounced up and down on “rubber” knees.

Next village was **Ballingeary**. This was “brownstone country” where, as Paddy O'Shea had said, farms shrank and “saving the corn” was only a three-or four-man job, and where cows, chickens, and pigs ranked high as farm produce.

Back to School- in Gaelic

Greeting here was in Gaelic. “May God and Mary bless you,” said one traveller. The other returned, “May God and Mary and Patrick bless you!”

In 1904 the first Irish-speaking college was established at Ballingeary. I attended a summer class there for young and old in a modern school building. At one point some 50 boys and girls broke out in unison, reading aloud from the blackboard in Gaelic.

The schoolmaster told me later it was a well known-poem, *The Yellow Bittern*, eulogising a lonely bird which had died of thirst. The poet, who was overfond of drink, points out that “thirst shall never cause his death”.

The *ceili*, or folk dance gathering, held almost nightly in the big Ballingeary college hall was part of the Irish sessions. Small boys in knee pants and striped jerseys and little girls with braids mingled with oldsters, scuffed and swung, skipped and stepped, as a melodeon whipped off one tune after another. One was “Yankee Doodle”!

I said no when a tall lad asked me to dance. But a determined eight-year old came up, told me to follow him, and off we went into a haymaker's jig. (Lucky I was: it was like the Virginia reel)

I stayed in a big house near Ballingeary with a dozen or more Irish students from all over Ireland. We explored the craggy ridges, followed the Lee near its mountain source above Gougane Barra lake, hiked by moonlight to Irish dances, and had “singsongs”. Once we went to a Gaelic football match.

A big red truck collected the team. “Michael, come on! Sean, to the match!”

they called.

One by one, clambered in until 15 men, the Ballingeary football team, bumped along with six girls- all sitting on chicken crates- bound for a match with the village of Inchigeelagh.

Before the 10-mile ride through mountain and glen ended, cleated shoes and blue and gold jerseys came out of a battered suitcase. We arrived in full strength, if sixty minutes late. Ballingeary practised two hours, but finally fans left the field. We went home too, because the team from Inchigeelagh never showed up.

But nobody cared. Homeward-bound, Michael started singing “On the Banks of My Own Lovely Lee” and the singsong started. We stopped for orangeades and Cadbury chocolate.

On to Kerry

I left Cork suddenly for County Kerry, realizing I must hurry, hurry, hurry; time (Ireland's priceless commodity) was running out for me.

Dingle peninsula is called Kerry's index finger; it stretches its mountainous, heather-scented length from Tralee to Dunquin on the Atlantic.

I walked west from the town of Dingle, where Spanish influences are believed to mingle with Gaelic tradition and fishing is the town's livelihood....

Down on the “strand” of Ventry Harbour I noticed some industrious women. I asked an old man what they were picking up.

“Seaweed” he said, “to put under potatoes as fertilizer”.

I told him I was going to Dunquin.

“Is it in Kruger's you're stayin'” he asked and I nodded. “Ah, you'll be lazy to leave Kruger!”

Kruger's real name is Maurice Kavanagh, and his tales are tall and many. Back after some fifteen years in the States, he dwells in a red-roofed cottage on the Sleah Head road in this “next parish to America.”

Gallarus Oratory on the Dingle peninsula, an early Irish church, was visited in 1838 by Lady Chatterton with much pomp and ceremony, when she wrote *Rambles in the South of Ireland*. Now climbing over rocky fences in the rain, I could see it. I touched the time-smoothed stones. The old walls, inclining inward to form a beehive-type roof, were musty.

By bus I went to Galway, through Tralee and Limerick, winding through Old World towns, often the River Shannon in sight.....

MASS ROCK IN THE TOWNLAND OF COORNAHILLY.

By Michael Kearney, (Leixlip and formally of Inchigeela).

The Mass Rock on the South Lake Road about a mile from Inchigeela is well known by most people in the Parish, and indeed by many outside of it.

What is not well known though, even by most locals, is that there is another Mass Rock Site on the same stretch of Road about a mile and a half to the West.

This can be found in the Townland of Coornahilly, beside the Road as it makes it's way close to the Lake.

The surrounding land was once owned and farmed by the Kearneys who lived here for nearly 200 years. My Father, Batt Kearney, was the last of the line to work the land there. He gave up farming completely, and moved to Cork City in 1963 with his family, for a new and different life.

I was nine years of age at the time we left, however I can clearly remember being told by him on different occasions about the Mass Rock on the land as he worked close by to it.

The site of the Mass Rock even then had been planted with trees. This was before the farm was sold to the Land Commission. The good land near the road and the Lake,

along with land close to the farmhouse was in turn sold to some of the neighbours. The remainder was planted.

The present owner of the fields adjacent to the Mass Rock site is William Dan Kelleher, who has spoken to me on a number of occasions about this place. He has related to me much information about the site, which was in agreement with what had been told to me by my Father.

Location

Another neighbour - Johnny Twomey of Gortaknocane - who is now 85 years old, and a mine of information about local History, has told me details of the site of which I was unaware.

Heading west towards Ballingearry, the Mass Rock site is on the left hand

side of the Road. Past the entrance to Denis Jack Lucey's farm, the road goes downhill, and then levels out.

About a hundred metres further west, the Road begins to rise. Here on the left hand side is a gate, which was once the entrance to the Kearney Farm. The road continues to rise for about forty metres, and then levels out. Here on the left is a large outcrop of Rock covered in Trees. Behind this is the Mass Rock site.

The Altar however no longer exists.

What Johnny Twomey has related to me, was told to him by my Grand Uncle, Jim Kearney, who was a mason, and a bachelor who lived in Coornahilly.

About eighty years ago, a quantity of stone was removed from around the Altar and broken up for use on the road. It is unclear as to whether the Altar was standing at the time, or whether it was in a collapsed state. Johnny thinks that it is possible that the Altar collapsed while the stone was being removed from around it. In any case the Altar stones were removed, and broken up.

Permission had been given by my Grand Father, Mike Kearney, for the removal of the Stone for the road. It is not clear if this included permission for the removal of the Altar stones.

According to William Dan Kelleher, the Altar was located under a rectangular area of rock, sticking out from the South side of the aforementioned large outcrop of Rock.

This meant that it was hidden from the Road, and yet close to it for easy access.

I have obtained and read with great interest most of the Ballingearry Cumann Staire Journals, but one article in particular, in one of the issues put me on the road to writing the one that you are now reading. It referred to the names given to fields, especially those in Irish, which are common in this parish, and elsewhere. The article referred to fields that were associated with Mass Rocks. They were usually

called Pairc an Aifreann, or Clais an Aifreann.

This really struck a chord with me, as it reminded me of facts, with which I was once familiar, but had long since forgotten.

I was aware that the area around the Mass Rock site was called Carraig An Aifreann. My Father always referred to it by that name. Many of the fields on what was once our land also had names, and I was reminded of these by Johnny Twomey. During my time in Coornahilly, there were three fields on the same side of the Road as the Mass Rock site.

The dividing hedges were subsequently removed, so that now it is one big field. The original field next to the River was called Pairc An Atha, and the next one was Moinin Mor.

The third field was beside the Mass Rock site, and it was called - guess what? - Clais an Aifreann.

Obviously this is a place that was once used for religious worship, but the passage of time, and of the generations has meant that it has been almost lost in the memory of the local inhabitants.

It makes one wonder how much local history and knowledge as been lost, and is still being lost today, because no written or taped account is kept of the vast reservoir of information which elderly people so frequently have.

Too often when these people die, so much information dies with them, and I believe that we are all the poorer for it.

That is why it is so important that a forum like the Cumann Staire is available to the people of the Parish, as it gives the people themselves an opportunity to put down in writing for posterity any information that they have concerning local history, and indeed local characters.

When one thinks about it, the possibilities are endless.

MY WALSH CONNECTION TO BALLINGEARY

By Alice Clark Finegan, Montana, USA

In this article Alice Finnigan traces her family from Turreendubh, Ballingeary to the United States. Her great-great-grandfather was James Walsh, son of Seamus Mór Walsh, famous for the part he played in The Battle Of Keimaneigh in January 1822. Seamus Mór moved from Carrigbawn, north of Ballingeary to Turreendubh around 1830.

James and his wife Mary Harrington had nine children, Margaret, Mary, Elizabeth, Catherine, James, Michael, Ellen, John F. and Richard, all born in the Parish of Inchigeela. By 1870 both parents and all their children were in the United States. This is their story and is typical of most Irish Americans.

In 1967 I read an article on how to trace your family history. I decided to pursue it, as I didn't know much about my ancestors. My mother's side had more Irish lines and one of these started in the Ballingeary/Inchigeelagh area. Of course I did not know that when I began many years ago. All anyone in the Kelly family knew was that 'Grandma' O'Connor nee Walsh was from County Cork. No one in the immediate family remembered ever hearing of a town mentioned. One lady, Lillian Barry Long, a distant cousin of my grandma Kelly (a daughter of Margaret Walsh O'Connor) who I interviewed mentioned Ballyvourney. I wrote to the Catholic Church there, but there were no records for a Margaret Walsh born around 1850 to James Walsh and Mary Harrington.

I searched more of the records in America and talked to other cousins I turned up, but no one had a town or area they knew about, just Cork. In 1970, my parents went on a trip back east to New York, from Montana, to visit relatives, so I asked them to go to Corning, New York and see if they could find any records on Margaret. Corning is where she and her sister Mary migrated to from Ireland in 1865. Somewhere along the line we learned that the remainder of her family joined them in Corning in the early 1870's. My parents found a lot of information on the family, but nothing with a town. I continued to search every one of Margaret Walsh's siblings down to present day, but again, no town turned up.

In the meantime, I let that branch sit while I pursued others and when a Walsh cousin, I hadn't found contacted me in the early 1990s I started working on it again. I wrote to the library in Corning, New York, and the lady who helped my parents in 1970 answered my letter, she had new information for me. Their genealogy group in Corning had catalogued the cemeteries and found the word "Iveleary" on James Walsh's headstone. I finally had a parish! As the term goes "the rest is history." I wrote to the church in Inchigeelagh asking about my great-grandmother Margaret's birth record – they didn't have it, but they did have all her siblings' baptismal records, as well as her father's. However, no marriage for her parents either. After some thought I wondered if James Walsh had left Inchigeelagh during the 'Potato Famine' to eke out a living, met and married Mary Harrington and their first child, Margaret was born wherever he had ventured (somewhere in Kerry, as the article that was written about her in the Anaconda, Montana newspaper 5 July 1940 indicated)? Or, as was the custom in the early years, Margaret's mother Mary Harrington went back to her home, to have her first child – I don't have a birthplace for her. Her parents were John Harrington and Mary McCarthy.

I found the Albert Casey, M.D. volumes "O'Kief, Coshe Mange, Slieve Lougher and Upper Blackwater in Ireland", where the Catholic Church Records for the Inchigeelagh parish are listed in volumes 7 & 8. I extracted all the Luc(e)y, Walsh, Corcoran & Harrington names from the records for 1816 through 1900. I entered them into an Excel spreadsheet and then posted them on the Roots Web County Cork page in June 1999. From this listing I heard about the Ballingeary & Inchigeelagh Historical Society,



James Walsh 1860 - 1886 in his artillery uniform – served 5 years in Wyo. Territory fighting Indians c. 9 Apr. 1840 – Derrycomeen

so I began a correspondence with Sean O'Sullivan and Peter O'Leary. They were able to send me information concerning my Walsh family and the roles they played in this areas history.

In 1994 we made our first trip to Ireland. I attended an Irish Genealogical Congress at Trinity in Dublin and then the tour went through the south & west of Ireland. The tour guide took a side trip one day and brought us to Inchigeelagh to see if we could find any of the Walsh's - The entire bus group scoured the cemetery's there, but found only 1 Walsh headstone. The people in Creedon's pub didn't know of any Walsh family from Inchigeelagh so I went away disappointed. But happy to see the

area my family came from. Then in 2002 when we returned and met with Sean O'Sullivan things were different. He was able to give us a tour of the Walsh land in Tooreenduff, Ballingearry and now I understand why the people in Creedon's weren't familiar with the Walsh name – they lived closer to Ballingearry. I hope I am able to return to the area someday and have the opportunity to stay awhile in Ballingearry and walk the roads of my ancestors. We did not have time this trip to stay and explore.

The following information is what I have been able to gather after many years of trying to find my ancestors. I have had the pleasure of finding & meeting many descendants of this **Seamus Walsh** family and the greatest joy was walking the land they lived on in the Ballingearry area, finding out the history he was part of and meeting so many cousins my family did not know existed until I started this search for ancestors many years ago.

My great-great-grandfather

James Walsh*, bapt. September 15, 1822, Carrigvane (Carrigbawn), Inchigeelagh (Eveleary), Ire - parents **Seamus Walsh** and **Mary Lucey** - God parents: Jeremiah Horgan & Mary Creedan

d. August 08, 1884, Hornby, New York (buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Corning, NY) *he was born 7 months after the **Battle of Keimaneigh** and during the time his father was on the run as a result of that battle.

Corning Journal, Corning, NY, Thursday, 4 Aug 1884

“**James Welch**, a farmer at Hornby, fell into a well which he was digging last Thursday night and received injuries from which he died the next morning. At the time of the accident, Mr. Welch was at the top of the well. The bucket used to haul up dirt had become unfastened and had fallen to the bottom of the well, where was his son. The latter was uninjured. The father, in his anxiety, leaned over the well to look down. He put his hand on the tackling block which turned over. Thus, he lost his balance and fell into the well, striking on his head. Death resulted from concussion of the brain. The deceased formerly lived here and his funeral was held from St. Mary's Church Sunday morning, being very largely attended. He is spoken of as an upright and industrious man”.

A family tradition about the James Walsh family that moved to Corning New York @1872 (Madeline (James) Walsh's letter of 19 Sept. 1970 said the Senior Walsh's were well off and the children had music lessons. James Walsh Sr. was one of the few educated men in the Community (Ireland) and he read the newspapers and letters for everyone and wrote letters for everyone also. (Mrs. Lillian Long told me - the same story in the late 1960's). A.F.

My great-great-grandmother:

Mary Harrington b. March 1823, in Ireland to John Harrington and Mary McCarthy, d. 1 Mar 1905, in Corning NY.

The Evening Leader, Corning, N.Y. Wednesday, 1 March 1905

MRS. MARY WALSH

Mrs. Mary Walsh died at 2:30 o'clock this morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John D. Healey, of No. 222 West Second Street. She was about 81 years of age and highly respected. She

leaves the following children to mourn her loss, besides the above-mentioned daughter: Mrs. Peter Hale of Gregson Springs, Mont., Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor of Anaconda, Mont., and Mrs. Thomas Henry of this city and Michael W. Walsh of Little Rock, Ark. The funeral will be held Friday morning from St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock.

My great-grandmother:

Margaret Walsh b. April 26, 1851 – possibly Co. Kerry parents, James Walsh & Mary Harrington

d. December 05, 1941, Anaconda, MT

Following is an article published in the Anaconda, Montana newspaper

Anaconda Standard, Friday, 5 July 1940 p. 1

MRS. MARGARET O'CONNOR, EARLY-DAY RESIDENT, RETURNS FROM CALIFORNIA

One of Anaconda's oldest residents, Mrs. Margaret O'Connor, 86-year-old great-grandmother, has returned from California to attend a reunion of four generations of her family. She is visiting at the home of her daughter Mrs. Mary A. Kelly, 412 Maple Street.

The kindly gray-haired woman, who saw Anaconda grow from a few scattered frame structures to the smelting metropolis of the west, came to this city in 1886, three years after Marcus Daly founded the city. (he was a native of Ballyjamesduff, Co. Cavan, Ireland).

Old-timers will remember Mrs. O'Connor as the operator of several of the largest boarding houses in the city in early days. At one time she operated the boarding and rooming house in Carroll



Mary Harrington-Walsh and daughter Elizabeth Walsh c. 13 Apr. 1856
Derrynacorreen

known as the "Little Montana." Among her kindly attributes was that she never turned away a hungry person from her door.

Since her arrival in Anaconda 54 years ago, her life, except for the short period she visited in California for the benefit of her health has been synonymous with the history of the Smelter City. She knew Marcus Daly and many of the prominent early-day residents of this section of Montana.

As an Irish immigrant girl of 18 the then Miss Margaret Walsh, who was born in County Kerry, Ireland in 1854 and who moved to County Cork, Ireland, when only two weeks old, came to the United States. She accompanied by an older sister, arrived in New York on March 20, 1872.

She resided in Corning, NY for several years. During her residence in Corning she was nursemaid for Allen Houghton, who later became ambassador to England from the United States.

One of the epochs in her life was that she became the first bride to have the nuptial vows performed in St. Paul Catholic Church. The late Rev. Peter Desiere, one of the early-day Belgian priests in western Montana, married her and Cornelius O'Connor, a sergeant in the English army in the Boer war, and who later served with the U.S. army in the Philippine islands. The marriage ceremony was performed on **Oct. 28, 1888**. Mr. O'Connor died several years ago.

Since her marriage, two other generations of the family have exchanged martial vows in St. Paul's Church. They are her daughter, Mrs. Mary Kelly; her grandson, John T. Kelly, a member of the Anaconda police force; and a granddaughter, Mrs. Albert Clark, the former Miss Alice Kelly.

After retiring from the boarding house business Mrs. O'Connor for many years resided in the 400 block on East Commercial Avenue.

Yesterday the four generations met at a family reunion to honor the highly respected woman. Among those at a picnic were her daughter, grandsons, granddaughters and two great grandchildren, Miss Margaret Kelly and Albert Clark Jr. A son Cornelius O'Connor also resides in Anaconda."

Margaret & Cornelius' children were: Mary Alice O'Connor (my grandmother) b. 9 Oct 1890, married John T. Kelly 15 June 1910 & died 25 Feb 1949; Ellen Margaret b. 7 June 1893 & died 13 Jan 1894; Frances Geraldine b.13 Nov 1894, mar. Roy Wilson Baker 28 Oct 1924 & died 19 Sept 1942; Kevin born & died @ 1896 (no record other than a small headstone with just his name); & Cornelius Emmet b. 23 Apr 1898 – never married & died in a tragic fire in the hotel he lived in 31 Oct 1954 in Anaconda, Montana.

The next generation of Margaret & Cornelius' are: Mary Alice (Mayme) & John T. Kelly: John Thomas Kelly Jr. b. 17 July 1911 mar. Margaret B. Laughlin 21 June 1937 & died 31 Oct 1992, they had 3 children; Frances Margaret b. 12 Jan 1913 mar. 25 Nov 1942 Martin A. Sporn & died 1 Oct 1984 – no children; Robert Earl Kelly b.15 Dec 1914, mar. Mary Jean Vandaver 24 June 1943 & died 7 Apr 1995 they had 6 children – Bob was a prominent Navy pilot during WWII; Alice Laureen b. 20 Jan 1920, mar. Albert J. Clark 28 Sept. 1938 & died 19 Oct 2000 they had 14 children: Brendan Joseph b. 16 Apr 1924, never married & died 3 July 2002. There are 2 more generations of this family down to present day.

(I remember my mother, Alice Kelly Clark telling me at different times throughout the years how she remembered as a small child whenever her grandmother O'Connor – nee Margaret Walsh – received her Irish newspapers and if she ever read anything about

the English, her grandmother would swear – Mom said the air was blue with swear words coming out of her grandmother. After discovering the history of the Walsh family in the Inchigeelagh and Ballingearry area I now understand to a greater degree why she was so vehement in her feelings about the English. It affected my own mother to the extent that she never 'liked to hear an English accent', she wouldn't watch any program on TV where English people were appearing.

Siblings of my great-grandmother Margaret Walsh

Mary Walsh, b. August 25, 1852, Inchigeelagh, Ire., parents James Walsh & Mary Harrington
d. December 04, 1937, Corning, NY

3 June 1875 Corning NY census lists Mary Walsh as domestic servant

The Evening Leader, Corning New York, 6 Dec 1937

MRS. MARY HALEY

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Haley, who died Saturday at her home at 161 Washington Street, was held this morning. Services at 8:30 o'clock at the residence were followed by the mass of requiem celebrated at St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock by the Rev. Ambrose Kavanagh, assistant pastor.

Bearers were Thomas Donahue, Floyd Mahoney, Clement Murphy, Sebastian Frey, John R. Osborne and Francis Lynch.

Burial was in St. Mary's cemetery where the Rev. Lawrence W. Gannon, assistant pastor, officiated.

Mary married John D. Healy 27 May 1886 in Corning, NY, they had 2 girls (neither married) & one son, he married but did not have any children – so this branch stops here.

Elizabeth (Betty) Walsh, b. April 13, 1856, Inchigeelagh parents, James Walsh & Mary Harrington d. April 17, 1919, Corning, NY

The Evening Leader, Corning, N.Y. 18 April 1919

MRS. ELIZABETH HENRY

Mrs. Elizabeth Henry of 146 West Fourth Street died at the Corning Hospital at 6 o'clock last night following a several months' illness. She was the wife of Thomas H. Henry of this city.

Mrs. Henry is survived by her husband, one brother, Michael Walsh of Ft. Worth, Texas, and three sisters, Mrs. Katherine Hale of Butte, Montana, Mrs. Mary O'Connor (name is Margaret & lives in Anaconda, MT. ed. A.F.), also of Butte, Montana and Mrs. Mary Haley of 222 West Second Street, this city.

The remains were taken to the home of Mrs. Mary Haley. The funeral will be held at St. Mary's church at 9 o'clock Monday morning and interment will take place in St. Mary's cemetery.

Betty married Thomas H. Henry Jr. 2 May 1898 in Corning – they did not have any children.

Catherine Walsh, b. June 03, 1858, Inchigeelagh, Ire. Parents, James Walsh & Mary Harrington
d. 21 Mar 1950, Butte, Silver Bow, Montana

Montana Standard - Wednesday - 22 Mar 1950 p. 7

CATHERINE HALE, 94, IS CALLED BY DEATH

Mrs. Catherine Hale, 94 years old, a well-known and highly respected resident of Butte and Anaconda for more than 60 years, died early Tuesday morning at a local hospital. She had been well and active up to the start of her last illness about two months ago. Mrs. Hale was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1856 and came to the United States about 1880. She arrived in Anaconda in 1886 and was married there to the late Peter Hale, one-time chief of police in the Smelter City.

They came to Butte about 1895 and operated the Hale House, later known as the Florence or "Big Ship," on East Broadway. The family went east to New York for a time and when they returned Mr. Hale took over the operation of Gregson Springs. He died there in 1905.

Mrs. Hale resided in Butte since that time. She made her home at 310 West Silver St.

She is survived by three sons and daughters-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Emmet Hale, Butte; Navy Capt. and Mrs. Peter Hale, San Diego, Calif; Mr. & Mrs. Grattan Hale, Everett, Wash. grand-daughters, Eleanor, Butte and Lucinda, San Diego; nieces and nephews, Frances & Genevieve Haley, Corning, NY, John Haley, Buffalo, NY; Cornelius O'Connor, Anaconda and other relatives.

The remains are at the Daly-Shea mortuary.

James Walsh, b. April 09, 1860, Derryvacorneen, Inchigeelagh, Ire. parents James Walsh & Mary Harrington
d. September 06, 1886 – place unknown, buried St. Mary's cemetery in Corning, NY

James Walsh (his enlistment into the U. S. Army)

Oath of Enlistment & Allegiance

Wyoming Territory "I James Walsh, Born in County Cork in Ireland and by occupation a farmer do hereby acknowledge to have voluntarily enlisted this 12th day of Dec. 1878 as a soldier in the Army of the United States of America for a period of five years, unless sooner discharged by proper authority, and do also agree to accept from the United States such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing as are or may be established by law. And I do solemnly swear, that I am twenty two (22) years and (blank) months of age, and know of no impediment to my serving honestly and faithfully as a soldier for five years under this enlistment contract with the United States. And I, James Walsh do solemnly swear, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the *United States of America*, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whomsoever; and that I will observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War. Signed *James Walsh* seal
Subscribed and duly sworn to before me, this 24th day of January, A.D. 1879.

(a note written along the edge of the enlistment paper: Enlisted under authority contained in letter dated, A.G. O. Washington, D.C. January 6th 1879, to Commanding Officer, Company "A" 9th Infantry, through Commanding Officer, Fort McKinney, Wyoming Territory).

Declaration of Recruit: I *James Walsh*, desiring to Enlist in the Army of the United States, for the term of Five Years, DO DECLARE, that I have neither wife nor child; that I have never been discharged from the United States Services on account of

disability, or by sentence of a court martial, or by order before the expiration of term of enlistment; and that I am of legal age to enlist of my own accord, and believe myself to be physically qualified to perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier.

Given at: *Fort McKinney W.T. this 24th day of January, 1879.*
signed James Walsh

Enlisted at Fort McKinney, Wyoming Territory. 9th Regiment of Infantry

(He had gray eyes, black hair and was of fair complexion. Was 5 ft. 7 in.) "Discharged 11 Dec 1883 exp. of service at Fr. D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory. Character: excellent & e."

RG 98. Records of United States Army Commands (Army Posts)

From Wyoming Archives

FORT MCKINNEY, WYO (1876 - 94)

This post was established on October 12, 1876, by Company B, 4th Infantry, pursuant to Special Orders # 131, Department of the Platte, September 22, 1876, on the North Bank of the Powder River, three miles above the site of old Fort Reno. The new post was named Cantonment Reno. The post was moved to a location 50 miles north on July 17, 1877. The name of Cantonment Reno was changed to Fort McKinney on August 30, 1877, pursuant to General Orders No. 82, the Adjutant General's Office, August 30, 1877. The post was abandoned November 7, 1894 pursuant to General Orders No. 45. The Adjutant General's Office, September 15, 1894.

Michael James Walsh b. March 28, 1862, Inchigeelagh, Ire. parents James Walsh & Mary Harrington
d. December 20, 1932, Ah-Gwah-ching, Cass C0, Montana

Michael J. Walsh said at one time he had been in every state in the United States during his lifetime.

No obituary for him.

He married Alfredia Marie Schultz, March 19, 1900 Lamar, Arkansas

They had four sons: James Michael b. 11 Jan 1900 mar. Madeline Thompson 18 Nov 1930 & died 18 May 1976 in Calif they had 5 children; Fred Richard Walsh b. 30 Sept 1902, mar. Mabel? 29 Dec 1926 & died 14 July 1980 – they had one son; Joseph Paul Walsh b. @1903, mar. Mildred Herspring April 06, 1930 & died 1986 – they had one son; John Walter Walsh b. October 03, 1907, mar. Arnold Roselee Bailey October 19, 1935 & died January 27, 1998 – they had a son & a daughter.

Death Certificate for Shingobee Township, Cass Co., Minnesota # 180

Michael J. Walsh, male, white, widower, age 70 granite cutter. Born. 3-27-1862, Died. 12-20-1932.

Cause of death: Pulmonary Tuberculosis, Coronary Sclerosis, and General Arteriosclerosis.

Parents, James Walsh and Mary Harrington.
Dr. H. C. Burns.

Undertaker, Earle M. Thomas, Registrar H.H. Burdick of Walker, filed 1-3-33.

He died as a TB patient in Ah Gwah Ching Sanatorium 3 miles from Walker, Cass Co. Minnesota.

Ellen Walsh, b. May 17, 1864, Coolmountain, Ire., parents James Walsh & Mary Harrington d. August 22, 1885, Corning, NY

Ellen was my great grandmother's favorite sister (told to me by several family members)

No obituary found for her – she was 21 years old when she died.

John F. Walsh b. June 24, 1866, Coolmountain, Ire. Parents, James Walsh & Mary Harrington d. after 1901 unknown

John F. Walsh: Family Tradition is that he taught children of Army men in Washington State. Mrs. Lillian Long and Madeline Walsh told the same story. (I have not been able to confirm that story nor find where he lived & died, A.F.)

Richard Walsh b. March 23, 1869, Tooreendw, Ballingear, IRE, d. February 01, 1891, Ferenbaugh, Steuben Co, NY (buried St. Mary's cemetery, Corning, NY)

The Corning Daily Democrat, Corning, N.Y. Monday, 1 Feb 1891

KILLED AT FERENBAUGH'S

Richard Welch, a young farmer, residing about a mile and a half north of Ferenbaugh's Station, and formerly a resident of Corning, was killed yesterday afternoon, at Ferenbaughs, while attempting to board train 53 coming south.

Mr. Welch was evidently on his way to Corning, and in attempting to board the train, was thrown under the wheels. A brakeman saw him disappear, and the train was stopped, backed up, and the mangled remains brought to this city, where Smith & Sullivan took them in charge.

At least twenty five cars passed over the body. He was undoubtedly killed immediately, a big cut in the head showing that the first fall probably ended his misery very soon. — The body was crushed across and both arms severed from the trunk.

Mr. Welch's father was killed several years ago, by the falling of a bucket, while digging a well. He leaves a widowed mother, whose main support he was, a brother, and a sister, Mrs. Jerry (John ed.) Healy of this city.

Coroner McNamara summoned a jury, view the remains and the inquest was held this morning.

(He was almost 22 yrs. old at time of death).

Its sad for me to discover the untimely deaths of so many of my great-grandmother's family, however it was pretty normal for the time period they were living.

If anyone has any information on this family, I would love to hear from you. My address is: Alice Finnegan, 9716 S. Moonlight Dr., Sandy, UT 84070. Email is: finzo@xmission.com.

Ainmneacha Páirceanna agus Carraigreacha in Inse Bheag i bParóiste Uíbh Laoghaire. Bailithe ag Ina Ní Chroínín timpeall 1936.

Fuair sí an t-eolas seo óna hathair Donnchadha ó Cróinín (Dinny Dick)

1. Páirc an Connlaig.
2. Páirc an Dá Shoc.
3. Páircín na dTullacán.
4. Páircín na hAbhann.
5. Páirc an Túair.
6. Páirc an Bóthar.
7. Páircín na Cabhlaighe.
8. Páirc na Coille.
9. Páirc na Teórann.
10. Páirc na Teine Aoileach.
11. Móinteán Fliuch.
12. An Sean-Coinnleach.
13. An Corrach.
14. An Móinféirín Garbh.
15. Páircín na Carraige.
16. Páirc an Aitinn.
17. Páircín na gCapall.
18. Móinteán an Phóirse.
19. Carraig Mhór.
20. Carraig an Bhranair.
21. Staicín an Radhairc.
22. Staicín na Gaoithe.
23. Carn na Spideóige.
24. Faill an Leathair.

25. Stucán na Callaighe.
26. An Cnocán Ramhar.
27. Carraig Dhomhnall Uí Sheaghda.
28. Carn na nGníománach.

Míniú ar na h-Ainmneacha d'réir na n-uimhreacha.

1. Mar tá connlac (stubble) ann sa fhomhair.
2. Mar tagann na cladhtacha le céile ar cuma go bhfuil bior nó soc ar dhá ceann na páirce.
3. Mar do cuireadh a lán tullacán (heaps of stones) amach air fadó.
5. Sé an cúis gur tugadh an ainm sin ar an bpáirc ná go gcuirtí na ba isteach ann gach oidhche geall leis i rith an tSamhraidh.
7. Tá cabhlach sean-tighe ar ceann na páirce agus sin é an cúis gur tugadh an ainm sin air.
9. Mar tá sé ar an dteóirinn idir beirt fheirmeoirí.

10. Bhí tine Aoil (lime kiln) ann agus aol á doghadh innti timcheall ceithre fichid bliadhain ó shoin.
20. An carraig idir Scoil Céim An Fhia agus an bothair. Tá sé ráidhte go bhfeichtí púcaí ann fadó. Breis is céad bliadhain ó shoin do dhein fear an tailmh an t-árdán seo do threabhadh. Nuair a bhí an obair críochnuighthe fuair an seireach bás. Bhí eagla ar an bhfear go loitfí aon síol a chuireadh sé ann agus d'fhág sé ina bhranair (fallow) é, sin é an cúis gur tugadh an ainm sin ar an árdán.
22. Tá an staicín seo suidhte in áit scéird-eamhail agus is beag lá nách mbíonn an ghaoth ag séideadh ann.
23. Deirtear gur ba anamh ná go bhfeichtí spideóg tímpal an Cairn seo.
25. Bhíodh sean-bhean ag aodhaireacht na mbó dá dritheár agus ba gnáth léi suidhe anáirde ar an gCarraig seo. (28. Bhí giomanach (yeoman or servant) ag ealú le cailín agus caith siad an chéad oiche ar nó faoin carraig seo.)

Ballingeary in the Nineteen Forties

By Donncaadh O'Luasaigh, *Baile An Chollaig*, continues his look back at life in the 1940s. Here he also highlights the mixture of Irish and English in peoples daily conversations

Changes

The changes that have taken place since I was young in the forties are very great indeed. In the countryside in particular, the coming of electricity played a major role in the changing lifestyles. Before then, there was darkness all about at night and a dread of the dark – no outside lights and poor lighting in houses, with candles and double-wick paraffin oil lamps being the main source of illumination. Fairy stories were abundant and some people changed their seats from near the door to near the hob as they listened – they feared that the door would burst open at any second and that the big black dog that was allegedly seen at the lios would charge in and annihilate them! Apart from lighting, imaging all the other electrically driven devices that had not yet reached rural houses – washing machines, dishwashers, tumble dryers, electric cookers, shavers, hoovers and a myriad of other gadgets that are now taken for granted.

Very few homes had a running water supply as water pumps needed electricity to operate and a gravity supply wasn't available everywhere – consequently there were no taps, sinks, baths, or water closets. Nettles grew in abundance near most houses. There were no televisions or videos. Some people had gramophones which were wound manually. The vast majority of homes had no telephones, never mind mobile phones! Very few had motor cars. Not many got second-level education as it is now known. People had patches on their clothes, darns on their stockings, taoibhíns on their boots and craobhabhars in their eyes! Incidentally, the cure for craobhabhars then was to apply a spit whilst fasting in the morning. We often hear of pigs in the parlour, but big sows were brought into flag-floored kitchens to farrow, sick calves were tied to the leg of the settle and hens were put hatching under the stairs (glugars and all!). The mail was brought from Macroom to Ballingeary in a horse and trap (or was it a side-car?). And there wasn't even a biro to write a letter!

Looking back, it would appear that we

were very deprived then, but let's not forget that we didn't know or care about all of to-day's modern gadgets, no one else had them either and what we never had we never wanted, as they say. People seemed happy with their lot – they were compensated by their close links with their neighbours and all the social gatherings of the time – meitheals, scoraiochting, dances, wakes, quilting parties, killing pigs, cutting turf, thrashings and so on. Most people were great conversationalists and many were great characters as well. There was never a dull moment albeit at a different level from to-day's social scene. There was no "clubbing" then, I assure you!

Language

I suppose the English language of the time, as spoken in parts of rural Ireland in particular, had an Irish blas (still has in some places), many Irish words were included and the construction of sentences had an Irish language form as well.

In the following dialogue I have tried to emulate a conversation which could have taken place in the nineteen forties – consider it against the background I have described. The characters are fictitious. I have tried to use the phrasing of the time, which I have underlined in some instances. There is no particular theme as indeed there would not be in a casual visit such as the one portrayed in the dialogue.

I hope you enjoy it, or as they say nowadays: 'Enjoy!'

Nell: Good-day yourself, you dickens – come in out of the draught – take off you oul' clogs and warm your spágs to the fire – sit on the stooleen or if you like stretch on that settle and take things aisy for a tamall. Anyhow you are more than welcome – 'tis a cure for sore eyes to see you – 'tis donkey's years since you darkened our door!

Patsy: A chroí o'n diabhal, 'tis ages since I called scoraiochting but I was going over the short cut anyway to them cousins of mine and I said I'd call in to see how ye

were getting on, ye poor devils. I won't stay a minute but a heat of the oul' fire would be great on a hardy day like to-day. I saw Seáninín Bán over there in the field-teen and I'd say he was burying a dead Bonham – I heard someone saying that Seainin's pig got the diamonds lately and the diamonds are bad old buachaills let me tell you!

Nell: Do you know something – you could be right. How are they all at home anyhow? Is the Sean-bhuachaill over the muchadh? Although 'tis a nasty oul' machail they say it wouldn't make you kick the bucket – 'is fad saolach iad lucht muchta' the seanfhocal said.

Patsy: It said that alright. Still, I'd rather not have the muchadh but sure everyone has some galar – sure the hens even get the pip.

Nell: Lig dom!

Patsy: Some animals get the mange and the cows fall into bog holes; and sure maybe after pulling 'em out, a pratie might choke 'em. 'Tis whatever is for you! Sure did you see Tadhg below – he used be out walking with the sheep dog rounding up the sheep and what happened! – the dog got a heart attack. They all thought Tadhg would get one, but no one knows!

Nell: Well, you're the red dickens for the oul' stories – you should write a book! I was south of the lake last night and they were saying that there was a fierce crowd at the pattern in Kilmore some night lately – at the platform above near the quay wall you know.

Patsy: Ha hawdy! That's the way!

Nell: Are you traochta Patsy? You were a lively dickens one time then, but the oul' years catch up on all of us. They fly, boy! How are the pins by you? And I'm not talking about pins and needles. Is it walking you came?

Patsy: No – I came on the saddle horse.

Did young Seáinín come home from school yet? I thought he might stick a bag on the horse's head with a feedeen of crushed oats. I suppose pollard might sick-en him. I was going to call to the forge for a few slippers but the place was full of horses so I will leave it alone 'till some other day. I had to throw a sugan over the cock of hay that was falling before I came. Had you any look at the weather glass in the carhouse lately? I wonder will we get a braoinín soon. I make out that my bones are talking to me! Sure 'tis time for 'em, says you.

Nell: We were over in Leary's the other night quilting – there were nine or ten of us there, all prodding away with our needles – we made a few slachtmhar quilts and we had a good taoscan of fun too and we had a good taoscan of wool spared – enough to make another quilt. Sheila Betty was saying that she heard the banshee some other night earlier on.

Patsy: I heard the banshee a few times myself on the night my uncle died. Aren't we getting very brónach – could we talk about something aerach! What about the fellow who stretched on top of the heap of broken glass on his bare back and then he got someone to walk on top of him. That was after second Mass last Sunday on the road below the Chapel.

Nell: I think that's another brónach story. Oh cripes! I didn't offer any thingen to eat – I forgot – I suppose you're starved! What would you like? I'll throw down a few black puddings for you. You can have 'em there near the fire. We killed an iochtar last week and we filled the puddings – we haven't too many spared as we gave a good few to the neighbours – they were mad for 'em! I suppose it was a case of 'blas milis ar phraiseach na gcomharsan'. They ate 'em anyway! I think they are all still alive.

Patsy: 'Dead alive with their eyes open' as they used say about the fish for sale! Anyway, thanks for the cupán – 'tis a kind of a thirsty evening. Have a mugeen yourself – here's the ponnie – I'd say 'tis a bit hot. Spill some of it into the saucer to cool it! Do you know that I am kind of tired – I had to go down the boreen with the lantern last night after the dance – I was a bit worried about the lads, but they came home alright after.

Nell: You're an awful man to be hunting 'em like that!

Patsy: Yerra, 'tis better be sure than sorry – they are great oul' caythurs all the same! We weren't half as críochnuil as 'em when we were their age. Sean is only fifteen and if you saw all the jobs he can do – he can cut turf with a sleán, cut furze with a scythe, clean the soot out of the chimney, milk the cows, feed the pigs, draw out butts of dung and he can even do a small biteen of ploughing and we have no wheel plough – if we had it would be handier for him. And if you saw him skinning rabbits! As they say there would be skin and hair flying!

Nell: I suppose he will get the place!

Patsy: (No comment). Do you know that I am getting codladh ghrifin from being in the one spot since I came in – I think I'll go on my corragiob for a tamall. I'd know did I tell you already about that fellow that used to call around there long ago. They said he went to the doctor one time as he felt a bit quare. The doctor examined him, told him to say 'ninety-nine' and so on. Then he told him that the news wasn't too great – 'I'm afraid your heart isn't good' aduirt se. "Well" says your man "I wouldn't give a damn if 'twould do me while I'd live!" I don't know whether he was codding or in earnest but he had his own ideas anyway. Maybe I told that story before – my memory could be failing a bit.

Nell: A handy answer – I suppose he was full of brains. I make out 'tis time for 'himself' to be home – I hope the bull didn't have a go at him or that he didn't tumble into a clais and hurt himself! If he isn't back soon we'll have to go looking for him. By the way did anyone see the strap of the razor? I think he is going to that wake to-night and he might want a bit of a shave.

Patsy: If he came back soon I'd ask him to give me a bit of a touch around the ears – I'm after getting damn hairy lately but sure I suppose the biteen of thatch will keep out the cold from an old boy whose blood is getting thin! And I have the scissors and all.

Nell: You told me a story a while ago about the man of the bad heart. Did you hear the one about the fellow who bought a new clock? He told his neighbour that it

would go for eight days without winding. The neighbour says back: "And if you wound it how long would it stay going for!"

Patsy: That's a good one alright. Sure I suppose idle people must be doing something im' bhriathar-sa. I must be putting the road off me soon like the bate-out young stocach who put the stairs up off him as fast as he could. But young lads don't have much patience, go bhfoire Dia orainn!

Nell: 'Tis a bit early for you to be going home yet. Stay another tamaillin – maybe you'd ate a bit of stirabout before you go.

Patsy: Yerra I won't – I'll be having the tay when I'll go home. We had a good old evening scoraiochting. I thought for a tamall that we'd get a taoscadh but sure 'tis the way the evening cleared up greatly – the top of Diuchoill is fierce clear so I better be slipping away.

Nell: Slan so. Sprinkle a dropeen of the holy water on yourself for the journey.

Patsy: Oh a chroi o'n diabhal I nearly forgot – could I take the 'last' with me? I was going to put a half sole on my shoe tomorrow. The Lord spare ye the health 'as ye wouldn't take the money' as they say. Caithimis uainn é mar scéal. Slán aris.

Nell: Mind yourself near Mickey Drummy's – there was an oul' stone out there on the road – mind don't it knock you! I don't mind now if you don't get 'loscadh daighe' after that stirabout but sure you're as strong as a horse. You're lucky to have the horse – have you a saddle for him or is it an oul' bag you have up on him? 'Is fearr marcaiocht ar ghabhar na coisiocht da fheabhas' they said and, by the hokey, all them oul' saying had a lot in 'em.

Patsy: I'm going now at last!

Nell: Fair weather after you and snow to your heels!

Donncadh O'Luasaigh
Baile an Chollaigh
Feabhra 2003

Scealta faoi Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin

Ba file é Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin (1748-1784) a rugadh i Meentogues, gar do Chill Airne, Co Chiarraí. Bhí sé ó am go cheile ina mháistir scoile, ina spailpín agus ina bhall de chabhlach Shasna. Ba file chumasach é, agus tá mórán danta agus aislingí againn óna lamh. Bíonn tracht fós ar Eoghan Rua i nGealtachtaí na Mumhan. Deantar vearsaí leis a aithris, labhraítear ar a dheisbhealaí (wit) agus ar a eachtraí seoigh¹

Bailíodh na scealta seo leanas faoi Eoghan Rua ó Scoil Na gCailíní i mBéal Átha'n Ghaorthaidh i 1938. Rinne an Coimisiún Bealoideas bailiúchán bealoideas i Scoileanna Naisiunta na tíre idir 1935 agus 1938.

Tá sé similiú go léirionn na scealta gnéithe frith-cléireach nach feictear go minic. Fuair na leanaí na scealta ona dtuismitheoirí agus leirítear an meas a bhí acu do Eoghan Rua agus an-taitneamh as na scealta.

Táimid buíoch do chead Ceann Roinne an Roinn Bealoideas Éireann, Ollscoil Baile Atha Cliath na scealta seo a usáid.

Na Scealta

**Máire Tóibín, Inse An Fhosaig,
24/11/38 (IFC S338 p.47)**

Beal Oideas – Scéal

Do bhí Eoghán Rua agus sagart ag aiteamh mar gheall ar baiste uair. Dúirt Eoghan go bfeadfadh sé féin leanbh a bhaiste chomh maith leis an sagart agus dúirt an sagart ná feadfadhagus thíomaineadar leo ar an gcuma san ar feadh tamall ag caint agus ag aiteamh.

Fé deire bain an sagart a hata de, hata bréide do beadh é. Do shín sé an hata chun Eoghan agus dúirt sé,

“Chuir I gcás gur bé sin an leanbh conas a baistfeá é. Thóg Eoghan an hata agus dúirt se;

“Baistím an leanbh seo,

Gan tón, gan ceann,

Gan tobar, gan uisce, gan braon do'n leann,

Reithe do beadh a athair

Is caoire do beadh a mháthair,

Is a leitheid do baiste

Níor tháinig ríamh 'am lathair

Eibhlín Ní Cheallacháin, Cathair Na Catha 24/1/38 (IFC S338 p73)

Do bhí sagart ann uair agus ní thabharfadh sé aon ní d'ainne. Do chuir Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin geall le feirmeoir go bfhaghad sé suipéar agus loistín na hóiche uaidh. Do

chuir an fear geall leis na faghad.

D'imig Eoghan Rua go tig an t-Sagairt ag titim na hoiche. Do bhuail sé ar an ndoras. Do thainig an sagart amach agus arsa Eoghan leis, “An té a gheobhadh airgead ag dul amú, cad ba cheart dó a dheanamh leis?. Do stad an sagart tamall agus ansan dúirt, “Fan go dtí maidin, tá sé ana deanach anois.

Do thug sé súipéar do Eoghan agus loistín na hóiche agus nuair a bhí an breacfeasta ithe aige dúirt an sagart, “Cá bhfuil an t-airgead a bhfuirís ag dul amú?”

“Ar ndoin”, arsa Eoghan, “Ní dúirt-sa go bfuaras airgead ag dul amú ach cuir i gcás dá bhfaidhfainn cad ba cheart dom a dheanamh leis.”

“Scrois as mo radharc”, arsa an sagart.

Do chuaigh Eoghan Rua go dtí an feirmeoir agus do bhí an geall aige.

Nora Ní Chronín 18/1/1937 (IFC S338 p68)

Beal Oideas – Scéal

Teastalaí do beadh Eoghain Rua. Bhí sé ag cur an bóthair de uair nuair a bhuail sagart uime. Bhíodar ag comhradh le chéile. Níorbh fhada go shroiseadar abha mhór. Ní fheadfadh an sagart dul treasna na h-abhann, ach bhí Eoghain cosnochtaithe, agus chuir sé an sagart ar a dhroim agus ghluais sé leis.

I lár na h-abhann dúirt Eoghan leis an sagart go ndeanfadh sé a faoistin leis.

“Na bac leis an faoistin chun go mbeimid treasna na h-abhann” arsa an sagairt. Thosnaig Eoghain ag insint a faoistin. Peacaí móra á scaoileadg amach aige comh tuibh le raithnig.

“Ó cath an diabhal thiar ort” arsa an sagairt, tar eis gníomhartha Eoghain do chlos.

“Má tá mhiuse”, arsa Eoghain, “ní fada a bheidh”, ag caitheamh an sagart isteach san uisce.

Maire Ní Chríodáin, Drom an Aillig 28/11/1938 (IFC S338 p75)

Nuair a bhí Eoghan Ruadh ag dul go dtí an t-Aifreann Domhnach áirithe. Ní ligfaí isteach sa séipeal é gan leath-pingin. D'iompaigh sé amach agus dúirt sé leis na daoine go léir a bhí ag teacht isteach go dtí an t-aifreann, “Tagaidh go leir i leith a bhuaichailí. Tá Aifreann Dé á dhiol ar leath-pingin.

Ansán do shuigh sé ar cruach móna taobh amuigh de'n séipeal. Thainig an sagart amach cuige agus dúirt sé leis, “cad 'na thaobh ná téigheann tú isteach go dtí an t-

Aifreann agus gan bheith ag súf ansan?”

D'fhreagair Eoghan é mar seo:-

“Má tá an t-athair mar an Eaglais níl aon brí 'nár ghno, is ní fearra dhúinn an t-Aifreann ná bheith ag súf ar an móin.

Síle Ní Luasa, Carrig Na Doura, 18/2/38 (IFC S338 p87)

Beal Oideas – Scéal

Bhí torramh ann fadó. Bean a'tí a bhí marbh. Teastaidh ó fear an tí í chur i gCill –Cré agus theastaigh ó mhuintir ná mná í cur i nDomhnach Mór.

Bhí Eoghan Rua istig agus dúirt sé mar seo leis an sagart,

“A Athair, ós duine den cléir tusa a leig na húdair cóir,

cé acu is giorra Flaitheas Dé do, Chill Cré nó don Domhnach Mór?”.

Eibhlín Ní Cheallacháin; Cathair Na Catha 29/4/38 (IFC S338 p126)

Fuair Eoghan Ruadh loistín na hoiche i dtig feirmeora uair. Bhí staisiún chun bheith aca ar maidean. Thainig an sagart isteach ar maidean agus chur speic ar Eoghan.

“A bhacaig, a gra, is fada bog fasais”.

D'fhreagair Eoghan, “Mas fada bog fasas, 's gan fios dod clar sa é .

“Nach bíodh san le rá agat a thuille”, arsa ansan sagart, “ach gaibh chugham amarach agus líonfad do mhala”.

“Ní hé a bfearr liom”, arsa Eoghan, “ach scilling dfáil go n-ólfainn do shláinte”.

“Níl sé agam anois”, arsan sagairt, “ach an chead áit eile a bhúailfhead umat, tabharfaidh me duit é”.

Nuair a bhí an t-Aifreann raite agus an breicfeasta ite, thug an sagart aghaidh ar an mbaile.

Bhí casán cómhngarach go dtí an bóthar agus rith Eoghan ar an gcasán agus bhí sé ar an mbóthar roimh an sagart. “Tá tú ansan arís romham”, arsa an sagart.

“Táim” arsa Eoghan “agus táim ag braith go mbeir suas led fhocal”.

“Conas é sin?”, arsa an sagart.

“Gheallais go dtabharfaí scilling dom an chead úair a mbuailfínn umat”, arsa Eoghan.

Chuir an sagart a lamh ina phóca agus do thug sé an scilling do.

¹ An Duanaire; Poems Of The Dispossessed, Sean Ó Tuama, Editor Page 182.

1821 CENSUS (partial) Uibh Laoire or Inchigeela Parish, Co. Cork, Ireland

Fr. Donnacha O Donoghue was curate in Ballingearry Co. Cork in 1917. He was at that time researching a book about the poet Maire Bhúí Ní Laoire. He employed a genealogist in Dublin to collect relevant material from the public record offices.

Ballingearry Cumann Staire was lent his papers in the early 1990s by Gobnait Creed of Inchigeela.

Thus we have the following partial return of the 1821 census for around 18 of the townlands in Inchigeela Parish.

The originals were destroyed in 1922 during the Irish Civil War. The following townlands are included (though not in this order.)

Cappanclare

Carrigleigh (Inchigeela Village)

Carrignacurra

Carrignaneelagh (Carringelea) (He includes Kilbarry)

Coolmountain

Coomroe

Derreennacusha (Gougane Barra is in this townland)

Dromanallig (Ballingearry Village)

Dromcarra Droumcarra (North and South presumably)

Glasheen

Gortaneadin

Gortsmoorane

Inchibeg (Inchybeg)

Inchimore

Lagneeve (Laghneave)

Milleen

Rossmore

Derrinargid (Derrinarigid) – This is probably now

Silvergrove

N.B. All houses in some townland are not included. It seems Fr. O'Donoghue had particular interest in some family lines.

We have changed the townland spelling to the 1851 census spelling.

Townland of Cappanclare :

3. Rev. James Holland 40 years Priest of the Parish. 30 acres.

Daniel Holland 14 years A relative.

Eugene McCarthy 61 years A visitor.

Ellen McCarthy 60 years House maid.

John Taylor 13 years In character of Cowboy.

James Leary 14 years House servant.

There is a Charity School on this townland containing 40 boys and 40 girls, it is supported by subscription.

Schools :

John Leary kept a school in Inchynave 19 boys and 5 girls.

A Public School in townland of Millen containing 12 boys and 4 girls.

A Public School in Maulmore contained 20 boys and 20 girls, also a Chapel.

Charity School in Inchygeely 4 boys and 4 girls.

Townland of Carrigleigh : present name Inchygeely.

There is a Village in this townland and the houses from No. 1 to 28 constitute the same. It is called Inchygeely.

All this Parish, except a few places in some townlands is divided in Gneaves, therefore is set down the portion of the same, as also the probable quantity in acres proportional to the Gneaves, as a gneave being 30, some 50, more or less acres but not surveyed.

There is a Chapel in this village.

1. Mr. Richard Browne. 33 years, Head, Farmer, holds 100 acres, or 2 gneaves.

Hariot Browne. 21 years, Wife.

John Browne. 4 and half, Son.

William Browne. Under 1, Son.

Margaret Browne. 3 years,

Doon Browne. 12 years,

Joseph Browne. 65 years, Father.

James Browne. 21 years, Brother.

Jeremiah Cronin. 18 years, House Servant.

Donal Carney. 11 years, House Servant.

Catharan Reen. 20 years, House Servant.

Ellen Mahony. 30 years, House Servant.

Mary Ryan. 14 years, House Servant.

Catharan Williams. 13 years, House Servant.

2. Angel Browne. 50 years, Farmer. 25 acres.

John Browne. 19 years, Son.

Anne Browne. 21 years, Daughter.

Angel Browne. 17 years, Daughter.

Thomas Casey. 12 years, House Servant.

Timothy McCarthy. ———— A Lodger, Schoolmaster.

3. Owen Carthy. 55 years, Farmer.

Ellen Carthy. 50 years, Wife.

Jeremiah Carthy. 22 years, Son.

Mary Chambers. 18 years, House Servant.

4. Donal Leary. 38 years, Head, Weaver.

Marg. Leary. 31 years, Wife.

James Leary. 9 years, Son.

Timothy Leary. 7 years, Son.

Denis Leary. 5 years, Son.

John Leary. 1 year, Son.

Patk. Healy. 17 years, Apprentice Weaver.

5. William Kelly. 26 years, Farmer. 12 acres or quarter of a gneave.

John Kelly. 24 years, Brother.

Hanora Kelly. 25 years, Wife.

Joana Kelly. 49 years, Mother.

6. Johona Carney. 50 years, Widow.

Bryan Carney. 22 years, Son. Occasionally Employed.

Miles Carney. 20 years, Son.

Mary Carney. 24 years, Daughter.

Catherine Carney. 1 year, Grand Daughter.

7. John Farr. 26 years, Labourer.

George Farr. 20 years, Brother. Occasionally employed.

Eliza Farr. 40 years, Mother.

Eliza Masters. 24 years, Outdoor Servant.

8. Cath. Corkery. 54 years, Widow.

Timothy Corkery. 30 years, Son.

John Corkery. 22 years, Son

Hanora Corkery. 14 years, Daughter.

9. Joseph Browne. 35 years, Farmer. 42 acres.

Eliza Browne. 26 years, Wife.

Joseph Browne. 2 years, Son.

Henry Browne. 1 year, Son.

Diana Browne. 8 years, Daughter.

Eliza Browne. 4 years, Daughter.

Margaret Shorten. 28 years, House Servant.

Timothy Hartnett. 20 years, House Servant.

Joan Haughlan. 60 years, Widow.

10. Michael Sweeney. 40 years, Head. Dealer.

Ellen Sweeney. 30 years, Wife.

Jeremiah Sweeney. 11 years, Son.

Cornelius Sweeney. 9 years, Son.

Margaret Sweeney. 7 years, Daughter.

Ellen Sweeney. 5 years, Daughter.

Honna Sweeney. 3 years, Daughter.

Bridget Sweeney. 1 year, Daughter.

11. Timothy Manning. 38 years, Head. Blacksmith.

Julian Manning. 38 years, Wife.

Cors. Manning. 11 years, Son.

John Manning. 8 years, Son.

Denis Manning. 5 years, Son.

Julian Manning. 6 years, Daughter.

Margt. Manning. 2 years, Daughter.

Catharan Manning. 1 year, Daughter.

12. Denis O' Leary. 60 years, Gentleman.

Joan O' Leary. 50 years, Wife.

Ellen O' Leary. 20 years, House Servant.

Joana Donnan. 15 years, Niece in law.

13. John Manning. 50 years, Blacksmith and Dealer.

Mary Manning. 50 years, Wife.

Mary Manning. 15 years, Daughter.

Cath. Manning. 13 years, Daughter.

14. James Nevill. 60 years, Wheelwright.

Ellen Nevill. 56 years, Wife.

Daniel Nevill. 28 years, Son. Carpenter.

William Nevill. 25 years, Son. Carpenter.

Ellen Healy. 40 years, Sister in law.

15. Ellen Sweeny. 33 years, Flax Spinner.

Honora Sweeny. 20 years, Daughter.

16. James Moore. 51 years, Head. Carpenter.

Joana Moore. 40 years, Wife.

McMaurice Moore. 20 years, Son.

James Moore. 10 years, Son.

Ann Moore. 21 years, Daughter.

Ellen Moore. 14 years, Daughter.

17. Owen Shine. 35 years, Head. Labourer. Occasionally employed.

Mary Shine. 28 years, Wife.

Michael Shine. 8 years, Son.

Margt. Shine. 2 years, Daughter.

25. Rev. James Aykens. 32 years, Curate of the Parish.

Sara Aykens. 26 years, Wife.

Sara Aykens. under 1, Daughter.

Margaret Leary. 20 years, House Servant.

Catharan Carney. 20 years, House Servant.

Captain Evatt. 36 years, A Lodger and visitor.

Mary Evatt. 30 years, Wife.

George Evatt. 9 years, Son.

William Evatt. 5 years, Son.

Mary Evatt. 6 years, Daughter.

Margt. Holland. 20 years, Housemaid of Evatt.

26. Cornelius Duggan. 40 years, Farmer.

Mary Duggan. 30 years, Wife.

John Duggan. 9 years, Son.

Jeremiah Duggan. 7 years, Son.

Cornl. Duggan. 1 year, Son.

Bridget Duggan. 12 years, Daughter.

Julian Duggan. 4 years, Daughter.

No. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and 32 are unoccupied.

The Parish Church and the Burial ground are in this Townland.

A Charity School is kept here which is supported by subscription, and contains 4 boys and 4 girls.

Townland of Carrignacurra.

1. Masters Browne. 94 years, Farmer and Steward to Arthur Pyne. 25 acres.

Denis Sullivan. 40 years, Herdsman.

James Walch. 20 years, Home Servant.

Julian Ryan. 19 years, House Maid.

Mary Nowlan. 75 years, House Maid.

2. James Murphy. 30 years, Labourer.

Honora Murphy. 30 years, Wife.

Ellen Murphy. 7 years, Daughter.

Mary Murphy. 5 years, Daughter.

Julian Murphy. 2 years, Daughter.

James Newnan. 4 years, A Nursling.

3. Timothy Cronin. 40 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.

Mary Cronin. 35 years, Wife.

Timothy Cronin. 18 years, Son.

James Cronin. 10 years, Son.

Mary Cronin. 17 years, Daughter.

Margt. Cronin. 13 years, Daughter.

Ellen Cronin. 5 years, Daughter.

5. Jeremiah Twomey. 63 years, Labourer. Unemployed.

Honora Twomey. 55 years, Wife.

Cath. Leary. 6 years, 3rd. Cousin in law.

9. Daniel Cronin. 55 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.

Mary Cronin. 40 years, Wife.

Richard Cronin. 7 years, Son.

Timothy Cronin. 12 years, Son.

John Cronin. 5 years, Son.

Cornelius Cronin. 2 years, Son.

Catharan Cronin. 8 years, Daughter. Bridget Cronin. 50 years, 3rd. Cousin.

10. Daniel Cronin. 47 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.

Mary Cronin. 40 years, Wife.

James Cronin. 10 years, Son.
Daniel Cronin. 6 years, Son.
Michael Cronin. 1 year, Son.

11. Patrick Walsh. 36 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.
Joana Walsh. 26 years, Wife.
Richard Walsh. 8 years, Son.
Honora Walsh. 6 years, Daughter.
Catharan Walsh. 2 years, Daughter.

12. John Buckley. 34 years, Farmer. 12 and a half acres.
Lethin Buckley. 31 years, Wife.
Jeremiah Buckley. 9 years, Son.
John Buckley. 7 years, Son.
Robert Buckley. 4 years, Son.
Michael Buckley. 2 years, Son.
Eliza Buckley. 14 years, Daughter.
Marg. Buckley. 11 years, Daughter.
Frances Buckley. 8 years, Daughter.
Catherine Buckley. 1 year, Daughter.

13. Jeremiah Twomey. 26 years, Labourer.
Joana Twomey. 20 years, Wife.
Denis Twomey. 1 year, Son.
Catharan Cronin. 45 years, Mother in law.

14. John Walsh, 50 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.
Mary Walsh. 45 years, Wife.
Richard Walsh. 22 years, Son.
Honora Walsh. 20 years, Daughter.
Joana Walsh. 18 years, Daughter.
Catharan Walsh. 12 years, Daughter.
Mary Walsh. 8 years, Daughter.
Bridget Walsh. 6 years, Daughter.

15. Daniel Driscoll. 80 years, Bailiff.
Mary Driscoll. 60 years, Wife.
Joana Browne. 9 years.

16. James Sweeny. 48 years, Farmer. 75 acres.
Ellen Sweeny. 40 years, Wife.
Jeremiah Sweeny. 24 years, Son.
James Sweeny. 9 years, Son.

Margaret Sweeny. 18 years, Daughter.
Honora Sweeny. 15 years, Daughter.
Ellen Sweeny. 8 years, Daughter.
Catharan Sweeny. 6 years, Daughter.
Daniel Mahony. 16 years, House Servant.
Jeremiah Coakly. 14 years, Herdsman.

17. Unoccupied.
John Hurly. 63 years. Strolling Beggar.

Townland of Coolmountain. (33 inhabitants) Barony of East Carbery

3. Cornelius Leary. 40 years, Labourer.
Daniel Leary. 23 years, Brother.
Ellen Leary. 42 years, Sister.
Mary Leary. 18 years, Sister.

8. Arthur Leary. 32 years, Farmer. 20 acres.
Margaret Leary. 28 years, Wife.

Bridgit Leary. 4 years, Daughter.
Elen Leary. 2 years, Daughter.
Finanie McCarthy. 18 years, House Servant.
Catherine McCarthy. 8 years, House Servant.

22. Denis O' Leary. 58 years, Farmer. 30 acres.
Jaine O' Leary. 35 years, Wife.
Jain O' Leary. 13 years, Daughter.
Patrick Walsh. 25 years, House Servant.
Michael Murphy. 16 years, House Servant.
Ellen Leary. 20 years, Lodger.

23. Denis Leary. 23 years, Farmer. 30 acres.
James Leary. 60 years, Lodger.
Cornelius Leary. 20 years, Brother.
Julian Leary. 18 years, Sister.
Mary Leary. 14 years, Sister.
James Hurley 20 years, House Servant.

Townland of Coomroe : Parish of Iveleary.

1. Jeremiah Horgan. 36 years, Labourer.
Joan Horgan. 20 years, Wife.
Eliza Horgan. 1 year, Daughter.
Mich. O'Sweeny. 15 years, Brother in Law.
Cors. Horgan. 12 years, First cousin.
Jeremiah Lynch. 30 years, House Servant.
Ellen Creedon. 34 years, House maid.

Townland of Derreennacusha : Parish of Iveleary.

1. Denis Coleman. 35 years, Farmer. 36 acres.
Mary Coleman. 23 years, Wife.
Peter Coleman. 10 years, Son.
Margaret Coleman. 15 years, Daughter.
Thomas Donoghue. 20 years, House servant.
Cath. Harrington. 21 years, House Maid.
Ellen Harrington. 14 years, House maid.

2. Unoccupied.

The ruined Monastery of Gougane Barra is in this Townland.

Townland of Derrinarigid. (This is more than likely Silvergrove (Ed.1999)) Parish of Iveleary.

1. Daniel McCarthy. 30 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
Ellen McCarthy. 26 years, Wife.
Daniel McCarthy. 1 year, Son.
Margt. McCarthy. 9 years, Daughter.
Mary McCarthy. 6 years, Daughter.
Ellen McCarthy. 4 years, Daughter.
2. Denis Leary. 35 years, Labourer.
Catharan Leary. 28 years, Wife.
Timothy Leary. 2 years, Son.
Mary Leary. 4 years, Daughter.
Bridget Leary. 5 years, Daughter.

3. Denis Ahern. 40 years, Labourer.
Catharan Ahern. 30 years, Wife.
Andrew Ahern. 6 years, Son.
Honora Ahern. 8 years, Daughter.
Mary Ahern. 3 years, Daughter.
Ellen Ahern. 1 year, Daughter.

4. Denis Callaghan. 29 years, Farmer. 50 acres.
 Mary Callaghan. 21 years, Wife.
 Daniel Callaghan. 2 years, Son.
 Jerh. Hallaran. 18 years, Herdsman.
 Angel Leary. 12 years, Sister in law.

5. John McCarthy. 24 years, Farmer. 36 acres.
 Joana McCarthy. 20 years, Wife. Cath. Sweeney. 40 years, Flax Spinner.

6. Timothy Riordan. 30 years, Labourer.
 Ellen Riordan. 20 years, Wife.
 Edmd. Powell. 59 years, Father in law. Labourer.
 Joana Powell. 50 years, Mother.

7. Daniel Carthy. 32 years, Labourer.
 Ellen Carthy. 34 years, Wife.
 John Carthy. 7 years, Son.
 Patrick Carthy. 5 years, Son.
 Mary Carthy. under 1, Daughter.

**Townland of Dromanallig : Also called
 Ballyangerah.(Ballingear)**

1. Denis O'Leary. 36 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
 Margt. O'Leary. 26 years, Wife.
 Arthur O'Leary. 3 years, Son.
 John O'Leary. 1 year, Son.
 Joana O'Leary. 28 years, His Daughter.???
 David Walsh. 28 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
 Ellen Walsh. 25 years, Wife.
 Mary Walsh. under 1, Daughter.

2. Denis Manning. 20 years, Blacksmith.
 Catharan Manning. 20 years, Wife.
 Cornelius Manning. 2 years, Son.
 Timothy Murphy. 15 years, House Servant.
 Mary Murphy. 10 years, House maid.

3. Charles Walsh. 51 years, Farmer and Weaver. 6 and a half acres.
 Mary Walsh. 50 years, Wife.
 Richard Walsh. 27 years, Son.
 Redmond Walsh. 18 years, Son.
 Honora Walsh. 20 years, Daughter.
 Joana Walsh. 15 years, Daughter.
 Margt. Walsh. 13 years, Daughter.
 Ann Walsh. 10 years, Daughter.

4. Andrew Foley. 40 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 Mary Foley. 27 years, Wife.
 Timothy Foley. 17 years, Son.
 Mary Foley. 3 years, Daughter.
 Arthur Leary. 24 years, Brother in law. Labourer.
 Arthur Leary. 12 years, Nephew in law.
 Joana Leary. 18 years, Housemaid.

5. Richard Walsh. 30 years, Farmer. 12 acres.
 John Walsh. 9 years, Son,
 Ellen Walsh. 15 years, Daughter.
 Cath. Walsh. 13 years, Daughter.
 Mary Walsh. 7 years, Daughter.
 Laurence Cotter. 20 years, House Servant and first cousin.

6. Michael Lyhan. 23 years, Farmer. 6 and a half acres.
 Mary Lyhan. 20 years, Wife.
 Mary Lyhan. 1 year, Daughter.

7. Hanora Hurley. 30 years, Widow.
 Cornl. Hurley. 9 years, Son.
 John Hurley. 1 year, Son.
 Mary Hurley. 6 years, Daughter.

8. Denis Mahony. 45 years, Head. Farmer, 6 acres.
 Honora Mahony. 40 years, Wife.
 James Mahony. 17 years, Son.
 Jeremiah Mahony. 12 years, Son.
 Michael Mahony. 11 years, Son.
 John Mahony. 10 years, Son.
 Ellen Mahony. 8 years, Daughter.
 Honna Mahony. 6 years, Daughter.
 Cornelius Leary. 45 years, Labourer.

9. Timothy Lehane. 35 years, Labourer. Unemployed.
 Mary Lehane. 30 years, Wife. Occasionally employed.
 John Lehane. 8 years, Son.
 Cornl. Lehane. 5 years, Son.
 Michael Lehane. 3 years, Son.
 Margaret Lehane. 11 years, Daughter.
 Ann Lehane. 9 years, Daughter.
 Hanora Lehane. 1 year, Daughter.

10. Joana Lehane. 60 years, Widow.
 Joan Lehane. 20 years, Daughter. Spinster.

11. Patrick Cotter. 60 years, Farmer. 12 and a half acres.
 Margaret Cotter. 40 years, Wife.
 Laurence Cotter. 8 years, Son.
 Honna Cotter. 11 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Cotter. 4 years, Daughter.
 Margaret Cotter. 3 years, Daughter.
 Daniel Cotter. 16 years, 1st. Cousin and House Servant.
 Ellen Cotter. 14 years, 1st. Cousin and House Servant.

12. Timothy Mahony. 60 years, Farmer. 12 and a half acres.
 Catharan Mahony. 40 years, Wife.
 Daniel Mahony. 11 years, Son.
 Michael Mahony. 9 years, Son.
 Ellen Mahony. 20 years, Daughter.
 Joana Mahony. 17 years, Daughter.
 Mary Mahony. 14 years, Daughter.
 Honna Mahony. 6 years, Daughter.
 Catharan Mahony. 10 years, Daughter.
 Michael Hallrhan. 30 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.

13. John Sullivan. 60 years, Labourer.
 Joana Sullivan. 50 years, Wife.
 Jerh. Sullivan. 15 years, Son.
 John Sullivan. 9 years, Son.
 Owen Sullivan. 6 years, Son.
 Bridget Sullivan. 20 years, Daughter.
 Cath.Sullivan. 12 years, Daughter.
 Mary 10 years, Daughter.

14. John Leary. 30 years, Labourer.
 Honna Leary. 30 years, Wife.
 Daniel Leary. 6 years, Son.

Ellen Leary. 3 years, Daughter.
Margaret Leary. 1 year, Daughter.

15. John Reen. 61 years, Farmer. 6 and a half acres.
Honora Reen. 50 years, Wife.
Mathew Reen. 9 years, Son.
John Reen. 3 years, Son.
Ellen Reen. 20 years, Daughter.
Cath. Reen. 17 years, Daughter.
Bridget Reen. 14 years, Daughter.
Mary Reen. 11 years, Daughter.

16. Thomas Leary. 33 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
Honora Leary. 23 years, Wife.
Ellen Leary. 5 years, Daughter.
Honora Lordan. 60 years, Mother in law.

Townland of Droumcarra in the Parish of Iveleary. The ruined Castle of Droumcarra is on this Townland.

1. John Leary. 50 years, Farmer. 50 acres.
Mary Leary. 27 years, Wife.

Daniel Leary. 15 years, Son.
John Carney. 16 years, House Servant.
Honora Lucey. 18 years, Housemaid.

2. Jeremiah Shea. 40 years, Farmer. 11 acres.
Anna Shea. 37 years, Wife.
Mary Shea. 7 years, Daughter.
Mary Leary. 32 years, Housemaid.

3. Cornelius Leary. 30 years, Farmer. 11 acres.
Julian Leary. 26 years, Wife.
Jeremiah Leary. 1 year, Son.
Ellen Lucey. 16 years, Housemaid.

4. Andrew Bradley. 45 years, Labourer.
Joana Bradley. 42 years, Wife.
Honora Murphy. 11 years, Sister in law.

5. Charles Vaughan. 38 years, Farmer. 36 acres.
Anne Vaughan. 36 years, Wife.
Michael Vaughan. 10 years, Daughter.
Thomas Vaughan. 5 years, Son.
Charles Vaughan. 2 years, Son.
Joana Vaughan. 11 years, Daughter.
Julian Vaughan. 8 years, Daughter.
Mary Vaughan. 6 years, Daughter.
John Cronin. 16 years, House Servant.
Catherine Murphy.

6. Thomas Vaughan. 55 years, Farmer and Labourer. 12 acres.
Catharan Vaughan. 51 years, Wife.
Margaret Vaughan. 20 years, Daughter.
Mary Vaughan. 25 years, Daughter.
Timothy Carroll. 30 years, Son in law.
Patrick Carroll. 5 years, Grandchild.
Thomas Carroll. 1 year, Grandchild.
Joana Carroll. 3 years, Grandchild.
Joana Sweeny. 40 years, Sister in law.

7. John Howly. 40 years, A Servant.
Margaret Howly. 40 years, Wife.
John Howly. 11 years, Son.
Daniel Howly. 5 years, Son.
Denis Howly. 2 years, Son.
Ellen Howly. 14 years, Daughter.
Mary Howly. 12 years, Daughter.
Julian Howly. 7 years, Daughter.
Daniel Howly. 55 years, Brother.

8. William Boyle. 65 years, Gentleman Farmer.
Sophia Boyle. 47 years, Wife.
James Boyle. 23 years, Son.
William Boyle. 24 years, Son.
Eliza Boyle. 14 years, Daughter.
Sophia Boyle. 18 years, Daughter.
Ann Boyle. 16 years, Daughter.
Daniel Murphy. 40 years, Tutor.
Patrick Cronin. 20 years, Servant.
Ellen Connell. 50 years, House Servant.
Mary Tobin. 23 years, House Servant.
Margt. Driscoll. 17 years, House Servant.

9. White Hauglan. 32 years, Labourer and Farmer.
Margaret Hauglan. 27 years, Wife.
Joana Hauglan. 7 years, Daughter.
Mary Hauglan. 4 years, Daughter.
Honora Hauglan. 2 years, Daughter.

10. John Lynch. 30 years, Farmer and Labourer. 6 acres.
Honora Lynch. 27 years, Wife.
Denis Lynch. 2 years, Son.
Ellen Lynch. 1 year, Daughter.
Margaret Tobin. 60 years, Mother in law.

11. Mary Leary. 47 years, Farmer. 6 acres.
Denis Leary. 18 years, Son.
Cornelius Leary. 17 years, Son.
Julian Leary. 20 years, Daughter.
Ellen Leary. 14 years, Daughter.

12. Richard Bustead. 60 years, Farmer. 20 acres.
Margaret ———— 56 years, Wife.
Thomas ———— 30 years, Son. Farmer. 17 acres. They live in one house, and they hold these farms seperately.
Richard ———— 26 years, Son.
William ———— 13 years, Son.
Margaret ———— 20 years, Daughter.
Catherine ———— 16 years, Daughter.
Michael Cronin. 15 years, Herdsman.

13. John Burstead 25 years, Farmer. 20 acres.
Ellen Callahan. 60 years, Housekeeper.

14. Cornelius Taylor. 35 years, Labourer.
Margaret Taylor. 32 years, Wife.
Jeremiah Taylor. 2 years, Son.
Catharan Taylor. 6 years, Daughter.
Joana Taylor. under 1, Daughter.

15. Patrick Vaughan. 50 years, Farmer. 50 acres.
Honora Vaughan. 40 years, Wife

Margaret Vaughan. 13 years, Daughter.
 Mary Vaughan. 11 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Vaughan. 7 years, Daughter.
 Joana Vaughan. 1 year, Daughter.
 Jeremiah Driscoll. House Servant.
 Joana Carrall. House Maid.

16. Cornelius Cronin. 38 years, Labourer.
 Julian Cronin. 32 years, Wife.

17. Denis Buckley. 32 years, Head.
 Margaret Buckley. 27 years, Wife.
 Timothy Buckley. 1 year, Son.
 Catharan Buckley. 3 years, Daughter.

18. William Murphy. 40 years, Head. Farmer. 10 acres.
 Catharan Murphy. 40 years, Wife.
 William Murphy. 4 years, Son.
 Ellen Murphy. 10 years, Daughter.
 Joana Murphy. 12 years, Daughter.

19. Daniel Driscoll. 50 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
 Mary Driscoll. 13 years, Daughter.
 Margaret Driscoll. 60 years, Sister in law.

20. John Murphy. 45 years, Labourer.
 Joana Murphy. 35 years, Wife.
 John Murphy. 5 years, Son.
 Ellen Murphy. 10 years, Daughter.
 Mary Murphy. 1 year, Daughter.

21. William Murphy. 44 years, Farmer. 10 acres.
 Catharan Murphy. 30 years, Wife.
 William Murphy. 5 years, Son.
 Joana Murphy. 14 years, Daughter.
 Catharan Murphy. 11 years, Daughter.

22. Mary Carney. 52 years, Head.
 James Leary. 9 years, Natural Child.

23. Edmond Day. 60 years, Taylor and Farmer. 33 acres.
 Honora Day. 60 years, Wife.
 Jeremiah Day. 30 years, Son and taylor
 Timothy Day. 26 years, Son and taylor
 John Twomey. 22 years, Journeyman Taylor.
 Ann Leary. 23 years, House Servant.

24. John Tobin. 20 years, Labourer.
 Margaret Tobin. 42 years, Mother.
 Eliza Tobin. 22 years, Sister. Spinster,
 Eliza Tobin. 7 years, niece.

25. Denis Cronin. 40 years, Labourer.
 Mary Cronin. 40 years, Wife.
 Cornelius Cronin. 17 years, Son.
 James Cronin. 9 years, Son.
 John Cronin. 7 years, Son.
 Honna Cronin. 14 years, Daughter.

26. James Harris. 49 years, Farmer and Labourer. 4 acres.
 Ellen Harris. 40 years, Wife.
 Thomas Harris. 24 years, Son.
 Richard Harris. 20 years, Son.
 John Harris. 17 years, Son.

William Harris. 14 years, Son.
 Catharan Harris. 13 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Harris. 10 years, Daughter.
 Mary Harris. 7 years, Daughter.

27. John Riordan. 35 years, Farmer. 16 acres.
 Ellen Riordan. 30 years, Wife.
 Daniel Riordan. 6 years, Son.
 Ellen Riordan. 9 years, Daughter.
 Mary Riordan. 4 years, Daughter.
 Joana Riordan. 2 years, Daughter.
 Cornelius Twomey. 20 years, House Servant.

28. John Reeves. 40 years, Farmer and Weaver. 16 acres.
 Mary Reeves. 40 years, Wife.
 John Leary. 22 years, House Servant.
 Margaret Callahan. 18 years, House Maid.
 Horece O'Bryan. 20 years, Journeyman Weaver.

29. Patrick Sheehan. 40 years, Blacksmith.
 Mary Sheehan. 40 years, Wife.
 Denis Sheehan. 15 years, Son.
 Cornelius Sheehan. 13 years, Son.
 John Sheehan. 10 years, Son.
 Patrick Sheehan. 5 years, Son.
 Margaret Sheehan. 17 years, Daughter.
 Joana Sheehan. 9 years, Daughter.

30. Daniel Leary. 35 years, Farmer. 11 acres.
 Joana Leary. 30 years, Wife.
 Daniel Leary. 5 years, Son.
 John Leary. 1 year, Son.
 Margaret Leary. 8 years, Daughter.

32. John Callaghan. 60 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
 Mary Callaghan. 47 years, Wife.
 Ellen Callaghan. 10 years, Daughter.

31. Cornelius Fitzpatrick. 35 years, Farmer.
 Ellen Fitzpatrick. 23 years, Wife.
 Cornelius Fitzpatrick. 1 year, Son.
 Jeremiah Fitzpatrick. 24 years, Brother.
 James Fitzpatrick. 23 years, Brother.

33. Daniel Vaughan. 48 years, Head. Labourer.
 Julian Vaughan. 39 years, Wife.
 Michael Vaughan. 8 years, Son.
 Charles Vaughan. 6 years, Son.
 Mary Vaughan. 5 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Vaughan. 3 years, Daughter.

34. William Tobin. 50 years, Head. Labourer. Occasionally
 Employed.
 Ellen Tobin. 50 years, Wife.
 David Tobin. 14 years, Son.
 John Tobin. 5 years, Son.
 William Tobin. 3 years, Son.
 Mary Tobin. 1 year, DaughteBuilding.

Townland of Milleen :

1. George Boyle. 36 years, Head. Weaver.

Abigail Boyle. 40 years, Wife.
 George Boyle. 8 years, Son.
 Martha Boyle. 12 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Boyle. 10 years, Daughter.
 Ann Boyle. 5 years, Daughter.
 Eliza Boyle. 3 years, Daughter.
 Roger Connar. 27 years, Journeyman Weaver.
 John Ford. 24 years.
 Joana Leary. 20 years, Outdoor Servant.
 Mary Leary. 23 years, Outdoor Servant.

2. Timothy Carney. 69 years, Head. Labourer. Occasionally Employed.
 John Carney. 32 years, Son.
 Julian Carney. 31 years, Daughter in law.
 Timothy Driscoll. 48 years, Labourer.
 Mary Driscoll. 20 years, His wife.
 Julian Driscoll. 4 years, His daughter.
 Jermiah Gallavan. 6 years, An Orphan.
 William Murphy. 42 years, Labourer.
 Julian Murphy. 35 years, His sister. Spinster.
 Mary Leary. 38 years, Widow.
 Patrick Leary. 19 years, Her son. Unemployed.
 Ellen Leary. 18 years, Her daughter.
 Honna Leary. 11 years, Her daughter.
 Patrick Cronin. 24 years, Her nephew. Occasionally employed.

3. Denis Driscoll. 70 years, Labourer.
 Julian Driscoll. 60 years, Wife.
 Patrick Driscoll. 23 years, Son. Labourer.
 Mary Driscoll. 14 years, Daughter.

4. George Burstead. 60 years, Head. Farmer. 27 acres.
 Joanna Burstead. 50 years, Wife.
 Thomas Burstead. 20 years, Son.
 Richard Burstead. 16 years, Son.
 Ellen Burstead. 17 years, Daughter.
 Ann Burstead. 9 years, Daughter.

5. Daniel Reen. 45 years, Head. Labourer.
 Bridget Reen. 40 years, Wife.
 Michael Reen. 1 year, Son.
 Eliza Reen. 16 years, Daughter.
 Mary Reen. 14 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Reen. 12 years, Daughter.
 Cathran Reen. 7 years, Daughter.
 Eleana Reen. 4 years, Daughter.

6. Michael Goggin. 32 years, Head. Farmer. 35 acres.
 Joana Goggin. 20 years, Wife.
 Joana Goggin. 1 year. Daughter.
 Patrick Goggin. 28 years. Brother.
 Charles Richmond. 28 years. Nephew.
 Mgt. Murphy. 9 years. Niece.
 Mgt. Grainger. 15 years. Housemaid.
 They hold this farm jointly.

There is a Public School on this townland, containing 12 boys and 10 girls.

7. John Donoghue. 52 years. Labourer.
 Joana Donoghue. 40 years. Wife.
 Denis Donoghue. 20 years. Son.
 John Donoghue. 15 years. Son.
 Patrick Donoghue. 5 years. Son.

Humphry Donoghue. 2 years. Son.
 Joana Donoghue. 22 years. Daughter.
 Margt. Donoghue. 16 years. Daughter.
 Ellen Donoghue. 9 years. Daughter.
 Joana Donoghue. ?? 4 years. Daughter.

8. Timothy Murphy. 29 years, Head. Farmer. 100 acres.
 Margaret Murphy. 21 years, Wife.
 Timothy Murphy. 21 years, Son. ??
 Michael Murphy. Under 1. Son.
 Mary Murphy. 2 years, Daughter.
 John Murphy. 23 years, Brother. Occasionally Employed.
 Honna Murphy. 14 years, Housemaid.

9. Owen Daly. 25 years, Head. Farmer. 60 acres.
 Abigail Daly. 24 years, Wife.
 Timothy Daly. Under 1. Son.
 Honna Daly. 1 year, Daughter.
 Honora Connell. 16 years, 2nd. Cousin. Servant.
 Patrick Connell. 15 years, 2nd. Cousin. Servant.

10. John Murphy. 40 years, Labourer.
 Ellen Murphy. 36 years, Wife.
 Timothy Murphy. 13 years, Son.
 Bridget Murphy. 19 years, Daughter.
 Joan Murphy. 17 years, Daughter.

11. Patrick Crowley. 22 years, Son in law. Labourer.
 Margt. Connell. 50 years, Widow.
 John Connell. 26 years, Labourer.
 Denis Connell. 22 years, Labourer.
 Honna Lucey. 60 years, Widow. Her sister.

12. No Occupier.

Townland of Glasheen :

1. James Carney. 50 years. Labourer.
 Margt. Carney. 45 years. Wife.
 James Carney. 15 years, Son.
 Catharan Carney. 10 years, Daughter.

2. Daniel Mahony. 30 years, Farmer. 50 acres.
 Ellen Mahony. 20 years. Wife.
 Patrick Mahony. 1 year, Son.
 Richard Harness. 21 years, House Servant.
 Honna Carney. 17 years, House Maid.

3. Daniel Carney. 72 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.
 Honna Carney. 50 years, Wife.
 Timothy Carney. 22 years, Son.

4. John Long. 25 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.
 Ellen Long. 22 years, Wife.
 Denis Long. 1 year, Son.
 Catharan Long. 3 years, Daughter.

5. Richard O'Leary. 30 years, Head. Gentleman and Farmer. 60 acres.
 Mary O' Leary. 30 years, Wife.
 Eliza O' Leary. Under 1.
 Denis Murphy. 18 years, House Servant.
 Mary Goggin. 40 years, House Maid.
 Ellen Murphy. 20 years, House Maid.

6. Mary Sweeny. 65 years, Widow.
Mary Sweeny. 30 years, Daughter.

7. Michael Dillon. 50 years, Head. Labourer.
Catharan Dillon. 29 years, Wife.
Patrick Dillon. 1 and a half, Son.
Catharan Dillon. 4 years, Daughter.
Mary Connell. 72 years, Mother in law.

8. Jeremiah Cronin. 40 years, Head.
Julian Cronin. 31 years, Wife.
John Cronin. 7 years, Son.
Ellen Cronin. 2 years, Daughter.

9. Michael Connel. 38 years, Farmer. 16 acres.
Margt. Connel. 36 years, Wife.
Patrick Connel. 4 years, Son.
Maurice Connel. 2 years, Son.
Mary Connel. 14 years, Daughter.
Margt. Connel. 10 years, Daughter.
Joana Connel. 7 years, Daughter.

10. Ellen Cotter. 50 years, Widow.
Patrick Cotter. 13 years, Son.

11. Unoccupied.

Townland of Gortsmoorane :

1. Daniel Fitzgerald. 64 years, Farmer. 100 acres.
Julian Fitzgerald. 56 years, Wife.
John Fitzgerald. 25 years, Son.
Andrew Fitzgerald. 23 years, Son.
Daniel Fitzgerald. 20 years, Son.
Edmond Fitzgerald. 12 years, Son.
Mary Fitzgerald. 20 years, Daughter.

2. Patrick Leary. 50 years, Labourer.
Ellen Leary. 46 years, Wife.
Timothy Leary. 8 years, Son.

3. Denis Lynch. 30 years, Labourer.
Honna Lynch. 24 years, Wife.

4. John Lynch. 31 years, Farmer. 50 acres.
Mary Lynch. 30 years, Wife.

John Lynch. 9 years, Son.
Andrew Lynch. 7 years, Son.
Michael Lynch. 1 year, Son.
Ellen Lynch. 6 years, Daughter.
Joana Lynch. 4 years, Daughter.
Eliza Lynch. 3 years, Daughter.
Ellen Lynch. 63 years, Mother.
Eliza Fitzgerald. 79 years, Mother in law.

5. Corns. Caton. 29 years, Farmer. 50 acres.
Timothy Caton. 26 years, Brother. Labourer.
Denis Caton. 25 years, Brother. Labourer.
John Caton. 24 years, Brother. Labourer.

6. Mary Caton. 40 years, Spinster. Sister to No.5.
Honora Caton. 2nd. Cousin to No. 5.
Julian Murphy. 1st. Cousin to No. 5.
Joan Murphy. 1st. Cousin to No. 5.

Denis Callahan. 3rd. Cousin to No. 5.

7. Denis Lynch. 65 years, Labourer.
Daniel Lynch. 20 years, Son. Occasionally Employed.
Timothy Lynch. 13 years, Son. Occasionally Employed.
Joan Lynch. 20 years, Daughter.
Ellen Lynch. 8 years, Daughter.

8. Cornelius Murphy. 35 years, Labourer.
Catharan Murphy. 30 years, Wife.
Catharan Murphy. 9 years, Daughter.
Ellen Murphy. 3 years, Daughter.

9. Julian Donoghue. 44 years, Widow. Occasionally Employed.
John Donoghue. 17 years, Son.
Daniel Donoghue. 11 years, Son.
Cornelius Donoghue. 8 years, Son.
Joanna Donoghue. 19 years, Daughter.
Mary Donoghue. 13 years, Daughter.

Found in the Townland of Gortaneadin :

5/6. Catharan Pyne. 35 years, Widow. Occupation not stated.
John Pyne. 10 years, Son.
David Pyne. 8 years, Son.

2. Edward Scannell. 50 years, Farmer. 8 and a half acres.
Joana Pyne. 20 years, Niece in law.
John Pyne. 6 years, Nephew.
John Brady. 16 years, House Servant.
XXXXXXXXXXXXX 22 years, In character of a cowboy.

Found in the Townland of Laghneave :

Edward Dunlay. 55 years, Farmer.
Joan Dunlay. 55 years, Wife.
Denis Dunlay. 26 years, Son.
Timmy Cronin. 30 years, Stepson.
Ellen Leary. 9 years, Grand Daughter.
Ellen Creedon. 20 years, House Maid.
Julian Leary. 60 years, Strolling Beggar.

Townland of Inchybeg :

1. John Burk. 28 years, Farmer. (Máire Bhuidhe's son).
Honna Burk. 24 years, Wife.
Richard Burk. 1 year, Son.
Honna Leary. 10 years. 1st.Cousin.
Daniel Coakely. 10 years. In character of cowboy.

2. Corns. Coakly. 50 years, Labourer.
Joana Coakly. 40 years, Wife.
Jeremiah Coakly. 20 years, Son.
Julian Coakly. 7 years, Daughter.

3. Denis Kelly. 40 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
Margt. Kelly. 30 years, Wife.
Daniel Kelly. 11 years, Son.
James Kelly. 6 years, Son.
Joana Kelly. 9 years, Daughter.
Catharan Kelly. 3 years, Daughter.

4. Daniel Murphy. 30 years, Labourer.
Julian Murphy. 28 years, Wife.
Catharan Murphy. 4 years, Daughter.

Mary Murphy. 2 years, Daughter.
 Humphry Leary. 30 years, Lodger.
 Mary Leary. 30 years, Wife.
 Daniel Leary. 8 years, His son.
 Mary Leary. 7 years, His daughter.
 Catharan Leary. 4 years, His daughter.
 Julian Leary. 2 years, His daughter.
 Mary Murphy. 55 years, Strolling Beggar. Native of Co. Galway.

Timothy Whalen. 40 years, Strolling Beggar. Native of Bearhaven.
 Ellen Whalen. 50 years, His wife.
 Denis Sullivan. 40 years, Strolling Beggar. Native of Bantry.
 Margt. Sullivan. 40 years, His wife.
 Patrick Toal. 30 years, Strolling Beggar. Native of Co. Galway.
 Julian Toal. 23 years, His wife.
 John Toal. 5 months, His Son.

Townland of Carringinglea, Parish of Iveleary. Present name of townland - Kilbarry.

1. James Barry. 60 years, Gentleman and Farmer. 100 acres.
 John Barry. 16 years, Son.
 James Barry. 12 years, Son.
 Nicholas Barry. 11 years, Son.
 David Barry. 10 years, Son.
 Mary Anne Barry. 21 years, Daughter.
 Bridget Barry. 15 years, Daughter.
 Honnora Barry. 14 years, Daughter.
 Sera Barry. 13 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Barry. 8 years, Daughter.
 William Barry. 64 years, Brother, Gentleman.
 Richard Barry. 50 years, Tutor.
 Mary Murphy. 30 years, Housemaid.
 Honora Sheehan. 24 years, Housemaid.
 John Carney. 20 years, House Servant.

James Barry also holds 180 acres on the townland of Johnstown in Kilmichael Parish.

There is also a Chapel in this townland of Kilbarry.

2. Barry Crean. 52 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 John Crean. 23 years, Son.
 Timothy Crean. 20 years, Son.
 Catharan Crean. 18 years, Daughter.
 Mary Crean. 16 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Crean. 15 years, Daughter.

3. Daniel Donoghue. 60 years, Labourer.
 Julian Donoghue. 55 years, Wife.
 Jeremiah Donoghue. 20 years, Son.
 William Donoghue. 15 years, Son.
 Honora Donoghue. 18 years, Daughter.
 Julian Donoghue. 12 years, Daughter.

4. John Fitzpatrick. 37 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 Ellen Fitzpatrick. 30 years, Wife.
 Michael Fitzpatrick. 3 years, Son.
 John Fitzpatrick. 1 year, Son.
 Joan Fitzpatrick. 4 years, Daughter.
 John Corkery. 12 years, House Servant.

5. Daniel Leary. 75 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 Margt. Leary. 50 years, Wife.

Cornl. Leary. 28 years, Son. Farmer.
 Honora Leary. 18 years, Daughter.
 Humphry Leary. 15 years, Servant Boy.

6. Timothy Leary. 50 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.
 Joana Leary. 45 years, Wife.
 Cornls. Leary. 20 years, Labourer.
 Margt. Leary. 24 years, Flax Spinner.

7. David Suple. 55 years, Labourer.
 Joana Suple. 35 years, Wife.
 Michael Suple. 12 years, Son.
 Mary Suple. 21 years, Daughter.

8. Bartholomew Tangler. 32 years, Labourer.
 Honna Tangler. 32 years, Wife.
 Jeremiah Tangler. 6 years, Son.
 Joana Tangler. 2 years, Daughter.

9. Daniel Leary. 30 years, Farmer and Labourer. 6 acres.
 Ellen Leary. 30 years, Wife.
 Jeremiah Leary. 8 years, Son.
 John Leary. 4 years, Son.
 Daniel Leary. 2 years, Son.
 Ann Leary. 6 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Riordan. 60 years.
 10. John Riordan. 40 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 Denis Riordan. 22 years, Brother.
 Cornelius Riordan. 20 years, Brother.
 Margt. Riordan. 55 years, His mother.

11. Jeremiah Murphy. 26 years, Labourer. Occasionally Employed.
 Margaret Murphy. 26 years, Wife.
 John Murphy. 5 years, Son.
 Jeremiah Murphy. 3 years, Son.

12. Daniel Cronin. 50 years, Labourer.
 Ellen Cronin. 48 years, Wife.
 Margt. Cronin. 19 years, Daughter.
 Bridget Cronin. 11 years, Daughter.

13. Cornelius Mahony. 30 years, Head. Farmer. 25 acres.
 Michael Mahony. 24 years, Brother.
 Jeremiah Mahony. 22 years, Brother.
 Margaret Mahony. 26 years, Sister.

14. Cornelius Manning. 50 years, Head. Farmer. 12 acres.
 Julian Manning. 50 years, Wife.
 Humphry Manning. 24 years, Son.
 Timothy Manning. 10 years, Son.
 Patrick Manning. 10 years, Son.
 Cornelius Manning. 6 years, Son.
 Margaret Manning. 18 years, Daughter.
 Joana Manning. 5 years, Daughter.

15. Denis Leary. 34 years, Farmer. 62 acres.
 Joana Leary. 30 years, Wife.
 Timothy Leary. 10 years, Son.
 Daniel Leary. 5 years, Son.
 Bartholomew Leary. 3 years, Son.
 Mary Leary. 1 year, Daughter.
 Catharan Murphy. 20 years, Sister in law.

16. Patrick Carney. 50 years, Labourer.

Honna Carney. 40 years, Wife.
 James Carney. 6 years, Son.
 Margt. Carney. 16 years, Daughter.
 Joana Carney. 13 years, Daughter.
 Mary Carney. 10 years, Daughter.

Townland of Inchimore, in the parish of Iveleary. 1. John Kelly. 60 years, Dairyman to James Burk.
 Honora Kelly. 46 years, Wife.
 Daniel Kelly. 23 years, Son.

Denis Kelly. 13 years, Son.
 Joana Kelly. 20 years, Daughter.
 Catharan Kelly. 18 years, Daughter.
 Julian Kelly. 15 years, Daughter.
 Honora Kelly. 7 years, Daughter.
 Mary Kelly. 1 year, Daughter.
 Daniel Kelly. 40 years, Brother.
 Patrick Leary. 26 years, Outdoor Servant.
 Timothy Crohan. 80 years, Strolling Beggar.

2. James Burke. 50 years, Farmer, 150 acres
 Mary Burke. 47 years, Wife. (Máire Bhuidhe, the Poet).
 Ml. Burke. 25 years, Son.
 Rd. Burke. 23 years, Son.
 James Burke. 27 years, Son.
 Elick Burke. 17 years, Son.
 Patrick Burke. 13 years, Son.
 Ellen Burke. 15 years, Daughter.
 Mary Burke. 8 years, Daughter.
 Joanna Burke. 6 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Burke. 22 years, Daughter-in-law.
 Mary Burke. 1 year, Grand-daughter.
 Daniel Leary. 19 years, Nephew.
 Timothy Lehane. 30 years, House Servant.
 Julian Leary. 22 years, House Maid.

Townland of Rossmore.

4. Denis Leary. 23 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 John Leary. 16 years, House Servant.
 Mary Leary. 42 years, Mother.

5. James Reily. 42 years, Farmer.
 Mary Reily. 40 years, Wife.
 Timothy Reily. 20 years, Son.
 Ellen Reily. 18 years, Daughter.
 Eleanor Reily. 12 years, Daughter.
 Mary Reily. 7 years, Daughter.
 Eliza Reily. 3 years, Daughter.
 Catharan Reily. 1 year, Daughter.
 Denis Carthy. 19 years, House Servant.

6. Richard Oatland. 61 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 Julian Oatland. 50 years, Wife.
 John Oatland. 25 years, Son.
 Robert Oatland. 21 years, Son.
 Daniel Oatland. 19 years, Son.
 Bridget Oatland. 15 years, Daughter.
 Mary Oatland. 13 years, Daughter.
 Denis Sweeny. 20 years, Servant.

7. Richard Oldham. 30 years, Farmer.
 Annie Oldham. 23 years, Wife.
 Mary Oldham. 4 years, Daughter.

8. Denis Duggan. 40 years, Labourer. Unemployed.
 Ann Duggan. 27 years, Wife.
 John Duggan 3 years, Son.

9. Patrick Hallahan. 46 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 Julian Hallahan. 21 years, Wife.
 Honora Hallahan. under 1. Daughter.
 Bridget Lyhane. 12 years, House maid.

10. Thomas Cotter. 45 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
 Honora Cotter. 35 years, Wife.
 Cors. Cotter. 14 years, Son.
 James Cotter. 5 years, Son.
 Julian Cotter. 7 years, Daughter.
 Mary Cotter. 6 years, Daughter.
 Richard Connell. 11 years, Visitor.
 John Connell. 9 years, Visitor.

12. John Carney. 49 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
 Ellen Carney. 40 years, Wife.
 James Carney. 6 years, Son.
 Mary Carney. 17 years, Daughter.
 Margaret Carney. 11 years, Daughter.
 Ellen Carney. 10 years, Daughter.
 Joana Carney. 8 years, Daughter.
 Ann Carney. 7 years, Daughter.

13. Jeremiah Murphy. 48 years, Labourer. Occasionally employed.
 Margt. Murphy. 31 years, Wife.
 Denis Murphy. 12 years, Son.

Michael Murphy. 9 years, Son.
 John Murphy. 1 year, Son.
 Honna Murphy. 13 years, Daughter.
 Margaret Murphy. 5 years, Daughter.

14. Honna Carney. 45 years, Spinster.
 Joana Leary. 11 years, Daughter. ??
 Mary Carney. 72 years, Widow and Mother.

15. Uninhabited.

Townland of Tooreennanean, in the parish of Iveleary.

1. Jeremiah Leary. 70 years, Farmer. 25 acres.
 Joana Leary. 70 years, Wife.
 Corns. Leary. 29 years, Son.
 Richard Leary. 26 years, Son.
 John Leary. 41 years, Son.
 Jeremiah Leary. 6 years, Grandson.
 Mary Leary. 10 years, Grand daughter.
 Ellen Leary. 7 years, Grand daughter.
 Eliza Leary. 6 years, Grand daughter.
 Joana Leary. 4 years, Grand daughter.
 Timothy Coakly. 26 years, House Servant.
 Honna Coakly. 26 years, House Maid.
 Jeremiah Cronin. 70 years, Strolling Beggar.

2. Jeremiah Leary. 36 years, Farmer. 12 and a half acres.
 Ellen Leary. 31 years, Wife.
 John Leary. 4 years, Son.
 Joane Leary. 5 years, Daughter.
 Mary Leary. 2 years, Daughter.

The Butterhouse

a sequel to 'The Inchigeela Cottage'

In this letter to the editor Fr. Gerard Creedon

relates his memories of 'The Butterhouse' in Inchigeela village.

'The Inchigeela Cottage' article appeared in the 2001 Journal,
written by Patrick McCaffery who's people lived there at one time.

Dec 22, 2001

A Sheain Dhill,

'Tadhg an dá thaobh' used to be a derogatory expression, like someone who was walking both sides of the road. However I would like to ascribe the expression to you as a compliment. In your journal you have brought together both sides of the parish with stories from Ballingearry and Inchigeela.

I was always a bit uneasy with the nursery rhyme, "Eggs and rashers for the Inchigeela dashers, hay and oats for the Ballingearry goats". I assume you had a similar version west but the other way around. I was uneasy because my grandfather Con Creedon came from Ilauinagh, and that made me a quarter Ballingearry.

I was in the middle of liturgical and other preparations for the Christmas season when I received your journal from my sister-in-law Catherine Shorten Creedon and had to lay all aside to join Sean O h'Uigin agus é ag taisteal bothair mo dhuthaidh féin agus é ag cur síos go beacht, cruinniúl, ar cursai na Nollag taobh thiar d' Inse Geimhleach. Ach phreab mo chroí nuair a buailéas le "Inchigeela Cottage", an tigin aoil ban ar thon ár dtigh istigh.

Unlike Patrick McCaffery I cannot go back to 1817 or 1821, since my memories of the Inchigeela Cottage only go back to the 1940's. Yet your article confirms rituals and legends that I thought were only part of my father Johnny Creedon's overly fertile imagination.

The Butterhouse

When we were growing up the cottage was called the Butterhouse. It was separated from the Post Office by the passageway into the mill. This passageway had corrugation in the cement deftly placed there by the great Scrahanmore builder Danny Hyde. It stopped the horses from slipping as they backed in for Viking Pig Ration, my father's original concoction. There each week Paddy Tim the Can would try to get his donkey and car to back in, refusing to believe the well-known fact that donkeys will not back. Not even the 'cailithin' in the rear moved the ass. Once Paddy was driven by the furies to bite the donkey's ear. Each week he would finish by untying the animal and sending her back home with a belt of the stick while he did the undignified task of carting the two hundred weight up the square himself. My mother never knew who was more stubborn, the donkey or Tim.

On the other side was a yard with a high

galvanized gate. When the hurling ball disappeared over the wall it was gone for good. The yard connected the Butterhouse to Lil Ahearne's, but belonged to her. The best I can say is that she was not aging gracefully. However it always surprised me that she had a great scoraiocht every Sunday Morning after Second Mass. Fr O'Driscoll, Eugene Corcoran, Curly Riordan and sometimes Sean Corkery were regulars. Reddened by the glowing hob, the laughter that emanated from Lil's kitchen fuelled by boiling glasses of punch was not in character.

Jeremiah Cotter

The Butterhouse was the domain of our granduncle **Jeremiah Cotter**, the very man identified in your journal 2001, page 27. When I was a child I have memories of a great big churning barrel in the middle of the floor, operated by a Creedon woman from Rossmore. The water found a hole in the floor and the salty farmer's butter was laid out in a shelf by the side.

The Mill I remembered was also part of a butter and egg exchange. I imagine the exchange was less for money and more for grain and meal. The Inchigeela Dairy in Cork was the outlet and the lorries came home with maize and barley for the grinder. The outside room in the butterhouse was still used in my time for storage.

Jeremiah Cotter was the holiest man I ever knew. He was also a bit odd. There may be no contradiction between the two. He always had his meals with us for he never married. There were few male cooks in those times. His favourite expression was "Good, good, good!". He would clap after Seamas Ennis' dancers were finished on TV and once asked "Does he see us?" He took care of a vegetable garden and a cow. The cow died of surfeit from overfeeding. While Jeremiah could be sociable, he preferred the reclusive life. Only a few trusted friends were admitted to what we used to call the Summum Sanctum, his private quarters. Dan Jumbo was one of that privileged few. When I bought a bike, I protected it while away in boarding school from my nine brothers and four sisters by stowing it in Jeremiah's sanctum.

Patrick McCaffery's article mentions that Jeremiah loved to pray before the fireplace for that is where Mass had once been celebrated. However, I often joined Mickey Cronin as we listened to Jeremiah pray out loud in his holy of holies behind a well-locked door. He would punctuate his loud

prayers, in which he seemed to scold God for a variety of maladies, with negro spirituals and American gospel songs that he either learned from the radio or from the returned yanks. It was there I first heard "Give me that old time religion".

The night he died in the Butterhouse is forever etched in my memory. I had been privileged to share his care with my father the week before his death. We kept a coal fire going for the night for sterilization purposes as well as heat. There was a single bulb in the room. Connie Pa, Eugene Corcoran, Con Don and myself were already assembled when in arrived Curly Riordan at closing time. Jeremiah addressed us: "Light of Heaven to us all!" Maybe he was inspired by the electricity, or the way it shone on Curly's pate. Then he gave voice to his final words: "Don't give Curley any of it. He has enough of it". The "it" in question was a case of pint bottles of Guinness that was located strategically beneath the bed of the dying man. No notice was taken and all were supplied, the better to whet the tongue for stories about Brophy's cow going bogging and Jeremiah's facility with a twenty stone bag of bran. The stories gave way to singular decades of the rosary to the tune of the joyful mysteries. These would be concluded abruptly by Curly who had been a male nurse. He adroitly tested Jeremiah's breathing power with a mirror and more bottles were commandeered. It was the luck of God that Jeremiah expired at four am in the middle of a "Glory Be".

The 2001 Journal tells that "Butterhouse" was burned down around 1971. Shiela Dromey on seeing Tom Creedon removing the charred remains declared, "Tom, you are a great man for knocking things!" Well if he did, he replaced it with a store that resembles Lil Ahearnes, which is all that remains of the "Inchigeela Cottage", "The Butterhouse" and Jeremiah Cotter.

That is not true. The spirit of that white washed house and the faith and love that animated the Cotters and the Creedons, the Barrys, the Quills and the McCaffreys will follow us till our dying day. May they have a bed in Heaven tonight. Air Dheis Dé go raibh a h anam.

Rev Gerard Creedon PP
Arlington Virginia, USA

The Great Church of St Ronán

By Peter O'Leary

The townland of Kilmore in Ballingearry has many old traditions surrounding it, and particularly the field which is believed to be the original Great Church of St Ronán ie. the *cill mór* of the name.

This is sited in a large meadow on Fionn Cotter's farm, beside the main road between Ballingearry and Inchigeelagh, close to Loch Allua. The field is still called Cillín Leasa Rónáin which translates as "The Church of the Ringfort or Lios of Ronan". To be precise, on Map Reference W 162 671 on Ordnance Survey Map 85 in the Discovery 50,000 series.

This has been regarded as the site of the Great Church for many generations, and this belief has been supported by substantial evidence. This includes the enclosure like appearance of the site. The presence of a souterrain which was discovered in 1989. The memory of a cemetery in days gone by. The memory of a kileen used for the burial of still born babies up to recent times. The characteristic rounded sweep of the modern road where the builders avoided intruding on the ancient site. The identification of a possible Mass Rock adjacent to the site. The presence of a galloway in a neighbouring field.

Further more flimsy evidence appeared one day to the writer who saw, on a hot dry day in the evening sun, the outline of a twin banked enclosure visible for a few minutes from the hill above the site.

Perhaps much more significant is the belief in a possible early Christian Site by the team of Archaeologists from Glasgow University who have been studying the evidence.

Who then was this St.Ronán who is commemorated in the Great Church? The only Ronán we seem to have left in our hagiographies is from Dromiskin in Co.Louth, a disciple of St.Patrick. It is unlikely to be him. Our Ronán is probably one of the many old Munster Saints the details of whose lives are now forgotten. Their names sometimes live on in the names of places where there is or was a church founded by them. Like St.Colmán

(Kilcolman); St.Garbán (Kilgarvan); or St.Mochomóc (Kilmocomoge). Others include Sts.Fingen, Ruadán and Nesán. Names rarely used today. Many of these were disciples of St.Finbar. It is quite possible that our St.Ronán was a disciple of St.Finbar, or lived a few years later than him. But two of our churches are dedicated to St.Ronán, with St.Finbar, and his name is still used by local families in naming their children.

Let us consider what this Site was used for. It is very possible, and was common amongst such sites, that it has been put to different occupation and used for different purposes over the ages.

The first usage may well have been pre-Christian. Iron Age people could well have used this site for a meeting place or for ritual purposes. It would have suited their needs, and of course it was commonplace for Christian people who came later, to make use of a former Druidic site to ensure continuity and confidence amongst the local population.

Christian sites like this are usually dated to the period AD 650-1050. They are usually monastic -early types of monks; or eremitical i.e. hermits. The presence of such a monastery is often associated with proximity to the principal fort or residence of the local ruling family, who encouraged their establishment, and provided protection against attack from others who might be interested in robbing the monastery of its treasures.

We do not have much information about the homes of the chieftains at this time. One such was Tirnaspidéoga ringfort, less than 3 miles away, which was associated with the crannog close by. The crannog appears on the old maps as Illaunweahagane (Illaun Mhehigan) which suggests that Mehigan was the chieftain of this tuath. The O Mehigans were sub-chieftains and later bards to the O Mahoneys. We find one of their later territories in the land of the Western O Mahony, in Castle Meighan near Crookhaven. They probably moved West when the Western O Mahony took

over the territory of the O Donoghues.

Dating the Site in Kilmore

The presence of a souterrain may also help in preliminary dating of the site, since it has been observed that such structures are usually found to have been constructed and/or used between the 7th. and the 12th. centuries. AD.

It is quite possible that a change of local ruling family might lead to the decay and abandonment of the site as a church. There was such a change in the 12th.c. (supposedly AD.1192 but we can hardly believe such accuracy of dating). At about this time, the Eberian tribe called the Ui Eacha, or it's sub-division named the Cinel Laoghaire (now known by their surname of O Donoghue), left the area under pressure from their kinsmen the Cinel Aodha (the O Mahoneys). At the same time, a new arrival were the O Laoghaire, who themselves had been driven from the Rosscarbery area.

The new ruling chieftains established themselves at Manninge where the ford crossed the River Lee (or Inchigeelagh today). Probably new Saints were revered, for example St.Finbar, St.Fachtan and St.Colman. Probably new churches were built closer to the homes of the new ruling family and its sub-chieftains, further East along the valley of the Lee. It is probable that alternative places of worship arose at this time at Augheras, Ballingearry, Kilbarry, Coolmountain and Inchigeelagh, which made the old site of St.Ronán redundant.

But where there was a church there was usually also a cemetery. If people were being buried in Cill Mor for 400 or 500 years, then that tradition would continue despite the disappearance of the monastic settlement. Moreover it was the time of the establishment of secular parishes and bishops, following the Councils of Rathbreasail (1111) and Kells (1152) and these secular clergy would have taken every opportunity to replace a monastery by a network of secular parish churches.

Such large enclosures when abandoned, often became a place where clans or septs met. A market, feasting place or assembly place. Our site may have continued to serve a useful purpose even though now only sacred in that part which remained a cemetery.

By the 18th.c. there were still many cemeteries in the parish because it covered a large area, and there were problems caused by the distance to travel in burying the dead. Over the next two hundred years these difficulties were overcome by improved methods of transport, and the number of cemeteries decreased.

We know that most 'killeens' came into use at places where cemeteries had existed before. They were in effect a continued use of the site for burial but only for a

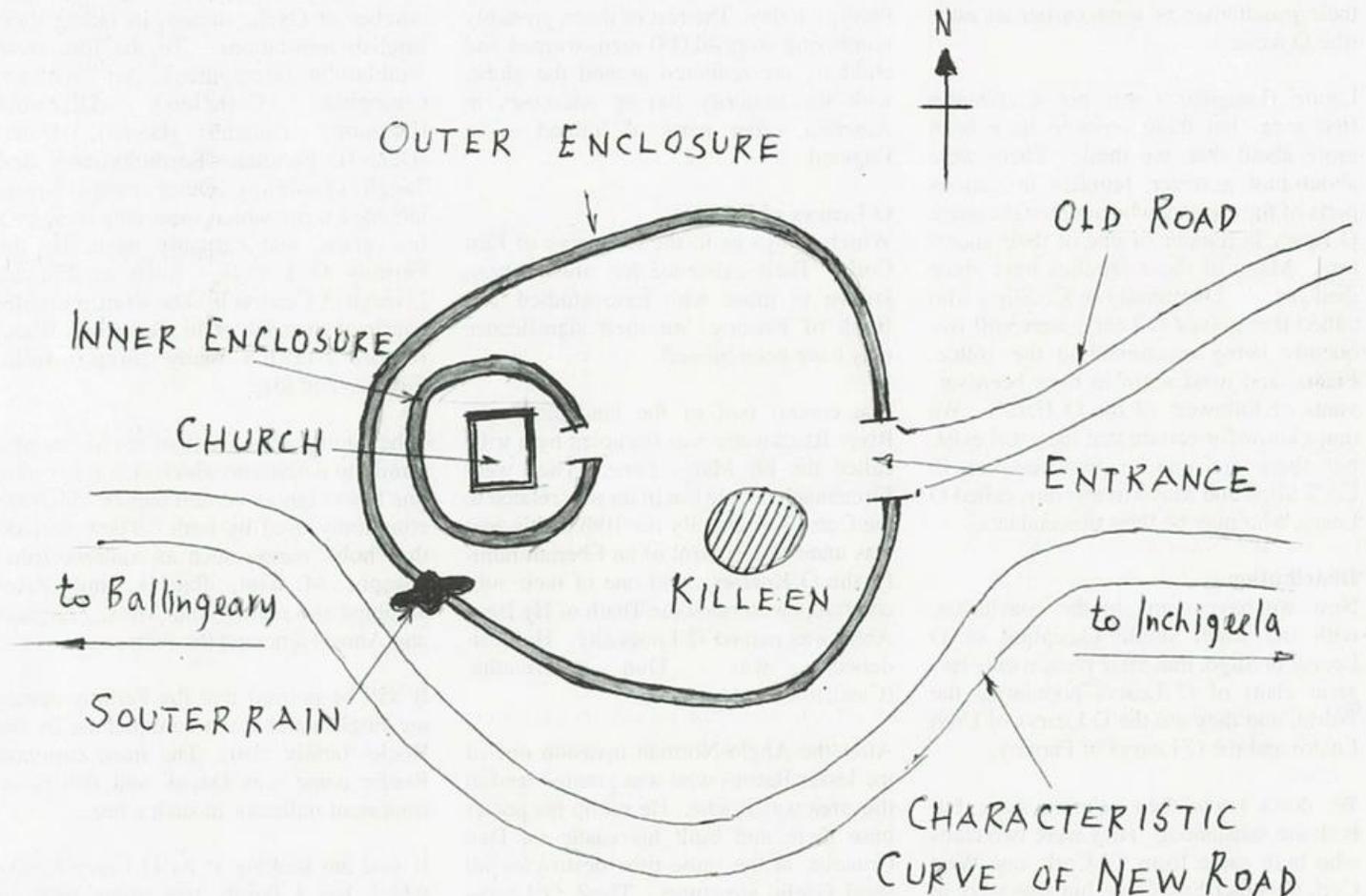
smaller and more limited patronage. Famine burials are a point in case. Then children's burial places. It is not difficult to understand the site becoming a 'killeen' over the passage of time.

All the above is purely surmise on my part, and has no historical support. How then can we move forward to hard fact from opinion, even if that opinion seems to fit the little historical knowledge available?

The answer almost invariably is by archaeological investigation. In 1989 the souterrain dramatically made its appearance when drainage work was being done in the meadow. This souterrain was investigated by Jerry O Sullivan and his archaeological team. They were sufficiently impressed by the possibilities indicated, to

get funding in 1997 for a more extensive topographic and geophysical survey of the whole site. The Report of the team, the Glasgow University Archaeological Research Division, is cautiously worded. It was a one week preliminary survey, and there were no finds of burials or buildings in the main site in that short time. They are however satisfied that they have found "conclusive evidence of the backfilled ditch of a large earthwork enclosure." Reading between the lines, it appears that they are modestly hopeful of revealing Cill Mor as an important Early Christian Site, if they can get the necessary funding and mount a more detailed survey with more extensive diggings.

The Site has been recognised in the Cork Archaeological Survey -Mid Cork Volume- Site No.9209.



POSSIBLE LAYOUT OF SITE
IN KILMORE

GALLAUN
IN O'LEARY'S
CURRAHY

The O'Learys of Fermoy

To most of us, the O Learys and Uibh Laoire are synonymous. We think that in olden times, all the O Learys came from Uibh Laoire, and there were no other O Leary families apart from these.

This has led to the popular belief in modern times, if you are an O Leary, or a Leary, living in America or England, that your forebears must have come from this Parish of Uibh Laoire.

It has always been a point of some doubt, but up to now we have had little reason to think any different. That is to say, until recent times.

Now we know that this was a wrong assumption. When surnames were introduced into Ireland in the 11th.c., some say by King Brian Boru, most of the population selected a name which either honoured their Father (the Mac names) or their grandfather, or some earlier ancestor (the O names).

Laoire (Laoghaire) was not a common first name but there seem to have been more about than we think. There were about half a dozen families in various parts of the country who adopted the name O Leary in honour of one of their ancestors. Many of these families have since died out. One family in Co.Sligo who called themselves O Leary, were still frequently being mentioned in the 16th.c. Fiants, and most seem to have been servants or followers of the O Hara's. We don't know for certain that they still exist, but there are one or two families in Co.'s.Sligo and Mayo to this day, called O Leary, who may be their descendants.

Distribution

Now we have come to the conclusion, with the small single exception of O Learys in Sligo, that there remain only two great clans of O Learys populating the World, and they are the O Learys of Uibh Laoire and the O Learys of Fermoy.

We don't know their relative sizes, but both are substantial. They were two clans who both came from Co.Cork, one West Cork the other East Cork, but who were in every other respect totally unrelated. Their places of origin were only about 40 miles apart, but so great was the spread of population movement in the 18th and 19th.c. that they moved across the County and intermingled in a manner which makes them difficult to distinguish today.

The only hope we have in deciding which family any one person comes from is that

there were different patterns of first names which are some help, particularly in the earlier generations. In the 20th.c. when people are called Darren, Garth or Chuck, such subtleties are removed from us.

Most of us know about the origins of the O Learys of Uibh Laoire. Originally part of the Corca Loigde tribe from South Carbery, claiming descent from King Luy Maccon, they lived in the Rosscarbery area where they were chieftains owing allegiance to the head of the Corca Loigde, later to adopt the surname of O Driscoll. When our branch adopted the surname of O Leary after one of their ancestors in the 6th.c. they were soon to be dispossessed of their ancient lands in Rosscarbery, and moved to Uibh Laoghaire where they have remained ever since. To be more accurate, Uibh Laoire has remained their ancestral homeland, but in fact only houses about 30 O'Leary families today. The rest of them, probably numbering over 40,000 men, women and children, are scattered around the globe, with the majority having addresses in America, other parts of Ireland or in England.

O Learys of Fermoy.

Which brings us to the O Learys of East Cork. Their existence has always been known to those who have studied The Book of Fermoy, but their significance may have been missed.

The central part of the land along the River Blackwater was occupied by a tribe called the Fir Maige Fene. They were Eireannach people but in no way related to the Corca Loigde. By the 10th.c. this area was under the control of an Eberian family, the O Keeffes, and one of their subchieftains who ruled the Tuath of Hy Becc Abha was named O Laoghaire. His residence was Dun Cruadha. (Castletownroche)

After the Anglo-Norman invasion one of the lesser Barons who was granted land in this area was Roche. He set up his power base there and built his castle on Dun Cruadha, at the same time destroying all local Gaelic structures. These O Learys became mere tenants of the Roches, in which status they continued to flourish for the next four hundred years. Despite their subservient state, they were very populous.

After the break up of the Gaelic and Anglo-Norman systems in the 17th.c. there was much population movement, and many of these O Learys spread from

Castletownroche (as Dun Cruadha had now become) into North and East Co.Cork. One branch went to the **Fethard area of Co.Wexford** as tenants of a Roche who acquired land there. They are still in that area in large numbers. Like many such family groupings, in the 18th. and 19th.c. they continued their expansion through Kerry, and eventually by emigration throughout the World.

First Name Analysis

Their patterns of first names were different to the Uibh Laoire O Learys because of this overlordship. They tended to ape their superiors by using their first names, as was common. So we find regular use of names like David, Edmond, Edward, George, Henry, Philip, Richard, Walter, William, amongst the men, and Elizabeth, Sarah, amongst the women.

The men of Uibh Laoire used a small number of Gaelic names, including their English translations. To the fore were Amhlaoihb (Humphrey), Art (Arthur), Conogher (Cornelius), Diarmuid (Dermot), Doncha (Denis), Donal (Daniel), Partolan (Bartholomew), and Tadgh (Timothy). Other men's names included some which were only used by a few clans, and certainly never by the Fermoy O Learys. Such as Fineen, Liseagh or Ceadeach. The women usually confined themselves to Catherine, Ellen, Hanora (-in it's many forms), Julia, Siobhan and Sile.

When doing an analysis of the names of a family to determine which clan it fits into, one has to ignore certain names which are commonly used by both. These include the "holy" names such as Andrew, John, Joseph, Michael, Patrick and Peter amongst the men; And Mary, Margaret and Ann(e) amongst the women.

It will be noticed that the Fermoy names are English and are in common use by the Roche family also. The most common Roche name was David, and this is an important indicator in such a test.

If you are looking at an O Leary family which has a family tree going back to 1800-1850 you will fairly easily pick out a name pattern so long as there are plenty of children. As you move forward in time you find the patterns begin to merge a bit, and then eventually you get to the modern usage where the proud parents select the names of film stars, pop artists, or other replacements to the time honoured names. At this point your analysis will break down.

The Tailor And Ansty, Sixty years on

By Seán Ó Sullivan

2002 marked the 60th Anniversary of the publication of "The Tailor and Ansty", a book which caused a big controversy in the early 1940s.

The Tailor was Tim Buckley, who lived with his wife, Ansty, in the townland of Garrynapeaka, near Gougane Barra. He was a well-known storyteller and Irish speaker and the couple's house was a popular place for 'scoraiochtin', where neighbours and friends would gather to talk, sing and pass the long evenings. By all accounts the Tailor and Ansty were great hosts and they loved the company and news brought by visitors. The Tailor had a crippled leg from childhood so his mobility was curtailed in his old age thereby increasing the visitors' importance to him.

Many visitors holidaying in the area also came to the cottage in Garrynapeaka. Eric Cross was one such visitor. Cross came to live in Gougane Barra around 1939, having holidayed there in the 1930s. He visited Garrynapeaka regularly and wrote down some of the Tailor's stories and observations on life.

In February 1941 an article by Cross titled "The Tailor and Ansty" was published in "The Bell", a literary magazine edited by Seán Ó Faoláin. This was followed in later editions by two more articles titled "The Tailor and the Cleverness of Animals" and "The Tailor on New and Old". Cross was encouraged to publish a longer version of his writings about the Ballingearry couple and "The Tailor and Ansty" was published in 1942 by Mercier Press when the Tailor was 79 years of age.

Later in 1942 the book was banned by the Censorship of Publications Board for being "in its general tendency indecent". The banning was condemned by many people who felt it highlighted the flawed nature of the Censorship of Publications Act of 1929, which they had been fighting against for 13 years.

As Frank O'Connor relates in his autobiography "My Father's Son", "it was a staggering blow for that kind old couple, who had no notion how their

simple country jokes and pieties would be regarded by illiterate city upstarts'.

The Senate Debate

The book reached national prominence on November 18th 1942 when Senator Sir John Keane used it and two other books, as examples in a motion he put before the Seanad;

That, in the opinion of Seanad Eireann, the Censorship of Publications Board appointed by the Minister for Justice under the Censorship of Publications Act, 1929, has ceased to retain public confidence, and that steps should be taken by the Minister to reconstitute the board.

An ill tempered debate followed as Senator Keane attempted to show that 'The Tailor and Ansty', 'Land of Spices' by Kate O'Brien and 'The Laws Of Life' by Halliday Sutherland, didn't fulfil the criteria laid down by the Act.

Senator Keane, (who had opposed the original Act in 1929), quoted from the Tailor and Ansty, which he described as. "a book dealing with local country life. It contains the sayings of country folk in rather a remote part of Country Cork, the sayings of an unsophisticated but, nevertheless, rather interesting and racy couple—the Tailor and his wife, Ansty."²

Senator Keane said the book indicate that "country folk, talking around the fireside, are somewhat frank and, perhaps, coarse in their expressions"³, but that this could not be viewed as indecent. He then quoted a section from the book about the Tailor's reaction to a visit to the cinema in Cork.

Professor Bill Magennis, Senator for the National University and a member of the Censorship Board, suggested to the Chairman that "before Senator Sir John Keane reads the remainder of the passage an instruction should be given to the official reporters not to record it. Otherwise, we shall have some of the vilest obscenity in our records, and the Official Reports can be bought for a few pence."⁴

As a result of this the official record contains the line "Here the Senator

quoted from the book," instead of the actual passages. Senator Keane quoted liberally from all three books but throughout the debate it was "The Tailor And Ansty" which received most attention from opponents to the motion.

The debate continued on December 2nd, 3rd and 9th 1942, with lengthy contributions from a number of Senators, most notably from Prof. Magennis. Some Senators stated that while they didn't think Tailor and Ansty should have been banned, the wording of the motion before the Seanad meant they would vote against it.

Senator Professor Tierney said "personally, as the question of that book, *The Tailor and Ansty*, was so much discussed, I feel bound to say that if I had been a member of the Censorship Board I do not think I would have banned the book—not perhaps for the most obvious reasons. I do not regard it as an indecent or obscene book in spite of all that has been said about it... I did not find myself able to finish the book because it was so dull, to my mind at any rate. I have heard other people say they enjoyed the book very much, but all I can say is that that was not my experience. I think it should not have been banned, for two reasons: first of all, it was too unimportant to ban, and secondly, to my mind at any rate, it could hardly be said to be, in its general tendency, indecent or obscene."⁵

The majority of the contributors, however, opposed the motion, some of whom had not even read the book.

Senator Goulding, from Waterford, said "I know the Irish people, and I know the people of the Irish country districts a bit better than Senator Sir John Keane. I have sat by their firesides and I have listened to their fireside talk. Any man who dared to use the language used by the character in the book referred to by Senator Sir John Keane would be thrown out from their firesides."⁶

Senator Mrs. Concannon had this to

say when defending the Censorship Board, *"I imagine it must make them almost physically sick to read some of the books they have to read. I was just thinking, when Senator Fitzgerald was speaking of Dante and the Inferno, that, if Dante came to life again and wanted to think of a really severe punishment for his political enemies, if he condemned them for all eternity to read a book like the Tailor and Ansty there could not be any torture that would get at their "innards" more fiercely. This is the sort of thing that our censors have to read. They do it from a sense of duty to their country and a sense of duty to God."*⁷

The motion before the Seanad was defeated 34 votes to 2, with only Senator Keane and Senator Joseph Johnston voting in favour.

The publicity in the national newspapers surrounding the Senate Debate caused a lot of trouble for the Tailor and Ansty. The local parish priest, Fr Michael Murphy and one of his curates, Fr. Jack Murphy called one day and made the Tailor burn the book in his own hearth, an experience which must have been humiliating for a proud couple. This clerical bullying caused people to stop visiting for a time. What Frank O'Connor called a boycott twenty years later in the introduction to the 1963 edition of the book is something which is strongly denied by local people who lived in the area at the time. A certain amount of annoyance was directed towards Eric Cross and the other literary people who seemed to use the banning and the Senate Debate for their own campaign against censorship. One occurrence, when two local youths (going home from cards in Gougane) put a stick through the latch of the cottage door, was directed at the visiting Frank O'Connor and his friends and not at The Tailor and Ansty. However, this irresponsible act frightened the Tailor and Ansty but was seized on by O'Connor as an indication of the local response to the book. In relation to the neighbours reaction to the book, in a 1999 letter to The Irish Examiner journalist Eamonn Sweeney, Ina O'Sullivan (nee Cronin), at the time a young neighbour of the Tailor and Ansty, said "the local people could

not understand why the book was banned, why the book was burned and why there was such a venomous debate by people who did not know the old couple."

The Book itself

By today's standards it is hard to understand how "The Tailor and Ansty" was banned. There are a number of passages that could be called 'bawdy' but nothing that could be considered indecent.

A number of short sections were singled out in the Seanad as having possibly influenced the Censorship Board. The following is the Tailors reaction while watching a film, with Cross, in The Astoria Cinema in Cork. *"...very soon the hero and heroine (in the film) were engaged in a shy love scene.*

"Hould her! Hould her!" said The Tailor, "You'd think by the shaping of her that she did not like it, but I tell you that they are all that way in the beginning. It is a way they have of letting on that they don't like it, when all the time they like it as a donkey likes strawberries".

... "Thon amon dieul! Man, if I was twenty years younger, I'd come up there and give you lessons"

The heroine was altogether too young and skittish for him. He transferred his affections to her mother. "A nice class of a woman ... a man could do worse than to marry the likes of her. He could knock a winter out of her comfortably"

...A fat lady was not exactly to his taste "A divil of a great pounder of a woman. She'd make a handy door for a car-house. She'd stifle you in bed. People think that fat women are warm. I tell

*you that they are not. They make a damn great tunnel in the bed, and a man may as well be sleeping in a gully"*⁸

In another section when the conversation turns to King Solomon, it is mentioned that the King had 10,000 wives. The Tailor *"reckoned it up and no matter how frolicsome a man might be it would take him nearly thirty years of nights, without having any holiday at all, to get his conjugal rights from the lot of them"*⁹

The conversation later turned to a man called *"...Rajah Ben Salaam and he had a hundred wives... (he) had a lot of men looking after them – a queer kind of men, like wethers. I don't know ... if they were born that way or if they had been 'burzeroed' the way you would do sheep"*¹⁰

Most of the book however is Eric Cross' account of the couple's life, the Tailors philosophy on life and the stories told around their fire, living their lives by the Tailors maxim, "The world is only a blue bag. Knock a squeeze out of it when you can". It was the welcome afforded to one all that attracted visitors to their house and marked them as a unique couple¹¹. The Tailor, Tim Buckley died in 1945 at the age of eighty-two. Ansty passed away three years later. Both of them are buried in Gougane Barra under a headstone sculpted by their good friend Seamus Murphy of Cork

The following are two examples of stories told to Eric Cross by The Tailor.

The Cleverness of Animals

Did you know that it was because of the instinct of an animal that the indigo dye first came to Ireland?

I'll tell you the history of it, and divil a lie is there in it, though most people won't give in to it.

Years ago there was a boat came into Bantry harbour, and the captain of it came into the town. He was on his way from India. He had a few drinks and fell into conversation with some of the people in the town, and got intimate with them.

He was a decent, conversible type of man, and, as the evening was coming, they asked him to play a game of cards, and he said that he would as he was staying the night anyway. They were playing for some time and the light was failing as the night came. One of them lit a piece of a candle and put it on the table. But with the banging and the thumping of the cards in the excitement of the play the candle kept falling down.

Then one of them said that he would go and look for a sconce, but the captain of the boat said 'No', for he had a better sconce than any one they could find in Bantry town.

He had a bag with him, and he pulled

the bag from under the table and took out a cat. He put the cat sitting at one end of the table and put the candle between his paws. It was one of the neatest bits of business you ever set eyes on. All the town came in to look at it, for they had never seen the likes before.

The captain explained to them that he had trained the cat in this business, for when they were playing cards in the Indian Ocean there were terrible rough seas, and no candle would stand up for them.

All the town marvelled except one man, who said that it was well enough, and he had admiration enough for the captain and for his cat, but that nature was a greater thing than training. The two started an argument, and they almost came to blows. Then they decided to bet a wager on who was right. The captain bet a cargo of indigo blue that learning was greater than nature, and the man from Bantry bet a farm of land that nature was stronger than learning.

They carried on with the game, and when it was over, the captain put his cat into the bag and went away with himself to bed. He stayed the following day, and that night they all played cards again, and the cat was at the end of the table with the candle between his paws.

The man who had the wager bet with the captain was playing too, and half-ways through the game he took a mouse out of his pocket and put it on the table. As soon as the cat saw it he dropped the candle and chased the mouse, and the man from Bantry won his wager and proved that nature is stronger than learning. The captain paid him the cargo of indigo dye, and that was how the indigo first came to this country.¹²

Johnny Jerry's Sow And The Eel

There are people who walk through the world who see nothing and hear nothing and learn nothing and know nothing. I don't know why they are alive at all. There are animals learn quicker and have more sense than a deal of human beings.

I saw a curious thing in this line myself a few years ago. Did you ever know that a sow is a very intelligent animal?

I was on the road to this side of Tureendubh. There is a pool there at the side of the road, and a 'johnny the bog' (joanie the bog i.e. a heron) had caught an eel in the pool and was swallowing him. The 'johnny the bog' is a strange kind of bird. He has only a straight gut.

Well, he was swallowing the eel and he wasn't making much of a hand at the business, for the eel ran straight through him, and the 'johnny the bog' kept swallowing him and losing him again.

Johnny Jerry had a sow at that time and she was always on the side of the road. She came along and she stood for a while and watched the 'johnny the bog' go through the performance several times. Then she made a grab for the eel herself and swallowed him and clapped her backside up against the wall!

Now wasn't she a cute and a quick scholar? Yerra, don't be talking. A man can see a new wonder every minute of the day, if only he has the intelligence to know a wonder when he sees one.¹³

- 1 Page 130 My Father's Son by Frank O'Connor (Pan Books 1968)
- 2 Seanad Eireann Debate 18/11/1942 Vol 27, Censorship of Publications—Motion
- 3 Seanad Eireann Debate 18/11/1942 Vol 27, Censorship of Publications—Motion
- 4 Seanad Eireann Debate 18/11/1942 Vol 27, Censorship of Publications—Motion
- 5 Seanad Eireann 03/12/1942 Vol 27, Censorship of Publications—Motion
- 6 Seanad Eireann Debate 18/11/1942 Vol 27, Censorship of Publications—Motion
- 7 Seanad Eireann Debate 18/11/1942 Vol 27, Censorship of Publications—Motion
- 8 The Tailor and Ansty, page 44
- 9 The Tailor and Ansty page 95
- 10 The Tailor and Ansty Page 96
- 11 In 1978 The Tailors folklore stories as collected by Seán Ó Cooinín were published in "Seanchas An Táilliúra" edited by his neighbour Andrais Ó Muimhneacháin. (A translation 'Stories From The Tailor' is also available from Mercier Press.)
- 12 The Tailor and Ansty page 63, Courtesy of Mercier Press, Cork
- 13 The Tailor and Ansty page 65 Courtesy of Mercier Press, Cork



The tailor and Ansty with Father Tim Traynor; and, Nancy McCarthy and Seamus Murphy

SOME SONGS AND SAYINGS OF TOM TAYLOR

Le Joe Creedon

"The more you do the less you are thanked."

To quote from one of Tom Taylor's most regular sayings, would give an idea of Tom's attitude to work.

For 70 years Tom Taylor, a native of Gortaveer, Inchigeelagh travelled the roads of Uibh Laoghaire, Kilnamatya and Macroom. Tom's observations on life, his poems and fine songs ensured a welcome in many a house that he visited. Young and old enjoyed Tom – even when he was cutting in his remarks.

In his final years, he was very well cared for, by Dan and Ann Kelleher and his friends in Inchigeelagh. He passed away in 1988

The following is just a sample of some of his sayings

I'm a shabby genteel,
If you would like to know.
A sorrowful hearted buachail.
I have truded and tramped
Throughout the land
From Ballinakill to Dubhchuill.
In this world, throughout this land
I am hunted helter skelter.
With non of my family left
To offer me food or shelter.
Och chon, och chon, I am all alone
Poor shabby genteel, my shorneen.

~~

Marriage

"She had a backside: you could sit up on it!"

~~

"He had a nose on him like a sock of a plow"

~~

There are no matches now.
Only you love me and
I love you!

~~

They have painted lips and bobbed hair
If you don't mind!

~~

*"Look at them bleaching their legs to the sun
And they fifty years out of date"*

~~

*She is a fine lady
And the grand loaf of bread she'll give you.*

~~

"She married him for his fair beard.

He married her for her purse of gold."

~~

*"Young ladies take my advice,
Don't be rash and marry those false young men
with their foxy fair moustache"*

~~

Have you seen my uncle Mick?
He wears a tall round hat,
A suit of frieze that would dazzle your eyes
But his nose is rather flat.
He is six foot long with his stockings on
And a voice like tally ho!
Carries a stick; my uncle Mick
To make the old boy go!

Food and Drink

*"There was an eating-house in Macroom.
You got the meat of a bone of a boar,
that was serving sow for forty years"*

~~

*"The porter ran through you, like you would pull a
chain!"*

~~

*"I don't want to talk to you."
"Faith then, I'll make you talk to me"*

~~

*"Brussy bread- Bucks meat-
Black meat-
if it was an apple cake: 'twas
dammed nasty!"*

~~
"You lost your dinner"

His Mother

(On her marriage)

*"If she saw her new home in day-
light
She'd have run away home"*

~~
*"She hadn't health, wealth nor
thanks"*

~~
"The woman was easily led"

Home Life

~~
Tom had an ill-tempered sow
called Norry Grey.
While in the house with bon-
hams it took a cross fit.
In her speed to exit- took the
door and trasle with her.

On Faith

~~
*"Sure my father paid five
shillings for me"*
(The price of Baptism)

~~
*"God is there alright, isn't he?
Over the alter in the church.
And he has hardly a stitch of
clothes on him
The poor man"*

*"Why don't you leave the church
porch and go into the church for
mass?"*

(No comment!)

"The priest will be giving out!"
*"The priests are worse than the
people for talking!"*

On Death

~~
*"When you are dead, you are
very dead!"*
Mick said *"When you are cov-
ered up the devil a more about
you!"*

A Trip to Hospital

~~
*"I couldn't sleep with the planes
flying over and back all night.
Where do they turn?
Ah! They turn where they
lodge!"*

~~
*"Goodbye Ireland, I'm going to
Cork"*

~~
*"How could you sleep there with
The rattling of vessels!"*

~~
"My beauty is spoilt"

Luxury

~~
*"An armchair- a bottle of
whiskey and the meat of the
boiled ham-
That's luxury for you!"*

Hard Times

Tom went to meet the P.P Father
Burts
The P.P decided a generous once
off payment of ten shillings
would
give Tom a new start.
*"Take this-my blessing, the
blessings of God be upon you.
Go Rossmore way but don't
look back."*
Tom went home and enjoyed the
ten shillings.

Curses

~~
*"My curses are only going up in
the air!"*
~~
*"May the devil drive fire
out your ass!"*

~~
A Grous-óg = a discontent- One
who had the appearance of
the nose and mouth all being
together!

~~
A Bumble = A solicitor's clerk.

~~
(When he wasn't favoured in the
pub.)

*"Poverty is rising and charity is
back"*

(The second time he saw a black
lady in the course of a summer.)
*"I haven't seen that lady in a
long while."*

What's in a Name. 9:

The Gallaun

The Gallaun, or Dallaun as it is sometimes written, is a single upright stone of Megalithic origin, and very often of limestone. In Journal No.1 Maire Ui Leime wrote an article on the gallaun in Scrathanmore townland, and my article should be read in conjunction with hers. She suggested that there were a variety of reasons for Bronze Age people to erect these monuments and these included:

- to mark where some great person was buried
- to mark a route or boundary

to which I would add

- to mark the site of a battle or other important event.

It has also been noted that gallauns often serve as scratching posts for cattle but this is not likely to have been their original purpose.

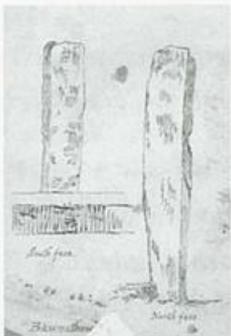
The Archaeological Inventory of Cork-Volume 3 Mid-Cork, provides us with a list of the single standing stones in our area. In List 1 (below) we include this list of gallauns. It must be remembered that the townlands in our Parish around Coolmountain, but in Carbery Barony, are excluded from this list and appear in *The Archaeological Inventory of Cork Volume 2*.

You will see that we have 13 standing stones listed in the remaining area, and a further 5 are shown as "Possible". These latter were shown on earlier Ordnance Survey Maps, the 1842 or the 1904 editions, but cannot be found today and clearly the stones have been removed since those dates. Even this total of 18 stones is probably well below the original number, and many have undoubtedly been removed by road builders and land improvers over the ages.

There is always resistance to moving an ancient monument from its site, and for very good reason. But this resistance is often overcome where the stone is an obstruction to development, whereas a ringfort, stone circle or other larger megalith would remain untouched out of respect for our forefathers, or even because of superstition.

Those single standing stones which remain are scattered without any pattern across our landscape. Most are in fields or in moor or bogland. One, in Dooneens, stands in the centre of a ringfort, where no doubt it served a special purpose, but what, we do not know.

We think of a standing stone as being rectangular in cross section, but in practice this is far from the case, and the most irregular cross sections seem to be used without any attempt to dress the stone to a more regular outline. They are also often far out of the perpendicular which we expect, but in many cases this is due to settlement in the ground, and they may have been perfectly upright when originally placed.



Gallaun at Bawnatempall

Most, 12 out of the 18, are similar in size, when this can be measured exactly. These give us average dimensions of 1.50 Height x 0.90 Width x 0.54 Depth. These sizes are in metres, but if you can think more easily in the old units, these would be 4'-11" x 2'-1" x 1'-9".

The range of sizes is (metres)
 -Height 1.10 to 2.40 (av.1.50)
 -Width 0.70 to 1.35 (av.0.90)
 -Depth 0.25 to 0.80 (av.0.54)

Rectangular stones like this can be said to have an alignment if we take the long axis in the plan view. We find that this alignment of the long axis is also very uniform, with 8 of the 12 which have an alignment turning out to be NE-SW.

Pairs of stones, stone alignments and stone circles have a much more certain alignment, and although we can only theorise as to its purpose, there is no doubt about its existence. This will be shown later to be normally East North East-West South West.

You will have noticed that we have calculated the average sizes etc. of our large number of small standing stones. If we took any other area in North West Cork we would probably get similar results. The local practice in placing standing stones seems to be fairly uniform. One would expect the stones which could be conveniently carried and stood upright would place a limit on size.

But of course we do have two further standing stones which are much above these average sizes, which are quite unique, and which have been excluded from our averages.

These are the two monstrous stones in Gorteenakilla. One, in the Bawnatempall part of Gorteenakilla is broken, but repaired and still standing is 6.65 m high, and is said to be the second highest in Ireland. The other, no longer standing but still available to be examined, is 4.3 m high.

The largest in Ireland is said to be the one in Punchestown, Co.Kildare which is 7.0m high, or only fractionally bigger than ours.

Purpose

Were these very large standing stones used for a different purpose? Perhaps we will never know, but it is certainly very intriguing. And we are very grateful to the land owners who have preserved them and looked after them for all those years.

List 1. List of Gallauns in our Parish.

Page	Number	Townland	Dimensions H x W x B	Long Axis	Remarks
42	6654	Cloonshear Beg	1.1x0.9x0.6	NE-SW	not on 1842 Map
43	6666	Cooleen	2.4x1.4x0.7	NE-SW	
44	6675	Cooragreenane	1.6x1.0x0.4	NE-SW	
46	6687	Currahy	1.5x0.9x0.6	NE-SW	
47	6695	Dooneens	1.9x1.2x0.4	NE-SW	Ringfort
47	6696	Dooneens	1.5x0.9x0.6	NW-SE	
50	6728	Gortafludig	1.4x1.2x0.5	NE-SW	nr.circ.enclosure
50	6733	Gorteenakilla	6.7x1.3x0.8	-	
50	6734	Gortnahoughtee	1.5x0.9x0.6	NE-SW	originally 2 stones
50	6740	Inchinaneave	1.2x0.7x0.5	E-W	
59	6831	Monavaddra	1.2x0.9x0.6	NW-SE	
62	6857	Rossmore	1.5x0.9x0.7	E-W	
63	6868	Scrahanmore	1.3x0.8x0.3	NE-SW	

List 2. List of Possible Gallauns in our Parish.

Page	Number	Townland	Dimensions H x W x B	Long Axis	Remarks
66	6905	Carrleigh			shown 1842 now removed
68	6923	Derrygortnacloghy			shown 1842 & 1904,- removed
68	6924	Derryleigh			shown 1842 & 1904,-removed
69	6939	Glassheen			shown 1842 & 1904,-removed
69	6945	Gorteenakilla	4.3x0.9x0.5		standing up to 1965

WILD HERITAGE OF UIBH LAOGHAIRE (Part 3)

WOODLANDS

by Ted Cook

Types of Oak

In Journal 2000 the Gearagh was profiled, with its 'mouth' at Ballingearry, comprising an ancient forest of Common Oak (Dair Gallda). Common Oak is also known as English Oak and/or Pedunculate Oak.

The Common Oak is best distinguished from the Sessile or Irish Oak by its 'stemmed' acorns- the 'peduncle' is the botanical description for a fruit or seed hanging on a stem or stalk.

The Sessile Oak is so called because of its 'seated' or 'stem less' acorn or fruit and in Irish is called 'Dair Ghaelach' or Irish Oak.

In fact, both species of Oak are Irish or native, in that both arrived, without man's helping hand, via the remnant land-bridges in the early post-glacial period c. 9,000 years ago.

Another simple distinguishing feature when identifying our two native Oak species, is to discover whether the leaf has a distinct stem or stalk. The opposite rule applies to that of the acorn: - Common Oak presents a stem less leaf and Sessile Oak leafage is markedly stemmed. (*see diagrams Fig 1a and 1b*)

Of the known 450 Oak species

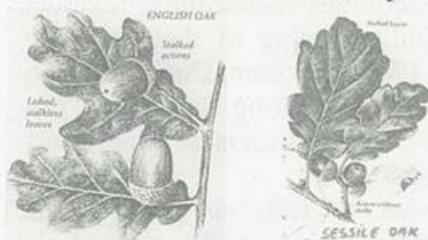


Fig. 1a



Fig. 1b

(globally), Britain and Ireland hosted only the Common and Sessile Oak and their intermediate or hybrid form i.e. environmental factors cause both species to cross with each other producing Oak with a mixture of characteristics peculiar to both Common and Sessile forms.

The most widespread Oak in Ireland is a hybrid between both species. Intact Ancient Oakwood (pre-dated 1600AD) continue to present very little hybridisation e.g. Gearagh,

Derrycunihy and Tomies Oakwoods in Mucross and Derryclare in Connemara.

Ireland falls roundly into Europe's 'Atlantic zone', as distinct from the Mediterranean, Alpine and Continental Zones etc., and is characterised by shallow acid soils.

The Common Oakwoods have established on the deep alluvial soils that have accumulated on the valley floors- the Sessile Oakwoods (Latin; - *Quercus petraea*) have established on the 'rocky hillsides', up to 500 feet above sea level. Only in the Killarney District have our Oakwoods established at over 1000 feet a.s.l. throughout Ireland.

UIBH LAOGHAIRE

Uibh Laoghaire, an essentially glaciated valley couched among the great sandstone and slate arches ranging East-West, comprises very much a mountain parish much elevated above sea level with the Townland of Shehy Mór having the highest point at 1797 feet and very much the habitat of our Sessile Oak.

From Lewis' Topographical Dictionary of 1837, we know that the entire banks of Lough Allua were 'richly wooded' - resembling perhaps the current 'richly oak wooded' riverbanks in Inchinaneave and Inchineill Townlands to the east of the Parish. The same Lewis records 'about 200 acres are woodland' out of the 42,000 statute acres that comprised Uibh Laoire, in 1837.

Information and/or historical records are 'scanty indeed' on the subject of the distribution, extent and species type/ratio of our Ancient and Semi-natural Woodlands throughout Ireland as a whole.

Conversely, Britain, since its annexing by the Normans in 1066, continued to maintain quite detailed records of the British Woodlands via the Domesday Book of 1086. In the Irish context we have Gerald's records that, nowhere else during his

extensive travels, had he come across such vast and widespread Yew Forests as in the Ireland of the 1160's.

According to Eileen McCracken, in her 'Woodlands of Ireland in 1600 AD', about one eighth of Ireland still remained under primeval or aboriginal Oakwood in 1600 AD.

In her 1959 'Historical Study', McCracken states that "the woods began at Lake Gouganbarra and reached almost to Cork" and that "in the East-West valleys of Cork and Kerry lay mile after mile of forests which were to enrich the Boyles and the Whites, which in the first part of the 1600's were to cask nearly all the wine that France and a great deal of what Spain would produce." The Whites were small time entrepreneurs living at Seafield, Bantry, from the latter 1600's. It was a Richard White that was elevated to the Irish Peerage, as Lord Bantry, in 1796 for his part in raising a local militia against Wolfe Tone's attempted landing. In the 1872 Returns, Lord Bantry, who had married Olive Hedges-Eyre of Macroom Castle in 1871, is described, as the owner of 65,000 acres and his address in 1872 is Macroom Castle. (Lord Bantry is listed as largest landowner in Co. Cork).

'Doire' in Townland names

A study of the 118 Townlands of Uibh Laoire will quickly acquaint the reader with the extent of Ancient Forest, when one notes the number of Townlands and their extent, that carry the Irish word 'Derry' - meaning Oak.

An address to Queen Elizabeth (of England) in 1601 recalls that the Great Oakwoods of Ireland were the only serious obstacle to the Tudor conquest and colonisation of Ireland. It goes "the woods are a great hindrance to us and help to the rebels, who can, with a few men, kill

as many of ours in the woods." English horsemen and detached bodies of infantry could not manoeuvre in the woods.

Blennerhasset, in 1610, described the "woodkerne" as the most serious danger confronting the British settlers, who followed in the wake of the Elizabethan armies that swept Desmond and Muskerry. The "Woodkerne" (Kearney; Carney-foot soldier) and later called 'Tory' occupied the forests in their scores of thousands after the flight of the Earls in 1607.

In his 'Where Mountainy Men Have Sown', Micheal O'Sullivan records that it was the dense roadside hedgerows that unnerved the Black and Tans during the War of Independence – none more so than in the adjoining Parishes of Kilnamatyra and Uibh Laoire.

Readers will recall that Art O'Leary (of Raleigh), when on the run during the 1760's hid out in his ancestrally-owned forest at Tirgay, to the east of the Parish.

Oak woods and business

By 1618, one Henry Pine in partnership with Sir Walter Raleigh had become deeply involved in the manufacture and export of (oak) barrel staves from local Oakwoods. In a petition to the Irish House of Commons in 1628, to control the unbridled destruction of the Oakwoods by the East India Company (with its' ship building yards at Cork Harbour), it was discovered that many millions of tons of oak had, since 1618, gone into the manufacture of Barrel-staves; Hogshead-staves and Pipe – staves. But by 1689, the American Colony were importing, exclusively from Ireland, its' entire provisions of beef, butter, cheese, tallow, pork and fish in Irish oak barrels.

A map of the furnaces and Forges of the 17th and 18th Century that lined the Lee, tells us more about the destiny of the venerable Oaks of Uibh Laoire.

The ravenous appetite for Oak might be better understood if we compare the price of a cord (120 cubic foot) of mature oak in 1600

AD. In England 7 shillings a cord – In 'Boyles Wood' 1 shilling a cord. Labour costs were also considerably cheaper in Ireland.

It is little wonder that records are 'scanty' on the subject of the Parish's native hardwood forests – the 1600's saw the Treaty of Mellifont in 1607 and the consequent Plantation of Ulster; 1641 saw the Great Rebellion and Cromwell's arrival "To quell the country." The 1690's saw the Battle of the Boyne and Treaty of Limerick and Siege of Derry and the introduction in 1695 of the Penal Laws.

Fate of Coolmountain Woods

But, believe it or not, substantial Oakwoods remained in Uibh Laoire in the Townlands of Coolmountain, Shanacrane, Tullagh and Lackabawn (the southern end of the Parish) in the year of 1699 A.D. and the following is a summary of their fate.

In a series of letters between the Freeholder and his Agent (middleman) and dating 1699/1700, we can adduce some notion of the extent and "extremely valuable character" of Oakwoods that clothed the above Townlands. The historic record does not disclose the names of either party but does tell us that Fermoy Alderman, Thomas Phillips and Kilkenny Alderman, Edward Evans, have made an offer to purchase the woods for £8000, but excluding "the blocks and stumps that lie in the coppice." Further research may prove that Lord Riversdale (absentee landlord) was the Freeholder of these Townlands in the late 1600's. Reference is made to the scarcity, in England, of Oak fit for shipbuilding – and £8000 was a vast sum 300 years ago – though the woods had no road access. The purchasers spent four days traversing and evaluating the wood – which we know to be oak because of a reference to "Bark being now at the highest value." (Bark from Oak was used in tanning leathers).

The fact that it would take 13 years

to cut out the wood is an indicator of its extent and value.

We read that 160 labourers were employed and equipped with "iron bars, pickaxes and iron sledges to break ye rock" to construct the access into the wood.

Two other references in the correspondence are worth remarking on: - the Middleman has determined to enclose the woods after extraction and manage them along coppice lines. It was by now gradually recognised by Freeholders and their Middlemen, that "forestry," in an area, like Uibh Laoire, with natural advantages, permitted a coppicing cycle of as little as twenty years.



Fig. 2 The Hard Fern (Raithneach Mhadra)

Soon the entire Anglo-Irish Nobility and Gentry would identify woodlands with "aristocratic permanence" and with the sporting/ gaming activities increasingly regarded as indispensable to their lifestyle. By 1740, the then Dublin Society would be offering attractive "premia" to landowners to plant hardwoods.

The second reference concerns the "visible decay" in the tops of the trees in the Shanacrane/Coolmountain Oakwoods. Both Common and Sessile Oaks are prone, naturally, to die-back and decay in their crowns – it is no evidence of disease and for ecological purposes ought not be cut back, unless along a Public road or Pathway. It is said that Irish Oaks grow for 300 years; live for 300 years and die for 300 years – the dieback in our Oak canopy, leading to limb-drop and shedding of dead

wood is a process of remineralization of the soils in which the tree is growing, and is crucial to the armies and relays of decomposer insects and fungi on the forest floor.

2003

2000 marked the first centenary of Ireland's Forestry Department, which introduced the planting of fast growing exotic conifers on a large scale, but this issue will have to remain for another instalment.

What is left of Our Oakwoods?

What I would like to profile now, are the remnants of Uibh Laoire's Ancient and Semi- natural native Oakwoods.

In Dromcarra South, lies a small remnant of mixed native Oakwood and Beech at Boylegrove – now a special Area of Conservation



Fig. 3 Example of a young Sessile Oak c. 90 years old. Sessile Oak has a straight trunk. This is why it was attractive to English builders

(S.A.C.) under the 1997 E.U Habitats Directive. Historically, it was an enclosed copse – very likely using the “coppice with standards” system, whereby a large number of very finely shaped Sessile and Intermediate Oak trees, along with Beech, fill the canopy.

Because, as Mr J Neff (of Wildlife Service) has stated in January 1996 – “Woodlands have never been systematically surveyed in the past for

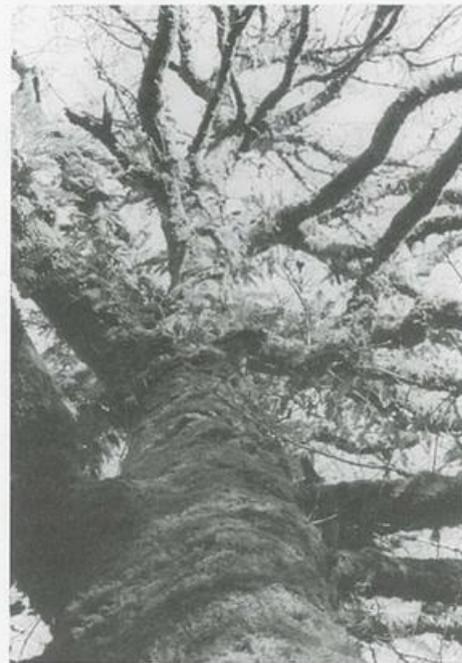


Fig. 4 Example of Mosses and Oak Ferns growing on trunk of a Sessile Oak.

scientific evaluation purposes” there are no complete lists providing an adequate basis for nature conservation decisions.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Peter Lynch and family for continuing to provide access to this writer and our local Primary School at Kilbarry, to the Boylesgrove Wood, over the years.

The largest remaining Ancient/Semi-natural Oakwood remnant in Uibh Laoire, lies on the north-facing slopes of the Toon Valley and continues from Cooleen and Doire Airgead (Silver Grove) through Claenrath South into Claenrath North. It is a credit to the landowners – namely the late Bina Murphy and Johnny Mc Carthy and Peter Creedon of Cooleen that, though a fragmented remnant of Uibh Laoire's former glory, the Oakwoods are ecologically intact and contiguous that just about all of the important indicator plants of



Fig. 5 Evidence of coppicing in Cloonshear Mór

Ireland's Atlantic Sessile Oakwood continue to thrive in their habitat. Credit must also go to the late Mick Dinny Callaghan whose farm comprises several acres of Sessile Oak and intact under-canopy of Hazel, Holly and Alder, Birch and Sally on the wetter portions and flood meadows of the Toon River.

An important indicator fern “The Hard Fern” ((B.Splicant) Raithneach (an) mhadra), is widespread

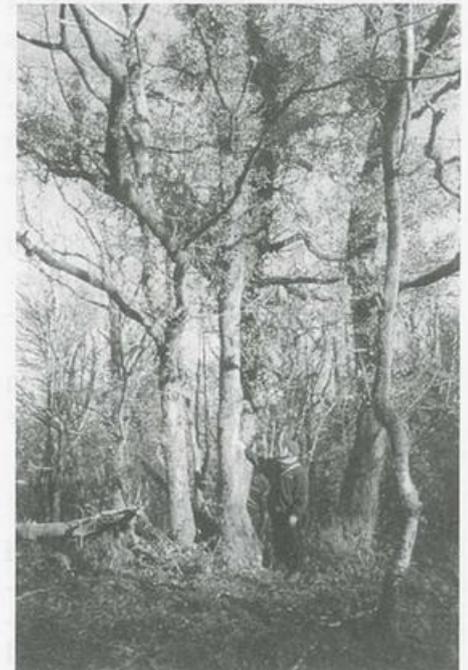


Fig. 6 One of the largest coppice stools in Muskerry

throughout these Oakwoods. (see picture Fig. 2). Very slow to colonise the shallow acid mineral soils of a Sessile Oakwood, and very long-lived, it, alongside Golden Saxifrage (Glories); Wood Sorrel (Samhadh Collie); Woodhaven's (Machall Coille); Figwort Fothram); Sanicle (Buine Coille); Self-heal (Ceannbhan beag); Meadowsweet (Airgead Machra); Wood Sage (Saiste Conic); Wood Anemone, Wood Rush, Woundwort (Créachtlus); Bluebell (Coinnle Corra); St John's Wort (Beathnua Baineann); Foxglove (Lusmór); Bilberry (Fraochán) and Heath Bedstraw are each a vital component in the complex diversity of different plants and animals living within this ancient landscape- that brings our Oakwoods to life.

Before the trees block out the sun, there are also Primroses (Samhairán); Violet; Yellow

Archangel and Lesser Celandine (Na Serraigh).

Examples of young Oak (c. 90 years) tell us that for long periods these precious Oakwoods were enclosed, away from "Wood Pasture" or "outwintering" by livestock (see Picture Fig.3).

Examples of scores of mighty (semi-mature) Sessile Oak trees with their scores of Oak-ferns (polypody) (see picture Fig. 4), mosses, liverworts and lichens, remind us that our indigenous wild Oakwoods harbour over 500 species of flora and fauna – unique to our Native Oak and many of them very rare. In fact a Sessile Oak tree hosts no less than 264 invertebrates (insects).

That coppicing was in widespread practice is evidenced by the thousands of trees and shrubs that present regrowths on their stools – including Crabapple; Ash; Mountain Ash; Holly and Hazel. (see picture Fig.5)

Largest coppiced Oaktree

Some of the largest coppiced Oaktrees that this writer has recorded in over 25 ancient and semi-natural Oakwoods in the West of Ireland (from Derryveagh in N. Donegal to Glengariff Oakwoods in W. Cork) occur in these Oakwoods straddling the Toon River on Uibh Laoghaire Parish's north side. In the attached photo, (Fig.6) what we see is not four distinct Oaks but the multiple growths upon a single stool.

Throughout time, our veteran oaks have watched the ebb and flow of our nation's fortunes, and given our ancestors food; fodder; fuel; shelter; shade; safehouse, beauty, peace, tranquillity and a sense of place.

The remnant small pockets of semi-natural and ancient woodlands are very precious fragments that constitute our single most valuable component of our living natural heritage because they are very long lived; stable and confer stability on other eco-systems.

Woodlands Lying in Wait

Trials in England and Wales (where there still remains 300.000 hectares of ancient woodland) have shown

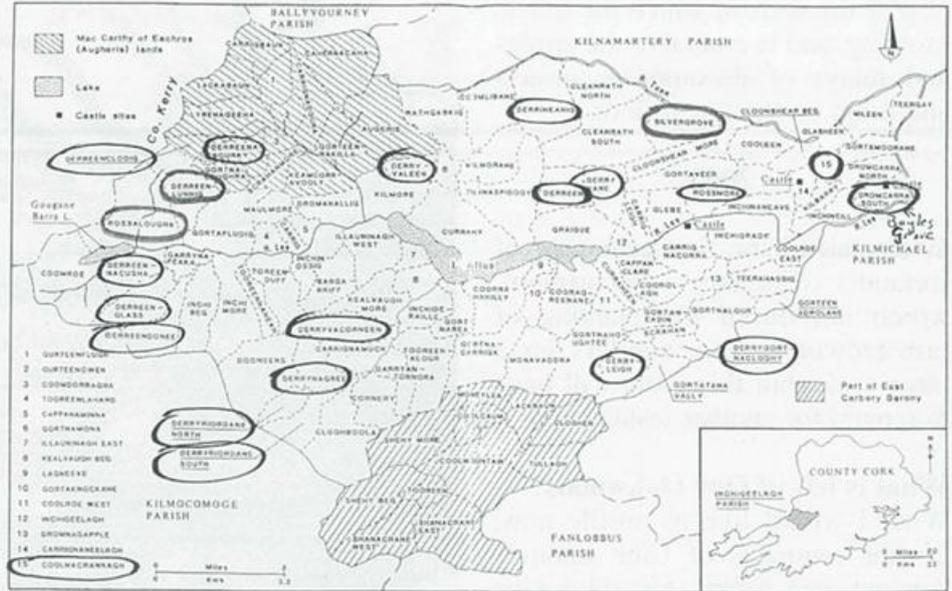


Figure 7.1 Incheigeela parish.

Townland names showing links to woodland.

that our ancient woodlands continue to "lie in waiting" and have shown a remarkable ability to recolonise, via Birch and other pioneer species, where conifers have been clearfelled and the land left to "natural succession." (note un-replanted clearfells in Claenrath N). Deconiferisation has commenced in 80 woodlands in Britain through a partnership of the Forest Commission and Woodland Trust. Research has shown that the capacity for local bio-diversity to recolonise in a post-coniferised forest will depend entirely on the impacts of harvesting i.e. if harvesting is badly managed, the long sleeping "mycorrhizae" (fungal threads) will not re-awaken.

Plant Extracts

It occurred to the writer that over 90% of all those little bottles on the Chemist's shelf are in fact plant extracts – or synthesised plant extracts. Next time you take that Aspirin, Disprin, Neurophen – remember that the active ingredients comes from the Sally Tree (Salinic Acid). Or if someone you know is receiving Chemotherapy – remember the active ingredient in intravenous chemotherapy is a compound called "Taxol" an extract from our Yew tree.

The two most important human enterprises on Earth are Agriculture and Medicine – both of which are

inextricably connected with the "wise management" (conservation) of bio-diversity and our greatest repository of bio-diversity occurs within and on the verge of our ancient woodlands- described as "Nature's Highest Achievement."

The Jay

And to conclude on a very positive note. The Jay (*Garrulus Glandarius*) of the Crow family and easily identified by a cobalt blue and white patch on its wings and a white rump is on the increase in several districts in the Parish. The Jay is associated with both Common and Sessile Oaktrees and woods and can hold as many as six viable acorns in its mouth and travels up to seven kilometres radius of its oaktree habitat, spending its time storing the crop by burying the acorns. In many instances the Jay will not return to its store – and given a chance, the acorn sprouts the following Spring and in time may grow to a sapling – and in time grow to a tree. Caring for that young Oak is more auspicious as planting an Oak.

TED COOK

(Ted Cook is a Heritage Specialist employed by The Heritage Council and I.N.T.O. Partnership and will gladly visit any Primary School, if invited. Contact him c/o Kilbarry Post Office, Macroom, Co. Cork)

Seventh Annual O'Leary Clan Gathering September 2002

Once more, Creedon's Hotel in Inchigeelagh hosted the seventh annual Gathering of the O'Leary Clan. Round about one hundred members of the Clan turned up from various parts of the World to celebrate over the weekend of September 13/14/15th. and all agreed that it was a very successful reunion.

The Theme this year was a little more general than usual, covering the branches of the family who had settled in the Millstreet and Killarney areas. We visited those areas on the Saturday, and saw much of this beautiful part of North West Cork. The weather was perfect for our tour, which included Drishane, Rathmore and Glenfesk in addition to the two centres mentioned above.

On the Friday evening there was a Reception and welcoming speeches from the Committee. This was followed by Refreshments and an address by Michael Manning, Tourism Manager of Bord Failte who told us what an important part our Clan gatherings play in the overall structure of Tourism in Ireland.

The rest of the evening gave all the attendees a good opportunity to meet and get to know each other and exchange information on Family Trees and Genealogical matters.

On the Saturday morning we first had our Group Photograph, taken this year in the Inchigeelagh Cross, and a copy of which appears alongside this article.

We were then ushered to our bus and set off on our tour of the area. Our first speaker was Dan O'Leary whose family live just outside Millstreet, and who is very knowledgeable of the district. We passed Raleigh House and Carriganimma, reminding us of Art O Laoire and his sad demise in 1773; then Kilmeedy Castle, once occupied by a McCarthy garrison put in by McCarthy of Drishane to guard his Southern flank; then Mount Leader House, once the home of the Leader family. The first stop was

at Drishane Castle, the home of that McCarthy who was a side branch of Muskerry McCarthy. This was where old Colonel Donogh macOwen McCarthy had lived with his bride, Juliana O'Leary, the daughter of Daniel O'Leary of Carrignaneela, during the period 1660 to 1715. The tower house itself has been carefully restored and is in magnificent condition. Alongside it are other later buildings, including the mansion built by the Wallis family who succeeded the McCarthys in ownership of this estate. This building was itself extended by the Congregation of the Holy Child of Jesus, a Belgian order of nuns, who set up a girl's boarding school here in 1917. They also built, in the campus, their convent which is now occupied by asylum seekers. Also a fine old building which was once an Industrial school for the teaching of weaving and other skills. The entire estate is in good condition, and is now owned by the Duggan family. It is rumoured that it may one day become a hotel for which these lovely buildings are ideally suited.

Next we travelled a short distance to Drishane old cemetery, where amongst other items of interest we saw the famous tombstone celebrating the lives of two McCarthys,

father and son, who were both centenarians.

Our trip next took us to Boinn Castle of the O'Keeffes, where O'Sullivan Beare on his epic march crossed the Blackwater River at a ford. Then via Millstreet Station back into Millstreet Town where we saw the lodge gates of Coomlagane and the small house occupied by Denis O'Leary at his death in 1788.

A stop in Millstreet Town allowed us a visit to the remains of the front entrance to Coomlagane, and to the Catholic Church which was endowed by the McCarthy-O'Learys, including their side chapel, once a pew for the family, but now a "crying" room to allow families with small children to hear Mass without too much disturbance to the rest of the congregation. There is also a small grave yard here with some interesting tombs including one for the McCarthy-O'Leary family. This church and the adjacent convent and school were also endowed by the McCarthy-O'Leary family, and the church contains a fine Clarke stained glass window.

It was explained to us that during the 19th.c. the town of Millstreet and it's surrounding lands was entirely owned by three landlord families. The Wallis's of Drishane,



7th O'Leary Clan Gathering 2002

the McCarthy-O'Learys of Coomlagane and the Leaders of Mount Leader. It is puzzling to us today but the Wallis's and the Leaders were typical Protestant landlord families; the McCarthy-O'Learys were land owners and landlords, but Catholic and of course descended from ancient Gaelic stock. They were also Magistrates and pillars of local society. A strange situation but not unknown in other parts of Ireland or County Cork. All three families have now left the district.

We now returned to our bus and were taken about one mile West of the Town to see the holy well at the foot of Claragh mountain. This has been a holy place for many centuries, and has been tastefully restored and provided with a car park. So abundant is the flow of water from the mountain that the well provides drinking water to the Town of Millstreet.

Dan O'Leary now handed over to Tony Kenny for the rest of the journey, having kept us all absorbed with his wealth of interesting local knowledge.

We next passed through Rathmore where a large numbers of O'Leary families were established, starting with Donal mac Dermot O'Leary of Carricleven who obtained a tenancy of Kileen from Lord Kenmare in 1637. By the 18th.c. this colony had grown to many families, some of whom moved down the valley and into Killarney Town, where many still remain to this day.

Our call centre in Killarney was to the Muckcross estate. Muckcross House is now a beautiful house and garden, and well equipped with a good restaurant. Some of us lingered round the house and garden. Others, more adventurous, walked to Muckcross "Abbey", the ruins of an old Franciscan Friary, and like most such today, the burying place of large numbers of local people. There are many O'Leary families buried here, and some of us were lucky enough to find graves of interest to us, including our guide, Tony Kenny.

The journey concluded with a run up the beautiful Glen Flesk, where we caught a glimpse of the O'Donoghue castle. Also one or two of the homes of our guide and

the Kennys, Flemings and O'Learys who were his ancestors.

The Saturday evening, as usual, was given over to the annual dinner, a gargantuan feast provided by Joe Creedon in his hotel. This was followed by music and entertainment provided again by our ever popular Ger Wolfe in his own inimitable manner.

On Sunday morning we feared the weather was about to break, so joined the parishioners in their normal 11.30 Mass. We then held the annual Clan meeting at which much was discussed, and even a few decisions taken. One of these was to hold next year's Gathering in August, to fit in with the programme of events celebrating the 400th anniversary of the march of O'Sullivan Beare from Dunboy to Leitrim. We also agreed to launch a Clan Website during 2003, and money was set aside to further this project.

Altogether a happy and useful meeting, and a good start to what we hope will be a long and fruitful term of office by our new Administrator, Tony Kenny.

Reflection on Gougane Barra

"Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord that He may teach us his ways so that we may walk in his paths" (Isaiah 11 3).

Mountains figure prominently in God's dealings with human beings. Moses, the great leader of God's people, went up a mountain when he wanted to talk to God "as a man talks to his friend".

When Christ wanted to reveal Himself in an especially vivid way to His close friends, Peter, James and John, He took them to the top of a mountain "and there He was transfigured before them".

I think "mountainy people" — I don't use the term in a disparaging sense — must be humble. The fact of living among these great, immovable parts of the earth must help them to realise how small we all are in the sight of the Creator God. When I do the forest walk at Gougane Barra I find I am helped to get a sense of my own helplessness without God, and I certainly get a

sense of how transitory even the longest human life is, compared to the unchangeability of the mountains that surround me there.

But this does not make me feel "hard done-by" or unhappy. On the contrary I look at the lake, and then at the mountains, and try to let the tranquillity of the scene sink into my heart. After all, many of us come to Gougane to "unwind".

When I stand on the little bridge to see the infant River Lee as it leaves the lake, and I think of the broad river it will have become by the time it reaches Blackrock Castle, it's easy to understand "go mbíonn gach tosnú lag".

And the silence is so full of messages — "slow down", "you don't have to solve all the world's problems", "be still, and know

that I am God".

And one evening in May that unwinding was greatly helped by hearing the cuckoo, for the first time in many years. I tried to pinpoint where the bird was, until I remembered the poet's question, "O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?".

Then, one rainy morning in September, I found the Tailor's grave, with its intriguing quotation, "A star danced, and under it was I born". I am not quite sure what it means, but it sure sounds good!

Thank you, Fionnbarr and your mountain retreat, for all that you give the wanderer who spends some time with you.

A Visitor