

béal átha'n ghaorthaidh
An Chumann Staire

Ballingeary Historical Society

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Danny Pheig O'Leary and Friends in 1964

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A word from the Editor

An Cumann Staire was established in 1991 following a meeting organised by Donnacha Ó Laoire, Priomh Óide in Scoil Mhuire. Our main aim from the beginning was to collect and make available information on the history and traditions of Uibh Laoire. On the occasion of our 10th anniversary it is clear that we have surpassed our expectations. It is a source of pride to everyone who has had contributed to this success and it is clear that it was well worth while.

Tá leabharlann leathan foilsithe againn len ár nÍrisí ó 1993. Tá an nao' ceann a leamh agat faoi lathair. Tá ana chuid de mhuintir na háite le feiscint in's na leabhair de griangraifeanna, The Uibh Laoire Collection Volumes 1, 2 agus 3, agus tá ana chuid daoibh le cloisint ar an CD/Téip, "Ar Bruach Na Laoi".

Braitheann an Chumann Staire ar chabhair ó mhuintir na háite chun an Iris a chur I gcló gach bliain. Tagann cabhair chomh maith ó ceithre cuinne an Stait 'is na cruinne. Gach bliain, faoi bhrú, chuireann siad snas ar a gcuid saothair chun taithmeamh a thabhairt d'a gcomharsain.

The major element in the success of the Cumann Staire is the unlimited goodwill of the public. From writing articles to typing them into computers and finding photographs to accompany them, we are never left short handed.

We are always interested in new articles. These can be recollections by older people or college projects by students. Poetry and songs are also welcome, as well as articles about historical events, people or lifestyles, from anywhere inside or outside the parish. We look forward to hearing from you.

We hope you enjoy this year's Cumann Staire Journal.

Beir bua,

Sean O'Sullivan.

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Buiochas/Thanks to the following:

The following are, whether they realise it or not, the editorial team of the Cumann Staire Journal. They have cajoled people to write articles, typed articles onto computer, suggested topics and generally leant a hand. Some have never even met each other but all are responsible for the success of the Cumann Staire Journal. Go raibh mile maith agaibh go leir.

Peter O'Leary, Derryvane;
Margriet Bukers, Tooreenlahard;
Elton Twomey, Kilmore;
Manus O'Riordan, Dublin;
Fr. Liam O'Regan, Douglas
Con Cotter, Currahy;
Nora Levis, Gurteenfluich;
Patrick McCaffrey, California;
Mary Uí Léime, Kilmore;
Mattias Ó Luasa, Drom An Ailigh;
Conchur Ó Murchu, Drom An Ailigh;
Seamus Ó Tuama, Drom An Ailigh;
Dermot Kelleher, Inchigeela;
Dan Holland, Inchigeela;
John and Mary O'Shea, Coolroe West;
Sean Kelly, Clifden;
Sean Ó hUigín;
Margaret Williams, Flintshire, North Wales;
John O'Sullivan, Douglas, Cork;
Ted Cooke; Kilbarry, Inchigeela;
Joe Creedon, Inchigeela;
Conchur O'Leary, Drom An Ailigh;
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Donnchadh O'Luasaigh, Baile An Chollaigh;
Mike O'Riordan, Southampton;
Sile Uí Chroinín, An Choill Mhór;
Breda Lucey; Gougane Barra.

Sixth Annual O'Leary Clan Gathering

September 2001

This was the sixth consecutive year that we have held the O'Leary Clan Gathering at Creedon's Hotel in Inchigeelagh. As on previous years, there was a good crowd of O'Learys here from all over the World, meeting each other for a bit of craic and to make new friends.

As usual we had a theme. And like everyone else this year, the theme was the 400th anniversary of the Battle of Kinsale. This event, which had such a profound effect on Irish History, and spelt the death knell of the Gaelic culture and systems, took place close to us here in County Cork, and involved most of our ancestors one way or another.

On the Friday evening there was a reception and welcoming speeches from the Committee. This was followed by refreshments and entertainment, with traditional music and airs and songs, although we missed our resident pianist, John Bennett, who was unable to attend. This gave us a good opportunity to meet and get to know each other and exchange information on Family Trees and Genealogical matters.

On Saturday morning we assembled in Creedon's to hear a talk describing the lead up to the battle, and the general atmosphere in the Country in the period 1595 to 1601. This was given by that well known local historian, Michael Galvin. Michael then went on to tell us about the disastrous battle itself, and the subsequent events following the surrender of the Spanish Army. All of this was in preparation for the afternoon's tour of the battlefield.

This was preceded by the Group Photograph taken by Catherine Ketch, when she could manage to get this unruly mob to stand still for 30 seconds.

Our bus then arrived and we set off to the area just North of Kinsale where the Battle took place. Michael then continued his story by pointing out the actual sites of the various parts of the action, thus giving us a much more vivid impression than mere words could convey. It is a sad story, but one we should all know about and

understand. It is too late for us to turn back the pages of History, but we should appreciate what happened and why. And we should learn from History. Perhaps if our Lords and Masters did just that, mistakes would be fewer.

The weather was beautiful that afternoon, and following our tour of the battle site we all spent a couple of hours looking round the lovely old town of Kinsale, and then had a scenic return tour including seeing the reconstructed old MacCarthy Reagh Castle in Kilbrittain.

Because of the larger numbers this year, the Annual Dinner was held once more in the Function Room. We were treated to our usual splendid dinner provided by the staff of Creedon's Hotel, and then followed an evening of entertainment provided by Ger Wolfe in his inimitable style. He was, as usual, well supported by many of our members who feel they should have gone on the stage instead of taking up brain surgery or whatever. This was generally believed to have been the best Dinner of all. But they say that every year of course.

We were short of an O'Leary priest this year, so we attended Fr.Kieran Twomey's Parish Mass at 11.30 in the Chapel.

We then held our customary Annual Meeting at which we discussed the recent first Clan Gathering in England which had been very successful.

We also discussed the retirement of our administrator, Peter O'Leary, and went on to elect his successor, Tony Kenny from Killarney. We wish him many successful years in his new responsibility.

Following lunch the meeting was concluded and all went on their various ways. The general conclusion seemed to be that this had been a very happy and successful Clan Gathering. It was agreed that we would meet again in September 2002.

An Unusual Skibbereen Advertisement

We do not know if Eoghan Rua O'Suilleabháin, the eighteenth century Munster poet, who wrote the following sale-bill, observed the maxim, "Truth in Advertising", but he certainly produced an unusual and unique composition.

"Saturday, the sixteenth of September, seventeen and sixty nine, will be sold or set up for sale at Skibbereen, the robust horse Spanker, the property of Thomas O'Donnell Esquire".

"A strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, sinewy, safe, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, slightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, spunky, well-skinned, sized and shaped."

"A sorrel steed of superlative symmetry, styled spanker, square sided, slender-shouldered, smart-sighted, with a small star, and steps singularly stately; free from strain, sprain, spasms,

string-halt, stranguary, sciatica, staggers, scaling, sollander, surfeit, seams, scouring, strangle, strenuous swelling, soreness, scratches, splint, squint, squirt, scruff, scales, scurf, scars, scabs, scarred sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling-gait, or symptoms of sickness or any sore".

"He is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled nor saddle-backed, stell-toothed, slim-gutted, surbated, skin-scabbed, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped and is sound in the sword-point and stifle-joint, has neither sick-spleen, sleeping-evel, set-fast, nor snaggle-tooth, sand-cracks, swelling-sheath, subcutaneous sores nor shattered hoofs, is not slow, sulky, sour, surly, stubborn, nor sullen in temper, neither sly, shy, nor skittish, slow, sluggish nor stupid".

"He never slips, stripes, strays, stalks, strats, slops, shakes, swells, snivels, snibbles, snuffles, snorts, stumbles

nor stooks in his stall or stable, and scarcely or seldom sweats, has a showy, skittish switchtail or stern, and a sage set of shoes to stride on. He can feed on stubbles, sheaf-oats, straw, sedges and scotch-grass, carries sixteen stone on his stoke with surpassing speed over a six foot sod or stone wall".

"His sire was the sly, sober Sydus on a sister of Spindleshanks by Samson and Sporter, son of Sparkler, who won the Sweepstake Subscription Plate at Sligo last season. His selling price is Sixty-six Pounds, sixteen shillings and six pence".

Unfortunately, so far as I can ascertain, there is nothing to show if O'Suilleabháin's sale-bill induced anybody to buy this wonderful horse.

(Originally a newspaper article by Trealach S. Doorly)

An Joga Mór – Sean Nós Singing from Co. Cork.

A new CD featuring the singing of Cáit Ní Mhuimhneachain (1918-1949), Gaortha Na Péice, Ballingearry, Co. Cork, was launched in July 2001 in Gougane Barra.

The CD features 13 songs by Cáit, two by her brother Aindrais and one by her brother Michael. This welcome addition to the area's music library is the result of a joint effort by Cáit's son, Fionnbarra Ó Tuama, Radio Na Gaeltachta, RTE and The Folklore Commission at UCD. Most of the material was recorded by the BBC, The Folklore Commission and Radio Éireann between 1940 and 1948.

As Cúit was growing up in the Gougane Barra/Ceim An Fhia area of West Cork the tradition of song and storytelling was particularly. All of Cáit's family inherited their singing ability from their father, Seamus. It is estimated that her repertoire included several hundred songs in both Irish and English.

Cáit won many awards both locally and nationally, especially at Oireachtas competitions. Joe Heany, the well-known Carna, Co. Galway singer, described her as "one of the best sean-nós singers I ever heard". This collection highlights her ability to "convey the meaning of the song with great clarity through her superb control of breathing and ornamentation.

Cúit had been invited to sing in Venice, Italy, in 1949 but died tragically at the age of 31 that same year.

The CD is available locally or from Macrooom Book Shop, Macrooom Co. Cork. Telephone: (026) 42888

Track Listing:

1. An Joga Mór
2. Casam araon na Géanna Romhainn
3. A Bhúrcaigh Bhuí ón gCéim
4. Baine An Ghabhair Bháin
5. Maidin Álainn Gréine
6. Ag Bun Ros Na Cille
7. Fatha Breá Aerach an Cheoil
8. A Dhonncha, is lean liom
9. Carraig Na Siúire
10. Ned Of The Hill
11. An Guagán Naofa
12. A Mháire Ní Laoghaire
13. Maidin Mhoch ar Leabaidh Bhoig
14. Eochail (Aindrias)
15. Sean do bhíos im'b maighdin tséimh (Aindrias)
16. My home in sweet Glanlee (Michael)

An Nollaig im' óige

Le Seán Ó h-Uigín

Bhíodh scéal againn mar gheall ar bhean a théadh chuig Faoistin gach aon deireadh seachtaine agus, i gcónaí, d'inseadh sí an peaca céanna. Ar deireadh thiar, theip ar fhoighne an tsagairt agus mhínigh sé di go raibh an peaca úd maite agus dearmad a dhéanamh air.

"Tá's agam é sin", ar sise, "ach is maith liom bheith ag cuimhneamh air agus ag caint fé!"

Ba mhar an gcéanna liom féin é nuair a hiarradh orm mo chuimhní chinn ar "an Nollaig im' óige" a bhreacadh síos. Ar a shon go bhfuil leisce orm suí síos agus tosnú ag scríobh, is deas an rud é bheith ag smaoinreamh siar agus níos deise fós bheith ag smaoinreamh ar ócáid thaitneamhach mar an Nollaig. Téann mo chuimhní siar go dtí na Daicheadaí, nuair a bhí an Dara Cogadh faoi lán tseoil. Bhí gach rud gann, an tae, an t'arán, éadaí, soláistí, boinn dos na rothair, na feaigs, ach amhúin na WOODBINES agus a lán eile leis, gan amhras. Ach mar sin féin, cheapas go raibh draíocht ag baint leis an Nollaig úd, gach aon phioc chomh maith leis an lá inniú, nuair atá raidhse de gach aon tsort againn go léir.

Is fearr rith maith nú droch sheasamh!

Rugadh mé i Victoria Cross i gCorcaigh. Nell Lucey ó Chúil a' Ghrianáin ab ainm do'm mháthair; Nell Pats Lucey a ghlaodh muintir na háite uirthi, is dócha. Fuair m'athair, John Higgins, bás, beannacht Dé leis, nuair a bhíos ceithre bliana d'aois. Cuireadh amach go dtí mo sheanmhúathair, Johanna Lucey, mé, ar Bhóthar an Locha, Inse Gheimhleach, chun go mbeadh sós ag mo mháthair bhocht, uaim, ar feadh tamaill tar éis a bris. Bhí beirt uncaill liom ann, Jim Pats, Dan Pats agus mo Aintin Peig, Dia go deo leo go léir. Bhíos go brea sona sásta ansiúd, mé im'pheata ceathrar daoine fúasta agus le comharsana deasa, na Twomeys ar thaobh amháin agus Lucey the Bogs, muintir Con Joe, cáiliúil, agus Tadhg Cronins ar an dtaobh eile. Bé an 'scoraíocht-ing' an nós mór san am agus bhímis thiar 's aniar, gach re óiche. Seanchaí iontach ba ea Dinny Twomey agus déarfainn go ndearna scrios ar gach uile 'record' reatha, sna hOilimpics, ag teacht abhaile tar éis óiche scéalaíochta, faoi thaibhsí, beansí, madraí móra dubha, headless coaches agus rí.

Bail ó Dhia oraibh go léir, a cháirdle!



Peig Peats Lucey le cuairteoir on Íseal Tír ag Cúl a' Ghrianáin.

Beidh na criticí litríochta um an dtaca seo, ag cnáimhseáil agus am cháineadh toisc chomh mall, fadálach is a táim ag teacht ag croí lár an scéil agus an ceart acu! Bhí sagart paróiste againn an uair úd, Fr. O'Neill ab ainm do; bhí an donas air le seanmóin fhada leadránach. Bhíodh sé ag luascadh a láimhe ag leagan béime ar phointí tábhachtacha diaganta, a dhrom leis an bpobal agus é dírithe i dtreo na fuinneoige. Leanadh mo shúile é, ar aon chuma, mo smaointe agus mo nhianta, chomh maith, amach an fhuinneog, go dtí páirc peile Andrew Brophy, áit a rabhas, im' shamhlaíocht, ag deanamh 'raic' le solo's, le dummies, le ciceanna fada, arda, díreacha thar an trasnán. Ba ar éigin a bhí Micheal Ó hEithir in ann coiméad suas, ina thráchtairacht, ar na gníomhartha gaile agus gaisge úd!

Táim féin chomh holc leis an Fr. O'Neill, céanna anois, is dócha. Ach pé olc maith é nó mé, níl aon amhras ná gurbh é an reiligiún agus an creideamh an chuid ba thúbhachtaí, de cheiliúradh na Nollag an uair úd. 'Bhí Dia laidir agus bhí múthair mhaith aige' mar a deir Séan F. Ó Cróinín, go minic.

Tús áite do chursaí spioradálta

Dob é an príomh dualgas Óiche Nollag ná dul chun faoistine. D'Órdaíodh mo Aintin Peig dos na fir, ag titim na hóiche, bheith ag bogadh leo síos fé dhéin na sráide, le haghaidh faoistine. Bhí cumhacht ag na mná sna laethe sin! Théidis féin i lár an lae, tá's agat – am níos galanta, b'fhéidir. Ba bhreá liom bheith ag féachaint agus ag moladh na gcoinnle Nollag móra dearga, ag spréacharnaigh sna fuinneoga éir, ar an

mbealach síos. Cheapas go raibh na soillsí ar an dtaobh ó thuaidh des na locha, i nGrúig, Tír na Spideoige, Doire Mhéan, Bearna na Gaoithe, Claon Rath agus Céimín go hálainn ar fád. “Is glas iad na cnoic i bhfad uainn” deir tú.

Ach, dá fheabhas iad, ní raibh siad ionchurtha, in aon chor, leis na soillsí gleoite, ealaíonta sa tsrúidbhaile, sna siopaí, Creedons, Lil Ahearne, Charlie Kellehers, Dora's, Barry Leary's. Sháraigh an Lake Hotel iad go léir, ámh, le coinneal i ngach ceann des na mílte fuinneoga go léir a bhí acu — ní dhéantar dearmad, go deo, ar an radharc iontach draíochta sin. Bhí seans ann, fiú, go ndéanfadh, garsún óg, dearmad ar chuid dá pheacai troma agus é ag druidim níos comhgaráí don Séipéal agus an Fhaoistin scanrúil. Cinnte, ní dhéanfainn dearmad ar na píosaí glóthach a ghoid mé nuair a bhí mé ag cabhrú le mo Aintin, an trathnóna sin chun trifle na Nollag d'ullmhú.



Seán Ó h-Uigín, an t-údar, ag Carraig an Aifrinn ar an South Lake Road.

An Gleann agus a raibh ann

Ní dóigh liom go raibh crann Nollag ag éinne an uair sin agus ní chuimhin liom cartáí Nollag ach oiread. Thagadh Fear a Phoist ceart go leor, ach dob é an litir ó Mheiriceá, leis na dolléirí an rud ba thabhachtaí a bhí aige. Neilus Kelleher ab ainm d'ár bhfear poist. Bhí turas fada le déanamh aige, suas Mall, Muine Mhadra, Gort na Carraige, Túirín a'Lobhair, siar agus síos isteach sa Ghleann, chuig Thompsons, Shea's, Kelleher's agus a lán eile. Ansin bhí air filleadh ar Bhóthar an Locha, thar Cuar na hAith Thuile, Leath Gníomh, Cotters, Gort na gCnocán, Twomeys, go dtí ar deireadh go Cúl a Ghrianán agus sinnne. Dob iontach an fear é bheith ina sheasamh fós, tar éis braonín i ngach teach! Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam uasal. Ní bheidh a leithéid ann arís.

Bíonn blas ar an mbeagán.

Ní chuimhin liom, ach óiread, go mbíodh turcaí

ag éinne le haghaidh dinnéar na Nollag. Lacha a bhí againn, i gcónaí, ar aon chuma. Bíodh ál lachan againn á bheathú ón Samhradh anall, is dóigh liom agus iad faoi chúram chirce. Dheineadh sí a dícheall dóibh, an créatúr, ach bheadh trua agat don chearc nuair a d'imíodh siad ar snámh uathí, ar lochán uisce. ‘Culture shock’ a ghlaofaí ar a leithéid, sa lá atá inniú ann. Déarfainn go raibh gé ag na clanna móra. Bhíodh scata díobh ag roinnt mhaith de na comharsanna, mar d'fheicfeá iad ag gluaiseacht go maordha mórthimpeall na háite. Bhíodh an diabhal ar an ngandal, pé scéal é, mar ní ligfeadh sé leaid óg mar mise, fiú, isteach i gclós na feirme. As sin a d'fhás an ráiteas; “I'll see you out past the gander!” Bhí géar gá leis, deirim-se leat.

'Ba lúth mo chos is dob ard mo léim'.

Rud eile a thaitin go mór liom ná an cuileann agus na caora dearga. Bhíodh gach pictiúr agus fuinneog plódaithe leis. An “clevvy”, an tseif fhada os cionn an tinteáin, leis na boscaí lán de chnaipí ioldaithe agus rudaí tabhachtacha eile, an áit ab fhéarr ar fad chun é a charnadh. Bé sin an cúram a bhí orm, an cuileann a aimsiú agus a bhreith abhaile.

D'imínn, go luath, maidin an lae roimh Lá Nollag go dtí an Rinn, sort leathinis, idir na locha, a bhí díreach cosúil le Meiriceú Theas ar an léarscúil ar fhalla na scoile. Bhíodh Seip, mo shean-chara dhílis, mar chomhluadar agus mar chuideachtain agam. Lá geal, gréine a bhí ann riamh is cóiche, d'réir mo chuimhne, ar a shon go mbíodh leac-oighir, mar phlána gloine ar imeall an locha, ar uairibh. Níor dhein san, ach cur le háilleacht agus draíocht na hocáide. Bhí seans leis go bhfeicfeá dobharchú nó dhó sna díoganna a bhí ag sní isteach sa loch. Uair amháin, thángthas ar liús mór agus é ag iarraidh ceann eile, beagnach chomh mór leis féin, a shlogadh! Chaitheas féin agus Seip tamall fada ag scrudú an iontais sin, deirmse leat.

Agus, ó, an t-excitement.

Agus bhí Daidí na Nollag ann, an uair sin leis. Bhíodh amhras ar Shíle Dromey, arbh léi an chearta, an mbeadh a Jerry Driscoll, an gabha, ó Baile Dá Chab, i bhfad siar, in ann cruite a dhéanamh dos na fianna, agus iarainn chomh gann sin i rith an chogaidh is uile, ach dá n-ainneoin sin go léir, ní theipeadh riamh air. Gan amhras ní fhéadfadh sé mórán a thógail leis, le

eitleáin Hitler san aer ina choinnibh. Mar sin féin, bhíodh stoca, fada, geal, ag bun na leapa, i gcónaí agus é lan de rudaí iontacha, mar 'Snakes and ladders', feadóga beaga, agus iontas na n-iontas, Jack in the box.

D'iarr an múinteoir, Miss Twohig, orainn, úr mbréagáin a bhreith ar scoil tar éis na Nollag agus bhí an bord mór plódaithe le gach sort ruda, níos gile agus níos áille ná a chéile. Bhíodh an Rang Gaeilge bunaithe orthu — bean chliste, feallsúnaí, leis — bhí suim thar na beartaibh againn sna bréagáin sin, go mór mhór nuair a phiocadh sí suas do bhréagán féin. "Is bosca deas é sin; is bábóg álainn í sin". Ach an lá a d'oscail sí mo bhosca agus a léim Jack amach — ní dóigh liom gur tháinig sí chuichi féin riamh arís ina dhiaidh sin.

An Nollaig á bhreith abhaile.

Bhí leabhair agus iriseáin agus nuachtáin anghann an uair sin, leis, gan amhras. Ach, beidh cuimhne agam go deo, ar mo chroí ag preabadh nuair a thógadh m'Aintín Peig, An Dublin Opinion mór, ramhar, geal na Nollag abhaile, lá an mhar-gaidh. Bhí spiorad na Nollag le feiscint agus le braith ar an gclúdach, fiú, leis na daoine gealgáireacha groi, ag damhsa nó ag preabarnaigh le háthas na hócháide. Bé an leathnach ba dheise, im' thuairimse, ná an ceann go mbíodh an seanlánún ag tiomáint na trucaille abhaile agus é lán de gach sort sóláiste, idir bia agus dighe. Bhíodar féin lán de spiriod an tseasúir leis, de réir dealraimh! 'Bringing home The Christmas in Ballyscunnion', ab ainm dó.

Cheapas go raibh An Holly Bough go hiontach freisin. Bhí scéalta bréatha ann agus léadh m'Aintín dúinn go léir iad ist' óiche. An óiche go mbíodh braon 'punch' ar bord aici, léadh sí níos fearr iad! Dé ghnáth, ní bhíodh ag na mná ach gloine fíona, déanta as na sméara dubha nó muga stout te le siúcra ann. Liomanáid an taon deoch dos na daoine óga.

Lá Nollag féin.

Nuair a tháingamar abhaile os na Trí Aifrintí(!) théadh Jim Pats agus mé féin agus an madra amach leis an ngunna ar feadh cúpla uair a chloig. Suas an cnoc ar a bhfuil an Chrois anois a théimis. Creabhair coille nó fo-naosgach a bhí le fáil — ní raibh piasúin ann ag an am. Tar éis cúpla ceann a chur sa mhála, thugaimis sciúird ar theach éigin, chun Beannachtaí na Nollag a ghéabháil leo. Conn Luceys, Mall, Bill Syl Cotters, Jamie Learys, Kearneys, John Murphy —



An Teach i Cúl a' Ghrianáin mar atá i 2001

Bandon nó Johnny Twomeys na tithe ba chomh-garaí, sa chamchúirt thaitneamhach sin. Bhíodh braonín te ag Jim, cáca agus liomanáid agamsa, agus tréimhse scéalaíochta i ngach teach. Bhíodh boladh breá ó pé rud a bhí sa phota ar an dtine acu go léir. Bhí scéal ag Jim Pats - is iomdha scéal seoigh a bhí aige - faoi fhoghlaeraí a ghlaigh ar theach go raibh lacha bhreá á rós-tadh ann. Nuair nach raibh bean a tí ag faire, sciobadar an lacha agus d'fhágagar fód móna ina h'ionad! Is baolach go ndeinim gáire fós nuair a smaoiním ar aghaidhte na ndaoine bochta, ochracha, ag baint an clúdach den pota dóibh!

Ionsaí na hInse!

Bheifeá imníoch ag filleadh abhaile ar eagla go mbeadh ár lacha féin sciobtha ag pleidhchí éigin, ach ní raibh riamh, Buíochas le Dia. Tar éis scrios a dhéanamh ar an lacha chéanna agus ar píseanna blasta na mBaitsiléirí agus ar na prátaí álainne, plúrmhara, théadh na seanóirí a chodladh ar feadh cúpla uaire, chun cabhrú leis an díleaghadh. Théadh na leaids óga fé dhéin Inse Idir Dhá Fhail, i gcomhair cluiche péile, áit a mbíodh Connie Lehane, Paddy Herlihy and Patrick Dineen ina ríthe faoi réim ar an inse. Bheadh an tádth leat dá bhféadfá greim d'fháil ar an bpeil uair nó dhó i rith an tráthnóna ar fad. Agus b'fhéidir go mbeadh an t-ádth níos mó ort gan í fháil in aon chor, mar thiteadh slua anuas ort id'ionsaí agus id'bhrú agus id'bhascadh. Ní haon ionadh, go rabhamar ábalta go maith do dhaoine mar Shéamus Mór Ó Scríbhín, Connie Mary Leary, Micheal agus Séan Sciobtha Ó hÉalaithe, ar fhoireann Uibh Laoighaire ina dhiaidh san!

Is dócha go gcuireann na blianta agus an tsamhlaíocht dallamullóg orainn, ach cheapas ar aon chuma, go raibh An Nollaig im' óige, go sona aoibhinn agus go raibh lá breá gréine ann i gcónaí. Nollaig Shona dhíbh go léir.

An Pota Pádraig

Le Diarmuid A' Coitir

(Scéal ar Céirnín le Gael Linn ó Diarmuid An Scealaí, ó Na Curraithe.
Deineadh taifeada air ag an Oireachtas)

Sea, a cháirde agus a lucht sco-raíochta, tá sé iarrtha orm scéal eile ínsint díbh anocht, agus is é an scéal atá socair agam am aigne ínsint díbh ná "Scéal an Pota Pádraig"

Fadó, nó insa tsaol atá gafa tharainn do bhíodh a lán nósanna ar fuaid na hÉireann i measc na ndaoine ná fuil inniú ann. Deireadh daoine go raibh cuid des na nósanna go peacúil, agus go rabhadar piseogach. B'fhéidir go raibh san le rá i dtaobh cuid díobh, ach do bhí tuilleadh acu agus ní raibh aon pheaca ag baint leo, ná aon phiseóga. Do bhí sé de nós ag na daoine gach aon Lá le Pádraig go raghaidís go tigh a' tairne agus go n-ólaidís an pota. Agus do bheadh eagla orthu mara dtéidís go tigh a' tairne an lá san agus an pota óil ná beadh aon rath ná aon ámhar orthu i gcóir na bliana. Do bhí gean fé leith acu, nú gean thar barr acu, don lá san agus don phota óil, mar gurb é Pádraig Naofa féin do chuir ar bun ar dtúis é. Seo mar a tharla an scéal.

Nuair a bhí an Christúlacht curtha ar bun aige in Éirinn do bhíodh sé de nós aige go raibh sé ag siúl agus ag taisteal, a' glaoch go dtí na daoine ar fuaid na tíre féachaint conas do bhí an gnó ag dul chun cinn. Do bhí an-ghean aige dosna gaibhní. Deireadh sé ná raibh aon duine bocht eile ar an saol is troime dheineadh obair ná an gabha, go mbíodh teas na tine agus teas an iarainn agus troime an oird a' cuir allais air agus a' cur tuirse air, agus ná raibh aon duine eile in Éirinn a dheineadh obair chó dian leis ná is mó go mbeadh do ghá aige le deoch ná an gabha bocht.

Lá áirithe do bhí Pádraig Naofa ag gabháil trí sráidbhaile, agus d'airigh sé fuaim na mbuillí ar an inneóin, agus do bhuail sé isteach sa chéartain go dtí an gabha. Do bhí allas ar sileadh leis an ngabha.

Timpeall seachtain roimh Nollaig ab ea é, agus nuair a bhí sé ag comhrá leis an ngabha ar feadh tamaill thug sé cuireadh don ghabha: dúirt sé leis teacht amach agus go raghaidís go tigh a' tairne agus go dtabharfadh sé deoch dó.

"Ó, a Phádraig Naofa", ar seisean, "ní raghad leat in aon chor"

"Dhia, cad ina thaobh?" arsa Pádraig.

"Ó, a Phádraig", ar seisean, "níl insa tsráidbhaile seo ach aon tigh tairne amháin. Agus tá bean a'tairne ana-spriúnlaithe: ní thugann sí a gceart in aon chor dosna daoine, agus go deimhin a Phádraig Naofa, bíonn siad a'clampar, agus bíonn siad bruíontach agus bíonn siad acharnach".

"Sea", arsa Pádraig, "gluais leat", ar seisean. "Agus cú bhfios duit", ar seisean, "ná go gcuirfimis ar a leas í".

Taréis Pádraig a bheith a'tathaint ar feadh tamaill do ghéill an gabha, agus do bhuaileadar araon amach ag dul fé dhéin tí an tairne. Agus duirt Pádraig Naofa leis: "Sea, anois", ar seisean leis, "nuair a raghaimid isteach ná bíodh aon dithineas ort. Suigh ar stól nú ar fuarma éigint", ar seisean, agus leog domsa", ar seisean, caint a dhéanamh leis an mnaoi úd. B'fhéidir go dtógfadh sé tamall aimsire orm sara bhféadfainn í chuir ar a leas". Do gheall an gabha dho. Do bhuaileadar isteach. Ó do bhí bean a'túirne go fial agus go fúil-teach rompu agus go gúirteach, go mór mór ós é Pádraig a bhí ann. Dhírigh sé ar chaint lei agus ar chomhrá, agus duirt sé lei. "Sea, a bhean a'tairne, líon an pota dhúinn go dtugad deoch don ghabha".

Do bhíodh sé do chleas aici nuair a bhíodh sí a'líona na n-úrthaí nó na dtomhasanna go gcaitheadh sí isteach an líonn nó an pórtar ina

thulca insan úrthach agus d'éiríodh cuipe breú cuarúin ar a bharr. Do dheaghaidh sí go dtí an baraille, tharraing sí amach tadhscún, chaith sí isteach sa phota é, d'éirigh an cuipe breá cúrán ar a bharr, d'éirigh sé cúpla órlach suas os cionn béal an úrthaigh. Dhíol sé léi pé ping-iní airgid a bhí ag teacht chuici, do dhírigh sé ar comhrá lei agus ar scéalta bréatha ínsint di. Agus ar ball nuair fhéach sé isteach sa phota ní raibh sé leath-lán.

"Ó, a bhean a'tairne", ar seisean, "níor thugais mo cheart dom. Féach ní sé leath-lán fós".

Do dheaghaidh sí go dtí an baraille arís, agus thairrig sí tadhscán eile amach, agus do chaith sí isteach do steall insan phota é. Agus d'éirigh an cúrán céanna arís aníos do dhroim béal an árthaigh. Dhírigh sé ar bheith ag caint arís lei, agus a'mínchaint agus ag ínsint scéalta dhi, ach ní ró-mhaith a bhí sí a'tabhairt aon chluas dó. Ar ball nuair a fhéach sé isteach arís ann.

"Ó, a bhean a'tairne", ar seisean, "níl sé lán fós. Tá easnamh fós air".

Sea! Do dheaghaigh sí go leisciúil go dtí an baraille, is do thug sí léi tadhscán eile, is chaith sí isteach é. Ach do dhírigh sé ar na mínscealta arís, agus a bheith ag ínsint di. Ach níor éist sí in aon chor leis, puinn. Nuair fhéach sé isteach bhí sé imithe síos arís - an t-úarthach.

"Ó, a bhean a'tairne", ar seisean, "níl mo cheart fós agam!"

"Ceart nó ancheart!" arsa an bhean, "ní chuirfead-sa a thuilleadh ann".

"Dhia, a bhean", ar seisean, "níor thógas-sa pioc as. Agus do thugas a luach duit".

Níorbh aon chabhair a bheith lei, is amhlaigh a d'éirigh sí chuige.

"Ó, mhúise, a bhean a'tairne", ar seisean, "tá sé ag imeacht níos

measa uait. Agus níl sé ag déanamh pioc saibhris duit, nú pioc acmhuinte dhuit. Tá sé ag imeacht níos measa uait”.

“Conas a bheadh sé ag imeacht níos measa uaim?” ar sise.

Neósad-sa dhuit, arsa Pádraig. Tair anuas anso agus taispéanfad-sa dhuit cá bhfuil sé ag dul”.

Dheaghaidh sí leis síos agus isteach fén staighre nú i bpluais éigin dorcha. Thug sí radharc di: spadalach éigint beithíge a bhí caite istigh insa chúinne dorcha. Thug sé corraí éigin dó féin a thug locht crúb leis. Thug sí fé ndeara

go raibh peidhre de bheannaibh maithe géara d'adharcaibh air. Thúinig critheán uirthi.

“Ó, a Phádraig, ar sise, “caidé sin?”

“Caidé sin, airiú!” arsa Pádraig. “Sin é an diabhal agat” ar seisean.

“Agus an méid a choiméadann tusa san éagóir” ar seisean, “ós na daoine a thagann chugat-sa isteach sin é ólann é. A bhfeiceann tú an cneas breá atá ann”, ar seisean, “a shleamhaine atá sé, agus a chothaithe atá sé?”.

“Ó, a Phádraig”, ar sise, “díbir é”. “Níl neart agam”, arsa Pádraig.

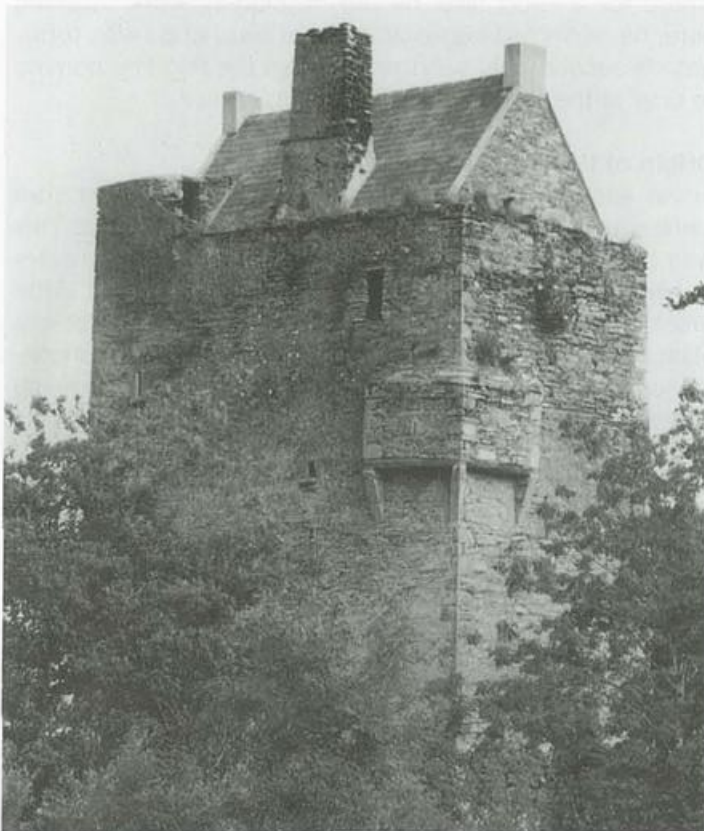
“Tá an saol ró-mhaith anso aige”, ar seisean. “Agus dá ndíbrinn é bheadh sé chugat isteach arís sara mbeinn-se leathmhíle ón áit seo. Is agat féin atá a dhíbirt”.

“Agus conas a dhíbreod-sa é?” arsa an bhean.

“Tá”, ar seisean, “na tomhaiseanna agus na potaí a líonadh dos na daoine”, ar seisean. “Ní bheidh pioc aige seo le n-ól ansan. Glaofad-sa chugat i gcionn rúithe, agus deirim leat” ar seisean, “gurbh fhuirist é chur chun siúil an uair sin”.

Reconstruction of Carrignacurra Castle A Progress Report

By Peter O'Leary



Carrignacurra Castle

It is our intention to keep our readers up to date on this important issue.

It will be remembered that last year we reported that Mr. Maxim Gormanov had purchased the Castle and a four-acre piece of land from the then owner, Mr. Derry Kelleher. It was also stated that the work of reconstruction had begun, but at that time, the work had been halted by the Local Authority, Cork County Council.

Shortly after this, we had the distressing news that Mr

Gormanov had died, suddenly and unexpectedly.

We offer our sincere condolences to his family, and are very sorry to have lost a good friend who was doing his best to save this fine archaeological heirloom, primarily for his family, and indirectly for our Community.

The present position is that Mr Gormanov's property is in Probate, and there will be no further work or progress until these legal processes are concluded.

Once the legal matters are sorted out, it may well be that one or more of his sons will want to continue the work started by their father. In this case we will endeavour to co-operate with them to ensure the Community's interests are protected.

This and other possibilities were discussed at the Annual Meeting of the O'Leary Clan Gathering in September 2001. It must be accepted that this body has a genuine interest in this fine archaeological monument. To them it represents the last remaining Tower House home of their ancestors, and as such they want to see it saved, preserved and improved. Much interest was expressed by the Members in the possible alternative outcome. This was the possibility that the next generation of the Gormanov family might not be interested in the project, and that they might put the Tower House back onto the market again.

If this were to happen the Clan Gathering Organisation would be interested in taking on the project, and looking for the necessary funds from Members of the Organisation worldwide.

It was also agreed that they would want the local Community to be involved as well, if that were possible. They authorised their Officers to meet with the local Community representatives to discuss this possibility. These would include Croi na Laoi and Meitheal Mhuscraí, and of course any other local body who might express an interest.

We will keep you in touch next year.

This interesting newspaper article from around 1905 was written by the then Uibh Laoire parish priest Rev Patrick Hurley. It gives an account of the setting up of Coláiste Na Mumhan.

Ballingeary College

by Rev. Patrick Hurley, P.P.

The parish of Inchigeela or as known by its tribal name, Iveleary or Uibh Laoire, country of the O'Learys, is remote, and it is even, in the seclusion of the mountains, cut away from the rest of the world. Until a comparatively recent period there were no means of communication. The principal road from Macroom to Bantry was made about the year 1828. This isolation had the effect of preserving intact the language and traditions of the inhabitants, themselves a fine manly race, pure Celts and keen to learn.

On my taking pastoral charge of this parish in 1888, I applied myself to develop the materials at my disposal: a very extensive territory, charming mountain and lake scenery, Gougane Barra, Valley Desmond, and Keimaneigh, with Allua's Lake between Ballingeary and Inchigeela. Here, before the City of Cork was founded, St. Finbar had his retreat in lonely Gougane, and here also he had his disciples united in study and prayer. Tradition has it that so great was their number that on the saint's journey to the future scene of his labour, Cork, that forgetting a book midway, word was sent to Gougane. The last person had not yet left there, who handed on the book, which the saint received at Cork.

Saving the Language

By a curious combination of circumstances, many years ago I was the instrument to secure Gougane Barra for the Diocese of Cork. On my appointment as Parish Priest, I was in possession of the Island. I found the language on the point of going. The old people, themselves unable to speak English, would prevent their children from speaking Irish. I discouraged this, and in the schools, and from the altar I impressed on them the beauty of their own language, and the glorious part Ireland had played in the past: the land of saints and scholars.

I promoted the industrial revival and opened up the coun-

try by inducing the Tourist Development Company to run coaches to Glengariffe and Killarney, via Macroom, and put in repair the ancient ruins of Gougane Barra, and by the generous help of a wealthy American, native of the parish, erected a neat Celtic oratory on the Island.

Rev. Dr. O'Daly

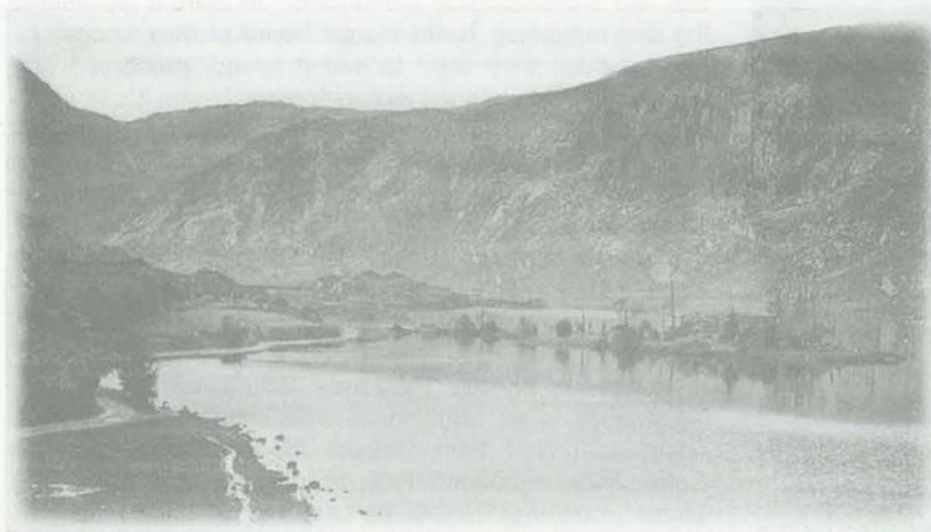
Encouraging the Irish language in the schools, hearing the language spoken in its purity, I was fortunate in meeting the Rev. Richard O'Daly, D.D., priest of the diocese, Goulbourne, Australia, who made his studies at the College of Propaganda, Rome. He had an opportunity there of studying languages from his contacts with students from all nations, and subsequently traveled through Europe, where he acquired a perfect knowledge of nearly every European language. Born of Australia, but of parents from about here, he wished to learn the Irish language. He began at the Gaelic League classes in London, where for a short time he did missionary work. Coming here, he perfected his knowledge of Irish, and I was fortunate in securing his services to serve the Pilgrims coming to pray at the Oratory, Gougane Barra.

Origin of the College

In the summer of 1903 he got around him scholars from several parts of Ireland and also the country around. This was the start of the College. Mass every morning, prayers in Irish after the Rosary in Irish. The Angelus also. After breakfast in the large dining hall of Cronin's Hotel came a class. Then the students went in knots to visit and converse with the people around. They had their evening meetings, and Irish sermon on Sundays. Everyone was pleased with their time. In the autumn of that year, at a "Feis" at Ballingeary, a village four miles from Gougane Barra, Father Goulding, of New Zealand, offered an annual subscription towards an Irish College at Gougane Barra. The London Gaelic League and the Dublin branches also subscribed liberally, and many subscriptions flowed in. It was found the accommodation at Gougane Barra was too limited, and it was arranged to have the College opened in Ballingeary, where there was a good hall for lectures, excellent schools where the children were Irish-speaking, and places where lodgings could be had all in a circle

An Auspicious Commencement

The college opened for two sessions, July and August last year. Mr. Dermot Foley had charge, assisted by Rev. Dr. O'Daly and Mr. T. A. Scannell, lessons were given in the method of teaching



Ballingeary College, Gougane in 1890s

Irish phonetics and metrics of Irish poetry; special classes in text books for National teachers: conventional lessons: also lectures were given in Irish history. The language of the school was as much as possible Irish; the country around is full of antiquities, Pagan and Christian. The beauty of the scenery and the healthfulness of the plan made it all to be desired. Over seventy students attended each session, several priests from all parts of Ireland, professors in colleges, National teachers, Gaelic League organizers formed the attendance. All were pleased with their time, and left with regret, many hoping to return the next session.

The Work of the Scholars

There is scarce a part of Ireland where the scholars of the College are not doing a good work. It is admitted on all

hands that the Irish language revival owes much to it, and the children of this parish are engaged all over the country in teaching the old language. Preparations are being made to improve on last year. Lecturers are also promised, accommodation is being provided. The Archbishop of Cashel with the Bishop of Cork and the other Bishops of Munster, have become patrons of the college. They have helped it by donations, so there is every hope of a great future, and perhaps means may come, and this college may eventually be housed on the ancient site near Gougane Barra.

Patrick Hurley, P.P.
St. Finbarr's, Inchigeela,

Donnchadh Ó Cróinín on the run in Fail na Sróine near Gougane Barra

Collected in 1938 for the Folklore Commission by Donnacha Ó Súilleabháin of Keimaneigh National School from Padraig Ó Murchú, Gort Luachra. Translated by Nora Levis. The original Irish version can be found in the Cumann Staire Journal 2000. The story related here took place in the early 1800s.

A man named Donnchadh Ó Cróinín once lived in Goirtín na Coille, about a mile north of Ballingearry village. Donnchadh's mother had given a loan of some money to the McCarthy family who lived in Gort na Scairte about a mile south of Carrig an Adhmaid (Ballyvourney). However, the McCarthy's were failing to repay the loan despite being asked to do so frequently by the Cronin family. Donnchadh Ó Cróinín decided that he would take some cattle instead of the money.

He headed for Gort na Scairte one morning accompanied by two men. He took his gun with him and when the three men were driving home the cattle they were stopped on the way by the McCarthy family who attempted to take back their animals. In the battle that followed Donnchadh fired a shot and killed two members of the McCarthy family. He and his comrades then headed for home and Donnchadh had to go on the run. He took shelter in a cave on a cliff in Gougane Barra, where it was impossible to reach him.

He spent five years there, until he was so worn out and weary that he finally decided that it would be better to surrender. Barry the landlord lived in Kilbarry in the parish of Uíbh Laoire at that time and Donnchadh sent word to him saying that he was going to give himself up. Barry sent a message to Donnchadh telling him that he should surrender to himself and that he would set him free. He asked him to meet him in the forge in Ballingearry and told him to bring his gun with him. Donnchadh was there. Barry came in and the first thing he did was to take the gun in one hand and he put his other hand on Donnchadh's shoulder, and said, "I'm going to take you prisoner and you will have to come with me". He placed him on his own horse and brought him to Kilbarry. Barry had a brother living with him in the house, who was not very well off. He was standing outside when Donnchadh and Barry passed him by. "Good day to you, Mr. Cronin" he said, "that's a road that you will not travel again". "I pity him that laid a hand on you, but I have greater pity for his family and for their family again". Barry took Donnchadh to Cork and he was put into prison. The day of the trial arrived and Barry was the first man to speak in his favour, but the Cárthach Spáinneach spoke against him, saying "Barry you got a bribe to bring this man in here, and it would suit you now to get another bribe to set him free. If any other man speaks in his favour he will have to fight me with a pistol". He had been allowed to bring a pistol into court. During the trial the Cárthach Spáinneach turned to Donnchadh Ó Cróinín, who was trying to plead that the shooting of the two men had been an accident.

He said, "You knew very well what your hand was capable of doing, any man who could shoot the eagle on Maolach an Chuma Rua from your cave and the wild geese on the lake in Gougane". Donnchadh was convicted immediately and sentenced to be hanged.

EAMON KELLY (1914 — 2001):**“GOUGANE BARRA WAS THE BEST!”**

*The death of the Sliabh Luachra-born seanchaí Éamon Kelly at the age of 87 on October 24th, 2001 has deprived Ireland not only of a great actor but also of its greatest contemporary storyteller. Éamon Kelly had a particular grá for this part of the country and as a tribute to him we reproduce the following two extracts from his second volume of autobiography, *The Journeyman*, published in 1998 by Marino Books, an imprint of Mercier Press. We are grateful to them for permission to print the following.*

I

Micheál Ó hAodha had the idea of bringing together Seán Ó Riada with his famous orchestra, Ceoltóirí Chualann, the singer Seán Ó Sé and myself in a programme called *Fleadh Cheoil an Radio*. The music, singing and storytelling proved a successful combination and it ran for ages. We taped the programmes in the O'Connell Hall opposite the Gresham Hotel and if we had some minutes to spare between rehearsal and the time of recording, Seán Ó Riada and I went across to the hotel and had a cup of tea — nothing stronger before a performance. Seán, who gave a new lease of life to Irish music, was one of nature's gentlemen. He was high good company, a keen observer of humanity and all its moods and ridiculous tenses. He had stories he had heard from his mother and in the Coolea Gaeltacht where he lived. I was welcome to use whichever stories of his suited my book, and very welcome they were, for at this stage I was running out of material. And I told him so.

'When hard pressed,' he said to me, 'why don't you do what de Valera does — go to the country!'

I took to the roads and of all the places I halted, Gougane Barra in west Cork was the best. It brought flooding back to mind all that went on in my own district when I was growing up. Dinny Cronin, the proprietor of the hotel of that name, sent out word when I was in residence, and the neighbours arrived at night and sat in the big kitchen behind the bar and in front of the roaring fire. They were, as the man said, taking the legs off one another to tell me stories. Dinny, rising after putting a sod on the fire, would set the ball rolling.

'There were these two women west here in Kerry. One of them was going to town and the other was coming from town after a heavy night's rain. This

was away back in 1922 when the I.R. aye were fighting the I.R. ah and all the bridges were blown down, and the people had to ford the river to go to town.

'The woman going to town said to the woman coming from town, "Were you in town, what time is it, what price are eggs, is the flood high?"

'The fleetness of a woman's mind when it is in top gear! And as quick as lightning the woman coming from town answered, "I was, two o'clock, one and four pence, up to my arse, girl!" — at which point Dinny would hit the patched backside of his trousers a most unmerciful wallop.

Dinny claimed that the Free State soldiers were the first to bring bad language to Kerry. 'They were billeted in a certain village not a million miles from where I'm sitting, and a private soldier took a woman's bucket without her permission. He wanted it for drawing water from the well or something. An officer saw what happened and, wanting to keep good relations between the military and the community, ordered the private to return the bucket back to the lady and apologise for taking it. The soldier took the bucket back to the woman and said "Here, Mrs Tuckett, here's your bucket and fuckit I'm sorry I took it!"'

One night as the rain came down in bucketful's the conversation turned to St. Patrick. According to one man, when the saint had converted the Irish they became curious as to how the world would end. St. Patrick told them it would go up in a ball of fire. His listeners didn't like one bit the idea of being burned alive and they wanted to know if the saint could save them from such a catastrophe if the end of the world came tomorrow. (Still the rain came pouring down, which drove one wag to remark that if the end of the world came tomorrow the place'd hardly light! He was called to order and we got back to the narrator.) The holy man pondered the people's question and after some consideration told them he would give them a pledge that God would drown Ireland a year before the end of the world. The people were pleased with that. If they had to go, drowning was a better end than being burned alive! At this point the wag got up to go home and when he opened the door you could hear the rain lashing down on the corrugated iron roof of the cowshed. He poked his head back into the kitchen and said, 'It looks like as if St. Patrick is keeping his promise!'

The cottage where the famous Tailor Buckley and his wife Ansty once lived was only a short distance from the hotel, and Dinny had many of the Tailor's stories. According to Dinny, a wealthy farmer put an overcoat making to the Tailor. The farmer after a few days came for a fitting. He liked the way the job was turning out, and as he had the money handy, he paid the Tailor. When the coat was finished the rich farmer didn't come for it. The weeks and the months went by and winter arrived and at last the farmer came for the coat. But there was no coat. The Tailor had given it to a raggedy poor man going over the hill into Kerry on a cold night. 'It struck me,' the Tailor told the farmer, 'that he needed it more than you! Didn't our Lord say to clothe the naked!'

'A man died sitting on a chair,' Dinny said one night, remembering a Tailor story. 'Dammit if rigor mortis didn't set in, and when it came to waking him he couldn't be straightened out on the table, and a sitting corpse could look bloody awful comical. One neighbour thought of a plan. He tied down the corpse's feet under the table and put another rope hidden by the habit around the dead man's chest. A couple of men put a good strain on the two ropes and secured them well. When he was straightened out if he didn't look as fine a corpse as you'd see in a day's walk. As the night wore on people came to the wake. There was plenty to eat and drink there. Too much drink, maybe, for in the middle of the rosary a blackguard got under the table and cut the rope around the dead man's chest.

'The corpse sat up like a shot, saying "Ahhh" as the wind escaped from his stomach. There was a gasp of horror from the mourners and they skidoo-ed out the door the same as if the plague had hit the place!'

Even though the people in the kitchen had often heard the story before, there was a big hand and praise for the storyteller. Listeners often joined in with words of encouragement during the story such as 'Maith thú!' ('Good on you!'). On his uttering a truism they'd say 'Is fíor dhuit!' ('True for you!'). Or telling of some terrible tragedy someone'd say, 'Dia linn go deo!' ('God be with us forever!'). When the storyteller made a very telling point the audience would all chorus, 'Go mba slún an seanchaí!' ('May the storyteller prosper!').

To Dinny I was always the seanchaí, and he'd greet me when I arrived with one of the jingles which used to introduce my own programme on the air:

Lift the latch and walk straight in,
There's no better place for glee.

You are welcome to the Rambling House
To meet the seanchaí!

The first night I came to Gougane Barra he brought my bag upstairs. There was an occupant already sleeping in the room. Throwing down my bag, Dinny said, 'That's your hammock and that's a hoor of an Englishman in the other bed!' To call me in the morning Dinny threw pebbles from the loose gravel of the yard at my window and shouted, 'Get up, seanchaí!' Dinny was as famous a character as the Tailor Buckley. He hadn't as many stories as the Tailor, but he felt that his mission in life was to put me in touch with those who had. He took me in his car at night to farmers' kitchens all over the parish where people gathered to talk after a day's work. I was as welcome as de Valera, a small God there then, and who had had a safe house in nearby Gortafudig during the Civil War. I told tales, some tall tales, and heard tales, some taller. I had to cast a sprat to catch a salmon. I came home with my head bulging with stories and ideas for many more.

I went to Dinny's mostly in the winter when there was no tourists to distract the locals or take up Dinny's time. He had no staff in the winter and he and his wife Nellie saw to my simple needs. Séamus Murphy the sculptor told me that he took Milan Horvat down to Dinny's hotel in the middle of winter. Horvat, a Hungarian I think, was the conductor of the Radio Éireann Symphony Orchestra. It was playing in Cork and Séamus was given the job of showing the conductor the hidden Ireland so he brought him to Gougane. Dinny showed them into the sitting-room. He knew Séamus well. Séamus had been to the Tailor's cottage and had made a now famous bronze bust of that storyteller. Seamus introduced the conductor to Dinny without mentioning the man's occupation. Dinny sensed the imperial foreignness of Milan Horvat and was as curious as hell to know 'where he came out of'.

He set about putting down a fire, a gesture of welcome, spattering talk all round him as he brought in the papers, sticks and sods of turf. Every now and then he cast an eye in the direction of Horvat, who was standing by the picture window: a tall, aloof man in a long black coat, holding a fairly wide-brimmed hat behind his back, his eyes taking in the treacherous and dramatic sky tinged with red, the mountains, the lake and the monastic ruin on the island, seeing them we may presume in musical terms. The fire wasn't lighting for Dinny and he took off his cap to blow it as Séamus sat beside him. Finally Dinny's curiosity overcame him and nodding towards the window he said to Séamus, 'Who's this

hoor?' Séamus, grateful that Horvat didn't get the significance of the word, explained that he was a conductor. Dinny eyed the stranger, and with a modicum of incredulity enquired, 'On the buses in Cork?'

In Milan Horvat's eye line across the lake was Timmy Callaghan's house. During my visits to Gougane, Timmy and I became firm friends and I was invited to his house. I am still not sure whether he expected me to believe all the things he told me. Timmy didn't fight for freedom when his age group was out in the hills, but he carried dispatches hidden under the saddle of his bicycle. He was, as he said himself, a handy footballer and played in every position in the field including the mark. Because of a falling off in speed as the years went by, he found himself in the goal.

'We were playing in the final of the parish league,' he told me, 'and the opposing team knowing my weakness placed all the good looking women they could find at the two sides of the goal. Blast it,' he said 'watching the women I left everything in, and we lost the match!'

I left Timmy and walked back to the hotel by the lakeshore and thought of the time when the waters parted and revealed another world below. A woman storyteller, according to Dinny, was joined in butter with Timmy Callaghan's grandfather. She was going by the lake with her firkin in the moonlight when she saw the waters part in the middle and lay bare an enchanted land, where the sun shone, the birds sang, the men worked in the fields and there was an abundance of flowers and fruit. She knew if she had a piece of steel to throw into the opening the waters would remain parted, and she could walk down, meet the people, see how they lived, and have another story to tell when she came back.

She remembered the steel tip on the heel of her shoe and she put down the firkin to untie her lace. Taking her eyes off the lake broke the spell and when she looked again the gap had closed. She was left with only what the mind's eye can hold, a picture that would always remain vivid and bright.

It is all of forty years since I first visited Gougane. The men and women who sat in the big kitchen behind the hotel bar and hurried the night are long since gone. They lie in the little churchyard by the lake. May the sod rest lightly on them and on Timmy O'Callaghan, Dinny Cronin and the Tailor Buckley. Their spirits are somewhere in the skies in a land of

fruit and flowers where the air is forever filled with music and the beat of angels' wings.

II

P. J. O'Connor of Radio Éireann adapted *The Tailor and Ansty* for the stage. The Tailor, Tim Buckley, was a famous storyteller, and he and his wife Anastasia held court in the long winter evenings in their cottage near Gougane Barra in West Cork. Theirs was an open house for neighbours and visitors alike. Eric Cross, a visitor who came to stay for some years in Gougane, wrote down the Tailor's sayings and stories as well as Ansty's badinage. It was meant as a record for the old couple's many friends, but after some excerpts from it appeared in Seán Ó Faoláin's *The Bell*, the book was published.

The Tailor liked to sing out the title and the name of the publisher, he was so pleased with the project. 'The Tailor and Ansty' he would say, 'Eric Cross. Chapman and Hall Limited, 11 Newfetter Lane, London EC4. Eight shillings and sixpence!' Both he and his wife Ansty, God bless them, were as broad-spoken as the Bible, and the book was banned by the Censorship of Publications Board in 1943 as being 'in its general tendency indecent'. But there was nothing in it that I didn't hear from the men sitting by my father's fire when I was growing up.

Stories like the one about the new Department of Agriculture bull that attracted much local attention. People came in such numbers that the owner of the beast decided to charge 6d a head for the privilege of viewing the animal in all its virile ferocity. One man was hanging back from the entrance to the field, and the owner asked him why he wasn't going in! 'I am a poor man,' the prospective viewer said, 'the father of eighteen children.'

'Eighteen children,' shouted the farmer. 'Stand there and I'll bring the bull to see you!'

The animal kingdom interested the Tailor greatly, and he had a story of a mule that died on the way to Cork with a load of butter. The owner so as not to be at a total loss, skinned the mule and sold the pelt in Macroom. When he came back the mule had revived and was grazing at the side of the road. His master went into a field, killed a number of sheep, skinned them, and while the hides were still warm, applied the fleeces to the mule's body. 'And that animal,' the Tailor told the neighbours, 'lived for fifteen years after with two shearings a year!'

A cat likes fish, it is said, but will not wet its paws, yet

the Tailor knew of a cat called 'the moonlighter' that used to fish with its master. Small animals the Tailor loved, even insects, and he told of the daradaol, a slow-moving black chafer sometimes called the devil's coachman, because his tail sticks up like a driver at the back of a vehicle. This bucko told the soldiers where our Lord was hiding, and so the animals lost their power of speech because, as the Tailor said, they'd tell out everything.

Irish was Tim Buckley's first language and he was as fluent in that tongue as the poets of Sliabh Luachra. He brought much of the music and rhythm of Irish to the English he had learned. "Glac bog an saol agus glacfaidh an saol bog tú". "Take life easy and life will take you easy". The world is only a blue bag, knock a squeeze out of it while you can, was another saying of his.

The banning of *The Tailor and Ansty* caused a heated controversy in the press and gave rise to a four-day debate in the Senate. In time a new Censorship Board was formed and the book was unbanned, but by then much hurt had been caused to the Tailor and his wife. They, who loved the company of people in their house, were for a time deserted, and worst of all, three priests called on them one day and, forcing the Tailor to his knees on the flag of the hearth, made him burn the book in the fire.

'It was a good book,' the Tailor said, recovering from the humiliation. 'It made a great blaze!' Ansty's only comment was, 'Glory be! Eight and sixpence worth!' That was a lot of money to her.

The Abbey accepted P. J. O'Connor's adaptation of *The Tailor and Ansty*, and it was put on in the Peacock during the 1968 Dublin Theatre Festival. I was cast as the Tailor and Bríd Ní Loinsigh as Ansty. A young trainee director, Tomás Ó Murchú from Cork, was given the job of preparing us for the stage. My experience as a storyteller and my knowledge of the countryside — I was brought up not ten miles from where Tim Buckley was born — helped me to build the character of the Tailor. Bríd and I thoroughly enjoyed the job of getting under the skin of this outlandish old couple from Garrynapeaka. The stories, the bickering, the reminiscences, the jokes, all added up to a fine night's entertainment ...

I forget how many times the Tailor was revived, but on the last occasion my wife Maura played Ansty. P. J. O'Connor always said that he had her in mind for the part when he wrote it. At the time Tomás Mac Anna had brought a young man fresh from Trinity into the Abbey, and it was he who directed the Tailor this time. His name was Michael Colgan. He built the show out of the new, like the Tailor making a new

suit. Maura's Ansty was busy as a bee, all fuss and fooster, bringing new impetus to the part. The Tailor, because of a gammy leg, was anchored in various positions on the set. In Colgan's direction he was orbited by Ansty, stinging him verbally into action with her acerbic tongue. She was an immediate success. With the bantering and mock-warring conflict between husband and wife, the piece played like a racy tune on an old fiddle ...

There was a call from the country again and Maura and I set out on a second Tailor tour, this time under the managership of my good friend Ronan Wilmot. We went to Derry and Benburb and south to Macroom, little more than a stone's throw away from Garrynapeaka in Ballingearry where the Tailor once lived. Coming among people who knew him and Ansty inside out was a bit nerve-racking, but we must have been on the right lines because those who came thoroughly enjoyed the evening's entertainment. They faulted me on one word. What Eric Cross wrote as 'keening' the Tailor would have pronounced 'caoining'. I should have known better.

In Macroom on the Saturday night there was only a scattering of people. Ronan Wilmot and John O'Toole, the stage manager, drove out to Gougane near the Tailor's cottage on Sunday. In Cronin's Hotel, after a meal, people who were all dressed up said they were going to Macroom to see their old friend the Tailor. A good omen; interest was growing, and, sure enough, the house was packed that night and the next. Then we drove on to Bantry for more full houses. The old storyteller was being honoured in his own land.

Maura and I made friends with the Tailor's son, Jackie, and his wife, when we visited the Tailor's one-time famous home. The day we were there, Jackie's cow, what his father used to call the dairy herd, was about to calf. She was a friendly creature, as black as a crow, her barrel large, showing that she was near her time. I minded her out of the cabbages for a while, as I used to mind our own cow when I was a child in Carrigeen, Glenflesk over the County bounds in Kerry. I plucked a wide cabbage leaf and she ate it out of my hand. 'You should have been a farmer,' Jackie said, and he promised that if the cow had a bull calf he would call him after me. So it transpired, and when I met Jackie in Cork afterwards, he swore that the calf, which turned out to be a pet, used to answer to my name.

'Éamon,' Jackie said, 'I sold you in Bantry fair last week for ten pounds.'

Five Years In Ballingearry

by Seán Kelly, Clifden, Co. Galway

On a recent visit to my cousin, Seán Ó Súilleabháin, Currahy, he kindly gave me six issues of Cumann Staire Journal covering the years 1993 to 1998 as well as two published volumes of pictures from Ballingearry and Inchigeela. I very much enjoyed reading all the articles, songs, recitations and studying the photographs. There were periods of sadness also when I saw that good friends of mine in the past had died. It was a nostalgic trip down "Bóthar na Smaointe" Tá árd-mholadh tuilte ag an gCumann Staire as ucht an sár-obair atá déanta agus atá a dhéanamh acu le naoi mbliana anuas. Lean ar aghaidh leis an dea-obair mar is mór is fiú bhur saothair do na daoine atá at teacht 'bhur ndiaidh.

Having derived such pleasure from reading the six journals, and since I worked and lived in Ballingearry for more than five years, I got the urge to put pen to paper myself to relate some memories of Ballingearry and of some of the people who made an impression on me. This is to reciprocate in a small way the

enjoyment I have received from the efforts of others. The photographs for this article are from my own collection and that of my uncle, John O'Sullivan, Douglas, Cork.

Arrival In Ballingearry

I am originally from Coolea, the son of Diarmuid and Maggie (nee O'Sullivan) Kelly, Doireancuilling. I came to work at Ballingearry Post Office and



In Gougane, Nellie Cronin, (Dinny's wife), Noreen Jim Cronin, Bortin, John O'Sullivan, Currahy, Cait and Din O'Sullivan, Keimaneigh (kneeling)

Shop for Séamus Twomey on the 29th June 1948 at the age of 15. I left there on the 8th November 1953 and four days later I joined the Gardaí.

My Uncle, John O'Sullivan, Currahy, Ballingearry, was already working in the Post Office when I arrived and he remained for a few years afterwards. When John left, my cousin on my father's side, Dinny Cronin, Gurteenakilla, arrived, so it was a real family affair. Dinny was 19 years of age when I left the Post Office and I didn't meet him again until 1996 when he came to visit me at Clifden, Connemara. He was then aged 62 and I didn't

recognise him at first until he gave me a clue by telling me we had worked together 43 years ago. He expressed some surprise that I had not recognised him immediately, so I attributed my failure to loss of memory.

Séamus Twomey was a kind boss to work for. He never once told me off and was always very considerate. My Uncle John was far more demanding and he turned out to be my "real boss".

The Post Office

Very few people had a telephone in Ballingearry in 1948. As far as I can remember, there were only three — the Garda Station, the Priest and Ronan's Mill. When they wanted to make a telephone call, they rang the Post Office and gave the number they required. We would contact the exchange in Macroom who would advise that they would ring back later. A half an hour's delay was not unusual. In the meantime, the impatient caller might enquire if we had forgotten about the call. Urgent messages were conveyed by telegram. One telegram I remember delivering was to relatives of Cornealius Lucey, at Carrignadoura, the day he was named as Bishop. Since it entailed a journey of more than three miles, I earned myself a Half crown (12½p). Occasionally a big volume of telegrams was received on the same day such as a death. One such death I remember was that of Cáit Ní Mhuineachainn, Gort na Péice, the well known singer who died tragically in 1949. Two hundred telegrams



John O'Sullivan, Frances Hishon?, and Sean Kelly in 1950



Out side the post office, 1950s,
Joan O'Callaghan, Peggy Moynihan,
Kathleen Mahony, Dromanallig, and
Bina Jerh Lucey.

must have been received then. In the Post Office, our first job in the morning was to open the seal of the mailbag and sort the post. There were three postmen, all using a pedal bicycle — Séan Domhnall Liam Kelleher, Dan Tade O'Leary and John Sheehan. The person inside the counter would pass each letter to the appropriate postman.

One morning, I remember coming across a letter addressed to "Mrs. Cronin, Carraignadoura, Ballingearry". I can recall that there were five people who could answer to that description. I was wondering what I should do with the letter when Séan Domhnall Liam said to me: "I know who that letter is for and furthermore I know what it is about". I think this is an example of the intimate and trusting relationship that existed between the public and the postman-on-bicycle. The postman worked hard and usually until after 6pm. Often their bicycles were stacked up with parcels and you'd wonder how they were able to manage.

The phone unit in the post office was about one foot wide, two feet long and about six inches deep. One day I was standing inside the counter when there was heavy thunder and lightning. The belly of the phone broke through its casing, went right over the counter and

landed on the floor. At the very same instant, the bulb over my head smashed into a thousand smithereens. Far from being frightened by it, I rather enjoyed the experience. This was pre-electricity time so the light must have been powered independently.

The Tilly oil lamp came on the market about 1950. I remember I took one of them home as a present. The bulb was a silky fabric but once lit it formed into a round shape and if touched, it disintegrated. The lamp had to be pumped which produced a buzzy noise, but the light was magnificent. When hung up it brightened the whole room and cobwebs could be seen where they were never seen before. When this lamp was been assembled, the excitement of the children and indeed the parents had to be seen to be believed. To produce the same excitement nowadays one would have to land a helicopter in the front lawn.

The Shop

Groceries of all types were sold in the shop, as well as Petrol, Coal, Hardware, Flour and Meal. Connie Corkery was the Lorrydriver who worked with us and very efficient he was. Bread came from Thompsons of Cork in baskets about four feet long by two feet wide and two feet deep, with casters to facilitate movement. At least four of these baskets of bread would be delivered during the week. Nobody asked that time for a loaf of bread — it was always a pair of bread (2 loaves) and very occasionally a half pair. The price of 20 cigarettes was 1/5 (7p)

Most customers kept 'Monthly Accounts'. The items were written into a passbook held by them. The shopkeeper entered

the items into a Daybook, which had to be later transferred into a Ledger. There was a discount of 2½% if paid within the month, but in practice this discount was given even if the time limit was not adhered to.

Ration Books were in vogue in the late 1940s. The books were about six inches long by about four inches wide and contained about thirty pages of coupons, like raffle tickets. There were about twenty coupons on each page. These coupons had to be cut with a scissors and pasted on to a sheet. The process was very time consuming.

Wedding reception invitations

Séamus and Máire Twomey were married during my time in Ballingearry. I remember Séamus asking me to send a wedding reception invitation to all his customers — two from each house. I set to work diligently and consulted every Day Book, Ledger or other records which I thought would be of help. The result was that I produced stacks of addressed envelopes. A further supply of cards had to be printed. Later, I discovered that I hadn't done the job as successfully as I thought. Some people were disappointed because they received no invitation. These included good customers who always paid on the button so their names didn't appear on any Daybook or Ledger. Even if delayed nearly half a century, I would like to offer these people my apology for not including them on the wedding invitation list. The wedding reception was held at Tooreenduve and people turned up in their hundreds. I saw several people there to whom I didn't remember sending any invitation. The refreshments were severed in

Dick Twomey's house and the dancing took place in the hall on the opposite side of the road. One guest I remember was Bishop Timothy Manning (later Cardinal of Los Angeles) who sang "Molly Malone".

At lunch time the boys from the school across from the Post Office used to visit the shop to buy sweets with their pennies, usually a three penny bit — a copper coin the size of 10p with a rim like the present 50p. They would first look into the shop and if the Boss was not present they wouldn't come in but laugh and giggle outside. If the Boss's car — an Austin, ZB 1668 — was parked outside, they would bide their time until he appeared. Then they all made a beeline to him to make their purchases, while I didn't get a look in. I often wondered why they were so discriminating with their custom.

Playing With the Sharks

I always believed that to become a first class card player, one had to play with the "sharks". There used to be a card game every Saturday night in Johnny Amhlaibh O'Leary's house across from the forge. The players there had the name of being the best in the locality. I decided I would try to attach myself to that school which would stand me in good stead in years to come.

I turned up early the first night and was received very warmly by the people of the home and by each player as he or she arrived. They enquired if I was able to play 35, nine players, partners. I assured them that I was quite familiar with it. I didn't get playing immediately, but as luck should have it one of the players had to leave early so I got his seat for the last half-hour. At an early stage I could

see that their reaction to my play was not favorable, but in fairness the criticism was muted.

The next Saturday night when I arrived, I was told I couldn't be fitted in as they had nine without me. So I had to be content to be first sub and the chances of my being called on were very slim so long as there was any breath left in the others. Not to be put off, I ventured again the third night. It so happened that only eight other players were available so I thought to my self "third time lucky". After much hesitation, it was decided to start the game and I was invite to take my seat. One man had the cheek to add, "until somebody else comes". We cast for partners and one of my partners was Tim Moynihan, Carrig. Tim was a middle-aged man but to my sixteen years old eyes, he appeared ancient. He was so sharp and observant that I suspected at the time that he was able to read the cards through their backs. He could guess where every important card was and he was right more often than not. This group of players had the hateful habit of holding a pointless "post-mortem" after each game was played and all their comments seem to be directed towards my contribution to the game:

"Why didn't you go in your place?"

"Why didn't you go into your partner?"

"Why didn't you stick Mick — You knew he was 20?"

"Why didn't you let May go — she was only 5?"

I had a reasonable explanation for all of these questions, but it was impossible to get them to understand. I was under constant pressure by the time it came to my turn to deal. I had a feeling that they would gang in

on me if there were any further complaints. I dealt the cards and to my great disappointment, I turned up the ace of Clubs. I knew I had to put down a card and take that one up. I felt that no matter when I played it, someone would find fault and that it would be the cause of losing my seat. Worse was in store for me because when I looked at my hand of cards, I discovered I had the 5 of Clubs. I wondered how I could get out of this alive. I made a quick decision so I turned down the 5 and took up the ace. At least now I had one less problem — damage limitation I would call it. The ace of Hearts came into me so I wasn't able to take my dealing trick. A cold card was led and I traveled with my ace as they all knew I had it, but unfortunately the Jack fell on it, even though I was nothing coming. At this stage my partner, Tim Moynihan, must have suspected something. He threw in his own cards and he reached across and picked up the card I had turned down instead of the ace. At first he held it at arms length and then he drew it up close to his face and finally he hit it hard down on the table for everybody to see. "Let me out of here", he said, "I must go home and tell Katie".

That night for all of us the game was over and for me personally the game was up. My reputation as a card player was in tatters. Twenty years after that card game, I happened to meet Tim Moynihan in Ballingearry during a visit there. We had a long and enjoyable chat about old times. When cards were mentioned he asked me if I remembered the night when I put the 5 robbing. I didn't have the courage to tell him that I

had done it deliberately as I knew he wouldn't have believed me. I regret now not having told him as he died without knowing the truth.

The Forge

In my spare time I used to visit Connie Manning's forge to hear the banter between Connie, Danny Pheig and the customer of the day. Connie was about seventy when I got to know him; he walked with a slight stoop with both hands behind his back. After each animal was shod, Connie and the owner would go to Shorten's for a drink. The owner would go first and Connie would follow five minutes later. He would walk to the Post Office (it was then on the same side as the forge, where Emerald Mail Order is now), then cross straight to the other side. He would continue on that side until he was directly opposite the pub and he would cross the road again at that point. Rightly or wrongly it was believed that this route afforded the least view from the window of Connie's home and that this was the reason for avoiding the direct route.

He didn't like to see a teenager coming with an animal. He usually found some excuse to advise the youngster to take the mare home and to tell his father to come tomorrow.

One day I was in the forge when three American nuns came to the door and enquired if it was here that the Bishop's father worked. Connie replied that it was but that he had gone to Cork to-day. The nuns went off very disappointed. I asked him why he didn't admit to being the Bishop's father and he replied, "Ah, they would only be interested in photographs. They would never think of asking you if you would like a drink."



Connie Manning outside his forge in Ballingearry in 1938.

Connie smoked a pipe and I regularly sold him 2-ounce plugs of tobacco. The cost was 3-shillings/3 pence (16p). He was anxious, rightly or wrongly, to get the tobacco as moist as possible. I remember handing him a plug one day and he remarked that it was very dry and hard. I showed him all the other plugs and he selected one. He handed me back the original one saying, "That will do the Cummers".

If Connie was alone in the forge he might ask me occasionally to hammer something on the anvil, either he thought I was good at it or else he wanted to get rid of me. This day he asked me to hit a red iron, which he held onto with big pliers. I deliberately hit the iron not on the anvil but at the side of it. This resulted in the iron flying from his grip and landing into the half barrel of water. I could see by the expression on his face that I had better make a run for it, so I headed for the door. Before I reached it, the pliers landed at my feet and Connie shouted at me: "Blast you, it is well your father knew what he was doing when he sent you east there".

Next to the Post Office on the

other side lived Mick Barry, a mature man of stout build. He was known to be an exceptionally good Lorry driver and an expert mechanic. Everybody held him in high regard. He was in the shop one day when a big lorry pulled up for petrol. The driver happened to be a light and scrawny fellow aged about eighteen with shoulder length unkempt hair. He swaggered in and out of the shop with no inclination to engage in small talk. I could see by the way Mick Barry looked at him that he wasn't impressed. When the lorry started up again and took off very briskly, Mick Barry muttered to himself, but loud enough for me to hear: "Lorries don't care who'll drive them now".

Céilís

Another job I used to do was to organise and run the dances or 'Céilís' in Coláiste na Mumhan every Sunday night. I would sweep the floor on Sunday morning and shake dance crystals on the floor in preparation for the night. The entrance fee was 6d (2½p) and the band consisted of Danny Kelleher, Gurteenfliuch, on the accordion. His fee was five shillings (25p), which was very good value for money. The hall was



Sean Kelly and Joan Dan Tade O'Leary, Gurteenakilla in Ballingearry in 1951.

usually crowded — all travelling on pedal bicycles. As well as dancing, people were called on from time to time to sing or recite. Din the lodge and his sister Abbey were class performers. One very popular duet of theirs was “One day for Recreation is gan éinne beó im’chuideachta”. Diarmuid Ó Mathúna was another reliable person to call on and his contributions were greatly appreciated.

One of the funniest performances I can recall was Tadgh Hugh, Augheris, saying a recitation about Love. For those of you who don't remember him, he was less than five feet tall and aged about sixty at the time. After closing time at Shorten's one night, he arrived at the Coláiste wearing Wellington's, which were up to his knees, and was sporting a beard, which was in the making for at least a week. He stood up near the stage to say the recitation. Even if he had said nothing, people would have enjoyed his very appearance. He gave us his recitation of “Love” which went down a treat. I later called at his home and he very kindly gave me the words. I have recited it at many a function since then, but I'm afraid the performance is only a shadow of Tadgh Hugh's.

Strawboys

During my period in Ballingearry, I went on a Pioneer excursion in a bus on two occasions — to Youghal and to Ballybunion and very enjoyable they were.

I was one of ten Strawboys who went to a wedding reception at Keimcorabhuaile. I cannot remember the Bride and Groom. We had great excitement making the suits the previous night. Some fellows were

expert at it and others were not. Our leader was appointed and all the other members were given a number. When we arrived at the house there was great welcome for us. The leader made a short speech offering the good wishes of the Strawboys to the Bride and Groom and requested permission to remain for two dances and for some members of our party to sing. The leader called on about four of our party to sing. Good singers tried to change their voices so as not to be identified. Bad singers didn't have to change as opening new ground came naturally to them. Refreshments were offered and availed of and the leader made another speech of thanks before we left. What impressed me a lot that night was that the girls we danced with made no attempt to pull off our straw hats to identify us.

I started to learn how to drive a car in Ballingearry. It was a Baby Ford owned by Timmie Jamsie O Leary, Derryvacouineen. One Sunday evening I was driving from Currahy to Ballingearry. As I passed Galvin's house I discovered that I couldn't stop the car. I had forgotten what I should do. I took the next by-road to the right up against the hill and it stopped from itself.

In 1985, I was part of a committee raising funds for our local Golf Club. There was a draw each month for twelve months and the first prize each month was a motor car. Tickets were a £100 pounds each. I sold a ticket to Timmie Jamsie and he won a Ford Orion. I drove his prize from Clifden to Galway where I met Timmie and his nephew from Derryvacouineen. I was delighted to hand over a new car to him since he was so generous with me in the early 1950's to

allow me to drive his Baby Ford to the ground.

The Sunday's that I didn't visit home I used to visit my Grandparents, Dan Mick Eoghan and Margaret O'Sullivan, in Currahy. About a mile further on at a road junction, I used to play pitch an' toss with Mossie Buttimer, Diarmuid Murphy and others.

Another memory I have of the 50's is Paddy Quill's music. He was superb on the Violin and Accordion. I remember hearing that he won the All-Ireland Championship with both instruments, the same year. That record must be unequalled. He succeeded in combining this high standard of musicianship with a rapidly expanding business. Long may he continue to entertain his listeners.

The Bag Pipe music was very popular in Ballingearry in the early 50's and I'm glad that the tradition is living on.

In December 2000, I attended a 'Hill Sheep Farmer's Dinner Dance' at the Abbey Hotel, Ballyvourney. I met old friends since my Ballingearry days — Paddy Donnacadha Phad, Mary Dan Mór, Tadgh Twomey, Currahy and Timmie O'Leary, Derryvacorneen. Mary and I reminisced about the enjoyable times we had at the dances we had at the Coláiste. She mimicked me announcing the next dance — clapping her hands and saying: “An céad rince eile, Waltz ar an Sean Nós”.

I have very fond memories of Ballingearry and I am always happy to meet people from there. To this day whenever I am testing a pen or biro to see if it is working, the word I usually write is “Ballingearry”.

General Daniel Florence O'Leary

by Peter O'Leary

The Background.

In this year of 2001 we celebrate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Daniel Florence O'Leary born Cork City February 1801.

He is not much remembered today in the City of his birth. Nor is there much written on his life.

But Daniel Florence O'Leary was a true Corkonian and one of whom we can be proud. His ancestry can be traced back to Uibh Laoghaire in West Cork. His great-great-grandfather was Tadgh O'Leary who was born c.1635. This family were a minor branch of the chieftains of Uibh Laoghaire. Tadgh married Ellen O'Leary in c.1640 who was herself from another similar chieftainly branch through her father, Tadgh Fineen O'Leary of Coornahahilly who you will find in the Civil Survey.

Tadgh and Ellen had the tenancy of a farm in Monavadra. Tadgh O'Leary and Ellen had only one son, Finin, born in Monavadra c.1667, and this Finin had a son also called Tadgh. This second Tadgh, born c.1700 moved from Monavadra to Dunmanway in about 1725 when he married Mary McCarthy, a direct descendent of the first Earl Clancarty (McCarthy Muskerry). He was known as Tadgh-na-Post which is a bit obscure but may mean that he moved to take up a job, when deprived of the tenancy of his farm in Monavadra. The job was probably as a middleman for his new brother-in-law, Florence McCarthy of Coom. The family lived in a farm in the townland of Acres which lies about 2 miles West of Dunmanway.

Tadgh and Mary McCarthy had at least six children, including a son, Florence O'Leary who was born in Acres c.1730. Another well known brother of Florence was Fr.Arthur O'Leary, later a Capuchin Friar much beloved in Cork City. Daniel Florence's grand-father, Florence O'Leary who was born in Acres, Dunmanway moved into Cork City later in life to start a business as a grocer and butter merchant. He married a Catherine Delaney and they had two sons, Daniel and Jeremiah.

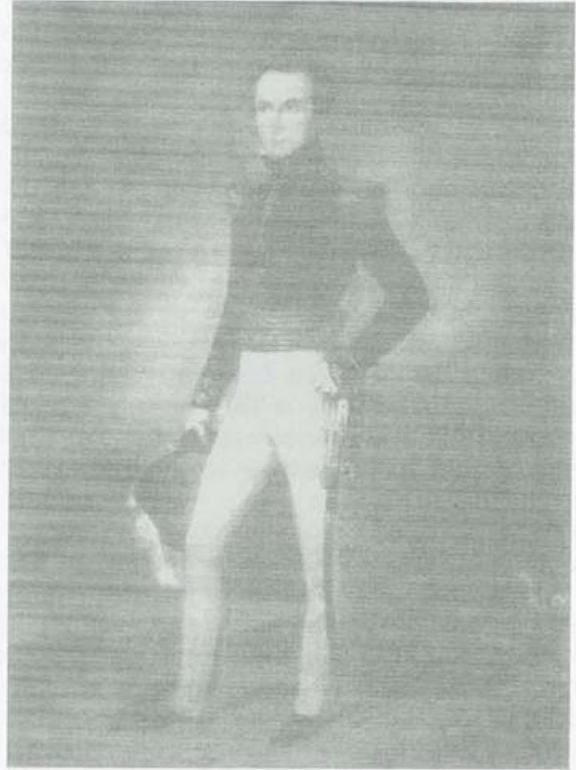
Jeremiah O'Leary who was born at 89/90 Barrack Street in Cork in 1757 was the father of our Daniel Florence. He continued the butter business in partnership with his brother Daniel.

Jeremiah married Catherine O'Leary, not related, from a family in business in Cork in the tailoring and licensed victualling trades. They had 10 children many of whom died young and without issue.

With their strong connections with Inchigeelagh, the choice of the butter business made a lot of sense. Jeremiah and Daniel were able to provide a market for the product of their friends and relations who were farmers in the Parish of Uibh Laoghaire, their home place.

The butter trade and the Napoleonic wars.

The butter trade was very different before the days of the Creamery. Farmers or Dairymen churned their own milk into butter on the farm, which then had to be conveyed to a market in a large town. The butter merchant provided horses or mules, firkins to carry the butter, saddles and packs, and often even loaned the capital. There was a regular run from Inchigeelagh to Cork City where the butter was purchased by the merchant. These butter merchants were more correctly called butter buyers, and were agents



Daniel Florence O'Leary

between the butter producer and the Exporters.

Jeremiah became a member of the Committee of Merchants who controlled the trade and set up the butter exchange in Shandon in 1786. This was a big step forward in the development of the industry. Victualling in general, and butter in particular, were very important to the prosperity of Cork City towards the end of the 18th Century.

Initially the main market was for the West Indian trade, since they required a higher salt content, which was in any case necessary for this long time cycle, to keep the butter from going rancid. This butter was shipped to various countries in the West Indies from the port of Cork.

During the Wars between France and England in the period 1790 to 1815 there was a much more lucrative market in victualling the Naval ships which used Cork Harbour as their main base to patrol the Atlantic and the coast of France.

This made the butter merchants of Cork rich, but sadly it all came to an end in 1815 after Waterloo and the end of the Wars. Jeremiah and Daniel's business collapsed, as did many others.

The loss of his father, Jeremiah's source of income made young Daniel think carefully about his own future. He had an inclination to become a soldier. The large number of ex Army people thrown out of work, encouraged the growth of mercenary armies, which were needed to assist the South American countries, which were struggling for their independence. Unlike the British Army, there was no bar to a Catholic Irishman becoming an officer in these mercenary armies.

Jeremiah O'Leary, and his family.

Jeremiah married Catherine O'Leary in 1789. They lived at No 89/90 Barrack Street, in Cork City, and the business

was conducted from there. It would appear that they also had the leasing of a row of cottages running down towards the Dean's wall, from which they drew some income. These cottages have since been demolished, but the lane is still called Leary's Place.

As they became more prosperous the family moved to better housing in Mary Street and later, Queen Street followed by Cook Street, all in Cork City.

Jeremiah and Catherine had 10 children of which Daniel Florence was their eighth. Many of these children were sickly, and few survived beyond the age of 30. Cork City was obviously an insanitary and unhealthy place to live in those days. Even Daniel was only to live to 53, and only one sister, Catherine survived to the old age of 60.

The second son Arthur became a Doctor and was in practice in Killarney. The fourth son Jerome at the age of 21 was on the point of joining Daniel soldiering in South America, but died suddenly in 1826 before he could sail. Catherine the third daughter earned her living as a milliner. We know nothing about the other six children except that they did not have long lives.

Daniel was obviously well educated. He learned new languages quickly, was well read, wrote well, had a keen interest in history and the sciences; and he was a good horseman. The last may have been learned in the business, but the others indicated some good schooling. Dr.Vila suggests that he attended Harrington's Academy in Templarobin. Another possibility was Brunswick Academy at which his uncle Fr.Arthur had previously taught. Even more possible is one of the Private Schools which existed in Cook Street and in Queens Street at that time, since these were close by. Sadly we have found no evidence to confirm where he had obtained such a good start in life.

The Wars of Independence in South America.

Spain was an early entrant to the colonial movement and had acquired most of South America, apart from Brazil, which was in the hands of the Portuguese. These vast territories were divided for administrative purposes into Provinces, and were ruled by people of Spanish descent, rather like the Anglo-Irish. These people over the years had become independent minded, and resentful of the attempts of Spanish monarchs and politicians to dictate to them from Madrid.

A number of attempted risings against mainland Spain had been undertaken since 1800 but had ended in failure due to the strength of the Spanish Armies in that region. The most recent had been that of General Simón Bolívar, a second generation Venezuelan, born in a family closely related to Spanish aristocracy. Bolívar was eventually to become The Liberator of the five countries in the Northern part of South America, and the hero and most beloved citizen of those countries. They were Venezuela, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia, still often known as the Bolivarian nations.

Expelled from Venezuela in 1813 after yet another failed attempt, Bolívar had returned with a small force in 1816 for a further try. Meanwhile in Europe Venezuelan agents were recruiting a British mercenary force to aid Bolívar. In 1817 Daniel applied for, and was accepted as an ensign in the 1st Division of the Red Hussars of Venezuela, a cavalry regiment which formed part of the British Legion. He sailed from Portsmouth on the corvette Prince in December 1817 with 20 officers and 57 non-commissioned officers which was intended to join up with 600

troopers, and all under the command of the English Colonel Henry Wilson. The ship also carried a substantial amount of equipment and ammunition.

It took them until February 1818 before they disembarked in St.Georges, Granada, and there then followed a further two months before they reached the rebel camp, which was up the Orinoco River at Angostura (now called Ciudad Bolívar). Daniel had taken a few books in Spanish and a Spanish dictionary, and occupied his time by learning that language, in which eventually he was to become completely fluent.

Angostura was the first town 250 miles up the Orinoco River. The river was still one mile wide at this point.

Daniel was not impressed with his new English colleagues. At Granada there were mutinies, desertions and brutal treatment of captured Spanish prisoners. Only 40 of the original 77 on board actually reached Angostura, where Colonel Wilson was packed off home due to his political intrigues. Daniel and his friend from Cork, Ambrose O'Daly, applied for a transfer to a native unit. Daniel was posted to the Dragoon of the Guard of General Anzoátegui. At this time he met General Soublette his future brother in law, and also was presented to General Bolívar.

The new phase of the War of Independence was about to begin, and Daniel was to be involved in all the campaigns which led to it's final conclusion and the freedom from Spanish rule of all the five countries.

To put this in perspective it must be remembered that General San Martín was conducting a similar movement in the more Southern States of Argentina, Chile, Uruguay and Paraguay. Brazil, which was part of the Portuguese Empire, was to remain under it's Royalist Government for many more years.

Bolívars campaigns from 1819 to 1826 are briefly summarised below;

1. The march from Angostura over the Andes in 1819 to attack the forces of the Governor of New Granada. This was successfully achieved after the battles of Pántano de Vargas and Boyacá, when New Granada was freed from Spanish rule.
2. The campaign into Venezuela which culminated in the 2nd battle of Carabobo in 1821 when the Spanish forces of that Province were defeated.
3. The campaign in Ecuador when the Spanish were defeated at the battle of Pichincha overlooking Quito in 1822.
4. The campaign to complete the liberation of Peru, started by San Martin. The final battle was at Ayacucho in 1824 when the Spanish forces were defeated, but Daniel did not take part in the battle, having been sent on a mission into Chile.
5. The creation of the new State of Bolivia, formerly Upper Peru, in 1825.

This was a War fought in most difficult conditions, which were especially tough on the European participants. The Royalist Spanish Armies were based on the large towns and seldom risked travelling far from their secure base and their creature comforts. The Rebel Army was constantly forced to live out in deserted areas facing privations and lack of supplies of all sorts.

When Bolívar decided to attack the Colombian Royal Army, they had first to scale the Andes mountains during the rainy season. They had to wade waist deep in water over the flooded plains of Casanare, and climb thirteen thousand feet over the bleak Páramo de Pisba. Their

mules died or were eaten. When they descended the other side they were much reduced by death, starvation, mosquitoes and fatigue. They were in rags and barely able to walk.

This ragged band of heroes then had to face the well-fed, well equipped Army of the King of Spain. Only superb leadership, high morale and a good cause made them successful.

Daniel may have looked smart in his brand new red uniform of the Hussars when he arrived at Angostura, but his family would hardly have recognised him as he fought for his life at the battle of Pántano de Vargas in July 1819. He received a severe sabre wound in the head, the scar of which he still carried when he visited Cork in 1834. As a result of this wound there was a false report of his death in the Cork papers.

Like many similar Wars of Independence, this was a young man's War. Bolívar, the elder statesman, was 35 when Daniel met him in 1818. All the other Generals were younger men, and Daniel was only 28 when promoted to that rank.

He was a Lieutenant at the age of 19 at Angostura in 1820, a Captain at 20. Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel after Pichincha when he was 21, and to full Colonel at the age of 25 when he became first aide-de-camp to General Bolívar. He finally became a General de Brigada in 1829.

The end of the War. Death of Bolívar.

The war ended in 1826 when the Spanish Government finally admitted defeat and withdrew their Armies from South America.

Bolívar continued his political career, and attempted to create one single United State from the five former Provinces, but this was unsuccessful due to jealousies and bickering amongst the politicians, but he was now a sick and disillusioned man. He died in 1830 at Santa Marta. Daniel had been sent on a mission to Cartagena and arrived back one day after his death.

For some time Daniel had been contemplating writing a history of the War and had consulted Bolívar on this possibility. When Bolívar died, Daniel was able to collect much of the letters and other written material which he needed for his proposed work.

In 1828 Daniel was married to Soledad Soublette who was sister to a colleague, General Carlos Soublette, later President of Venezuela.

After the death of Bolívar, there was a strong anti-Bolvarian movement, which affected all the Liberator's former friends and supporters. Daniel decided that he would move his family away from this unpleasant atmosphere, and sailed to Kingston, Jamaica where he attempted to make a living from commerce. This was not successful, and in 1833 he was advised by his brother-in-law, Soublette, in Venezuela that it was now safe to return.

On the voyage back to Venezuela, Soledad gave birth to their second son, Charles, on the ship, the British Packet "Ranger". The family reached Caracas in Venezuela in June 1833 where they were to live for the next eight years.

Daniel's life after the War.

Daniel was now looking for a way to make a living. He decided that his best chance was to become a diplomat in the service of the British. In those days, during the Union, Irishmen had British nationality, so there seemed to be a good opportunity here to use his language skills and his

knowledge of the politics and culture of the South American nations.

Bolívar had recognised his Diplomatic skill. In 1823 he sent Daniel on a co-ordination mission to Chile; In 1826 to Bogota and to Caracas on a mission of conciliation; And in 1828 to represent him at the great convention at Ocana, held to consider the reform of the Colombian constitution. The Venezuelans had also recognised his Diplomatic skill. He was proposed as Envoy to Brazil in 1825, and as the first Ambassador of Colombia to the USA in 1830, but in neither case was the secondment concluded due to his other work.

Daniel and Soledad had nine children. The first four were born in the period 1829-33 before his first trip to Europe. The remaining five were born between 1840-48 after his return. His only son to have descendants was Charles. Three of his daughters, Soledad, Ana and Carolina, produced large families and have numerous descendants in South America to this day.

In 1834 the Government of Venezuela sent a mission to Europe to seek recognition of their new status as a Nation. General Montilla was appointed Chief Plenipotentiary and Daniel was given the job of Secretary and second in command.

He was away in Europe from March 1834 until January 1840. The journey itself took 7 to 8 weeks by sailing ship. There were storms all the way from Jamaica to Falmouth, and the party arrived in London in May 1834.

The mission was partly successful in obtaining recognition by Britain, but Spain would not agree without the payment of indemnities, which was impossible. Montilla was eventually succeeded by Soublette as Chef de Mission. Daniel spent some time in Paris between the two postings to London and Madrid. After this part of the job was over, he went to Italy in 1837 ostensibly on holiday and to learn Italian, but was appointed by Venezuela to initiate negotiations to seek a Concordat with the Holy See. This was also unsuccessful at that time, but the Concordat came a few years later. Finally in 1839 he was delegated a member of the commission to divide the debt of Gran Colombia between Venezuela, New Granada and Ecuador.

Daniel also took the opportunity, while he was in London, to push his cause for a diplomatic post for himself in South America. His other work put him in contact with Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon and the Duke of Wellington, and many others who could help his cause.

He soon found that the main stumbling block was that he was a Catholic. It is interesting to note that when he finally became a British diplomat there was a clause inserted in his contract which permitted him to perform burial services, but forbade him to baptise children or perform marriages.

In August 1834, whilst he was on his European mission, Daniel returned to his native Cork after an absence of 17 years. Much had changed in his absence. His father and mother were both dead, and the only one of his siblings still alive was his sister Catherine, who was living in Cook Street. Daniel took the opportunity to visit the grave of his parents.

When the news got about that he was on his way to Cork he was invited to a special civic banquet to be chaired by Dr. Francis Lyons President of the Chamber of Commerce. This invitation was politely declined because Daniel had to travel on to Derrynane to visit Daniel O'Connell.

The excuse was a genuine one, but it must also be borne

in mind that Cork at that time was regarded in England as the "Rebel City" and Daniel did not want to compromise his delicate negotiations with Palmerston for a Foreign Office Post

Daniel's career as a British diplomat.

Daniel's lobbying in London eventually achieved results. In January 1841 after his return from England, he was appointed acting British Consul at Caracas by Lord Aberdeen. Later in the same year he was made Consul at Puerto Cabello, and finally in November 1843 he became British Chargé d'affaires and Consul-general at Bogotá.

The family moved to Bogotá, in Colombia, where they were very happy. The weather suited them much better, being somewhat like that of Ireland only warmer.

In August 1851 Daniel's health was not good and he suffered an attack similar to ones he had in Madrid and Rome. He decided to take a further trip to Europe to consult medical specialists there, and to take the cure at one or two spas which were popular at that time. It took some time to get permission from the Foreign Office in London, but he eventually left for Europe in July 1852 leaving his vice-consul, Edward Mark, in charge of the office.

Accompanied by two of his elder daughters, Ana and Carolina, he set sail in an English vessel travelling from Cartagena to Southampton via St Thomas. They arrived in Southampton in September. His eldest son, Simon, met him there and accompanied Daniel and the two girls to Paris where they were to further their education.

The girls were left in the pension of Mme. Claire and under the guardianship of an old friend, Juan de Francisco Martín. Daniel visited consultants in Paris, then went on to do the same thing in Rome. He returned to London in May 1853 seemingly feeling much better, and visiting the girls in Paris on the journey.

Then followed a visit to Malvern to take the Hydrotherapy cure.

After this he visited Dublin for two days, then journeyed to Cork to present to the Queen's College (now UCC) his collection of South American Minerals, Plants and Birds.

In September he sailed again from Southampton. His journey took him briefly to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and the Niagara Falls. He also consulted a further doctor in Philadelphia.

He arrived back with his family in Bogota in December 1853.

He died, suddenly and unexpectedly on the following 24th February 1854. His death was attributed to an "apoplexy" which probably means a heart attack.

When Daniel died in 1854 he was given an imposing state funeral at the cathedral in Bogotá, and buried in the local cemetery in Bogotá.

The Venezuelan Government later built a magnificent tomb for Simón Bolívar in the Pantheon in Caracas. This was modelled on the tomb of Napoleon who he much admired. In 1882 by agreement between the two governments Daniel's remains were transferred to the Pantheon where with three other of his favourite Generals they now lie alongside their beloved Commander in Chief.

Daniel the Writer.

Next to his successful career as an Army General, Daniel is best remembered in South America as the author of the monumental historical work, "Memorias del General O'Leary" in 32 volumes..

The first three volumes are the actual *Memorias* which is a history of the War of Independence and of General Bolívar. The remaining 29 volumes contain letters to and from Bolívar, and various other documents.

When Daniel died, all this was still in note form, completed in 1840, and much of it in English. His eldest son, Simon O'Leary brought it all together, and translated the English into Spanish. It was finally printed in Caracas between 1879 and 1888, with an Appendix which did not appear until 1914.

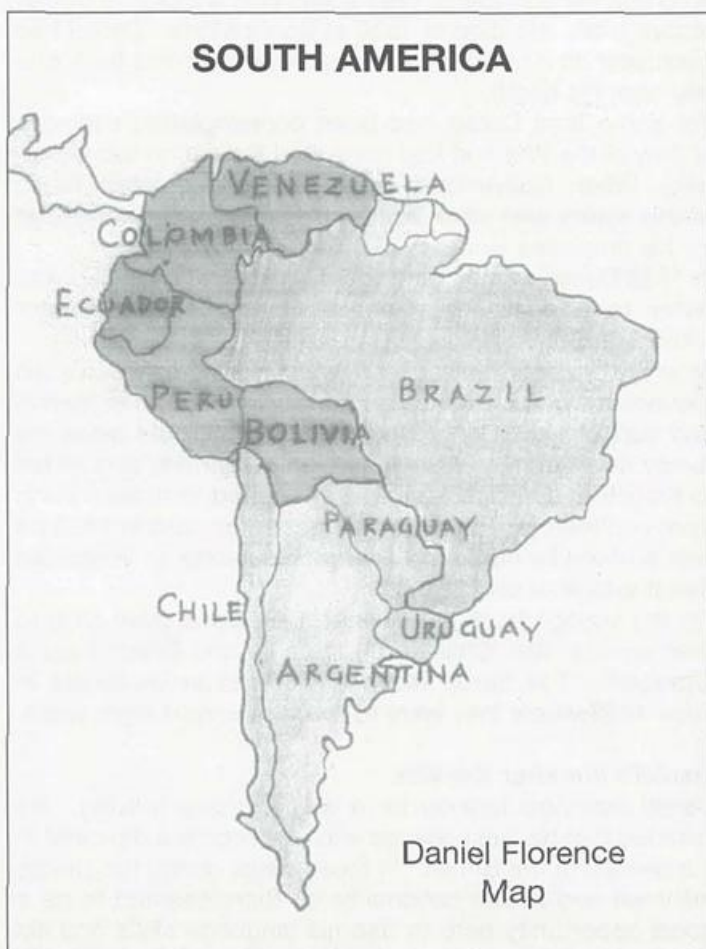
In 1982 when the Government of Venezuela were preparing for the 200th anniversary of the birth of Bolívar the following year, the Army for its contribution, had the whole work reprinted in an edition of 900. One of these 900 went to UCC where it can be consulted now in the Boole Library.

Daniel's Descendants.

Daniel's South American family consists of the descendants of his daughters, Soledad, Ana and Carolina. None of these of course bear the name O'Leary. This family, however are very proud of their descent from the famous Corkman, and usually link the name O'Leary in with their own.

Daniel's English family are all descended from his second son, Charles. He was born in 1833. He learnt English at home in Bogotá, and this was perfected by his time at school in England. He served in the British Consulate under his father in 1852. He then emigrated finally to Europe. He married Clementina de Santa María, a Colombian lady, in 1860. They had four sons;- another Daniel Florence born 1861; Charles; Richard; and Francis. Charles Senior died in London in 1894.

This Branch, descendants of the second Daniel Florence are still flourishing in England.



Daniel Florence
Map

A story by George Shorten

Introduced by his granddaughter Margaret Williams

My grandfather was George Shorten b. 1878 who is best known around Ballingearry as the man who wrote "An Capaillín Bán". He died while I was quite young but I have very fond memories of him, as I used to spend a lot of time with my grandparents. Grandad and I used to go for long walks along the canal near where they lived in Crosby, Liverpool. Grandad married Grace Scott Currie 12th Sept. 1905 at St Aloysious RC Church in Glasgow. I expect Grandad was working in that area, because at the time of his marriage his home address was in Liverpool, obviously Gran was born and brought up in Scotland.

I know that Grandad worked for a company exporting butter etc. but I think that after he married he had his own business, same type of exporting as far as I know.

They lived in Liverpool and at one stage probably because of work went to live in Hull then back to Liverpool. Gran and Grandad had 5 children

Marion Nessa b. 16th Aug. 1906 (died Jan 1990)

John b. 24th May 1908 (d. 7th June 1908)

Grace Ita b. Aug 1st 1911 (still living)

Mary Finola b. 1st Dec 1912 (d. 12 Nov 1984)

Kathleen (my Mum) b, Aug 2nd 1915 (d. April 5th 1977)

I came across a couple of little stories written by Grandad in March 1922. I have chosen this one because it tells a story about Grandad and my Aunt Ita, Anyway here is the story and it would be nice to dedicate it to Aunt Ita as the only surviving daughter of George Shorten.

*Thank you again,
Margaret Williams,
Flintshire, Wales.*

The Big Mother Bird

Do you understand the language of birds?

Some of them often talk as plain as can be. From living in the country and spending a lot of time in the woods and in the fields, I got to understand the talk of many birds, and sometimes could speak to them, but that is a long while ago, and I forget much of their speech now.

My favourite gossip was the Thrush, and we spent many mornings and evenings chatting to each other. Some mornings she came very early perched in a tree outside my bedroom window, while I lay in bed and listened to her chatter.

She was always very tidy and clean, and could not bear to see anybody dirty, so when the milk boy came around with muddy boots, and unwashed face, it would call out — go back, go back, dirty, dirty".

Not many years ago when Ita was about six, she and I would have had to stay all night on a mountain, if I had not known the language of birds. It happened this way.

One fine evening in the spring, we went for a walk along the shore till we came to a place where the sand ends. A high cliff stops one from going any further, but the cliff had a long ladder reaching up to a shelf from where one could climb step by step to the top of the hill. As we climbed higher and higher the people in the sand down below looked like midgets, and we had a grand view right out to sea and back into the heart of the country.

While we were admiring the lovely scenery, we heard a noise quite close, then a flapping of wings, and a big bird rose out of a rock ledge beside us. We made our way to the place from which it flew, and after searching around a bit, Ita exclaimed, "Oh look, here is the nest", and sure enough there it was, cosily concealed and containing three lovely eggs. Ita wanted to take one of the eggs home, and had actually lifted it off the nest, when I heard the croaking of

the bird overhead. It said quite plainly "don't rob my nest". I told Ita what the bird said, and that it would be bad luck to take the egg, so she put it carefully back and we continued our climb. We were more than half way up, and in another twenty minutes we reached the top, almost out of breath, and we were glad to sit down, on the rock, and admire the scenery. Out at sea there were ships of all sizes from big liners to the fishing boat. We knew that the small fishing boats would not go far away, but where were the others going to? And what were they carrying? And would they come back this way again? And if they come, what would they bring back? And would all the people who went out with the ship come back again? When you see a big ship, sailing away, don't you always feel like waving it good-bye, even though you don't know anybody on it?

The setting sun looked a lovely picture just as it neared the edge of the sea, and it was so red that when it was disappearing from view, you would expect to hear a hissing sound like a red hot poker would make when plunged into water.

The setting sun reminded me that it was getting late and time to be going home. It was difficult work getting back down the cliffs, and as Ita was tired I carried her on my back part of the way. We went on away past the big bird's nest, and down to the first shelf of rock from which we started, but imagine our surprise to find the ladder was gone. There was no other way of getting down onto the sands, and as it was getting dark we were a little frightened. I shouted at the top of my voice, but everybody seemed to have gone home for there was no response.

In another ten minutes it would be quite dark, and we could neither climb up nor get down. As we were looking round for some nice cosy place to spend the night, we heard the flapping of wings again, and there above us was the big

MICHAEL O'LEARY VC

The following is the unchanged text of a report from The Cork Examiner from February 1915, shortly after Sgt. Michael O'Leary of Killbarry, Inchigeela, Co. Cork had won a Victoria Cross while fighting in the British Army in France. It should be noted that the Army used the story to increase recruitment into the army and wanted to show the story in a heroic light. At this point World War One was just six months old and the fighting was to reach horrific proportions over the following three years. The Cumann Staire would like to thank John and Mary O'Shea, Coolroe West for the original.

Story of the Feat. Comrade's Details. English Appreciation.

How Sergeant Michael O'Leary, the fair-haired Irish Guardsman, won his VC and promotion on the battlefield was related to a "Daily Mail" representative by Company Quartermaster-Sergeant J. G. Lowry of the Irish Guards.

"For more than a week", said Sgt. Lowry, "our first battalion had been holding trenches near La Bassee brickfield, and our losses were heavy. The Germans had excellent cover both in the trenches and behind the stacks of bricks, and the bombs thrown by their mortars cost us dearly.

"The night before the taking of the brick-field we lost two officers among the killed, and it was decided that the trenches were too expensive to hold. We had worked in 48-hour turns, fighting all the time, sniping and throwing hand grenades. We were up close to the Germans and we gave them as good as they gave us. The pace was fierce particularly at night.

"We were all delighted therefore when the order came that the brickfield was to be taken by assault the next day at two o'clock.

"The French were on the right. My Company is No. 2 and Sgt. O'Leary's is No. 1. They were on our left and on their left were some Coldstreamers.

"At two o'clock exactly the next day the British and French artillery opened up on the brick-field. My company were ordered from our trench to keep up a hot rifle and machine gun fire across the German trenches and points of cover. Our business was to make the enemy keep their heads down no matter how much they were troubled by the artillery.

"The diversion we and the artillery caused led the Germans to expect something was going to happen from our direction and they devoted particular attention to our trench. After the rain of bullets and shrapnel had been kept up for twenty minutes, No.1 Company was let loose on our left. They came out of their trenches with a yell; bayonets fixed and went for the enemy at the double.

"They had from 100 to 150 yards to travel and they



Michael O'Leary, V.C.

went at a tidy pace, but were easily out-stripped by Lance-Corporal O'Leary, as he then was. He never looked to see if his mates were coming and he must have done pretty much even time over that patch of ground. When he got near the end of one of the German trenches he dropped and so did many more a long way behind him. The enemy had discovered what was up.

"A machine gun was O'Leary's mark. Before the Germans could manage to slew round and meet the charging men, O'Leary picked off the whole of the five of the machine gun crew. Leaving some of his mates to come up and capture the gun, he dashed forward to the second barricade, which the Germans were quitting in a hurry and shot three more.

"Some of the enemy who couldn't get away quick



Parents of Michael O'Leary, V.C. – Daniel O'Leary and Mrs M. O'Leary

enough faced our men but very little bayonet work was needed. The majority did not wait and we picked off a good lot of them from our trenches as they left their holes.

"I had a job keeping my men in the trench. "Why can't we go across?" they shouted at me and I wanted to go as much as they did. We soon understood how necessary it was to keep up the steady fire. We actually lost more men than the storming party.

"The brickfield was won inside half an hour. We went forward and occupied the German trenches and prepared for a counter attack but one never came.

"O'Leary came back from his killing as cool as if he had been for a walk in the park and accompanied by two prisoners he had taken. He probably saved the lives of the whole company. If the machine gun had got slewed round No. 1 Company might have

by his comrades.

"Next morning he was promoted on the field to full sergeant by Major the Hon. J. F. Trefusis, and I see in this mornings paper the major has won the DSO. If any man ever deserved it, it is Major Trefusis.

"Sgt. O'Leary has brought back the Victoria Cross to the Irish Guards. We lost ours when Brigadier-General Fitz-Clarence was killed. He won his VC in the South African War.

"The 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards has been at the front since the beginning. We were in the retreat from Mons. Sergeant O'Leary joined us about three months ago. After his first three years service in the battalion he went to Canada and joined the North West Mounted Police. Although he is a quiet and unassuming chap he has many good tales to tell about his adventurous life Out West. I don't think he's 25 yet.

"He seemed surprised that his comrades thought he had done something wonderful"

OUR MODERN HEROES

The "Globe" says, "When Amadis or Orlando hew whole armies of pagans in pieces, or slaughtered Ogres as one might kill flies, the modern reader dismisses their mythical exploits with a smile of contempt. When Hector is raging around the walls of Troy, or Jason is holding wild bulls by the horns, he puts it all down to poetic licence and turns for consolation to the more credible adventures of Ulysses or the poignant lament of Andromache. Will the deeds of our Paladins at the front like wise pass into myth, when a thousand years have rolled over this old world and mankind has become even more aceptical and less muscular than today? One would like to know for instance how the story of that nameless hero who laid four Germans with no better weapon than a shovel will be received by the cultured inhabitants of Greenland a millennium hence. How will they regard the exploits of Corporal O'Leary? It will be fortunate if they do not class him with Fingal and Achilles, with no better reason than the inherent unlikelihood of such a tale been true. Future ages must look after themselves. We know that O'Leary and the warrior with the shovel are veritable flesh and blood.

O'LEARY'S STORY

The "Evening Standard" says — As a Russian volunteer ranker expressed it to a paper a few months ago "Things which would be reckoned



Michael O'Leary's Home in Inchigeela

been nearly wiped out. We all quickly appreciated the value of O'Leary's sprinting and crack shooting and when we were relieved that night, dog-tired as we were, O'Leary nearly had his hand shaken off

noble and heroic in ordinary life seem commonplace here." That feeling breathes through Michael O'Leary's own description of his feat on February 1st. Gen. French in giving an account of the way in which the party of Irish and Coldstream Guards stormed successively two German barricades in a village, terms it an instance of "indomitable pluck." The barricades were brilliantly taken. And Gen. French is a man who has seen war at close quarters, and is more capable than most men of keeping a sense of proportion, and the foremost man in this exhibition of indomitable pluck was Michael O'Leary, who led the way and in the words of the official account, killed five Germans on the first barricade, three on the second and took two prisoners. Yet, this hero of the barricades of Cuinchy is marvellously indifferent to his own achievements in sending news of the affair to his relatives. Probably this is a reflex of his actual feelings at the moment.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES

Other tributes collected by the London Evening News are: -

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle — "No writer in fiction would dare to fasten such an achievement on any of his characters, but the Irish have always had a reputation of being wonderful fighters, and Lance-Corporal Michael O'Leary is clearly one of them." Mr. Thos. Scalan, MP — "I heard early this week of the great achievements of the Irish Guards. All Ireland is proud of O'Leary. He fully deserves the high honour that has been conferred upon him. Ireland is grateful to him."

The Countess of Limerick, - "The Irishman never fails. O'Leary is typical of the Irish man and the Irish Guardsman. His exploit — the finest thing in the whole war — does not surprise me.

The leader of the famous Driscoll Scouts; - "Magnificent O'Leary's exploit was thoroughly Irish in method and execution. This splendid Irish Guardsman deserves to rank as one of the greatest heroes of modern warfare.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; - "I am moved to admiration by the splendid courage of so many men and officers of every race. I am particularly proud that one of my own people should have been so foremost in these wonderful and brave achievements. It is only one of the many exploits which reveal the Irish as great fighters and is a vindication of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues in calling upon their people to rally to the great cause of the Allies."

POETIC DEDICATION

The "Globe" dedicated to O'Leary the following; -
 "The Celtic fighting men of yore
 Faced fearful odds, and bravely bore
 Their proud shields to the kill.
 Today O'Leary's daring shows
 The blood of old Cuchullin flows
 In Erin's warriors still.

Recruiting Headquarters at Whitehall have been quick to see in the exploits Lance-Corporal O'Leary the means of adding to the ranks of the new armies, and that the story of the thrilling encounter is to be read from recruiting platforms.

TRIBUTE TO OFFICERS

In an interesting letter' to his old school teacher Mr. O'Dea, Kilbarry, Sgt. Michael O'Leary VC writes under date Jan. 7th: - "Thanks very much for your parcel of the 2nd inst. I was so glad to hear from you, as it was the last thing in the world I expected and I assure you they were welcome as I had just run out. We thoroughly enjoyed the cigars, me and my mate, and smiled when we blew the smoke towards the Germans. I hadn't a bad Christmas, taking it all round. We had some Christmas pudding sent by Princess Mary and enjoyed it as well as the cigarettes, pipes and tobacco. The fighting around Christmas was very quiet but on St. Stephen's night they thought to attack us. We had a two round contest. I said to my mate that this would be a three round contest but no, the shower of lead we sent across in the second round was too much for them. They know what the Irish Guards are to their grief — they are not so fond of attacking us now. They dread our steel and know to their cost that the Irish Guards are great bayonet fighters.

"Our officers are very brave men; they dread nothing. When the Germans are advancing you can see them walking up and down the trenches among the men with a smile on their faces saying, "Give it to them, boys" and telling the sergeant, "Let the men at them. Then comes the word, "Fix bayonets, charge," and you should see them flee before us. It would remind you of one hitting a bunch of flies with his hand and they all make off. We came out of the trenches a few days ago for a rest. It was a God sent to be away from the muck and slush. We shall be back again in a few days and there will be something doing. I hope all are well. Remember me to the friends and neighbours and tell them I will be back someday victorious. I hope you got my card. The weather is very bad here, always raining, but we are well prepared for

it. I know you will be glad to hear I am promoted to Lance Corporal and am getting on well. I am writing home this evening. Excuse scribble and haste"

SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY

While the Gaelic League in Dublin resolute Kuno Meyer,

It was Private Michael O'Leary who took the Mauser fire;

'Twas Michael from Inchigeela who turned the Maxims down,

While the Coiste Gnó playboys sat and snarled in Dublin town.

It was Sgt. Michael O'Leary who broke the barricade,

Who too the chance, and won the cross that crowns the bayonets trade;

'Twas 'M'anam do Dhia' and 'How's your heart,' and 'How could we forget?'

But Michael from Inchigeela will fill a ballad yet.

Oh! A fair and pleasant land is Cork for wit and courtesy.

Ballyvourney East and Baile Dubh and Kilworth to the sea;

And when they light the turf tonight, spit, stamp, swear as of yore,

It's the Sgt. Mike O'Leary's ghost that wards the Southern shore.

REFERENCES AT THE BOARD OF GUARDIANS

At the weekly meeting of the Macroom Board of Guardians on Saturday, references were made by the Chairman, (Mr. R. Brophy), and other members to the great bravery displayed by Lance-Corporal Michael O'Leary, Irish Guards, a native of Kilbarry, Inchigeela, Co. Cork, at Cuinchy, and to the awarding of the Victoria Cross to that courageous Irish soldier.

The Chairman; Gentlemen, there is an important matter that I desire to bring before you. It concerns a family living in my division, and I am proud to say that that family possesses a very brave man. I refer now to Lance-Corporal Michael O'Leary of the Irish Guards, who is the son of a cottier of ours, living in the electoral division of Inchigeela and certainly from the few things that have come before me there is no doubt that he must be a very brave young man (hear, hear) Owing to his bravery at Cuinchy he has won the Victoria Cross (hear, hear). The official account of his brave act is as follows: - "The Victoria Cross is awarded to No. 3556, Lance-Corporal Michael O'Leary, 1st Battalion,

Irish Guards, for conspicuous bravery at Cuinchy on the first of February, when forming one of a storming party which advanced against the enemy barricades. He rushed to the front. And himself killed five Germans, who were holding a first barricade, after which he attacked a second barricade about 60 yards further on, which he captured after killing three of the enemy and making prisoners of two more. Lance-Corporal O'Leary thus practically captured the enemy's position by himself, and prevented the rest of the attacking party being fired on."

Mr. M. Murphy; - He must be a brave man (hear, hear).

The Chairman; - The members of this Board should be proud of a son of a tenant of ours, who has brought such a great honour to Ireland (hear, hear). He has won the Victoria Cross and that means that his own Colonel and the highest officer in the army must salute him.

Mr. M. Murphy;- It is a great honour for a poor man to gain (hear, hear).

The Chairman;- It is a great honour to Macroom Union and also to Ireland (hear, hear). In this war, as also in every other war, Irishmen were always to the front (hear, hear).

Mr. John M. Fitzgerald, M.C.C.:- That goes without saying. I suppose the Victoria Cross is worth a million other honours. The Chairman mentioned that The Cork Examiner had made arrangements to publish pictures of Lance-Corporal O'Leary and his parents and their home.

Mr. Fitzgerald M.C.C.:- Those pictures appear in this morning's issue and they are excellent. The Cork Examiner leads the way again with their news and pictures.

The Chairman read a number of telegrams from English newspapers paying tributes to Lance-Corporal O'Leary's bravery and said as a parishioner in the district in which Lance-Corporal O'Leary lived he felt very proud of having such a brave man in the district.

Mr. Fitzgerald M.C.C.:- We are all proud of him.

Mr. M. Murphy;- Everyone should be proud of him. He has done his own share to bring the war to an early and satisfactory conclusion.

Mr. Fitzgerald M.C.C.:- There are many Irishmen serving with the colours who would gain a similar honour if they were afforded the opportunity.

The Chairman said that that that was so.

The matter ended.

1. Letters from the front were read and censored by each soldier's officers.

Even as late as twenty five years after my own expulsion, a prominent Labour Party TD got away with making an infamous anti-Semitic outburst for which he may have been criticised but was certainly not expelled. As I have said, that is now passed. And the Labour Party provided not only Ireland's first Jewish Government Minister, but also its first Muslim TD, Moosajee Bhamjee.

In mentioning the need to learn from the past, I must, however, pay tribute to one Cork Labour leader who did take a noteworthy stand against fascism. Jim Hickey, who was a close personal friend and fellow striker with my father on the Cork docks in 1920, served several terms in Dáil Eireann. He was also my own branch secretary in the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union when I earned my living as a bus worker in this city. It was as Lord Mayor of Cork that he hit the international headlines for all the right reasons in February 1939. When the Nazi warship "Schlesien" visited Cork that month, Jim Hickey adamantly refused to accord it the civic welcome that was normally due to such a so-called courtesy visit. And how right he was! Seven months later, on the 1st of September 1939, this self-same warship fired the first artillery barrage in the port of Danzig which, in turn, began World War II with all the Holocausts of the millions upon millions that followed.

I genuinely appreciate the tribute now being made by this Labour Party Conference to the memory of that small band of Irishmen who took their stand in fighting fascism sixty five years

ago in an effort to halt its onward march towards a wider European and World War. But it is also necessary to appreciate how far we International Brigaders have travelled — from military defeat in that Spanish War to our subsequent vindication not only by history but also by the acclamation of Spanish democracy itself five years ago.

Sixty three years ago the withdrawal of the International Brigades in September 1938 ended the period of service of the Irish anti-fascists in the ranks of the Spanish People's Army. In December of that year they set out for home. They had fulfilled the pledge of solidarity and had redeemed the honour and freedom-loving traditions of the Irish people. Their struggle was a natural expression of traditional links between the Irish national liberation movement and the cause of international solidarity.

Compared numerically with the contributions of other countries to the International Brigades, that of Ireland was not large, but the difficult political conditions under which the Irish joined the movement must be

borne in mind. Of the approximately 200 Irish volunteers who came to the aid of Spain, 63 laid down their lives.

They were finally honoured nationally by a memorial plaque unveiled by the Lord Mayor of Dublin on the 5th of May, 1990 at Liberty Hall, Dublin. The location was particularly appropriate, since Liberty Hall had also served as headquarters of James Connolly's own Irish Citizen Army which he led in the national revolutionary Rising of Easter 1916. Local memorials were also unveiled in Waterford to the ten volunteers who came from that city; on Achill Island, Co. Mayo to Tommy Patten, the first Irishman to fall in Spain when defending Madrid; in Kilgarvan, Co. Kerry to International Brigader Michael Lehane who gave his life in the continuing struggle against fascism when serving with the Norwegian Merchant Navy in 1943; and in the ATGWU office in Dublin. And a further ceremony marked our handing over of the now 63-year-old Memorial Banner of the Irish International Brigaders to the safekeeping of the Irish Labour History Museum.



Spanish War veterans Peter O'Connor, Michael O'Riordan, Maurice Levitas and Bob Doyle in May 1996 with John the brother of Eamon McGrotty killed at Jarama.

As the 60th anniversary of the Spanish Anti-Fascist War was marked, the greatest honour to be received by Connolly Column veterans was from the Spanish people themselves as we shared with our fellow International Brigade veterans in the award of entitlement to Spanish citizenship — by unanimous vote of the Spanish Parliament — and as we participated in the nation-wide commemorations throughout Spain in November 1996. But there was also an even greater awareness at home of how we had upheld Ireland's honour in that struggle. In 1937 it had been those Irishmen who had served Franco fascism who had been acclaimed with a civic reception by the then Lord Mayor of Dublin. Now, if those forces are recalled at all, it is with a sense of national embarrassment. The wheel has turned full circle. Even if it was 60 years late in coming, it was indeed an honour for the surviving Connolly Column veterans to have their anti-fascism at long last honoured by a civic reception from the Lord Mayor of Dublin on the 14th of February, 1997. The motion to hold such a reception had been proposed by Labour Councillor Dermot Lacey and unanimously agreed by Dublin City Council. We have also been particularly honoured by our own class with ceremonies organised by the trade union councils of Dublin, Waterford and Clonmel. On the 11th of May, 1997 we were again present in Kilgarvan when the Norwegian ambassador to Ireland posthumously presented his country's War Service medal earned in the Norwegian Merchant Navy by our comrade-in-arms Michael Lehane

who gave his life at sea in the struggle against fascism in 1943.

It was a great source of joy to me that present on all of these occasions was Peter O'Connor of Waterford, the last Irish survivor of the battles of Jarama and Brunete, a one time Labour Party Councillor in his native city and a veteran of my own Communist Party of Ireland. It was Peter O'Connor and his fellow-Waterfordmen, Paddy and Johnny Power, who had crawled out onto the Jarama battlefield to bring back the body of the Irish poet-volunteer Charlie Donnelly for burial in Morata de Tajuna. And it was Peter who spoke on behalf of all of us at the ceremonies marking the unveiling of the memorial to the heroic dead of Jarama in Morata cemetery in October 1994. Also present at the Dublin and Morata ceremonies - as well as at the 60th anniversary commemorations - was the Dublin Jewish veteran Maurice Levitas who fought on the Aragon front and was imprisoned for a year in the fascist concentration camp of San Pedro de Cardena. Regrettably Peter died in June 1999 and Maurice died in February of this year.

It is also a matter of particular regret that two of my closest personal and political comrades had passed on before the vindication of those 60th anniversary commemorations. Back in my native Cork, I now wish to pay special tribute to two sisters from the West Cork town of Clonakilty. My late wife, Kay Keohane-O'Riordan, who passed away in December 1991, was both a convinced Christian and a convinced Communist who bravely stood

by me in our common struggle and who courageously confronted all the Red-baiting attacks that rained down upon us during the Cold War era. Kay's sister, Máire Keohane-Sheehan, was chairperson of Cork Branch of the Communist Party of Ireland at the time of her death in September 1975. But many a Labour Party Conference was also roused by her eloquence during the 1960s when, for a time, she was the sole female member of its Administrative Council. Máire — who served as Secretary of the Cork Branch of the Irish Nurses' Organisation - had also been a co-founder of the Liam Mellows branch of the Labour Party and went on to support me when I was a candidate for the Cork Socialist Party in the 1946 by-election. When I was Red-baited by a Fianna Fáil Government Minister during that campaign for having fought against Franco, it was Máire who came to the fore in defence of my anti-Fascist stand. Her powerful oratory drew thousands to hear her speak at public meetings on the Spanish anti-Fascist War the ranks of surviving Irish veterans of the Fifteenth International Brigade now number only three:

Bob Doyle who also fought on the Aragon front and was imprisoned in San Pedro de Cardena; and Eugene Downing and myself who fought on the Ebro front where we were both wounded. But we survivors have lived to see the sacrifice of our comrades who gave their lives in Spain finally vindicated at the highest level in our own country. And both Peter O'Connor and Maurice Levitas also lived to see that day.

It was on the 12th of May 1996



Michael O'Riordan showing his Spanish War medals to grandson Luke in February 1997

that a monument was erected outside Liberty Hall to the Irish Socialist leader, James

Connolly, on the 80th anniversary of his execution by British Imperialism. The monument was unveiled by the then President of Ireland, Mary Robinson, who is now the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights. Connolly Column veterans of the International Brigades were present with our banner displaying the red, yellow and purple colours of the Spanish Republic. And during the course of her speech President Robinson paid tribute to us as a group who, to use her

own words, "*fought — inspired by Connolly - in the Spanish Anti-Fascist War*". When the President subsequently greeted us one by one, she also said: - "You did yourselves proud". I have one qualification to make to that. It was the Spanish people themselves who did us proud and it was an honour to fight alongside them.

I will conclude by sincerely thanking your Party leader Ruairi Quinn for his invitation and welcome, and Conference delegates for this tribute.

Salud y venceremos!

Recitation to explain what "Love" is

The following recitation was popular in the 1950s. It was one of the many recitations performed by Tadhg Hugh Twomey, Aharas, Ballingearry. The Cumann Staire would be interested in printing other recitations.

You know, my dear friends, that LOVE is a most peculiar sort of a thing.

May God help us it makes some poor devils do queer things. I knew a fellow and before he fell in love he could do nothing, but since then he could coax any man's daughter over a ditch of furze.

I spoke about love the other day to a lazy class of a fellow who badly wanted something to shake him up a bit. Tell me, said I, did you ever fall in love?

"Oh! No" said he, "but I once fell into a boghole". "Ah", said I, falling into love and falling into a boghole aren't a bit in the world alike, said I.

"And what is like?", said he.

"Love," said I, "isn't like anything, it is a sort of something more like nothing. You can't touch it, hear it, or see it and yet again you are positively sure that you have got it and that you have fallen into it - and still you can't tell where it is. "How in the name of God" said he, "could you fall into love if it is a thing you can't see"?

Said I. "It is the thing you can't see you are always bound to fall into — just the same as you fell into the boghole. "Oh then", said he, "if I was as wet and as libernach and as cold coming out of love as I was coming out of the boghole, I wouldn't ask to fall into it for one".

Now, my friends, I know you will agree with me that talking

about love to that class of an AMADÁN is only a waste of time — pure waste of time — because why? — He has got no imagination, and imagination is chiefly what love is made from. Let me give you a simple example. Supposing you looked at a good looking girl there and if you caught the girl looking at you — well then wouldn't you be expecting that she was expecting what yourself was expecting?

Love makes a poor devil get up early, stay up all hours of the night, it lowers his pocket money but it rises his EXPECTATIONS. And above all, and this is what you would be most surprised about — it gives a man an insane desire to support another man's daughter.

The old people used to tell me that Love has nothing at all to do with Marriage, but my opinion is different:

For when you go courting a young and dainty lass,
Don't be too shy or ready to faint for her
Ah! little she'll care about your pluckless philandering
Soon my poor boy she would send you a rambling.
Just let her see that your love you would like to grant
and politely explain to her that yourself is the boy
she wants'

Tip her a wink, get hold of the fist of her
and kiss her before she'll have time to say, "Stop it, Sir".
Give her another and then half score of them
Bye and bye you will see she'll be looking for more of them
Talk to her, laugh to her, be saucy and stylish, Sir,
That is the way to make love like an Irishman.
Sing to her, smile to her, sit down near the side of her,
And I will go bail that you'll soon make your bride of her.

The End.

What's in a Name. 8: Stone Circles

When we talk of Stone Circles we often think of the massive structures at places like Stonehenge where the stones themselves are twice the height of a man or more.

These however are the exceptions. The majority of stone circles are much more modest in size with stones of 1m. in height or less.

South West Ireland has a large number of these Megalithic monuments, and County Cork is particularly rich in them, but even so, they are much less numerous than other types of monument such as Gallauns or Ring Forts. The Archaeological Inventory shows 52 of them in Mid County Cork, of which only one lies in our Parish.

These monuments are believed to have been built in the Late Neolithic/Early Bronze Age (ie. 3000 to 1500 BC) although they may have been in use for much longer than this, perhaps up to 800 BC.

We do not know why they were built, but speculation usually suggests ceremonial or ritualistic uses. As with other stone structures there usually seems to be an astronomical aspect as well.

Stone Circles are distributed in Ireland very unevenly. There are large numbers in Mid Ulster and in Cork/Kerry, but very few in other parts. The Cork/Kerry ones are unique in design and these are the type commented on in this article.

A large number of Cork/Kerry Stone Circles have five stones. There are also examples that have more than five stones, but invariably in odd numbers. These Multiple Stone Circles have from seven stones up to a maximum of nineteen stones.

They are called Circles, and most of the Multiple type are indeed roughly circular. The five stone type are often D-shaped rather than truly circular.

The typical construction includes two large stones which form the entrance (the portal stones), and opposite this on the other side of the circle, and in a south-west inclination, is a small stone called the Axial. The remaining, less important stones, two to sixteen in number, are grouped around the circle equidistant from each other, and sometimes decreasing in height around the perimeter as they approach the Axial.

The entrance stones are often lying on their sides and with their axes in the line of the circumference.

Other features which you sometimes find are a further two stones outside the circle and forming a passage with the entrance stones. There was sometimes a fosse or ditch surrounding the whole structure. Many of the Multiple Circles have a single stone standing in the centre, and this is often found to be made from quartz.

Stone Circles sometimes contain burials and where these are found, they are usually single person cremations in small pits. There have not been many finds of artifacts, which would have helped with dating the Stone Circle.

The only Stone Circle in our Parish lies in the Townland of Teergay. It seems to have been a nine stone Multiple type, but only seven of the stones remain.

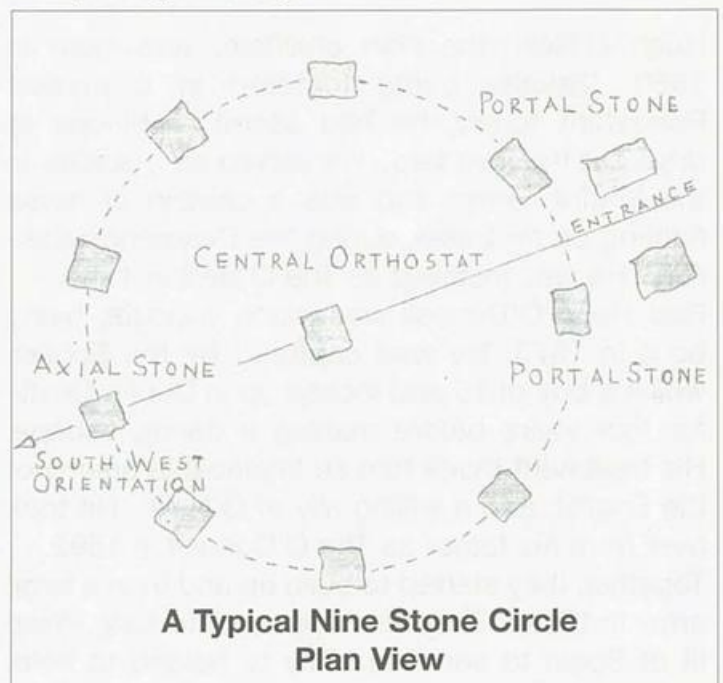
There are other good examples to be found nearby. There is a complete five stone Circle in Reananaree and another nine stone Circle close by in Gortanimill Townland. Others to be seen locally are sited in Carrigaphooka, Coolaclevane, Carriganimmy, Carriganine, Lissacressig, Cappa-boy Beg and Lumnagh More.

Most of these Stone Circles are on private land, difficult to find and difficult to access. When you do get to them, they are small, overgrown by grass and shrubbery and unimpressive. They are of enormous importance archaeologically but often disappoint the sightseer.

More visually impressive ones are to be found within a reasonable distance of us. There is the large Circle in Kenmare Town, known locally as "The Druids Circle" and situated in the Shrubberies near the Finihy River. Another magnificent example one is to found at Drombeg near Union Hall.

There have been many theories put forward to explain how the Bronze Age people used the Stone Circle for their Religious Ceremonies but these remain theories and there is no proof of any sort. The one fact which is common to all these ideas is that there is a significant North East to South West alignment of the Circle. If you stand at the entrance of the Circle and look towards the axial stone, this alignment is usually towards the setting sun at the time of one of the great pagan Celtic feastdays such as Lá Samhna, or 1st.November. By a strange coincidence that is the very date on which I am writing these notes.

Perhaps you have your own theories as to what they got up to on these occasions, and certainly no one can prove you wrong.



“The Battle of Kinsale”

By Peter O’Leary

The Situation prior to the Battle.

By 1590 the English had successfully clamped down on the Gaelic and Anglo-Norman leaders in much of Ireland. Kildare was reduced in power; Desmond killed and his lands re-distributed; McCarthy Mór had died without an heir; Ormond, Thomond and Clanricard were now firmly loyal to the Crown. Only Hugh O’Neill and his ally Red Hugh O’Donnell in Ulster remained to be subjugated, and the Gaelic system could then easily be destroyed forever.

The Desmond war in Munster had reduced that Province to ruination. Amongst the lesser clans in Munster only McCarthy Duhallow and the O’Sullivans were holding on to their old allegiance to Gaelic law and customs. McCarthy Reagh and McCarthy Muskerry were barely neutral and Barry, Roche and the remaining Desmond FitzGerald were all on the side of the Queen.

Most of the lesser clans in Munster were supporters of O’Neill but had to pay lip service to their own liege lord. This meant in many cases, that the chieftain and a few of his close followers would, for example in O’Leary’s case, nominally give support to Sir Cormac McCarthy, Lord Muskerry, and therefore the Queen: the remainder of the clan would support O’Neill in a clandestine manner.

Hugh O’Neill, the clan chieftain, was born in 1550. Despite being fostered in a loyalist Protestant family, he had secret ambitions to drive out the invaders. He served as a soldier in the English army, and was a captain of horse fighting under Essex during the Desmond rebellion. He was installed as The O’Neill in 1595. Red Hugh O’Donnell was much younger, being born in 1573. He was captured by the English whilst a boy of 15 and locked up in Dublin Castle for four years before making a daring escape. His treatment made him an implacable enemy of the English and a willing ally of O’Neill. He took over from his father as The O’Donnell in 1592. Together, they started to build up and train a large army in Ulster. They also appealed to King Philip III of Spain to send an army to Ireland to help.



Philip was seeking revenge for the defeat of the Great Armada in 1588 and eventually agreed to do so.

Meanwhile O’Neill and O’Donnell were conducting a very successful war against the English forces in Ulster. They defeated English armies at Fermanagh, the Ford of the Biscuits, the Yellow Ford, the Curlews and the Blackwater Fort. These were battles fought mainly by surprise attacks and ambushes, but they caused serious losses and panic in the English armies. The Irish army, however, was not yet ready to undertake a conventional battle in the open field.

O’Neill came down to Munster in 1599 to reconnoitre the ground, and to talk to the Munster chieftains to try to persuade them to join his cause. This was not as successful as he had hoped for, and many refused to join him.

The Spanish landing. The siege of Kinsale.

King Philip eventually sent ships, an army of 4,800 men and large amounts of guns and ammunition. The Spanish landed at Kinsale in September 1601, and were given the walled town as a garrison, and put themselves to defend it against the English army.

Two factors were to influence the eventual outcome of the battle of Kinsale. First of all the Spanish had landed at the furthest possible point in Ireland from Ulster forcing O'Neill and O'Donnell to cross the country to meet up with them. Secondly the Battle took place in winter when cover was at a minimum and the poorly provisioned Irish armies found it harder to feed themselves from the local land.

The English army under Mountjoy, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Carew, the President of Munster, soon surrounded Kinsale and started to batter the town with their artillery. De Aguilla, the Spanish commander, was an experienced soldier and put up a fierce defense. His instructions were, however, to hold the town until the Irish army came down from Ulster to combine with them.

O'Neill and O'Donnell march South.

In December 1601 the Irish armies moved South from Ulster towards Kinsale by a series of forced marches through the mountains. They managed to elude the English armies of Dowcra and Carew who had been sent by Mountjoy to intercept them. They reached Kinsale on the 21st December 1601 and took up positions that trapped the English armies between themselves and the town held by the Spanish. The English were however able to supply themselves, and receive reinforcements, by sea through Oysterhaven.

Comparison of the two armies.

Mountjoy, for the British, managed to get reinforcements through Oysterhaven, which brought his army up to 12,000 men. Many of these became sick, and only about 7,500 were capable of being used in the Battle.

The combined armies of O'Neill, O'Donnell and Tyrrell came to 6,180. This include 500 of O'Sullivan Beare's men, and 200 of Ocampo's Spaniards.

On paper the sides were fairly evenly matched. In the event, the Spanish forces behind the walls of Kinsale took no part in the Battle, so their numbers counted for nothing. The other big difference was in the quantity and quality of the English artillery, some of it being mounted on the naval vessels which were lying offshore close to

the town. The Spanish had a few small cannons, the Irish none.

The Battle.

On the Christmas Eve, 24th December 1601 O'Neill moved to attack the English army at dawn. He seems to have done so against his better judgement, but was persuaded by his more impetuous comrades, particularly O'Donnell.

The Battle was a fiasco. Tyrrell in the vanguard was to move towards Kinsale, attack Thomond's camp, and give the signal to the Spanish to move out from behind the walls and join the attack. The Spanish did not hear the signal, and stayed put, taking no part in the action.

O'Donnell in the rearguard, got lost in the appalling December weather, and after a successful encounter with the English cavalry, wheeled into their own Irish Foot causing havoc in the ranks.

O'Neill finding himself without his rearguard, changed his plans to advance and hold the heights of Ardmartin. His foot soldiers turned to the West to regroup where they were blundered into by the cavalry of O'Donnell.

In the confusion, the now much reduced foot soldiers of O'Neill were savaged by the English Horse under Ffolliott, Power, St. John and Wingfield.

The Battle was over in less than an hour. The Irish lost 1,200 and the English only 20. The tactics showed that the Irish Foot were poorly trained for open field fighting and the formation of the hollow square. It also showed up the superior English cavalry techniques using the lance, as compared with the Irish method of no stirrup and overhead spear throwing.

The Irish army left the field in some disorder. Most fled back to Ulster, though a few remained to continue the war with O'Sullivan Beare. The Spanish, who lost many men in the siege, but none in the battle, gave up the town to Mountjoy, "on Terms" and were allowed to sail back to Spain. It must be added that they had defended the town of Kinsale against all comers bravely and successfully for some 13 weeks.

The aftermath.

O'Donnell went to Castlehaven and took a ship to Spain. He was well received there but died a few months later, said to be by poisoning by Carew's spy, Blake.

O'Neill returned to his native Ulster. He was reasonably well treated by Mountjoy, but lost most of his lands and authority. Six years later in 1607 he decided to go to Spain, and was accompanied by many supporters and lesser chieftains. This was known as the "Flight of the Earls". It gave the English administration the ideal opportunity to seize most of the land of Ulster, and to bring in Presbyterian Lowland Scots to farm it.

This may have seemed a good idea at the time, from the English point of view. They had achieved their objectives of destroying the Gaelic culture, ridding themselves of the Clan system and the more troublesome chieftains and providing a relief to the overpopulation problems in their own country.

In the longer term it was a disaster. It created the environment for the present "Troubles" in Ulster with much suffering and distress for millions of decent people of both cultures

The men of Uibh Laoghaire at the Battle of Kinsale.

Like many clans in Munster there were men of Uibh Laoghaire fighting on both sides. There is not much doubt that the sympathy of most of them was for O'Neill, and many individuals joined his Army when it came down South.

But the official position of the clan was totally different. The O'Learys were freeholders but subject to the chief clan in Muskerry, the McCarthys of Blarney and Macroom. The head of this family at the time was Sir Cormac mac Dermot McCarthy, Lord Muskerry (1552-1616) who had become chieftain in 1583. The O'Learys not only had to pay him dues, but also had to provide a military force in times of war.

Lord Muskerry was probably the chieftain with the most to lose in terms of land and wealth. He had therefore declared for the Queen although

this was against the wishes of most of his clansmen, and indeed most of his immediate family. Carew, the President of Munster, had no confidence in the loyalty of Lord Muskerry or indeed of any of the chieftains who were obviously merely protecting their own interests by pretending to be loyalists. So Lord Muskerry, and his wife and son, were under some form of house arrest in Shandon Castle in Cork for most of this period.

There was therefore a contingent of troops provided by Lord Muskerry, and commanded by him, which served at the Siege and the Battle. To test this force, Carew made Lord Muskerry lead them out below the walls where the Spanish were ensconced, and there then ensued much rattling of sabers and exchange of shouts but not much else. Lord Muskerry's force did take part in a more serious fight a few days later when they repelled a party of Spaniards who had sallied forth from behind the walls, and were spiking the guns of one of the batteries.

The Uibh Laoghaire contingent in this force was led by Donogh the recently elected O'Leary chieftain, and included Lisagh who was his half-brother and only about 15 at the time. Oddly enough Carew took a liking to Lisagh and they became firm friends. When Lisagh eventually married, he named his firstborn son George after his patron, a name which was previously unheard of in the family.

Meanwhile we have no details of the warlike happenings of the other members of the clan who were serving O'Neill. After the battle was over they would have quietly marched home to Inchigeelagh whilst their Northern comrades fled back to Ulster.

A third body of soldiers included Mahon MacDonagh O'Leary who was attached to the company of Barry Óg of Rincurran. He became a prisoner of the English after Rincurran fell, and was included in the Spanish force, which sailed from Kinsale after the surrender.

Thus there were representatives from Uibh Laoghaire in all three of the Armies at the Battle of Kinsale. Most clans found themselves represented in at least two of the Armies.

Sean-Fhocail

Le Donnchadh O'Luasaigh,
Baile An Chollaigh

Tá a lán céille i sean-fhocail ach measaim ná húsaidtear iad chomh minic anois agus a deintí leath-chéad blian ó shoin, ach "is dóich le fear na buile gurb é féin fear na céille". Seo leanas roinnt sampla.

1. Nuair a luíonn gé luíonn siad go léir.
2. I dtosach na h-aicíde is fusa a leigheas.
3. Bíonn blas ar an mbeagán.
4. Is fearr súil le béal an chuain na súil le béal na h-uagha.
5. An té bhíonn amuich fuarann a chuid.
6. Tosach sláinte codladh, deireadh sláinte osna.
7. Aithníonn Tadhg Taidhgin.
8. Capall na hoibre an bia.
9. Is fearr sioc ná síor-bháisteach.
10. Is maith le dia cúnamh a fháil.
11. Is dána gach madra ag doras a thí féin.
12. Is ait an mac as saol.
13. Ualach éadtrom e an fhoghlaím.
14. Caora mhór an t-uan abhfad.
15. Ná bac le mac an bhacaigh 'is ní bhacfaidh mac an bhacaigh leat.
16. An té nach bhfuil bólacht ar chnoc aige, bíonn suaimhneas ar sop aige.
17. Is fad-saolach iad lucht múchta.
18. Is geal leis an bhfiach dubh a ghearrcach féin.
19. Is geal le sos malairt oibre.
20. An óige is an amaideacht, is deacair iad a cheannaireacht.
21. Pós fear ón iarthar is pósfair an t-iarthar ar fad.
22. Is mac leat do mhac go bpósfar ach is iníon leat d'iníon go raghaidh tú sa chré.
23. An té a bhíonn thíos luíotar cos air, 'is an té a bhíonn thuas óltar deoch air.

Tongue Twister. (gal = tobacco)

Do thabharfainn-se gal don té a dtabharfadh gal dom nuair a bheadh gal aige is gan aon ghal agam ach an té ná tabharfadh gal dom nuair a bheadh gal aige is gan aon gal agam ní thabharfainn gal dó nuair a bheadh gal agam is gan aon ghal aige.

The Bishop Butler Scandal

By Peter O'Leary

In 1786 there was a great scandal in the Catholic Diocese of Cork when the Bishop resigned.

Bishop John Butler had been elected to this honour in 1762. He was born in 1731 and was a member of the powerful family of Butler of Ormonde, whose head was the Duke of Ormonde from Kilkenny.

He began his studies for the priesthood in 1750, and as was usual in those days, was sent to Spain and Italy, spending most of his student days at the Irish College in Rome. He was ordained in 1758.

After a short time as a parish priest, and a further time as Secretary to the Archbishop of Cashel, Fr. Butler was raised to the bishopric after only four years as a priest, an almost unheard of progression. This was widely believed to be more due to his powerful Butler contacts than to his great piety or efficiency.

So in 1762 a young man of 31 headed the Diocese of Cork. He appears to have overcome these early difficulties and we know little of his next 24 uneventful years in this capacity.

But in 1786 one of the minor Butler Lords, a Lord Dunboyne, died, and Bishop Butler was his heir. The Bishop immediately applied to Rome to be relieved of his office and to give up the priesthood. In his petition to Rome he stressed the importance of the Lordship of Dunboyne, and the necessity of such a superior member of Society to marry and provide the next heir for posterity. As he stated, "It is no pleasure for me after a life of celibacy, to share my bed and board." He was clearly a man who recognised his duties in the life to which he had now been called!

Sadly, the Pope did not see matters so clearly, and turned down his request. Nevertheless the new Lord of Dunboyne went ahead, resigned his bishopric, was received into the Church of Ireland and shortly afterwards married one of his cousins, Mary Butler.

The affair was treated with astonishment and disbelief in his former Diocese. Fr. Arthur O'Leary, OFM Cap. Poured scorn on him from his pulpit in Blackamoor Lane in Cork, and published a pamphlet which did not spare the man.

The new Lord Dunboyne was advised:

Nuair a bheas tú in Ifrionn go fóill,
Agus do deora ag silleadh leat,
Sin an áit a bhfuagh tú na scéala,
Cia is fearr sagairt no ministéar.

(Later when you'll be in hell,
and your tears flowing,
That where you'll discover,
Which is better, a priest or minister)

The O'Riordans of Ballingearry

Mike O'Riordan from Southampton traces his family's history from ancient times through Ballingearry to his present home in the south of England.

Early Irish situation.

The ruling dynasties in Munster of the first millennium AD are referred to as the 'Eoganachta'. This name comes from one 'Eogan Mor' son of Ailill Olum and grandson of Mug Nuadat (devotee of Nuada)

Nuada is a mythological figure common to Irish and British Celtic religion. In Britain he was known as

Nodens - there was a temple devoted to him at Lydney in late Roman times.

Ailill Olum was said to have died in 227 A.D. The revolt of the 'Firbolgs' was said to have occurred in 100A.D. and from somewhere in this period came the concept of two halves of Ireland.

The north was Leth Cuinn (Con's half - Con of the 100 battles from whom Connaught is named) and the south was Leth Moga (Mog's half).

In the centre and north of Munster were the Muscraige with a string of petty kingdoms on the borders.

These included — Eile, Araid, Glasraige, Tacraige. These people were loosely controlled by Eoganacht Cashel until the rise of Brian Boru and the Dal Cais of Co. Clare around 1000 A.D.

In 1058 Turlough O'Brien invaded Munster. He was the son of Tadc who had been killed by the Eile at the instigation of Tadc's brother Donnchad in 1023.

Donnchad was the son of Brian Boru and rival of Turlough, his nephew. Donnchad had abandoned Limerick but gave battle to Turlough at Sliabh gCrot in Co. Tipperary. This was a decisive defeat for Donnchad and a turning point in history. It was also where Righbardan King of Eile and progenitor of the O'Riordan sept was killed. Turlough assumed the Kingship in 1063. Donnchad died in Rome in 1064 on a pilgrimage. From 1118 O'Briens were making extensive settlements in Munster although the O'Conors of Connaught became dominant during the 12thC.

Kingdom of Eile

The petty kingdom of Eile was founded by the same family of people as the Eoganacht although a minor branch. Eoghan being the first son of Ailill Olum, Cormac Cas the second - from whom came the Dal Cais.

The third son of Ailill Olum was Cian who was the progenitor of Clan Cian. 7th in line from Cian was Eli Righdeard from whom the name Eli derives (from 'A long way to Tipperary' by June O'Carroll Robertson). 24th in line from Cian was Cearbhall (Carroll) the progenitor of the O'Carroll sept and from whom the Riordans issued - Cearbhall was the great grandfather of Righbardan who died at Slieve gCrot.

The original extent of Eile included the baronies of Ballybritt and Clonlisk in the south of Co. Offaly and the baronies of Ikerrin and Eliogarty in the north of Co. Tipperary. The town of Birr in Offaly may have been the main seat. Other castles were Dunkerrin, Kinitty and Emmell. The sanctuary of Seir Kieran lies to the west of the Slieve Blooms between Birr and Roscrea. The O'Carrolls clung to the area of Nenagh (not originally part of Eli) in the west of Tipperary until recent times.

The area known as Ely O'Carroll encompassed the barony of Ikerrin only.

MacCarthy Lordships.

The senior of the Eoganacht groups in Munster was Eoganacht Caisel based around Cashel in the south of Co. Tipperary as previously stated. From about the 11th C. surnames came into common use among the Irish clans and at this time Caisel was ruled by Carthach (d.1045) from whom the MacCarthys take their name. This was a time of upheaval in Munster as the O'Briens of Dal Cais were expanding eastwards. There was a nominal partition of Munster in 1118, which ceded the north of the province to the O'Briens, and Muiredach MacCarthy retained the southern part.

Two generations later in 1151 Diarmaid MacCarthy suffered a disastrous defeat and the MacCarthys were banished from the Golden Vale in Tipperary and took up residence in Lismore on the River Blackwater in Co. Waterford. This caused a massive displacement of septs in Desmond (South Munster).

On the eve of the Norman invasion of Ireland in 1170 - the "Kingdom of Cork" comprised the area from Lismore to Mt Brandon and from the Blackwater to the sea. After 1170 the Normans occupied East Munster and attempted to exert control over the whole province. The MacCarthys, however, were able to reassert themselves and were granted lands around Macroom in the early 13th Century. The other Eoganacht groups appear to have lost ground at this time.

The first split from this main branch (MacCarthy Mor) occurred in 1230 with a younger brother of Cormac Fionn called Domhnall taking Carbery from the O'Mahoneys. This group eventually became MacCarthy Reagh.

In the next generation further splits occurred due to expansion. One younger son of Cormac Fionn became Lord of Duhallow in the Blackwater valley.

The descendants of another son (the sixth) - Donncha an Drumin became MacCarthy of Aharas in Iveleary.

Cormac Fionn died in 1247 at his stronghold of Mashanaglass east of Macroom. His eldest son -

Finghin - in turn became MacCarthy Mor and made great

advances into Kerry. This line eventually settled in and ruled south Kerry from the Killarney area.

The third and last split came in the 14thC. when another junior branch was made Lord Muskerry and held the modern barony of Muskerry and land as far as Cork city. It was this branch that built Blarney castle and became the dominant group although MacCarthy Mor was still nominally the Chief of the MacCarthys.

It is known that the O'Riordans as followers of the MacCarthys were often "captains of soldiers" for them and it is for this reason that the distribution of Riordans is similar to that of the MacCarthys. They probably moved south into Desmond between 1118 and 1170 as a result of the defeats inflicted by the O'Briens. At this time the main MacCarthy residence was at Lismore. The main seat moved to east of Macroom in about 1220. The main seat of the O'Riordans is thought to be to the north of Macroom in the Laney valley.

It was probably at the death of Cormac Fionn MacCarthy in 1247 when the eldest son Finghin became MacCarthy Mor and the other brothers were given other territories, that some O'Riordans moved with them to new homes. They appear to have stayed until the post famine era in the late 19th Century. In the case of the Aharas group in Ballingearry (Inchigeela Parish) the associated O'Riordans were probably the ones referred to as the ' Carrignadoura Clan ' (one of three groups of O'Riordans in the parish according to local tradition recorded in the O'Donoghue papers).

The Riordans of the Bunsheelin valley

In the Parliamentary Returns of 1766 there were seven Riordan households recorded in this area of Inchigeela parish. They were :-

Owen and Denis at Aharas,
William at Gorteenakilla,
Mathew at Bawnatemple,
Cornelius at Gurteenowen and
Daniel and Owen at Coomdorragha.

The number of individuals in these households was recorded as fifty one. Sixty one years later at the time of the Tithe Applotment there were three tax payers recorded including Mathew Reardon who farmed land at Keamcorravooly and Dromanallig. It is possible that this Mat could have been born in about 1770 and be the son of the William at Gorteenakilla in 1766 although there are also other possibilities.

In 1852 when the Griffiths Primary valuation was carried out in this area there were eight Riordan householders recorded.

One of the householders at Keamcorravooly was Jeremiah Riordan who was probably the eldest son of Mat. Another householder at Keamcorravooly, Denis Riordan was probably a younger son of Mat. Their houses were situated about two hundred metres downhill from Maureen Creeds house where a track joins the modern road. Other families in the area were living at Aharas, Gorteenakilla and Gurteenowen. Daniel Riordan at Gorteenakilla was probably another brother of Jeremiah and had a house and garden only with no land. He had married Margaret Lyhane

of Gortnarea in 1833 and they had had five children. Denis may have married Hannah Hurley of Dromanallig in 1854. In 1853 Jeremiah Riordan was listed as the postmaster in Bantry although he didn't hold this position for long and may have moved on to a sub office in the area such as Inchigeela.

He married Norry Reen of Bawnatemple in 1842 and their children were:- Mathew b.1843; Ellen b.1845; Denis b.1847; Mary b.1849; Daniel b.1852; Margaret b.1855; Norry b.1858; Joan b.1860 and Norry b.1862.

Jeremiah died in 1881 and the farm in Keimcorraboula was taken on by Mat who had married Margaret Cotter in 1874. This family seem to have emigrated soon after this. Two of Jeremiah's daughters, Ellen and Mary, married O'Learys in 1869 and 1870 respectively while **Daniel** emigrated to England at about this time. By the time of the 1901 census there were no Riordans at Keamcorravooly, Gurteenakilla or Gurteenowen. There were three Riordan families at Aharas and one at Carrignadoura.

Daniel Riordan emigrated in about 1870. He may have used the Cork-Gloucester route. Although Bristol was the main seaport of the south west of England the opening of the Sharpness canal in about 1830 had increased the traffic passing through Gloucester. Here he probably met Mary Ann Enon whose father was William, a bricklayer. **Daniel and Mary** moved north to Middlesbrough and **married in 1871** in Stockton on Tees. Daniel is recorded as being a general labourer at this time. Hubert, their first child, was born in 1873. Middlesbrough was a rapidly growing, new town in the late 19thC with coal and iron as the main industries. It was quite common for coal or iron workers to move between industrial towns looking for better conditions and Daniel and his family moved to south Wales where they finally settled in Dowlais near Merthyr Tydfil.

Daniel and Mary had five sons and four daughters with another two sons dying in infancy. Sydney and my grandad **Daniel George** were the sixth and seventh of Daniel's family respectively and they moved to Doncaster in England during the depression of the 1920s again to work down the pit. They each had one son only - my dad **Richard James** and his cousin Edgar.

Edgar stayed in the Doncaster area until his death in 1960 aged only 50. He had married Edna Allsopp and they had one son Terry. Terry married Claudia Smith and they have two daughters and live in Leicestershire. **Richard James** married my mother Audrey Lamb in 1946 and they lived in the London area for some years during which time my two older sisters were born. The family moved around during the 1950s before settling in the Southampton area where my dad found work in a synthetic rubber factory as a process controller. I was born in 1953 in Staffordshire during a brief stay in Leek. Dad died in 1975 aged 55. Sheila, my elder sister, emigrated to Australia in the 1960s and my other sister Barbara still lives near Southampton. I now live in Southampton with my wife Jennie (nee Reynolds) where the next generation of O'Riordans, in the shape of my daughters Kate and Becky, is continuing the story which began 2000 years ago in Ireland.

Two Houses

by Concubhar Ó Laoire

The following house plans compare two old houses in Ballygeary. One house is now in ruins, the other is now an outhouse. Following the plans are some interesting items of information on building.

House A (late 1700's)

A = goat house attached to main house

B = chimney breast

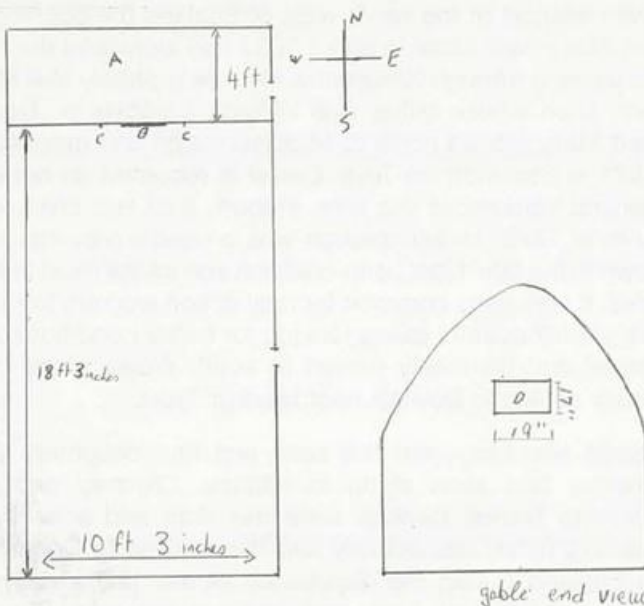
C = two storage holes either side of chimney measuring 10" x 10"

D = hole in south gable measuring 19" x 17" probable only light source into the house, (apart from an open door).

It had a wooden shutter open by day if the weather conditions permitted.

This internal measurements of this house are 18 feet 3" x 10 feet 3" (try comparing this with the largest room in a modern house). The whole family lived and slept in the one room.

The main food source was potatoes and goats milk. Neighbours supplied cows milk if needed.



House A

House B (late 1800's)

A = bottom room. A modern house design would make this a bedroom. However at the time an animal house would be of more importance.

B = stream diverted to house then put in a covered drain into well (D). The stream then flowed on top of a ditch to make an aqueduct to bring it to another yard

C = three or four slabs approx. 2 feet high to lift goats to a comfortable milking height.

D = well

E = potato garden

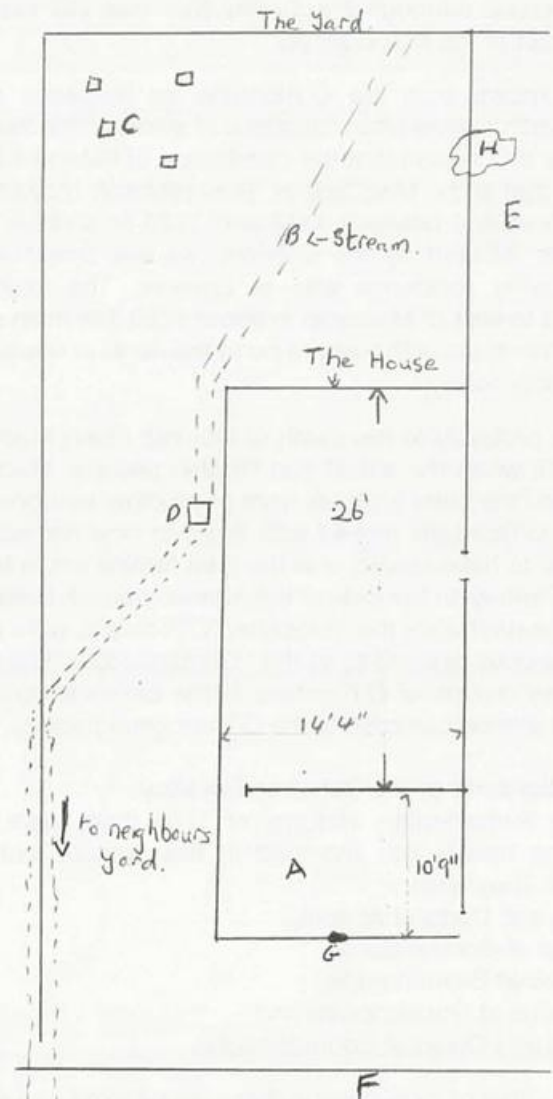
F = meadow

G = drainage hole at bottom of wall to let out any water.

H = elderberry tree. These were planted near every house to provide dye for home dyeing of clothes.

Even though house B is much older than house A by fifty to a hundred years

it is over double its size. House B was built on a slope and



the floor was not level

so the floor sloped from top to bottom.

Both houses were built with a dry stone wall. House B had a flag floor which

survived until recently. As all the interior decor magazines now show quarry slate

floor tiles in all the best houses it is nice to realise that our ancestors were two

hundred and fifty years ahead of us on that point.

House building in times past

The wind was a major problem for the 19th century builder so ash trees were often planted as a windbreak before the introduction of conifers.

However when the people started adding another floor in height they built the houses against a bank for support. Turf sheds had to be built against a bank as the weight of turf was thought to push the walls out.

Most houses were narrow usually one room wide because of the shortage of suitable lengths of roofing timber to cover a longer span.

Information sought on the Emmet Family

The Cumann Staire received the following letter from Hugo MacGuinness, Dublin. Hugo is looking for information regarding the family of Robert Emmet. If you have information regarding the Emmet family please contact Peter O'Leary, Derryvarne, Inchigeela, Co. Cork who will pass it on to Mr. MacGuinness)

Dear Editor,

I've just come across your article on the Emmets at Inchigeela c.1790s in the Ballygeary Cumann Staire Journal No. 2 from 1994. As this is roughly the period when Emmet contracted smallpox, and from which he took nearly a year to recover, I'm rather curious. Some time ago I was looking into the finances of the Emmet family, particularly the speculations of Dr. Robert Emmet in property. The following is an abstract I made from a memorial in the Register of Deeds in Dublin.

"Deed of lease 18 Jan. 1770. between Robert Emmet of Cork, Doctor of Physicks and Thomas Weston, of Cork, Gent. ...the lands and farm of Doonenys, Derneenenvealnasela, in the parish of Iveleary, Barony of Muskery. 800 acres at a rent of £50 str. For the lives of Robert Emmet, Thomas Addis Emmet, and Temple Emmet. "16th Aug. 1765 [Reg. 16th Aug 1775] Indentured deed of release between Robert Emmet, city of Dublin, gent and Michael Goole of Jamesbrook, Co. Cork, on the petition of Jemmeth, Bishop of Cork and Ross and Edward Brown his son, did by deed of release on 3rd April 1766 demise lands unto Robert Emmet of Dooneenet and Dureen in the Barony of Muskery at a yearly rent of £20. [Emmet let them to Gool.]"

I'm assuming that this is the same property being an 18th century interpretation of Dooneen. It was obviously a substantial property. I haven't checked too closely into "proper" names as my main interest was in various Dublin properties especially around Kevin Street which were used extensively for United Irish activities.

Around 1790 Robert Emmet contracted smallpox which left its unmistakable mark on his face, a fact noted in various descriptions distributed by Government agencies when they attempted to capture him following the failure of the rebellion in 1803.

Emmet, according to one source, spent almost a year living in the house of a family friend Dr. Fisher-Hammond on Rogerson's Quay Dublin, undergoing a form of quarantine. However, with Dr. Emmet's obsession with fresh, clean, air, it would seem natural to send his son for a time to family lands in Cork as can be seen in his add in the Cork Evening post of 2nd Sept 1776;

"The advantage of this little spot in point of air, water, situation, prospect, vicinity, to town, and access to it, are so obviously striking as to make it unnecessary to expatiate on it."

Among the many traditions surrounding Robert Emmet, is one current in the early 1900s that he spoke Irish. This is apparently based on the reminiscence of Emmet using a "cupla focail" to some workmen in the Thomas Street area of Dublin. The story would seem to have little foundation. William Henry Monk Mason, a fluent Irish Speaker, compiler of a "rather poor" Gaelic Dictionary, and many translations from English to Irish, as well as undertaking work for the first Irish Manuscript Commission, entered Trinity College the same day as Robert Emmet. Mason took an instant dislike to him, and claimed that their paths never crossed in the college outside of opposing sides in the

Debating Society. As the Rev. Matthew Younge had begun to organise the Gaelic Manuscripts in the college at this time in order to further Gaelic Studies at Trinity, it would seem unlikely that Emmet and Mason's paths would not have crossed, if Emmet had studied Gaelic at university. However, it's worth noting that Emmet had a good ear for languages, his fluency in French was so good for example, that he was entrusted as translator to Malachy Delaney, during the latter's mission to Napoleon in 1801. Writers such as Jonah Barrington, Maria Edgeworth, and Lady Morgan, all suggest that the knowledge of a "cupla focail" was necessary in late 18th and early 19th century Rural Ireland. If Emmet spent time on the family lands at Inchigeela, it would seem reasonable to assume that he picked up some knowledge of Irish locally. This is why I'm interested in any further information on the tradition.

Yours,

Hugo MacGuinness, Dublin.

TIONCHAIR DONNCHADH Ó LUASAIGH

Tráthnóna gréine in Uíbh Laoghaire
I ndeireadh an Fhómhair bhuí,
Mo rothar locha agam go socair
Ar sheastán táltha ag an EEC,
Cúig cinn de bháid — ealaí 's ál
Neadaithe i dtír. An loch
Os mo chomhair go gorm, glé,
Geal mar a bhí riamh, ach
Cad fés na cuairteoirí ag iascach
Romhamsa, fuaim inill a mbáid
Ag réabadh ciúnas na mbliana?
Cad deir scáil na crannóige
Leis an ineall glórach don todhchaí
Romhainne, thar mar a bhí?

An tráthnóna 'na dhéidh sin - San ionad céanna —
An oíche a' teacht de dhroim na sliabh,
Na simnéithe a' deatú na spéire -
Is cuid den oíche na hiascairí -
Soillse tí mhóir an tsagairt paróiste
Ag glioscarnaigh sa loich cois crannóige,
Easpag, nach de shliocht Mhiléisius,
A' caoladóireacht sna cnoic i gcéin uaim,
'S eatarthu istigh tá ealaí — Mongánaigh —
Beag beann ar a gcomharsain — Gearmánaigh.

An é seo, feasta, scéal Uíbh Laoghaire?
Gaeil 's Gaill a' deatú le chéile —
Doircheacht nó gile? A' bhfeadair éinne?

Samhain 2001

Weddings and Strawboys

by Donnchadh O'Luasaigh, Baile An Chollaigh

Weddings

'Time always brings change' is true about most things - weddings being no exception. The standard procedure nowadays is that the marriage takes place in a church and the cóisire then heads towards a hotel where the wedding feast takes place. Then a number of entertaining speeches are made and the cake is cut. When everyone is well fed (I didn't say well 'fed up') the band strikes up (and I do mean 'up') and the assembled party 'takes to the floor' for 'the afters'. The happy couple leaves for their honeymoon either on the wedding day itself or the day after.

But the routine wasn't always like that. In the past I understand that the marriage could take place in the bride's home. That, however, was before my time. In the middle of the twentieth century, which I do remember, a marriage took place in the bride's church but a reception didn't always take place in a hotel. In fact it wasn't known as a reception then but as a 'hauling home'. This took place in the home of one of the parties- no speeches but plenty rócúins and dances- 'ithe agus ól agus rince le céol' as they used to say. It was possible to be a best man at a marriage at a very young age. The only regulation to qualify for such a privilege at the time was that the person had received his Confirmation.

Strawboys

'Come here to me now garsúinín- were there any strawboys at these old weddings?' 'Any what!? 'No craic unless there was a good meitheal of buachaillí tuí. I'll tell you a little about them. I feel qualified to do as I did a small biteen of 'strawing' a few times myself, and they say that 'practice makes perfect'-Ha, ha! Ha, hawdy!

Strawboys were uninvited guests who dressed up in suits made from straw and paid a visit to the wedding feast in

the midst of the celebrations. The average number in the group was about a dozen and all the gang remained anonymous. Each had an identification number however that was known to the leader or captain. The dressing up took place in the vicinity of a neighbour's rick of straw- a certain skill was needed to make the strawsuits as they had to withstand the vibrations and gyrations of the vigorous dancing and the tricky tugs of roaming fingers from some of the more curious guests. The face especially had to be well covered in straw to nullify identification.

At eleven o'clock or thereabouts the straw boys headed towards 'tigh na bainise'. The leader knocked on the door and asked permission for the group to enter. This being granted, all went in. The leader then requested the acquaintance of the newly weds: 'Will the happy couple please come forward?'

When they did, he wished them well with the following words: "May your path be filled with roses and your hearts be filled with joy. And the first to fill your cradle be a curly-headed boy."

The leader would possibly announce "Number Three will now sing a song". Songs would follow this from the other members of the strawboys group. Some dancing would be interspersed with the singing.

After a little while, the hosts would sometimes invite the strawboys to shed their strawsuits and remain with the invited guests. This would always be accepted with great enthusiasm. So this would conclude the frolics of the strawboys until the next wedding.

Perhaps some fun-loving energetic garsoons would be 'strawing' again when Paddy Dhónail and Hanna John Rua would be tying the old knot! But they would need to 'know their onions' and be 'dingers' at making sugawns!

Wakes and Funerals

By Donnchadh O'Luasaigh, Baile An Chollaigh

Back in the nineteen forties, most people who died were 'waked' in their own homes. The 'laying out' was done by one of several people in the district who were experienced at such work. Materials for the 'laying out', especially sheets, were borrowed from one of the few households who kept such items in store for such happenings. Most older people had a brown habit ready for the inevitable. 'Children of Mary' had blue habits. There is a story of one person who 'aired' the habit occasionally in case the habit got damp.

When a dead person was laid out, the neighbours and relatives came along gradually to the wake. As well as being offered tea and drink, they were also offered a pinch of snuff from a saucer. Having inhaled some, they sneezed and said: "The Lord have mercy on his/her soul". Pipe smokers were also offered a 'fill' of tobacco. Wakes went on right through the night. The rosary was recited at intervals during the wake and especially at midnight.

Funerals

Funerals too were different in many respects to the current procedure. They moved much slower as most of the cortege consisted of saddle horses, horses and carts/side-

cars/traps and bicycles. The sound of a myriad of iron axles could be heard reverberating across the valley. The funerals usually took the longest route possible to the cemetery, even within the cemetery itself the longest path possible was chosen. At that time too the most poignant moments were those when the first few shovels of clay landed on the coffin - that was when most tears were shed. That was a moment which relatives dreaded-and remembered!

After the funeral, close relatives were 'in mourning' for twelve months. Many wore black clothes; the man wore black ties and diamond shaped pieces of black cloth sewn to the upper ends of their sleeves. Some clothes of the deceased person were worn by a member of the family whilst attending Mass on three consecutive Sundays. None of the family attended dances for twelve months. Neither was the radio (then known as the wireless) turned on in the home -there were no televisions then of course.

So in the middle of the twentieth century, funeral parlours and easy-on-the-emotions grass-like carpets for placing over graves had not yet arrived in West-Cork! At that time too a jocose expression of thanks for a favour given was "I'll be dancing at your wedding and crying at your wake".

Wild Heritage of Uibh Laoire

Hedgerows and Field Boundaries — creating space for nature to function.

By Ted Cook

Some readers will recall this writer's effort over the past 20 years to highlight the importance of our field system and hedgerow heritage.

It is appropriate consequently to look at the historical origins of Ireland's largest man-made monument under the heading "The Wild Heritage of Uibh Laoire".

The bulk of Ireland's 780,000 miles of roadside and field boundaries date from the 1667 Cattle Act although much of our roadside hedgerow dates back to Neolithic Period when the first farmers reached our shores with rafts of Shorthorn, Dexter, Droimin and Moll species of ancient cattle in tow.

The Gaelic word for road, "bothar", reminds us that the first roads were "cow paths" through the then dense temperate rainforest of oak and elm and the associate under-canopy of holly, hazel, yew, crabapple, wild cherry and buckthorn. Prior to the 1641 Rebellion and Cromwell's consequent arrival to "quell Ireland", an ancient system of "booleying" was wildly practised by our farmers. Under this grazing system, which was tightly regulated under the old Irish Brehon Codes, cattle were collectively driven and grazed on the uplands during the summer months.

The frequency with which the word "booley" occurs in placenames from Rathlin Island to Valencia Island tells us the extent of this transhumance culture. In Uibh Laoire we have Cloghboola townland.

The subsequent settlement of 2 million acres of Ireland by Cromwellians after the Petty Survey (1659) led to the enclosure of lands by earthen mounds and ditches, planted with furze and whitethorn. In some Northern parts the dividing field boundaries were planted with broom (a co-species of furze) as well as whitethorn and blackthorn — valuable for stock proofing a meadow or tillage plot.

On the more fragile and shallow soils of counties Galway, Donegal, Clare and the islands, stone walls replaced the earthen ditches.

Booleying was prohibited under the 1667 Act and later Enclosure Acts of 1710-1730 but continued partially in the remoter districts of Beara and the Burren. The last vestiges of booleying can yet be seen in rural parts of West Limerick and North Kerry — the long acre. The Animal Liability Act (1976) makes little allowance for this locally customary and ancient privilege.

To better appreciate Uibh Laoire's tapestry of field division — what one might call "art on a vast scale", - there is always high ground nearby through out our parish. Visitors from abroad are truly amazed at our hundreds of thousands of miles of "wildlife corridors" — highways for our bats and butterflies, sparrows and partridges — the essences of our natural inheritance.

Readers who have travelled outside of the islands of Ireland and Britain will know that such historic landscape management is unknown in the rest of the world.

Apart from wildlife and heritage considerations, the functions of a well maintained and managed field hedgerow are manifold.

Livestock need shade and shelter. Simply observe cattle under the wet pelt of a November hill during an east or north wind. No amount of electric wire can replace the visible thrift of a beast that has easy access to shelter and a browse along unfertilised ground and natural field vegetation.

It is estimated that 15% of Ireland's entire native broadleaf heritage is found dotted along our hedgerow network and over 600 of Ireland's 817 native flowering plants find their habitat in the dappled shade of a ditch.

It was to the field boundaries of Ireland that De Valera sent the nation's school children during World War 2 to tap the infinitely renewal resources of Vitamin C from rosehip, bilberry, blackberry, black-whort, crabapple, damson and greengage (bulúiste) — nature's gift to man as well as to all living things.

It was under these same hedgerows that an outraged and plundered people nurtured an almost extinguished light — the light of freedom. In these "hedge-schools" literacy and memory was shared by underground hedge-masters, despite the criminal sanctions of The Penal Law Code from 1695 up to 1782.

To finish it would seem appropriate to include the following anonymous penning by way of an appeal to the farmers of Uibh Laoire to reflect on the archaeological, cultural and agricultural significance of their "sporty lines of woodland run wild"

Leave us our hedgerows, O landowner thrifty,
The Lovely wild hedges adorning our land,
To salvage some inches of soil for your profit,
Must they be uprooted by philistine hand.

The hedgerows in springtime with little birds nesting;
With dogrose and mayflower and woodbine are dressed;
While sheltering beneath them the pale primrose blossoms
And our shrews and our hedgehogs abide there and rest.

How the town dweller longs for countryside blooming,
And dreams of green meadows and by-ways o'ergrown,
And summer airs laden with perfume of flowers,
Where songbirds sing loud and honey bee roam.

When the summer is fading and harvest is coming
The hedgerows hang heavy with secrets untold.
The hips and blackberries gleam rich on the bramble,
Our rowan trees shine out in scarlet and gold.

Plough your fields, busy farmer; sow the wheat and the grain.

By the sweat of your brow shall the needy be fed;
But leave us the hedgerows, our sad hearts to gladden.
Man lives not by bread alone, have you not heard it said.

The Song and The Story

In 1998 Ballingearry Cumann Staire launched "Ar Bruach Na Laoi" a collection of songs and music. One of the songs was "Cá Rabhais ar Feadh an Lae", which is the Irish version of "Lord Randal", a widespread ballad with a long history.

The following introduction and lyrics for "Lord Randal" are from the sleeve notes of the Topic Records album "English and Scottish Folk Ballads" from the early 1960s with Ewan MacColl and A. L. Lloyd. We have also included the lyric of "Cá Rabhais ar Feadh an Lae" as sung by Síle Uí Chroinín, Kilmore, Ballingearry. Síle heard it from Moll Peatsai Twomey (née Quill), Cúil Aodh.

LORD RANDAL

This is one of the most widespread of all European ballads, known in Italy, Germany, Holland, the Scandinavian countries (including Iceland), also in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. It has been particularly common in Britain. Sharp noted seventeen versions of it in Somerset alone; though curiously enough Gavin Grieg, who collected several hundred ballads in the folkloristically rich parish of New Deer, Aberdeenshire, found only four versions of Lord Randal - as many Scottish singers prefer to call it - and two of these he describes as 'very fragmentary'.

It is possible that the ballad began its life in Italy, where it was printed on a Veronese broadsheet dated 1629 under the title of L'Avvenato (The Poisoned One). There is no sure trace of the ballad in Britain before the closing years of the eighteenth century, in Johnson's Scots Musical Museum (1787 - 1803) to which Burns contributed several Scottish folk songs. Sir Walter Scott thought that the ballad may originally have concerned the death of Thomas Randal, Earl of Murray and nephew to Robert Bruce, who died at Musselburgh in 1332. This is sheer guesswork of the kind that early ballad scholars liked to indulge in. There is not even evidence that Sir Tomas Randal was poisoned. In the Mid-nineteenth century, Lord Randal was made into a cockney burlesque song much favoured by stage comedians, and in its comic form it may still be heard among schoolchildren in the poorer parts of London.

The melody used by Ewan MacColl (learnt from his mother, of Perthshire origin) is of major- minor character with mixolydian inflections, due to its fluctuating 3rd and 7th steps. Some of the Scottish Lord Randal tunes are forms of well-known Villikens and his Dinah melody, and it is possible that Ewan MacColl's tune is a distant and colourful cousin of the same humble family.

LORD RANDAL

'Oh, whaur hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?

Oh whaur hae ye been, my bonny young man?'

'I've been to the wild wood, mither, mak' my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' huntin, and I fain would lie doon.'

'Whaur gat ye your supper, Lord Randal, my son?

Whaur gat ye your supper my bonny young man?'

'I dined wi' my true love, mither, mak' my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' huntin, and I fain would lie doon.'

'What happened to your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?

What happened to your bloodhounds, my bonny young man?'

'Oh, they swelled and they died, mither, mak' my bed soon,

For I'm weary wi' huntin, and I fain would lie doon.'

'What gat ye to your supper, Lord Randal, my son?

What gat ye to your supper, my bonny young man?'

'Oh, I gat eels boiled in brose', mither, mak' my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' huntin, and I fain would lie doon.'

'I fear that ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son,

I fear that ye are poisoned, my bonny young man.'

'Oh aye, I'm poisoned, mither, mak' my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie doon.'

What will ye leave your brither, Lord Randal, my son?

What will ye leave your brither, my bonny young man?'

'The horse and the saddle that hangs in yon stable,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie doon.'

'What will ye leave your sweetheart, Lord Randal, my son?

What will ye leave your sweetheart, my bonny young man?'

'The tow² and the halter that hangs on yon tree,

And there let her hang for the poisonin o' me'.

Cá Rabhais Ar Feadh An Lae

Cá rabhais ar feadh an lae uaim a bhuachaillín óg?
Cá rabhais ar feadh an lae uaim a laoigh ghil 's a stór?

Bhí me ag fiach is fealaireacht, a Mhairín ó.

Anois cóirig mo leaba, túim breóite go leor.

Cad a bhí agat dod' dinnéir, bhuachaillín óg?

Cad a bhí agat dod' dinnéir, a laoigh ghil 's a stór?

Bhí feoil agam go raibh ní inti, a Mhúirín ó.³

Anois cóirig mo leaba, túim breóite go leor.

Cad a fhúgair ag t'athair a bhuachaillín óg?

Cad a fhúgair ag t'athair, a laoigh ghil 's a stór?

Fagad coiste is ceithre capall, a Mhúirín ó.

Anois cóirig mo leaba, túim breóite go leor.

Cad a fhúgair ag do mhúthair, a bhuachaillín óg?

Cad a fhúgair ag do mhúthair, a laoigh ghil 's a stór?

Fúgfad póg 'is míle beannacht, a Mhairín ó.

Anois cóirig mo leaba, túim bróite go leor.

Cad a fhúgair ag do naí chéile, a bhuachaillín óg?

Cad a fhúgair ag do naí chéile, a laoigh ghil 's a stór?

Fagfad rópa chun í a chrocadh, a Mhairín ó.

Ach anois cóirig mo leaba, túim bróite go leor.

Cár mhaith leat bheith curtha, a bhuachaillín óg?

Cár mhaith leat bheith curtha, a laoigh ghil 's a stór?

I dteampall Chill Mhuire, a Mhairín ó.

Ach anois cóirig mo leaba, túim bróite go leor.

1. brose = broth

2. (tow = rope)

3. Alternative line; "Sicíní nimhe as plaitíní óir"