

SCÁTHLÁN

Iris Chumann Staire
agus Seanchais
Ghaoth Dobhair



uimhir

2

Scáthlán

2

Eagarthóir : Dónall P. Ó Baoill.

Nollaig 1983.

Anseo imbaile fhin A' Clavaig a
ruḡaò Pàorais Miceàil Airt Uì Dònnall
a scaoil James Carey amac ó
còsta na hAfraice t'èas ar
29^ú Iuil 1883 agus a crocàò
, Londain ar 17^ú Mollais 1883
in aois a 45 blian

Cumann Scaire Šaoi Dobair a t'òs, Iuil 1983

Cumann Staire agus Seanchais Ghaoth Dobhair

Tiomnaíonn muid an dara hEagrán
seo de

Scáthlán

i gcuimhne ar

Phádraig Mhícheáil Airt Uí Dhónaill a
crochadh i bpríosún Newgate ar 17ú
Nollaig 1883.

Cumann Staire agus Seanchais Ghaoth Dobhair

Uachtarán: Mícheál Ó Gallchóir (Micí 'n Chóp).
Cathaoirleach: Seán Ó Gallchóir (Johnnie Sheáin).
Rúnaí: Máire Mhic Niallais.
Cisteoir: Muiris Ó Fearraigh.

Tá an Cumann ffor-bhuíoch dár gcuid scríbhneoirí—gan a gcuidiú ní bheadh iris ann. Buíochas fosta dóibh sin a thug grianghrafanna agus do na clódóirí, Donegal Democrat, Béal Átha Seanaigh.

Cumann Staire agus Seanchais Ghaoth Dobhair

Ballraíocht bliana : £1.00

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AN tEAGARTHÓIR,
AN SCÁTHLÁN,
DOIRÍ BEAGA.

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Mura ndéana Scáthlán a dhath ach suim a mhuscailt sa chuid seo d'ár ndúchas is maith is fiú a leithéid a bheith ann. Thug mé fá dear le tamall anois go bhfuil an glún óg ag cur níos mó suime sna rudaí seo agus is maith an comhartha sin. Tá súil agam go leanfaidh siad mar sin ag déanamh a sciar féin i gcruinniú na gcearnóg a raibh mé ag caint orthu trí bliana ó shin.

Guím rath agus bláth ar SCÁTHLÁN 2.



Eagaralt

Is breá linn go bhfuil **Scáthlán 2** ag teacht ar an tsaol. Fágfaidh sin ábhar misnigh ag daoine leanstan ar aghaidh leis go leanúnach feasta. Spreagfaidh a bhfuil ann bród agus meas ar ar tharla dár bparóiste le 400 bliain anuas. Le muid féin a aithne mar dhream ar cheart dúinn meas a bheith againn orainn féin caithfidh muid **stair, béaloideas agus an cultúr** mar a fáisceadh é faoi **Scáilí na hEargala, Thaobh a Leithéid, Chnoc Fola agus Chnoc na Naomh** a ghreanadh le pár. Maireann an briathar a scríobhtar ach ní mhaireann an lámh a chuir.

Ár gCuid Scríbhneoirí

1. An Dr. Niall Ó Dónaill:

Údar agus foclóirí mór na Rosann. Ina chónaí i mBaile Átha Cliath le fada. Ag obair sa Ghúm go dtí Fómhar, 1983.

2. An Dr. Dónall P. Ó Baoill:

As Mín A' Chladaigh. Ag obair in Institiúid Teangeolaíochta Éireann i mBaile Átha Cliath.

3. Pádraig Ua Cnáimhsí:

Iar-oide scoile, ina chónaí ar an Mhín Mhór, gar don Chlochán Liath sna Rosa.

4. Seán Ó Gallchóir:

Iar-oide scoile as an Mhachaire Loisce atá ina chónaí ar an Choiteann.

5. Micí An Chóp Ó Gallchóir:

Duine de sheanfhundúirí na paróiste atá ina chónaí ar an Choiteann. Is é Uachtarán an Chumainn Staire agus Seanchais.

6. Caitlín Mhic Fhionnaille:

Bean óg de bhunadh na paróiste atá ina cónaí thall i Sasain.

7. Cití Nic Giolla Bhríde:

Iar-oide scoile atá ina cónaí ar an tSliaghtheán.

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My name is Pat O'Donnell

NIALL Ó DÓNAILL

Ar an 29ú Iúil 1883, ar an ghaltán **Melrose Castle**, taobh thoir de chósta na hAfraice Theas, scaoil **Pádraig Ó Dónaill** as **Mín An Chladaigh** i nGaoth Dobhair (Pat O'Donnell, nó Paddy Mhícheáil Airt, mar a coinníodh i gcuimhne é) trí urchar piostail le **Séamas Ó Céaraí** (**James Carey**), nó "**Céaraí**", mar a tugadh air) agus chuir sé den tsaol seo duine a raibh meas lúdáis air ag muintir na hÉireann, sa bhaile agus i gcéin.

I mBealtaine na bliana roimhe sin, i bPáirc an Fhionnuisce i mBaile Átha Cliath, mharaigh buíon de na **Irish National Invincibles**, príomhrúnaí nua an rialtais, an **Tiarna Frederick Cavendish**, agus an fo-rúnaí buan, **T.H. Burke** (fear cinn na státseirbhíse). Agus, an rud is mó ar chreathnaigh daoine roimhe, rinne siad an gníomh le sceana dochtúra. Ba é Céaraí, foirgneoir agus comhairleoir cathrach a raibh súilaithe aige ar ardoifígh an Chaisleáin, a chuir an Búrcach in aithne do na hionsaitheoirí sa pháirc—"Look for the man in the grey suit". Anonn san athbhliain, nuair a gabhadh na fir a bhí páirteach sa ghníomh agus cuireadh triail orthu, thug Céaraí fianaise ghinearálta ina n-éadan lena mhúinéal féin a chosaint ar an chroich agus crochadh cúigear acu de bharr a chlóiteachta. Cuireadh gléas ansin air imeacht as Éirinn faoi cheilt agus a theaghlach a thabhairt leis chun na hAfraice Theas.

Reiceadh an scéal ar fud an domhain gur lean an Dálach an brathadóir fad an bhealaigh as Meiriceá chun na hAfraice Theas le cúiteamh a bhaint as. Creideadh an scéal sin go fada leitheadach. Fuarthas taca leis nuair a shiortaigh caiptín na loinge trunca an Dálaigh agus tháinig sé ar phictiúr de Chéaraí ann fillte i sparán, revolver mór dubh, lón piléar do revolver bheag, cóip den nuachtán fíníneach, **The Irish World**, agus "inferman machine" a chaith sé amach san fharráige, (gléas leictreach a bhí ann le mothú a chuir i gceann a lámhe clí a chreapail an Dálach sna mianaigh i Meiriceá. Chuir buachaillí báire éigin i Meiriceá, a bhí in ainm labhairt ar son na bhFíníní, a n-aguisín féin leis an scéal: go raibh cruinniú acu lena shocrú cad é mar a bhainfí cúiteamh as na brathadóirí as Éirinn a bhí lucht rialtais na Sasana a scabhadh ar thíortha na himpireachta san am, gur ainmníodh fir le dul bealaí áirithe ar a lorg, agus gur cuireadh ar crainn é cé a rachadh sa tóir ar James Carey chun na hAfraice Theas (ionann is go raibh a fhios acu roimh ré gurbh ann a bhí sé le seoladh). Dúradh gur thit an crann ar ghlasbhuaichail óg a bhí i láthair ach go ndúirt an Dálach "nach raibh seancheann go leor ar an stócach sin lena chur sa tseilg ar sheanseadaire mar James Carey", agus go rachadh sé féin ina dhiaidh.



PATRICK O'DONNELL.

Executed December, 1883.

Chuir dlíodóirí na corónach fios an scéil lena thabhairt chun tosaigh ag triail an Dálaigh i Londain anonn sa bhliain. Chuir dlíodóirí an Dálaigh fios an scéil dóibh féin go bhfeiceadh siad an raibh a shéanadh le fáil acu. Ba é an toradh a bhí air go bhfuair an dá thaobh amach nach raibh bun ar bith leis an scéal, nach raibh lá leanúna ag Paddy Mhícheáil Airt ar James Carey go dtí gur chuir sé aithne air i gCapetown san Afraic Theas. Dúirt A.M. Sullivan, abhcóide cúnta an Dálaigh: —

“Chuir dlíodóirí an Dálaigh a lorg, céim ar chéim, as Nevada go Philadelphia, as Philadelphia go raibh sé ar bord loinge as New York go Doire, as Doire go Londain, as Londain go dtí an Cape, agus ar gach céim den turas fuair siad cruthú gur bh é an rún a bhi aige cuairt a thabhairt ar a áit dúchais agus ansin a fhortún a fhéacháil i dtailte diamant na hAfraice Theas”.

Mar a tharla, bhí an Dálach agus Céaraí ag comrádaíocht le chéile ar an tsoitheach **Kinfauns Castle**, ar a dturas as Dartmouth go Capetown, ar feadh ceithre lá fhichead de mhí Iúil 1883. Ní raibh a fhios ag an Dálach

ach gur **James Power** ab ainm dá chomrádaí agus go raibh sé ar a bhealach go Natal le saol úr a bhunú dó féin agus dá theaghlach a bhí leis (a bhean agus seachtar clainne). Shuíodh an bheirt acu i gclúideanna agus i gcoirneáil in airde ar bord, go dtí go mbíodh sé mall san oíche corruair, ag caitheamh a bpíopaí agus ag comhrá ar an tsaol úr a bhí rompu san Afraic, dúirt an Dálach. Bhí aird an Dálaigh ar an mhianadóireacht ach bhí intinn an Phaoraigh tógtha suas le beathú caorach i Natal. Ba mhian leis an Phaorach go dtiocfadh an Dálach rith an bhealaigh leis agus ro rachadh siad i gcomhar le chéile amuigh sa veldt i Natal. Bhí intinn an Dálaigh in éadan na tairisceana sin go dtí go ndeachaigh siad i dtír i gCapetown agus go bhfuair sé amach gur dhoiligh obair a fháil sa pháirt sin den tír, d'ainneoin cháil na mianach nach raibh ach i dtús a n-oibrithe. Ansin thoiligh sé dul lena chomrádaí go Natal.

Bhí an bheirt fhear éagosúil go maith le chéile ina bpearsa agus ina ndóigheanna. Fear trom téagartha a bhí sa Phaorach, déanfasach, daingean, gnúis lasánta air agus é lán gus agus driopáis. Bhí croiméal mór dubh air agus, cé go mbearradh sé an chuid eile dá aghaidh, ba chosúil air i dtús an turais nach raibh mórán cleachtaidh aige ar an rásúr. Bhí sé forránach, cainteach, agus tuairimí láidre aige faoi chreideamh agus faoi pholaitíocht. Dúirt an Dálach go raibh bealaí taitheamhacha leis, ach uaireanta go n-éiríodh sé dúr duibhleannach mar a bheadh ualach éigin ar a intinn. Níor thaitin sé leis na hardphaisinéirí ar chor ar bith mar go mbíodh sé “ag mallachtaigh agus ag eascainí ar na Sasanaigh”. Faoi dheireadh spreag smaointeamh an Dálach go mb'fhéidir go raibh an fear seo ag teitheadh ó thóir.

Bhí an Dálach caol, scafánta, díreach, sé troithe ar airde, féasóg leicinn air agus an chuid eile dá aghaidh glanbhearrtha. Shíl daoine ar a iompar go raibh oiliúint saighdiúra aige, ach shéan sé féin go raibh baint ar bith riamh aige le haon eagraíocht mhíleata nó pholaitiúil. Fear pearsantach i gceart a bhí ann. Bhí sé suaimhneach ina dhóigheanna agus dúil mhór i ngreann aige. Níorbh fhurast corraí a chur air. Bhí an chrógacht ó nádúir ann—dúirt sé féin gur bheag rud ina shaol a chuir eagla air ach an chuma a bhí ar Chéaraí an lá a sheasaigh sé os a choinne á cheistiú, roimh an scaoileadh, i salún an **Mhelrose Castle**. Chasadh sé imeall a bhéil go meanmnach nuair a chluineadh sé focal ar bith a bhí ait nó suairc; “supercilious smile” a thug galliriseoirí air. Bhí sé iontach díreach ina chuid cainte. Ní óladh sé ach corrbhuidéal leanna, ach bhíodh sé de shíor ag caitheamh an phíopa nó ag cogaint tobaca (nós a bhí coitianta go maith ina lá). Bhíodh piostal geal ar iompar leis ina phóca ascaille de ghnáth agus, lá amháin in aice le deireadh an turais, chuir sé coiscriú faoi na hardphaisinéirí nuair a scaoil sé urchair as le héisc a bhí ag léimnigh le taobh an bháid.

Shroich siad Capetown ar 27 Iúil 1883. Chuaigh siad araon i dtír gur shocair siad a ngnoithe leis na húdaráis, agus ar philleadh chun na loinge dóibh d'inis an Dálach don Phaorach go raibh sé ag gabháil leis go Natal. Chuaigh siad i dtír arís an oíche sin leis an ócáid a chomórath, ach thóg an Paorach troid air féin sa teach ósta agus baineadh scanradh as. An lá dár gcionn d'aistrigh siad a mbagáiste go dtí an **Melrose Castle** a bhí lena dtabhairt go Natal, agus thug siad cuairteanna ar leith ar an bhaile mhór arís. Fuair an Paorach amach an lá sin go raibh a thuairisc ar

na páipéir nuafochta i gCapetown agus go raibh daoine ag cur a aithne. Scanraigh an t-anam as.

Nuair a bhí an Dálach ar tí an long a bhordáil tháinig fear darbh ainm **Thomas Cubitt** chuige le pictiúr de James Carey a foilsíodh trí seachtaine roimhe sin ar shuimplimint den **Weekly Freeman** as Baile Átha Cliath. D'fhiafraigh sé de arbh é sin a chomrádaí. D'ainneoin go raibh féasóg throm ar an fhear sa phictiúr d'aithin an Dálach láithreach é. Baineadh siar go mór as nuair a dúradh leis gurbh é James Carey, an brathadóir, a bhí sa phictiúr. Thug Cubitt fianaise ina dhiaidh sin sa chúirt i Londain go ndúirt an Dálach, "I'll shoot him", ach nach raibh cuma air go raibh sé dáiríre. Thug sé leis an pictiúr ar bord agus d'fhill sa sparán ina thrunca é.

Sheol an **Melrose** le teacht na hoíche. Tháinig suathadh intinne ar an Dálach agus ar Chéaraí araon an oíche sin. Bhí suathadh coirp acu cheana féin ag gabháil thart le ceann tíre dóibh. Shocair an Dálach gur cheart dó a chinntiú ar dtús gurbh é James Carey an comrádaí a bhí aige go siúráilte, agus a rá leis ansin go raibh deireadh lena gcaidreamh. Mheas sé nárbh fhurast sin an fear cointinneach seo a chur ó dhoras, agus go mbeadh trioblóid ann, ach ní raibh seisean ag gabháil a bheith ina chompánach i Natal ag James Carey, "an t-arrachtach ba mhó ar talamh". D'aithin Céaraí go raibh lucht na loinge uilig ag doicheall roimhe. Bhí an Dálach féin á sheachaint, dar leis, cé gur fhág sé ag bun an staighre é go mall san oíche nuair a bhí eagla ar Chéaraí dul síos chun na stírise a chodladh. Shamhail sé go raibh a anam i gcontúirt agus go mb'fhéidir gur le rún oilc a chinn an Gael-Phoncán seo i gCapetown dul go Natal leis. Bhí a fhios aige go mbíodh an piostal geal ar iompar leis an Dálach.

Ba léir nach raibh imeacht acu ar an teagmháil.

Tháinig sin tráthnóna lá arna mhárach, Dé Domhnaigh an 29 Iúil 1883, nuair a bhí siad ar an fharraige mhór, ag tarraingt isteach ar Bháigh Algoa. Casadh ar a chéile iad ag barr an staighre agus an Dálach ag tarraingt síos ar an tsalún i gcábán na loinge. Bhí braon ólta ag Céaraí. D'iarr sé ar an Dálach deoch leanna a tharraingt dó agus go mbeadh sé féin síos ina dhiaidh ar ball. Fuair an Dálach dhá bhuideál leanna agus buidéal de bheoir shinséir do bhean Chéaraí. Nuair ab fhada leis a bhí Céaraí gan a theacht anuas chuir sé a mhac suas ar bord fána choinne. Tháinig Céaraí agus shuigh isteach ar dheasláimh an Dálaigh agus chuir cuma phléisiúrtha chomhráidh air féin. D'ól siad sláinte a chéile. Druideadh an beár agus d'imigh na paisinéirí eile amach, go dtí nach raibh ach an beagán daoine fágtha sa chábán. Bhí cúl na beirte le tábla an tsalúin, i lár an chábáin, agus a n-aghaidh anonn ar chábán leapa an Dálaigh i dtaobh na loinge. Bhí Maggie Carey ina súí taobh thuas den Dálach agus naíonán ina hucht aici. Bhí Síobhán Ní Ghallochóir, an cailín as Gaoth Dobhair a chuaigh ar an turas leis an Dálach, crom isteach ar an tábla ag a thaobh agus cuma uirthi go raibh sí cnagtha le codladh.

I dtoibinne bhuaile tallann coitinne Céaraí. D'fhiafraigh sé den Dálach cad é a rinne sé leis an phiostal a bhí aige. D'aithin an Dálach an iaróg á tógáil. B'fhearr leis nach mbeadh a fhios ag Céaraí go raibh an piostal ina bhrollach aige agus dúirt sé gur dhíol sé i gCapetown é.

"Rinne tú i gceart é", arsa Céaraí. "Thiocfadh leis an phiostal sin trioblóid a tharraingt ort. Scanraigh tú daoine leis, an lá sin a bhí tú ag scaoileadh leis na flying-fish".

"Níor scanraigh mé aon duine ach an té a raibh údar eagla aige istigh ina chroí", arsa an Dálach go borb.

Baineadh léim ó thalamh as Céaraí. Thóg sé an naíonán as ucht a mhná agus thus leis é isteach chun an chábáin leapa a bhí aici i dtaobh na loinge. Thosaigh an leanbh a chaoineadh agus d'ímigh Maggie isteach ina dhiaidh. Ar ball beag seo amach Céaraí. Tháinig sé aníos agus sheasaigh os coinne an Dálaigh agus an piostal dubh ina phóca aige. Bhí dreach dubh air le faltanas.

"You bloody son of a bitch, silim go bhfuil a fhios agat cé hé mise", arsa seisean.

Thug an Dálach iarraidh an iaróg a ligean thart, ach ní raibh socrú le déanamh ar Chéaraí. "Cé thú féin ar scor ar bith, nó cárb as ó cheart thú?" ar seisean. (As Éirinn nó as Meiriceá a bhí i gceist aige, is cosúil).

"Níor shéan mise riamh mo thír ná mo shloinneadh", arsa an Dálach, ag insint arís dó cárbh ainm agus cárbh as é. Ansin dúirt sé an rud a bhí ar intinn ó thús aige, go rachadh seisean a bhealach féin nuair a shroichfeadh siad port. D'fhiafraigh Céaraí de cad chuige sin, i ndiaidh an tsocraithe a bhí eatarthu, agus dúirt sé gurbh fhearr leis gan baint a bheith aige le "approver" (an t-ainm a bhí ar "supergrass" na haoise sin).

"Cad é atá tú a mhaíomh le approver", arsa Céaraí. Go tobann phléasc an Dálach air:

"You are James Carey, the blasted informer".

I bhfáiteadh na súil bhí Céaraí anall sa mhullach air, an piostal dubh ina dhorn aige. B'fhéidir gurb é rud a bhí sé ag brath an Dálach a chnagadh sa cheann leis an phiostal. Tharraing an Dálach an piostal geal as a bhrollach (rud nach raibh Céaraí ag súil leis, is cosúil) agus chuaigh an bheirt i ngreamanna le chéile. Chaill an Dálach an greim a bhí aige leis an lámh chreapalta, ach d'éirigh leis urchar a scaoileadh nuair a bhí Céaraí á bhrú anuas ar an tábla. Chuaigh an piléar i muineál Chéaraí. Sciob an Dálach an piostal dubh uaidh agus chaith síos ar an urlár é. D'ímigh Céaraí ag cromadaigh i ndiaidh an phiostail agus scaoil an Dálach dhá urchar eile sa droim leis. D'ímigh an dá urchar i gcuideachta a chéile. "O Maggie, I'm shot!" arsa Carey, ag tuisliú síos in araicis a mhná a bhí ina rith chuige as a cábán leapa. Rug sí greim fána chorp air agus thit an bheirt acu ar an urlár i mbun chábáin na loinge. Tógadh Céaraí in airde ar thábla, agus i gceann cheathrú uaire fuair sé bás faoi lámh dochtúra.

Cuireadh an chéad chúirt ar an Dálach i bPort Elizabeth i gCape Colony, ach aistríodh an cás go Londain ar ordú ó ghobharnóir na coilíneachta. Ba léir cheana féin go raibh an triúr de lucht na fianaise sásta mionna bréige a thabhairt sa chás. Mhionnaigh giolla oifigeach, James Parish, go bhfaca sé an Dálach ag scaoileadh trí urchar le Céaraí gan siocair ar bith. Mhionnaigh Maggie Carey gur fhiafraigh sí den Dálach cad chuige ar scaoil sé a fear agus go ndúirt sé, "I was sent to do it". Mhionnaigh mac Chéaraí nach raibh piostal ar bith ag a athair, gurbh eisean a thug amach an piostal dubh as cábán a mháthar nuair a bhí an scaoileadh thart.



Cuireadh an Dálach ar a thriall faoi dheireadh san Old Bailey i Londain ar 30 Samhain 1883. Bhí an Breitheamh George Denman i gceannas ar an chúirt, an tArd-Aighne Henry James ina phríomhchúiseoir, an tAbhcóide Charles Russell agus A.M. Sullivan ina gcosantóirí agus An Ginearál Pryor as barra na Stát Aontaithe ins shuí leo.

Sheasaigh James Parish agus Maggie Carey agus Thomas Francis Carey leis an fhianaise a thug siad cheana féin. Dúirt Parish an iarraidh seo go bhfaca sé na trí urchar á scaoileadh. De réir a chéad fhianaise ní fhaca sé ach an dá urchar dheireannacha ní fhaca duine ar bith de na finnétithe eile é féin sa chábán ag an am. Chuaigh mac Chéaraí in achrann ar fad ina chuid fianaise. Thaispeáin sé don chúirt an dóigh ar chuir sé isteach a lámh ar pholl i gcoirnéal na mhála taistil i seomra a mháthar le teacht ar an phiostal; ansin d'admhaigh sé go raibh an mála ina luí foscaite i rith an ama. Dúirt Maggie Carey go raibh sí sa chábán leapa nuair a chuala sí an chéad urchar, ach nach dtug sí aird ar bith air mar gur shíl sí nach raibh ann ach corc ag popáil as buidéal ginger-beer. Ach scéal eile a bhí ann nuair a chuala sí an dara hurchar. (Ní raibh sí ag súil leis an urchar sin!)

Mhionnaigh **Nathan Marks** as **Capetown** go raibh sé ina shuí ag haiste thuas i ndíon an chábáin, "ag feitheamh leis an bheoir a theacht amach", agus go bhfaca sé **Céaraí** ag caint go han-tógtha, "mar a bheadh sé ag leagan síos an dlí", agus an fear eile ina shuí ansin go ciúin. Ansin gur mhothaigh sé urchar piostail agus go bhfaca sé an **Dálach** ag íslíú a láimhe, ach nach bhfaca sé piostal ag ceachtar acu.

Thug **Thomas Cubitt** fianaise fá phictiúr de **Céaraí** a thug sé don **Dálach** ar an ché i g**Capetown**. Bhí an **Dálach** ag caitheamh a phápa agus cuma aoibhiúil air nuair a dúirt sé "I'll shoot him", agus níor smaoinigh seisean go raibh drochrún ar bith ar chúl an fhocail aige.

D'ínis an **Leifteanant Beechar** don chúirt go raibh drochsholas i gcábán na loinge le linn an scaoilte (mar go raibh an oíche ag teacht) agus gur shonraigh seisean sin go speisialta i ndiaidh a theacht anuas as solas an lae. Fuair sé an piostal dubh ina bhríste ag **Céaraí Óg**, an dara huair a chuartaigh sé é nuair a dúirt paisinéir leis go bhfaca seisean an gasúr ag tógáil an phiostail den urlár.

Faoi dhlí na haimsire ní raibh cead ag an **Dálach** fianaise a thabhairt ar a shon féin sa chás. Cháin an **Ruiséalach** an dlí sin agus thug iarraidh "faisnéis" a thabhairt don chúirt ar an fhianaise a bhéarfadh an **Dálach** dá mbeadh cead cainte aige. Dá gcheart-ainneoin a ghlac an breitheamh leis an fhaisnéis sin, ar acht nach gcuirfí in aghaidh fianaise thiomanta ar dhóigh ar bith í.

Níor scairteadh ar **Shiobhán Ní Ghallchóir** le fianaise a thabhairt, d'ainneoin gur cuireadh an cás ar gcúl roimhe sin lena thabhairt as **Port Elizabeth** in am don chúirt. Bhí sé mionnaithe ag triúr de na finnétithe go raibh a lámh fá mhuineál an **Dálaigh** aici nuair a scaoil sé dhá cheann de na hurchair. Ba é an scéal a bhí aici féin do na dlíodóirí go raibh sí crom anuas ar thábla na loinge ina leathchodladh nuais a thosaigh an racán. Mhothaigh sí rois d'fhocla feargacha agus ansin suathadh cos, mar a bhéarfadh **Céaraí** iarraidh anall ar an **Dálach**, agus leis sin d'imigh urchar ar chúl a cinn. Rith sí lena hanam suas an cábán. Ní fhaca sí an piostal ag **Céaraí** nó ar an urlár. Bhí faisnéis ón **Dálach** acu gur rith sí ar ais lán chomh tobann agus gur chaith sí a dhá lámh fána mhuineál (mar a rinne cailíní misniúla roimpi agus ina diaidh, creidim, i hallaí bruíne nuair a bhí siad ag iarraidh a ndeartháir nó a stócach a stopadh ó throid). Phléigh na dlíodóirí an cheist i rith oíche agus chinn siad "go scriosfaí iad dá dtugadh an cailín sin fianaise os comhair coiste as **Londain**". Ach is cosúil go raibh cúis eile acu leis nár luaigh siad go maith ná go holc. Ní gan ábhar diomaite de "sheasamh daingean a bheith aici ar an fhírinne", a thug **A.M. Sullivan** "Jeannie Deans na hÉireann" uirthi.

Chuir an **Breitheamh Denman** an cás to trom in éadan an **Dálaigh**. Níor séanadh an gníomh, agus ba ar an phríosúnach féin a bhí sé a chruthú nach murdar a bhí ann. Cá raibh an fhianaise go raibh a bheatha féin i gcontúirt? Níor hiarradh ar an bhean a bhí ag taisteal leis a theacht os a gcomhair, cé go raibh sí i láthair agus a lámh fána mhuineál aici le linn an scaoilte. Ba sárthábhachtach an fhianaise a thug **Cubitt**, gur bhagair sé an fear eile a mharú, agus taobh istigh de cheithre huair fichead go ndearna sé an gníomh. Fiú má bhí a chosaint féin air nuair a scaoil sé an chéad urchar ní raibh fianaise go raibh fáth ar bith aige leis an dá urchar eile a scaoileadh nuair a bhí **Céaraí** ag tuisliú ar shiúl uaidh. Ba



damanta an fear Céaraí, gan amhras, ach ní bheadh cloch bhoinn ar bith faoi **society** dá mbeadh cead ag daoine an dlí a thógáil orthu féin lena leithéid a chur den tsaol go hanobann.

Ba doiligh leis an choiste dháréag breith mhurdair a thabhairt ar an Dálach. Is cosúil go raibh claonadh acu breith **manslaughter** a thabhairt isteach, ach nuair a chuir siad ceist chuig an bhreitheamh faoi sin choisic sé orthu le haitheasc eile a leithéid de bhreithiúnas a thabhairt sa chás. I gceann dhá uair an chloig chinn siad go raibh an príosúnach **ciontach** sa chúis.

Crochadh Pádraig Ó Dónaill i bpríosún Newgate ar 17 Nollaig 1883. Sheán sé go deireadh go raibh rún aige Céaraí a scaoileadh, ach bhí cineál de bhród air gur ar a chrann a thit sé cúiteamh a bhaint as an bhrathadóir a bhí cáinte ag an tsaol agus a raibh coimirce an dlí aige. An sásamh is mó a bhain sé as an choicís dheireanach dá shaol gur fhoghlaim sé ón Athair Pléimeann a ainm a scríobh. Mhol tuairisceoir an **Times** agus an Sagart Pléimeann araon a iompar ar an chroich. Thug an tuairisceoir ómós don "light springy step" a bhí leis ag gabháil ar an scafall ina bhróga leaistic. Tháinig aoibh fána bhéal ag teacht ar amharc na croiche dó. Shocair sé é féin istigh faoin tsealán, go caol ard díreach, agus níor baineadh biongadh as. Chuir an fear seo a raibh an tallann Dálaigh dáiríre ann mórtas ar a chine agus ar chlanna Gael ar fud an domhain lena ghníomh agus lena bhás.

Ar cuireadh iachall ar Phádraig Ó Dónaill Carey a scaoileadh?

DÓNALL P. Ó BAOILL

1.1 RÉAMHRÁ

Is é an rud a ba mhaith liom a dhéanamh sa léacht seo píosaí éagsúla eolais a thabhairt daoibh sa dóigh a bhfaighidh muid uilig barúil níos fearr agus níos firinní góide an sórt duine a bhí i bPádraig Mhícheáil Airt Uí Dhónaill a scaoil James Carey 100 bliain agus an t-am seo. Is beag eolais atá againn dairíribh fán chineál duine a bhí ann agus le léirstean ceart a fháil ar an fhear agus ar dhóigheannaí caithfidh mé tagairt go go leor rudaí i.e. an cineál tógáil a fuair sé, an dream daoiní ar tógadh é ina measc, na rudaí a rinne sé i rith a shaoil agus mar sin de.

Tá mé ag dúil as a dheireadh seo uilig go bhfaighidh sibh féin tuairim níos cinnte de na rudaí a chuaigh i bhfeidhm air nó a d'fhág a lorg air ina phearsantacht agus ina iompar. Tá an ceart againn an scrúdú seo a dhéanamh air mar ar na laethaibh deireannacha seo nuair a bhíonn duine á chúisiú i gcoir chomh trom le dúnmharú, is minic gurb é cúlra an duine agus achan rud ar bhain leis is mó a thagann fá mheáchan na breithe. Is é ualach an mheáchain sin go minic a shocróchas cinniúint an duine a bhíos ar a thriail.

1.2. Mo Ghaol le Pádraig Ó Dónaill

Le tús a chur le rudaí inseóchaidh mé scéal beag daoibh fán chéad uair a chuala mise mé féin iomrá ar mo mhuintearas le Pádraig Mhícheáil Airt. Nuair a bhí mé tuairim is ar dheich mbliana nó thart ar sin bhí mé lá amháin ag cur orm mo stocaf nuair a chuaigh m'athair mór Dónall Óg Ó Baoill¹ a gháirí faoim.

"Cad chuige a bhfuil tú ag gáirí" arsa mise leis.

"Tá cuid ladhra salacha, fada Mháire Mhícheáil (Airt)² ort", a dúirt sé.

Rinne mé iontas mór do sin nó is cosúil gur ladhra fada a bhí ar Mháire

cib bith fá Phádraig bocht, níl a fhios agam. Ach b'fhéidir go léiríonn an méid sin scéal eile féin fán chineál saoil a bhí ann sa dara leath den chéad seo atá caite nuair nach mbíodh bróg ar gach cois. Cé mhéad fear inniu a bhfuil a fhios aige goidé an sórt ladhra atá ar mháthair na mná a bhfuil sé pósta uirthi? Caithfidh muid anois má tá muid le cuntas cruinn, fiúntach a thabhairt ar an fhear seo, smaoiteamh go raibh dóigh eile ar fad ar an tsaol nuair a bhí seisean i mbláth a óige agus a mhaitheasa, anseo againn féin i nGaioth Dobhair agus i Meiriceá áit ar chaith sé leadhb mhór dá chuid ama.

1.3 Óige Phádraig

Rachaidh muid siar mar sin go dtí tús an scéil — go dtí teacht a athra **Micheál Airt** go huachtar **Mhín-A'-Chladaigh**. Glacaim leis gur thart fá na bliantaí 1836/37 a tháinig clann Uí Dhónaill a chónaí ar bhruach abhainn an ghleanna ar an chrích **idir Baile Ghlais A' Chú agus Mhín A' Chladaigh**. Portach agus cadhrán lom a bhí san áit ar leag Micheál Ó Dónaill agus a bhean Maighread Nic Pháidín as Machaire Rabhartaigh amach daofa féin teach agus clann a thógáil. Sa bhliain 1838 de réir a

An teach inár rugadh Padraí Mhícheáil Airt



thuaraisce féin a rugadh Pádraig Mhicheáil Airt agus bhí sé 45 bliain nuair a crochadh é i bpríosún Newgate i Londain ar 17ú Nollaig, 1883. Bhí píosa mór talaimh ann ag a athair—drochthalamh faraor—47 acra 2 ród agus 30 péirse. Bhí £1-10-0 de chíos ar an talamh agus 10/- ar an teach de réir Griffith's evaluation, 1858.

Tháinig an tiarna John Obin Woodhouse go hiarthuaisceart Éireann sa bhliain 1844 agus cheannaigh sé Mín A' Chladaigh, Oileán Thoraigh, Oileán Dúithche agus Áltán. Ach gurb é eisean seans nach róchinnte a bheas muid fá chéad imeacht Phádraig chun an Oileáin Úir. Tá a fhios againn anois gur sa bhliain 1844 a d'imigh an teaghlach leo anonn nó tá cuntas iomlán ar ghníomhaíochtaí na dtionóntaí a bhí i Mín A' Chladaigh le linn Woodhouse le fáil i scríbhinn. Tharla seo mar gur tugadh fianaise fhada fá dtaobh daofa ag éisteacht mór sa House of Commons i mí Mheáin an tSamhraidh, 1858.³ Nuair a d'imigh an teaghlach go Meiriceá an chéad uair d'fhág siad na cailíní sa bhaile ach chuaigh siadsan anonn ina dhiaidh sin fosta. Beirt bhuaichailí Pádraig agus Dónall agus beirt chailíní Máire agus Neansaí a bhí mar chlann ag Micheál Airt agus a bhean.

Fiche punta a fuair Micheál Airt ar an talamh agus is é an t-airgead sin a dhíol a bhealach go Meiriceá. Phill an teaghlach ar fad as Meiriceá c.1852/53 agus cheannaigh sé an tseanáit arís ón tiarna Woodhouse. Bhí traidhfil beag airgid curtha i dtaiscíd acu anois agus chuir siad teach leanna ar obair. Is dóiche gur sin an fáth ar stop an tuaraisceoir Holland a chaint le Micheál agus lena bhean Maighréad ar a chamchuaire i nDún na nGall. Chaith sé siar leathcinn nó dhó fhad is bhí sé ag scríobh na tuairisce seo thíos go maram. "Nach cuma dúinne" arsa tusa, "ach an tuairisc a bheith againn". Seo í mar atá sí ina leabhar aige:

Landlord Disappointment⁴

We are on the road again—the wild bleak mountain road from Crossroads to Derrybeg. On every side, the evidence of poverty and misery crowd upon us. The high, bold rugged mountains frown against the winter sky; and the angry wind comes screaming down their sides bearing with it a storm of flint-like sleet that lashes on our faces like the blows of a knotted cord. The wide waste of bog, black, grim, and loathy, stretches away on this side and on that: huge masses of granite rock rise up through it here and there as they might through the livid foetid pool of fabled Acheron. But even here the straight furrows of the "new cuts" are before us; and even here the stray cabins of turf-scraws, or of dry un-mortared stone, give sign that human beings drag out a miserable existence on those wastes, and try to pay the landlords a high rent besides. Heavens! to think that the rich man's domestic luxuries, his carpetted chamber, his blazing coal-fire, his savour dinner, his rich crusted port, are procured by the money which these miserable beings coin, in wet and cold, through summer drought and winter storm, from those dark, spongy marshes!

Here we have more tales of Donegal landlordism. The district of Meenaclady belongs to Mr. J. O. Woodhouse. Like the rest of the country, it is a wild place: bog-land, with mountain rising out of

it. The landlord has, according to the local practice, taken from the tenants here some 1,500 acres of mountain, on which they grazed their sheep or cows; and he has requited them for this bereavement by raising the rents on the arable patches which he has left in their possession. Some time ago, two Englishmen were brought over to inspect this mountain, with the view of renting it for sheep-farming. But, honest souls! the look of the place terrified them: they had never seen anything like it before; and they hurried home as fast as they could. It is said that the landlord, despairing of all chance of tempting Scotch or English sheep-graziers over, meditates grazing himself: a new walk in which he may not be as successful as in petty sessions practice.

HOW TO QUADRUPLE THE RENTS

Still human animals, when ingeniously worked by Donegal landlords, are found more profitable than sheep. As we travelled along the road, we had evidences of this in Mr. J. O. W.'s case, and the "new cuts". A number of tenants, from whom the right of pasturage on the mountain had been taken away, had been offered a "cut" each at £1.12s a year: Griffith would have valued it at perhaps two shillings. The miserable creatures cling to life and to their native place; and they took the "cuts". But, after a trial, they told the landlord they could not work them unless they got them for the first year rent-free; "but we would not be listened to", said a tenant, "and the landlord is serving the notices of ejection this day".

The almost incredible misery of these wretched peasants will be best conveyed in the story of one of them—an average case—as I took it down from the man's own lips.

He held what he termed "a farm"; that is to say, a patch of arable land, with a cabin upon it; and he had, besides, the right of grazing a sheep or two, or a cow, up the mountain. For this he payed £1.5s a year till recently; and with this he contrived to support himself, his wife, and three or four children. But from him, as from the others, the landlord took away the mountain grazing, and raised his rent from twenty-five shillings to four pounds. A "cut" of the mountain was then given him; and the rent set upon it was one pound twelve shillings. Thus, in fact, his rent was increased to more than five times its original amount! I asked him how he could contrive to pay that sum: he answered "God only knows—I don't think I'll ever be able to pay it; sure if it wasn't for burning the kelp we couldn't pay the rent at all; an' even on that the landlords want to put a tax, if they can".

This man, when describing the misery of himself and his fellows, amid the desolation of the mountain waste, uttered some exclamations in Irish that sounded like oaths. Now, I had noticed, travelling through this wild district, that nothing like an imprecation ever escaped the lips of these simple peasants; and I mentioned the matter to my reverend friend. He smiled and said—"I fear Mihil learned to curse a little in America".

The secret was out; and a wonderful example it was of the piety of these people and their love for the pure old Christian faith of their fathers. This man had been in America, he and his family. I was astounded; and asked in amazement what could have driven him back to bleak Donegal and its frightful landlord rule? His answer was that, though he had been doing tolerably well in the United States, the immorality and infidelity they had seen around them—and the spectacle of many ignorant and neglected, Irish falling away, amid the temptations of vice from religion and virtue—had frightened him and his poor wife; and they resolved to make every sacrifice, and hurry back to Ireland, with all its miseries, again, “for fear the children would lose the religion”.

This is still the miraculous fidelity to their faith which has consecrated these Irish a nation of martyrs through centuries of suffering and persecution. It looks itself like a miraculous testimony to the truth and divine origin of the religion which, amid suffering and misery unspeakable, is still the hope and anchorage of this singularly destined people.

“They are all the same”, said the good priest, with kindling eye. “My heart burns with love for them. They are a simple, faithful, sinless race; and, in spite of all their miseries, I think God’s loving smile is upon them”.

Tá tábhacht fá leith leis an fhianaise seo mar go dtugann sí radharc beag dúinn ar dhearcadh mhuintir Mícheáil Airt ar chúrsaí creidimh agus ar an drabhlás a chonaic siad i measc na nÉireannach i Meiriceá. Ba mhór an t-athrú é Meiriceá a fhágáil agus iad ag déanamh ‘maith go leor’ ann mar a dúirt Mícheál thuas agus aghaidh a thabhairt arís ar chadhráin agus ar dhomasach fhuar oirthear Ghaoth Dobhair. Cuimhnímis fosta gur le turas Thobar A Dúin a dhéanamh a tháinig Pádraig go Leitir Ceanainn i Sar:hradh na bliana 1883. Bhí dóchas aige go gcuideóchadh an turas agus uisce an tobair lena lámh ghorthaithe a aclú arís.

Na toithe a bhí acu bhí siad iontach bocht, aimlí agus tá cur síos againn orthu ó chúpla áit agus ó dhaoiní ón taobh amuigh. Seo arís Denis Holland ag scríobh fá na cutannaí úra san “Ulsterman”:

“I inspected several of these plots on the property of these landlords. They were square patches of bog, soft and spongy, where the black mould seemed floating on a sea of pink. They are ‘colonised’ in this fashion. A peasant has a stong limbed son who marries.... The married son is not allowed to stay with his father; the landlord will not stand that. He cannot emigrate, for he has no money. What can he do? He takes one of these bog-plots from the landlord at some 3/- to 5/- an acre, or even higher. Griffith’s highest valuation is about 2d. an acre. He thatches up a hut of turf ‘scraws’ without chimney or door and in this hideous place he and his miserable young wife go to live. By something like a miracle they contrive to subsist on seaweed, turnips, any refuse that can be eaten and contrive to pay the landlord his £1 or 25/- of rent besides. Stone is plentiful enough in this howling wilderness of bog and rock: and the peasant has been all the time building a cabin of dry stone masonry beside the turf hut. When this is done he



Evictions i nGaath Dobhair – ó theach muirínigh go cró abair



procures a rickety deal table, a stool, an iron pot, and then he settles down in his new dwelling to raise a family of unhappy creatures, heirs to nameless poverty and misery...."

Agus seo mar a chuireann sé síos ar a raibh istigh iontu:

"Jump down with me into the ditch and enter one of these huts. Here is a space of some ten feet square, the sole residence of this poor man, his wife and four children, shared with them by the little ragged mountain cow which crouches beside the turf-heap in the corner. There is a small broken deal table here. There is no cheap nothing to sit on but an old stool and that heap of rags beside the fireplace which will be the bed by and by. They are at dinner. What horrid mess. Sticky potatoes and an abominable seaweed which they call 'doulamaun'. Horrible!"

Caithfear smaoiteamh fosta go raibh cleachtadh ag Pádraig Ó Dónaill ar chodannaí den tsaol seo agus gur cinnte go bhfaca sé an sclábhaíocht a bhí ar dhaoíní ionraice ag saothrú a mbeatha. Chan iontas ar bith nuair a fuair Pádraig blas ar shaol Mheiriceá dá olcas é nach raibh fonn ar bith air tamalt rófhada a chaitheamh fán bhaile agus gur sin an tuige a raibh oiread dúil aige ag taisteal.

Díreach le linn do Phádraig agus dá mhuintir pilleadh athuair ar a bhfód dúchais, bhí an báillí **Hansom** ag giollacht 'cutannaí' úra don **Tiarna Woodhouse**. Bhí idir 70-80 acra fá shíol coirce aige an chéad bhliain. Bhí barr breá ann i dtús ama ach bhí an Fómhar lag. Dhá chruach choirce a bhí ar an iomlán. Dúirt Hansom le duine éiginreach a mhaoigh nach raibh mórán aige ar shon a shaothair—'Bhail, cha raibh an oiread sin ariamh aroidhe air'. I mBéarla is dóiche a labhair sé. An chéad bhliain eile chuir sé préataí. Char oibir aon duine de chuid an bhaile dó cib bith sórt rógaí a bhí iontu cha raibh siad iontrust. Ba mheasa an dream a fuair sé le cuidiú leis—muintir Dhoire Chonaire agus ó sin soir. Ghoid siad na préataí agus thug leo chun an bhaile iad. Scriosadh Hansom agus badh é a airí é nó chan le deá-rún a bhí sé ag obair. Díoladh na 'cutannaí' ansin le muintir an bhaile ar £5 agus cíos £1-12-0 orthu le cois. Sin mar a bhí an saol agus nádúir an duine agus is beag athraidh atá air ó shin.

Bhí dlíomh dá gcuid féin acu i **Mín A' Chladaigh** san am seo a bhfuil muid ag caint air agus b'fhéidir go bhféadfaí a chur i leith Phádraig gur tógadh é fríd bhaicle gharbh a bhí tugtha do achrann agus do throid. Bhí cuid mhór blaigeard san áit go háirid ar fhairíochá áit a mbíodh siad ag ceol agus ag ragairne agus ag leagan na gcorp amach as na leapacha. Dream eile a raibh síbíní agus siopaí acu agus iad ag baint dhá luach ar na rudaf a bhí siad a dhíol. Is é an dóigh a bhí acu leis an cheist a réiteach a gcuid péas féin a chur ar bun. Is é an t-ainm a bhí orthu sin **NA SÉ FEARA DÉAG**. Cruinníodh na sé feara déag a ba láidre, a ba bhreátha agus a ba ghairbhe san áit agus tugadh údarás daofa déileáil le duine ar bith nach raibh a iompar féin mar is cóir. San oíche is mó a rachadh siad amach agus chan gunnaí a bhí acu nó a dhath mar sin—ach rud a bhí i bhfad Éireann ní ba mheasa—scríobáin a rabhthas ag scríobadh phréataí leo agus ag déanamh bocstaí astu. Bhí na hacraí seo iontach géar agus dá bhfaigheadh na 'péas' seo greim ort nó bobaireacht nó ag déanamh drochrud de chineál ar bith—bhainfeadh siad an léinidh duit agus scríobfadh siad thú leis an scríobán go dtí go ndéarfá nach ndéanfá an drochobair seo a choíche arís.

Níl a fhios agam an raibh Pádraig ag scríobhadh aon duine ach tá mé cinnte de rud amháin—dá gcluinfeadh Denman a bhí ina bhreitheamh ar a chás fá na sé feara déag—go mbeadh amhras air go raibh óige chorraitheach ag Pádraig agus nach bhféadfaí a bheith ag súil lena mhalaire uaidh ach daoine a foit nó a scaoileadh.

1.4. SCOLAÍOCHT

Mar atá a fhios againn anois cha raibh léamh nó scríobh ag Pádraig—is cosúil nár chaith sé lá ar an scoil—is iontach an scéal é sin agus an méid ama a chaith sé i Meiriceá. Bhí scoil i Míin A' Chladaigh sular thoisigh an Bord ag cur scoltacha náisiúnta ar bun ach bhí sí míle go leith ó theach Phádraig agus gan bealach ar bith fhad léithi ach fríd an phortach fhliuch. Seans gur bocht lena mhuintir é a chur chun na scoile sular imigh siad go Meiriceá nuair nach raibh sé ach tuairim is ar chúig bliana d'aois. Bhí sé trí nó ceathair déag de bhliana nuair a phill sé as Meiriceá. Cúis eile a bhí le gan Pádraig a bheith ag gabháil chun na scoile—nach raibh suim ar bith mórán ag daoine san oideachas. Go deimhin, b'fhéidir go mb'fhearr dó gan a ghabháil a cóir nó dheamhan mórán deá-iomráidh a bhí leis na máistrí a bhí uirthi i dtús ama.

Seo cuntais a tugadh céad bliain ó shoin idir na bliantaí 1883-1886 ar an staid a bhí ar oideachas na bpáistí ar scoil Mhíin A' Chladaigh. Tuairiscí iad seo a scríobh na cigirí agus seo ar chuma ar bith a raibh le rá acu:

Meenacladdy N.S. — Dt. 1. 5046.

Extract from Inspector's Report on above named school dated 26th May, 1886.

"Mr. X does not appear to be a competent teacher. The school has been in a most unsatisfactory condition since I took charge of the district and there appears to be no prospect of improvement. I give below the numbers examined in the years '83, '84 and '85 from which it will be seen that no pupil has been presented in a higher class than 3rd and in this class only eight have been examined within the period specified. I believe that no more than half a dozen have attained the 4th class within the last 10 years. The apathy of the parents in regard to Education may account in some measure for this extremely unsatisfactory state of things, but in my opinion an energetic and skilful teacher ought to be able to effect a good deal of improvement. Under present circumstances the school is of no benefit to the locality".

	Examined	No. in Higher Classes	No. in Third Class	No. in Second Class
1883	40	0	6	6
1884	15	0	1	4
1885	19	0	1	3

Nuair a tháinig Dónall Mhicheáil Airt ar ais as Meiriceá sa bhliain 1877 chuaigh sé chun na scoile arís. Chonaic mé i Rolla na scoile an fear seo a bhí 38 bliain d'aois agus gan sa rang leis ach páistí 9/10 de bhliana. Is léir go raibh suim aige cuidiú lena ghnoithe i mBaile Bhróighní áit a raibh teach tabhairne, siopa agus béicearaí aige.

1.5. An Cineál Duine a Bhí Ann

Is doiligh a rá anois le cinnteacht mhór ar bith goidé an sórt duine a bhí i bPádraig ach mar sin féin níl muid gan eolas éiginnteacht a bheith againn fá dtaobh dó. Tá pioctúirí againn dó a tarraingíodh ag an am agus tá tuairiscí go leor ar fáil ó lucht nuachtán agus óna chuid dlíodóirí agus ó dhaoine eile a bhuaile leis nó a raibh aithne acu air sa bhailé. Fear breá a bhí ann agus é i gcónaí cóiriste go deas in éideadh an Yankee (amharc na grianghrafanna de a tarraingíodh ag an am). Bhí sé sé troithe ar airde—é caol, ard agus cuma an tsaighdiúra air. Bhí gruag dhubh throm air—gaothsán fada agus malaíocha caola. Bhí sé ag caitheamh locaíocha féasóige agus bhí thart fá na smigead glan bearrtha. Súile lácha, gorma aige. Fear suaimhneach síochánta a bhí ann. Bhí dúil iontach aige i ngreann agus bhí gáire rógánta aige agus is minic a rinne na tuairisceoirí agus daoine eile a bhí ag an triail tagairt don ‘supercilious smile’ a thigeadh air. Fear simplí tíre a bhí ann—fear gan léann, gan oideachas, gan foghlaim, char chaith sé lá ariamh ar an scoil. Chan óladh sé ach corrbhuidéal leanna agus bhíodh sé tamaltacha fada gan a dhath a ól. Bhí sé an-tugtha do chaitheamh an phíopa agus de bheith ag cogaint tobaca.

Bhí sé iontach díreach ina chuid cáinte agus intleacht mhór aige d’fhear nach raibh ábalta léamh nó scríobh. Ba chosúil le hoibrí ar gach dóigh é ach éideadh an Yankee a bhíodh sé a chaitheamh a chur i leataoibh. Duine críonna tábhachtach a bhí ann ar go leor bealaí. Na tuairisceoirí a tháinig go Míin A’ Chladaigh badh é an scéal céanna a fuair siad amach. Iad sin a chur aithne air i mBaile Bhroighní an tamalt a chaith sé ann idir Nollaig 1880 agus tús an tSamhraidh 1881 mhionnaigh siad gur duine socair síochánta a bhí ann ar dhoiligh corraí a chur air. Duine grámhar a bhí ann a raibh dáimh mhór aige le daoine agus badh é an cara fíor é uair na hachainí. Char chuala siad ariamh baint a bheith aige le cumainn rúnda.

Más fíor leath na rudaí sin níl siad gan tábhacht a bheith leo i bhfianaise go raibh daoine ag cur síos dó gur thoisigh sé le rabharta mearaidh a scaoileadh le Carey. Chan fhuil an dá chuntas ag teacht rómhaith le chéile.

Bhí an méid seo le rá ag **A.M. Sullivan** a bhí a chosaint ag an triail fá dtaobh dó. Níl an méid seo gan tábhacht ach oiread de thairbhe gurb é an uair sin is mó a bhí brú ar an fhear bhocht a thug Sullivan fá dear a bhfuil le rá aige:

“The death he suffered he from the outset contemplated with cheerful composure. He recoiled with horror and shame and pain from the idea of being regarded as a coldblooded, calculating murderer. He contemplated with a sort of pride the idea of dying for the unpremeditated and, as he contended, justifiable act....”

Caithfidh muid smaointeamh fosta go raibh Pádraig tinn tamaltannaí fada in Albain agus i Meiriceá. Chaith sé speil fhada i ndiaidh a ghabháil go Meiriceá go deireannach in 1881 in ospidéal i bhPhiladelphia áit a raibh a chos ataithe. Chaith sé cúpla mí in otharlann i nDún Éadain na hAlbana i ndeireadh na bliana 1879. An ghlún a bhí ag cur air an uair seo. B’éigean do na dheartháir Dónall tárrtháil airgid a thabhairt air agus

tháinig sé anall go Baile Bhoirghní a fhanacht le Dónall agus lena mháthair. Trí mhí a d'fhan sé ann sular imigh sé arís go Meiriceá in 1881.

Is furast a fheiceáil cad chuige a raibh sé féin agus an teaghlach uilig chomh siúlach agus a bhí siad. D'imigh siad go Meiriceá agus gan é ach 5/6 de bhliana—tháinig chun an bhaile arís ina ghlas-stócach agus d'imigh anonn leis féin arís in aois a 19 mbliana. Chuaigh sé anonn agus anall 8 n-uaire uilig le linn a shaoil. Chuaigh a dheartháir Dónall chun na hAstráile in aois a shé mbliana déag—chaith deich mbliana ann agus chuaigh go Meiriceá ansin. Chuaigh Maighread bean Mhicheáil Airt go Meiriceá athuair nuair a cuireadh Micheál sa bhliain 1871 agus phill anall arís le Dónall sa bhliain 1877.

Bhí Pádraig ag éileamh fosta as a lámh chlí. Ghortaigh sé uillinn a láimhe i dtuaisce i mbaile Charleville i gCalifornia agus bhí sé doiligh air áclú a choinneáil i dtuaisce a láimhe ariamh ina dhiaidh sin. Ghortaigh sé athuair í ag forcáil fhéir agus shearg cuid de na féitheogaí a bhí ag bun na méar. Bhíodh beatraí ar iompar ariamh ina dhiaidh sin leis le mothú a chur i gceann na láimhe. Charbh iontas mar sin dá mbíodh sé gairid, giorraisc ina dhóigheannaí ach a mhalairt ar fad a bhí fíor de réir gach tuairisce.

1.6. SCÉALTAÍ NA nDAOINÍ

Tá trí phársa de bhéaloideas na ndaoíní anois agam le plé agus cé gur as áiteacha agus ó fhoinsí éagsúla iad, sílim go dtugann siad smídeadh beag eile dúinn fá dhóigh Phádraig Mhicheáil Airt. Baineann an chéad phársa le cuntas beag a scríobhadh síos ó bhéalaithris **Joeic Uí Chuireáin as Machaire Gáthlán sa bhliain 1938**. Bhí **Joeic 65 bliain an uair sin**. Chaith sé tús a shaoil i Meiriceá áit a bhfaca sé Padaí Mhicheáil Airt mar is léir óna bhfuil ráite aige. Fianaise fhíorshuimiúil an cuntas agus is ceart dúinn a bhfuil ann a scrúdú le fóir mhín agus an chumadóireacht má tá sí ann a aithne ón fhírinné ghan:

Tógadh 'mo bhunadhsa fad ó shoin thoir i Míin Lárach agus tógadh fear eile thoir anseo i nGlais An Chú agus sé an t-ainm a bhí air Padaí Mhicheáil Airt, ach Padaí Ó Dónaill a ainm baiste. Bhí sé ina chónaí i nGlais An Chú ag bun ghleann Mhicheáil Airt agus nuair a bhí an t-am oic ann d'imigh deartháir dó anonn chun Oileáin Úir agus d'imigh mo mhuintirsa chun Oileáin Úir. Nuair a fuair Padaí iad ar shíúl smaóitigh sé go rachadh sé féin ina ndiaidh.

Bhí mo mhuintirsa ina gcónaí thall agus sé an chéad rud a mhothaigh mo mháthair an mhaidín amháin agus í ina suí i gcois na teineadh go dtáinig Padaí Mhicheáil Airt isteach i lár an urláir agus culaith buachaill bó air. Chaith sé seal fada amuigh taobh amuigh don áit a' buachailleacht agus sé'n bhuachailleacht a bíos ansin ar dhroim beathaigh. Ach bhí achan chineál maith go leor, d'oibir Padaí leis mar sin agus phós sé agus má phós féin ní raibh an-chuid mhór dúil ins an obair aige agus chuaigh sé i gcionn na buachailleacht araist. Bhí cineál de chogadh ag gabháil ar aghaidh i Meiriceá nuair a chuaigh sé ansin agus bhítheas ag togáil na ndaoíní agus a gcur amach a throid. An taobh ó dheas agus an taobh ó thuaidh. Bhí cuid mhór daoíní saibhre thart fán áit

agus ní raibh Padaí a dhath ach i ndiaidh a ghabháil anonn agus rachadh sé go dtí na boic mhóra seo a gheobhadh scéala le ghabháil chun an chogaidh agus rachadh sé amach ina n-áit agus bheireadh siad an oiread seo céadtaí punta dó ach é a ghabháil agus nuair a gheobhadh sé na cúpla céad punta d'imeochadh sé leis agus an chéad bhaile mór a mbeadh sé ag teacht fhad leis ní dhéanfadh sé a dhath ach léim a thabhairt ar thraen agus rachadh sé ar shiúl fríd an bhaile mhór. Agus gheobhadh sé cúpla céad punta ansin ó fhear ínteacht eile ansin agus d'imeochadh sé.

D'oibir sé leis mar sin go dtí go raibh an cogadh chóir a bheith thart agus ní theachaidh sé amach ariamh. Ach sé'n an mhín is réitigh a tháinig ina dhiaidh sin gur marbha beirt i mBaile Átha Cliath a raibh Burke agus Cavendish orthu. Thart ins an áit a raibh muidshinne ní raibh dhath ann ach Finíní achan uile áit a gcuirfeá lorg do choise agus tuighe a mbéigean daobhtha cruinniú ann? Bhí na builg Bhuidhe láidir go maith ann agus bhí na Finíní chomh láidir ann agus nach raibh aird acu ar dhuine ar bith, agus bhí Padaí iontu mar rí agus ina mhaighistir orthu.

Chruinnigh bunadh Mheiriceá uilig nuair a rinn Carey spíodóireacht orthu agus húradh go gcaithfí a ghabháil sa tóir ar an spíodóir agus a scaoileadh. Sé an mhín is réitigh a bhí ann gur cruinneadh suas agus gur caitheadh crainn ansiúd agus anseo go bhfeicfí cé hair a dtuitfeadh an crann dona. Bhí crainn amháin ann agus thuit an crann dona ar an fhear seo. Bhí bean agus teaghlach aige agus d'éirigh Padaí Mhicheáil Airt astoigh i lár an toí agus dúirt sé nach raibh gar an fear sin a chur sa tóir ar Charey le é scaoileadh agus rachaidh mise agus scaoilfidh mé é agus ní fearr liom dóigh a mbeidh orm.

D'éirigh lúchair ar an uile dhuine nuair a chuala siad goidé dúirt Padaí Mhicheáil Airt agus cruinneadh suas agus cuireadh Padaí sa tóir ar Charey.

Bhí muid shinne ár gcónaí ar thaobh sráide agus ní raibh ann ach beagán toigheacha agus tháinig Padaí isteach ar maidin go luath, froc mór leis ar bhacán a láimhe agus dhá mhála leis. Thug sé culaith ghorm do mo mháthair agus froc mór go deas agus a gheobhthá astoigh i Meiriceá agus bata a raibh ceann óir air. "Coinnigh thusa seo go bpillí mise agus mur bpillí mise" arsa seisean, "is leat féin a choíche é".

"I n-ainm Dé" arsa sise, "cá bhfuil tú ag gabháil?"

"Ní dheán sé lá duifir" adeir sé, "ní bheidh mé i bhfad ar shiúl go dtigfí mé araist".

D'imigh Padaí agus níor chualaidh mo mhuintir trácht air níos mó ariamh go dtí gur mhothaigh siad Carey scaoilte ar bhord loinge ag gabháil amach go dtí an Africa ó dheas agus ní raibh fhios cé a scaoil é go dtí tamalt ina dhiaidh agus tháinig scéala go Meiriceá go raibh Padaí gaibhte agus bhí an buaireamh ann. Rinn mo mháthair suas a chuid éadaigh—sé léinidh gheal, culaith ghorm agus an froc mór agus an bata agus chuir sí isteach i mbocsa iad. Bhí muid shinne i bhfos anseo i Machaire Gáthlán sular crochadh Padaí. Chuaigh mo mháthair anonn go Doire Beag go dtí go dtug sí a chuid éadaigh, a chuid léinteacha agus a bhata agus b'fhiú trí scór punta an bata agus sé'n rud a bhfuil

mé ag tarraingt an scéil air—bhí fear ag gabháil thart anseo ag tógáil gearrthach as Milford nó as áit ínteacht Seán Ó Dónaill. Agus bhí fear ina chónaí thall ins an teach chéanna agus chuir sé an bata i bhfolach eadar an síleáil agus na sclataí agus ainm Phadaí Uí Dhónaill thíos air agus nuair a mhothaigh mise iomrá air dúirt mé á bheicfinn an bata go n-aithneochainn é. Ní fhaca mise an bata agus níor mhothaigh mé lá iomráidh ó shoin air.⁵

Tchíonn muid ón tagairt atá ins sa phíosa seo do chúrsaí éadaigh gur fear Padaí a raibh dúil aige é féin a chóiriú go hinnealta agus ar an fhaisean dheireannach. Tá an cóiriú céanna le feiceáil i gcuid de na pioctúirí atá againn dó nuair a bhí sé fá ghlas san Afraic Theas. Is cosúil mar sin gur duine bláthmhar a bhí ann fhad is bhain le héadach agus is ceart smaoiteamh ar an stíl féasóige a bhí sé a chaitheamh fosta.

Bhí iomrá cinnte ag a mhuintir féin gur throid sé i gCogadh Cathartha Mheiriceá ach tá casadh úr ar an dóigh a deachaigh sé ina cheann sa scéal seo. Chan iontas ar bith ach gur fear seifteach a bhí ann. Is cinnte ná sin go raibh dúil mhór aige ag aicteáil an chowboy—ag coimhead caorach. B'fhearr leis é ná an mhianadóireacht agus an náibhíocht ar thoisigh sé orthu nuair a chuaigh sé go Meiriceá an chéad uair sa bhliain 1857. Is é an rud is iontaí fán scéal gurbh fhearr leis mar bhuacháil bó ná fanacht ag a bhean!

Caithfidh mé a rá nach rómhaith nó ar mo shásamh a thuigim an tagairt atá sa scéal thuas do Sheán Ó Dónaill an báillí más fíor an dara píosa seo as béaloideas na ndaoíní.

Scéal a Dó

Cha raibh dúil ariamh ag muintir na hÉireann sa bháillí mar gur duine acu féin a bhíodh ann go minic agus b'fhearr leo gan iachall a bheith orthu cíos nó cáin a thabhairt uathu. "Deartháir don tsac an mála agus deartháir don diabhal an báillí", a deir an seanfhocal agus is léirstean géar é ar dhearcadh na ndaoíní. Ach ó tharraing mé an scéal ar Sheán Ó Dónaill bhí sé ráite gur hiarradh ar Phádraig Mhicheáil Airt cos i bpoll a chur leis. **Más fíor na scéaltaí fuair Pádraig áiméar deireadh a chur leis níos mó ná uair amháin ach char lig a chroí dó an t-urchar a chaitheamh. Más amhlaidh a bhí is doiligh glacadh leis go dtoiseochadh an fear céanna gan fáth gan siocair dhá bhliain go leith ina dhiaidh sin a scaoileadh le Carey.**

Tuigeann sibh anois cad chuige nach bhfuil mé ábalta ciall mhór ar bith a bhaint as an tagairt do theach Sheáin Uí Dhónaill thuas. B'fhéidir nach ionann an dá Sheán!

Scéal a Trí

Baineann an tríú píosa leis na bliantaí 1880/1881. Bliantaí corraitheacha suaite a bhí iontu i saol mhuintir Ghaoth Dobhair agus troid chogadh an Talaimh i mbarr a réime agus an sagart Séamas Mac Pháidín ina cheannphort orthu. Bhí cruinniú mór i nDoirí Beaga an tEarrach sin agus na mílte i láthair ann ach goidé a rinne Pádraig in áit a ghabháil chuig an chruinniú ach imeacht leis ag fia—é féin agus a ghunna suas amach sna cnoic. Char phill sé go raibh an bhaicle a bhí

cruinn ar shiúl leo chun an bhaile. Ba bheag a shuim in agóidí agus i bpolaitíocht rud a dúirt sé arís ina thuaisirc do lucht na bpáipéar sular tugadh arais go Sasain é i mí Mheáin An Fhómhair, 1863.

1.5. Clann Mhaíil : Na Molly Maguires⁹

Dá mba mhaith linn cúis a bheith againn ar Phadaí Micheáil Airt agus muid a bheith ábalta a rá go raibh baint aige leis na Molly Maguires, is cinnte ansin go gcaithfí éisteacht linn. Bhí an-droch-cháil orthu sin agus ar na gníomharthaí a tharraing aird an tsaoil orthu idir 1865-1875.

Le cúlra an scéil a thabhairt daoibh go gairid bhí an-drocham ins na mianaigh guail i bPennsylvania i ndiaidh an Chogaidh Chathardha. Shíl na hÉireannaigh agus cuid den cheart acu de réir na fianaise go raibh na Sasanaigh agus lucht na Breataine Bige anuas orthu agus ina n-éadan agus á gcoinnneáil as jabannaí. Chuir siad Cumann Rúnda ar bun nach raibh cead isteach ann ach ag Caitlicigh as Éirinn nó ar de shliocht Éireannach iad. Maraíodh daoíní, gearradh na cluasa de chuid eile acu, scoilteadh an teanga ag tuilleadh gus gach rud níos measa ná a chéile go dtí go raibh croí na ndaoíní agus na n-údarás amuigh ar a mbéal ag gníomharthaí na Mollies. Bhí muintir Phennsylvania scanraithe glan as a gcráiceann.

Cha raibh na húdaráis ábalta dadaidh eolais a fháil fá na Mollies nuair nach dtiocfadh le haon duine cead isteach a fháil iontu. Ach tháinig Éireannach beag sa deireadh a bhí sásta a ghabháil iontu agus spíodóireacht a dhéanamh ar an mhuintir a bhí iontu. **James Mc Parlan a ainm ceart cé gur James Mc Kenna a thug sé air féin fhad is bhí sé sna Mollies. Ba as paróiste Mhullach Braic i gContae Ard Mhacha é.** Rugadh é sa bhliain 1844—bocsálaí maith a bhí ann—bhí sé maith ag déanamh jigearnaí. Ceoltóir breá agus banaí mór a bhí ann fosta agus lena chois sin uilig bhí sé ábalta an t-uafás uisce beatha a ól agus fanacht ar a chosa. Bhí Béarla maith aige agus é i Meiriceá san am cheart.

Deich mbliana a bhí sé i Meiriceá nuair a fuair na húdaráis eolas air agus d'aithin siad láithreach go raibh an fear a bhí uathu acu. Bhí na cáilíochtaí uilig a bhí de dhíobháil le ghabháil sna Mollies aige agus bhí an dream a d'fhostaigh é sásta gur beag amhrais a bheadh ar na hÉireannaigh fá dtaobh dó.

Cuireadh an fear seo isteach mar spíodóir fríd na Mollies. Sílím gur ábhar suime ann féin daoibh an cineál éadaigh agus cóiridh a cuireadh air sa dóigh go mbeadh cuma fhear na bpoll i gceart air...i mí Dheireadh Fómhair na bliana 1873 a leandáil sé isteach fríd na Mollies agus é cóirithe mar seo:

'Hata a bhí crochta anuas agus lag ann agus bhí spás sa ribín a bhí chun tosaigh air lena phíopa a chrochadh. Bhí banda seanchaite, liathdhaite thart ar an hata agus gan cuma ná déanamh air. Cóta brocach air a raibh ábhar iontach garbh ann—seanléinidh ghránna a raibh na muinchillí uilig stróchta aici—brístí donna olna a bhí i bhfad rómhór ag a chorp—beilt leathan, bhuidhonn—í briste i gcúpla áit ach teannta thart go breá ar a wásta. Léinidh throm liath air mar frot beag gan coiléar ar bith inti agus carabhat dearg. Bhí póca taobh istigh ar thaobh na láimhe clí—bróga troma táirní droim ard orthu agus le cuma gharbh i gceart a chur air féin 10 lá féasóige a ligean air féin'.



Home of Paddy O'Brien, Glasserchoo. Evicted. Ten people lived in this house without a window; built entirely of turf.



GWEEDORE NATIVES. 1361. W. L.

Is é an fáth a bhfuil mé ag tarraingt an scéil air seo gur cosúil go deachaigh deartháir do Mhicheál Airt go Meiriceá agus go raibh sé pósta i Wiggan's Patch áit bheag i ndeas do Mahanoy City siar i lár Phennsylvania. Bhí an áit seo díreach i lár an cheantair a raibh an troid agus an marbhadh ar siúl ag na Molly Maguires. Bhí deartháir Mhicheál Airt é féin marbh agus is í a bhean Maighréad agus a gclann a bhí ina gcónaí i Wiggan's Patch san am a bhfuil trácht air agus suim againne ann c.1875.

Maraíodh beirt Shasanach Thomas Sanger agus William Uren sa bhliain 1875. Cúigear a bhí páirteach sa dúnmharú—**beirt de chlainn Uí Dhónaill Charles agus Friday (Feargal) agus Charles Mc Allister a bhí pósta ar dheirfiúr den bheirt thuas—Ellen O Donnell sular pósadh í. Mike Doyle agus Thomas Munley a bhí ar an bheirt eile. Jack Kehoe a bhí ina rí ar na Mollies bhí deirfiúr eile de chlainn Uí Dhónaill seo pósta aige—rud a d'fhág ceangal láidir idir Clann Uí Dhónaill seo agus eagraíocht na Mollies.**

Colceathracha de Phádraig Ó Dónaill a bhí iontu seo agus is dóiche gur sin an fáth a dtug sé cuairt orthu i dtús mhí na Nollag 1875. Ach cha deachaigh sé chomh deas dona bhás ariamh agus a chuaigh sé ar an chuairt sin. Ach fágfaidh muid sin go fóill.

Bhí daoíní a chonaic an murdar thuas agus char scéal rúin ar bith é go raibh Clann Uí Dhónaill agus Mc Allister páirteach sa drochghníomh a tharlaigh. Ach cuireadh scéala amach go luath tráthnóna an 9ú Nollaig 1875 gur maraíodh trífur a bhí le fianaise a thabhairt in éadan chlainn Uí Dhónaill agus iad. Bhí go leor fianaise ag Mac Parlan leis an iomlán acu a chrochadh ach bhí a chuid oibre le críochnú aige agus b'fhearr leis fanacht ina thost go fóill.

Cha raibh sa ráfla seo ach dearg bhréag ach nuair a chuala an dream ar daofa iad seo chruinnigh scaifte acu suas le 50 duine agus shíl siad féin díoltas a bhaint amach. Thug siad a n-aghaidh ar an teach a raibh Clann Uí Dhónaill ann idir an 2 agus 3 a chlog san oíche—an 10ú lá den Nollaig 1875. Bhí cuid acu seo i ndiaidh a bheith ag ól, arm le cuid mhór acu agus drochfhúadar ina gcosa. Bhí an gleo le cluinstitín. "Crochtar na Dálaigh! Tugaimis daofa é! Cuirimis rása amach as an bhaile leo!" Scab siad thart ar theach na nDálach. Cha deachaigh isteach sa teach ach cúigear nó sheisear acu. Bhris siad doras na cistineadh—rud a mhuscail a raibh sa teach. Bhí Charles Mc Allister agus a bhean Ellen (O Donnell)—bean óg 18 mbliana d'aois nach raibh pósta ach le 6 mhí, ina gcodladh i seomra amach ón chistinidh. D'oscail Mc Allister an doras go bhfeicfeadh sé goidé a bhí ag gabháil. Nuair a chonaic sé goidé mar bhí d'iarr sé ar a bhean fanacht socair agus d'éalaigh sé féin sfós staighre agus isteach san íoslach leis agus amach fríd theach na comharsan agus ó sin na sráide. Cha dtug a bhean aird ar a chomhairle agus d'oscail sí an doras. An chéad rud eile bhuail piléar a cíoch dheas agus maraíodh í na áit na mbonn.

D'éirigh Maighréad Uí Dhónaill amach go dtí doras an tseomra go bhfeicfeadh sí goidé an fuileá a bhí amuigh. Bhuail fear mór buille i dtaobh an leathchinn uirthi agus thit sí ina cnap ar an urlár agus is beag nár maraíodh í. I seomra eile fuair an mob ceathrar ina gcodladh—Charles O Donnell agus James Mc Allister deartháir den fhear

a theith—ina measc. Chuir siad rópaí fána muineál agus thug leo amach chun na sráide iad. Scaoileadh dhá urchar—chuaigh ceann acu i mbrollach Charles O Donnell—an ceann eile i sciathán Mc Allister. D’imigh an bheirt ansin ar an dream a bhí a gcoinneáil. Cha deachaigh O Donnell ach trí choiscéim nuair a leag cíoith piléar é. **Cuireadh oiread piléar ina chorp go raibh sé ar thinidh.** Bhain Mc Allister coillidh bheag amach agus tháinig sé slán as an fhréas.

Níl iomrá ar bith cá raibh Friday O Donnell an oíche sin. Theith sé go maram mar a bheadh cearc a ngearrfaí an ruball díthe.

Ba bhocht an scéal é ag bhaintreach—beirt dá clann marbh. Bhí idir 800/900 duine ar an tórramh i Mahanoy City ar 13ú Nollaig, 1875 nuair a cuireadh an bheirt.

Ach an bhfuil a fhios agaibh cén uair a tháinig Padaí Mhicheáil Airt ar cuairt chuig a chuid daoíní muinteartha—tá, dhá lá sula dtáinig an mob ar an teach. D’imigh sé go Denvir ar 8ú Nollaig, 1875. Cha deachaigh sé chomh deas dona bhás ariamh go deachaigh sé féin agus Carey le chéile i mBáighe Algoa—ocht mbliana ina dhiaidh sin. Cé go raibh a fhios ag Mac Parlan (má b’fhíor dó féin) go raibh Padaí i Wiggans Patch agus goidé an siúl a bhí ina chosa. Bhí eagla air gur ag teacht le cos i bpoll a chur leis féin a bhí sé mar go raibh sé ina scéal san áit gur ‘bleachtaire’ a bhí ann féin agus gur ag spiodóireacht a bhí sé. Badh é a thuairim thomhaiste sa deireadh gur cuairt shóisialta a thug Padaí ar a ghaolta agus nach le gnoithe ar bith a bheith aige leis na Mollies.

Cha léir domhsa ach oiread a mhalairt a bheith fíor. Tá cuma ar an scéal mar sin nach bhfuil cúis mhaith ar bith againn ar Phádraig Ó Dónaill go fóill.

1.8. Na Jabannaí a Bhí ag Pádraig

Bhí sé ina bhuachaill bó ag coimhead caorach—seal eile ina shaighdiúir sa Chogadh Chathartha. Chaith sé tamalt eile ina mhianadóir—bhí sé ar thóir an óir i gCalifornia. Bhí sé seal tamailt ina náibhí. Bhí teach síbín aige i dToronto agus chaith sé seal eile ina bhuiltéir i dteach ósta ar an bhaile chéanna. Chaith sé cúpla séasúr ag obair in Albain agus bhí sé san ospidéal i nDún Éadain agus b’éigean dona dheartháir tharrtháil airgid a thabhairt air fá Nollaig 1879. B’fhada óna chéile na dóigheannaí a bhí ag gabháil leis na jabannaí seo uilig agus is cosúil gur duine a bhí ann a bhí sásta go leor cineálacha oibre a dhéanamh. D’fhear nach raibh ábalta a ainm a scríobh nó a léamh b’iontach go deo an misneach a bhí aige ag imeacht leis ina shéadaí mar a bhí.

1.9. Deireadh an Scéil

Is iomaí rud a tháinig chun cinn sa triail ach ghlac an dá thaobh leis nach raibh umhail siar ag Padaí Mhicheáil Airt ar Charey go dtí gur casadh go cinniúnach ina bhealach é—ar a bhealach go dtí an Afraic. Is cinnte gur cruthú an méid sin nach raibh mórán bunúis leis na scéaltaí a cumadh fá dtaobh dó gur piocadh é le ghabháil ar thóir Charey. Thug fear an bhainc as Doire fianaise go raibh cuid airgid Phadaí curtha ar

aghaidh aige go dtí an Afraic theas i bhfad sula raibh iomrá cá háit a raibh na Sasanaigh ag dréim Carey a chur. Ach nuair nach raibh cead ag Pádraig féin fianaise a thabhairt agus nuair nár chuir an fear a bhí a chosaint Russell a scéal i láthair mar a ba cheart dó má bhí sé ag súil le toradh—níl iontas ar bith gur crochadh i Newgate é ar 17ú Nollaig, 1883.

Sílím go bhfuil freagra na ceiste a bhí mé a chur orm féin ag tús na haiste seo agaibh féin anois—gur ar mhí-ármharaf an tsaol a casadh Carey agus Pádraig ar a chéile agus nuair a tháinig cha raibh go leor áite ar an bhád acu le fanacht as bealach a chéile. Agus nuair nach raibh bhí sé i ndán daofa a lorg a fhágáil ar stair na tíre seo agus ábhar cainte agus bróid a fhágáil ag muintir Ghaoth Dobhair.

Is maith liom anois 100 bliain ina dhiaidh sin uilig go bhfuil muid féin ag iarraidh an scéal a inse arís agus lena inse i gceart caithefear an fhianaise uilig atá ann a chíorú. Faraor is róléir uaithí nach raibh Pádraig Ó Dónaill ach a chosaint féin nuair a scaoil sé Carey—scéal ar sheas sé féin leis go deireadh. D'iompar sé é féin go huasal agus go fearúil an choicis dheireannach a chaith sé ar an tsaol seo. Badh é tuairisc ach an duine air gur chúis bróid dá mhuintir é—ghlac sé go cróga, calma leis an chrann a thit air. Go fiú a dheartháir féin nár b'éigean dó é a chiúiniú an lá deireannach a d'fhág siad slán ag a chéile. Cha beag sin mar fhianaise ar fhiúntas an fhir!

FOOTNOTES

1. Bhí Pádraig ina uncal ag a bhean Méadhba Ní Dhúgáin.
2. Méire Mhicheáil a bhí ag muintir na háite uirthi. Char ghnách leo 'Air' a chur leis.
3. Report from the Select Committee on Destitution in Gweedore and Cloughaneely, 12 July 1858.
4. Tógadh an píosa seo as an leabhar 'The Landlord in Donegal' (Caibidil 6) a scríobh Denis Holland.
5. Gabhann muid buíochas ó chroí le Roimn Bhéaloideas Éireann a thug cead dom scrúdú a dhéanamh ar a gcuid lámhscríbhíní agus an cuntas seo a chur i gcló astu.

6. Tá an cuntas is iomláine orthu seo le fáil sa leabhar "Lament for the Molly Maguires" le Arthur H. Lewis.

Tórramh Phadaí

Mhícheáil Airt

Is cinnte gurb é an tórramh a bhí ar Phadaí Mhícheáil Airt is mó a tharraing aird a phobail féin ar ar tharlaigh dó san Afraic Theas agus sa chúirt i Londain ina dhiaidh sin. Rud coitianta a bhí sa sórt seo tórraimh sa 19ú céad agus cuimhnimis go raibh tórramh dá leithéid ar Mhartí Mhanchuin tamall roimhe sin. Is dóiche gur óna leithéid sin de chleachtadh a fuair muintir Ghaoth Dobhair an smaoiteamh a leithéid a bheith acu féin.

Ar chuma ar bith cha raibh sé gan caint a tharraingt agus aighneas go háirid fhad agus a bhain leis an Eaglais. Mar a fheicfeas sibh sa dara cuntas atá againn ar an eachtra dúirt an tAthair Mac Niallais an tAifreann ar an 19ú Eanáir sular hiompraíodh an corp go reilig Mhachaire Gáthláin. Ach cé gur an tAthair Mac Pháidín a bhí ina shagart paróiste san am, tá sé ag maíomh nár chuala sé iomrá ar bith ar an choiste a cuireadh ar bun ina dhiaidh sin le leacht a thógáil in onóir Phadaí agus tá a thuairim nochtaithe go láidir aige sa chuntas atá againn uaidh sa Journal in 1887. Tá na tuairimí sin ag teacht ar fad le dearcadh na haoise sin agus is ceist mhaith í an bhfuil mórán athraidh orthu ó shoin.

TRAIL PHÁDRAIG

Ó tharlaigh go bhfuil go leor ráite againn go dtí seo fán méid a bhí le rá ag daoine áirid faoi Phádraig agus fán triail, be mhaith linn anois cúpla cuntas eile a thabhairt daoibh leis an scéal a iomlánú. Tá muid buíoch do Phádraig Ua Cnáimhsí a chuir an píosa as "Lord Russell of Killowen" ar fáil dúinn.

Tagann muid díreach ina dhiaidh sin an cuntas a thug A.M. Sullivan sna páipéir i ndiaidh na trialach ag cur síos ar ar tharlaigh agus ar an sórt duine a bhí i bPádraig agus ar na deacrachtaí uilig a bhí le sárú acu sa triail féin.

AMHRÁIN FÁ PHÁDRAIG

Ag an chuimneachán a bhí againn i mí Iúil cheol Séamas Mac Giolla Bhríde amhráin dúinn a cumadh fá Phádraig i ndiaidh agus roimhe an triail. Tá muid á dtabhairt anseo mar gur dóigh linn gur mhaith le daoine na focla a bheith acu.

Tá tagairt i ngach ceann he na trí hamhráin tosaigh don Melrose Castle a bheith ag seoladh as Sasain ach is ar an Kinfaun's Castle a sheol siad as Sasain. Ní ceart an tagairt ach oiread do August '83 atá i gceann de na hamhráin. Tharlaigh gach rud i mí Iúil.

Céad Bliain ó shin "Tórramh" Phaidí Mhicheáil Airt

PÁDRAIG UA CNÁIMHSÍ

Bíodh fhios nach mbíodh leabhraí chomh fairsing fadó is atá siad sa lá atá inniu ann, bhí leabhar amháin ann agus bhíodh sí le fáil i mbunús achan teach an tráth úd, mar atá, "Old Moore's Almanac". Is aici, leabhra, a bhíodh ionad na hurraime an uair úd; í crochta in airde i bhfuinneog na cistiní, sa chruth is nach mbíodh cuartú le déanamh uirthi, dá dtarlaíodh sé go gcaithfí ghabháil ina cead le eolas de shórt ar bith a fháil amach. Sea, tchím go fóill í; í crochta ar thaobh na fuinneog agus gan dadamh eile ansin amach ón uaireadóir óir a thug fear a' tí 'na bhaile as **Cleveland, Ohio**, as **Butte, Montana**, nó bh'fhéidir as **Klondyke, Alaska**, am ínteacht ag tús an chéid seo. Ba mhinic, fosta, seandaoiní an bhaile istigh ag airnéal agus tharraingtí scéala agus comhrá ar chás na haimsire, agus mar dheireadh ar a gcomhrá, bheirtí anuas an t-almanag ó thaobh na fuinneog le fáil amach cad é an bharúil nó tuar a bhí ag Old Moore díthe, do na seachtainí ná don mhí a bhí rompu amach. Cúpla bliain ó shin, tugadh seo chun cuimhne domh le linn dúinn bheith ag coimhead ar an teilifís. Bhí saineolaí ar challantóireacht na haimsire ag caint ar a chuid oibre, an oíche seo atá i gceist agam, ar an BBC agus fear eile ag cur ceisteanna air fá seo agus siúd. Cuireadh leist air fá chianchallantóireacht nó an rud ar a dtugtar an Long Range Weather Forecast air, agus is cuimhneach liom go maith an chaint a dúirt sé. Rinne sé draothadh beag gáire nuair a cuireadh an cheist air, mar a bheadh gur thuig sé nach raibh a leithéid de rud ann a raibh dadamh fírinne ag baint leis, agus ansin thug sé a fhreagra dúinn: "Tá sé cruaidh go leor ag ár macasamhail callantóireacht a dhéanamh ar an aimsir a bhéas againn i gceann lá nó dhó, chan é amháin bheith ag dúil le faisnéis a fháil fán aimsir a bhéas againn i rith na míosa go léir". Ach, níorbh é sin an bharúil a bhí ag seandaoine na Gaeltachta fadó. Chuir siad a muinín agus a n-iontaobh i gcaint an Mhóraigh riamh, mar nach raibh áthrach céille ag daoine san am.

Le cois cuntas a bheith ag Old Moore fán aimsir, ní bhíodh aonach ná margadh sa tír nach mbíodh liostáilte aige, agus caithfidh duine smaointí nach dtáinig aon athrú ar am nó ar dhátaí na n-aontaí seo leis na céadtaí bliain roimhe sin. Ní bhíodh mórán aontaí thart san taobh seo tíre uilig—Baile Bhroighní, Míin na Leice, An Clochán Liath, Baile na Carraige agus Na Croisbhealaigh—agus ní ghlacadh sé a leithéid de



Leacht cuimhneacháin an Dálaigh i Reilig Ghias Nafon

chuireadh a bheith ag duine chun na dátaí seo a choinneáil os comhair a intinne. Le cois an eolais seo ar an aimsir bhíodh cuntas sa leabhar ar na lántaí mara, rud a d'fhóir dóibh sin a bhí ina gcónaí in aice an chladaigh. Thug seo eolas dóibh fán am a b'fhearr le bád a thiomáint, le tráigh fheamnáí ná leathaigh a dhéanamh, cnuasach trá a dhéanamh agus de réir sin.

Bhíodh féilire na míosa san almanag fosta agus chuirí síos rud finteacht suimiúil a tharla i gcothrom an lae sin blianta fada roimhe sin. Bhíodh, mar shampla, rudaí den tsórt seo sa liosta acu:

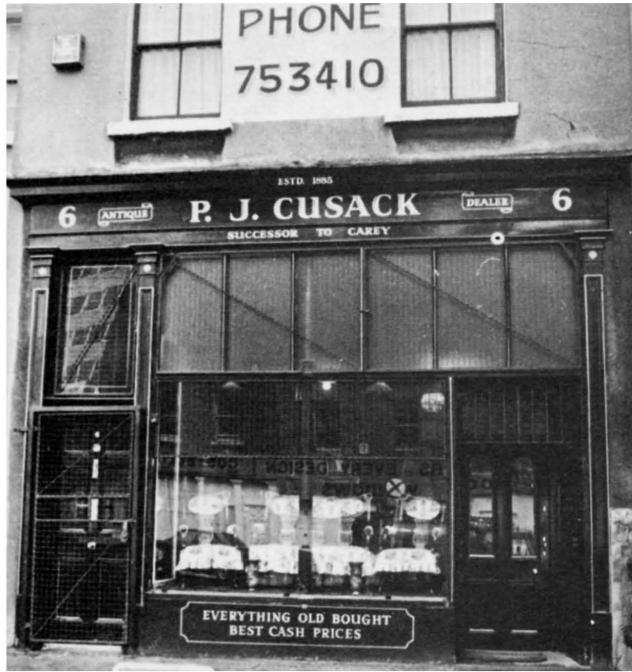
<i>January 6th:</i>	<i>The Night of The Big Wind, 1839</i>
<i>May 6th:</i>	<i>The Phoenix Park Murders 1882</i>
<i>May 15th:</i>	<i>Death of Daniel O'Connell at Genoa, 1847</i>
<i>July 14th:</i>	<i>The Fall of the Bastille, 1879</i>
<i>September 16th:</i>	<i>Napper Tandy lands at Rutland, Co. Donegal, 1798</i>
<i>November 19th:</i>	<i>Death of Theobald Wolfe Tone, 1798</i>
<i>December 17th:</i>	<i>Execution of Pat O'Donnell at Newgate, 1883.</i>

Creidim, mar sin, gurb iomaí duine a d'fhoghlaim tús a chuid staire fadó ó leabhraí ar nós "Old Moore's Almanac". Shuíodh páistí thart ar an tine san oíche agus chuireadh siad amach na dátaí seo ar a chéile, nó i gcás ar bith, an méid sin acu a thuig siad féin go maith. I déanta na fírinne, b'shin mar chuir mé féin eolas ar scéal Phaidí Mhíchéail Airt an chéad lá riamh! Chuir muid ceisteanna ar na seandaoíní ina dhiaidh sin agus fuair muid amach iomlán an scéil. Ní raibh raidió nó teilifís ag daoine an uair sin ach ní raibh lá riamh nach mbíodh amhráin le cluinstitín ag daoine, is cuma goidé an pháirt de Éirinn arb as iad. Ba mhinic muid ag ísteacht le

"My name is Pat O'Donnell and I come from Donegal",
nó, b'fhéidir,
"In Newgate's gloomy prison, They dug a narrow grave,
And in it lay O'Donnell the bravest of the brave".

Hinsíodh dúinn fosta fá na daoine sin as na Rosa a chuaigh fad an bhealaigh go Gaoth Dobhair an Domhnach geimhridh úd, céad bliain ó shin, gheall ar a bheith i láthair ag "tórramh" an duine bhoicht i Machaire Gáthlán. Rinneadh Paidí Mhíchéail Airt a chrochadh i bpríosún Newgate ar an 17ú de mhí na Nollag, 1883, agus mí ina dhiaidh sin a bhí an tórramh. As na Rosa an lá úd, tháinig Pádraig Mac a' Bháird (Paidí Maistir) as an Chéidigh; Séamas Óg Mac Suibhne as Leac Éanach; Aodh Mac Suibhne (Hiúdán Bhriain) as an bhaile chéanna agus Antoine Ó Gallachóir (Antoine Chonail) as an Choing-Léim i nGleann na hEilite. Níl feidhm domh a rá nach raibh traen ná bus ná sórt ar bith mar sin ann san am agus gur ar side-car nó carr cliathánach a rinne siad a t-aistear soir agus anoir go Gaoth Dobhair.

Bhí brainse de Chumann An Talaimh bunaithe ins na Rosa an uair sin agus i measc na muintire a bhí páirteach ann, bhí Paidí Máistir seo as an Chéideadh. Ba mhinic litreacha i gcló aige an uair sin ar an "Derry Journal" ag cur síos ar imeachtaí áirithe de chuid an Chumainn ins na Rosa, agus fríd an Chontae uilig. Gearradh téarma shé mhí príosúntachta



An siopa agus an teach i Sráid Charlemont i mBaile Átha Cliath a bhí ag muintir James Carey

air sa bhliain 1880 as oráid a thug sé ar son an Chumainn ag cruinniú i Mín Beannaid. Is cosúil go raibh duine den R.I.C. i láthair ag an chruinniú agus go dtug sé seo fianaise in éadan Phaidí ina dhiaidh sin. Chuir sé isteach a théarma i bPríosún Mhuineacháin agus tá litir le fáil go fóill a scríobh sé chuig a sheanchara, Seán Mac a' Bháird (Seán Antoine Mháire Báine), as Gleann Na hEilíte, an uair sin.

San fhómhar a bhí Paidí Máistir i bPríosún Mhuineacháin agus bhí bean s'aige — Peigí Mhícheáil Thaidhg—fágtha ar lagchuidiú le linn di bheith as baile. Nuair a tháinig am bainte an choirce ní raibh a'n duine sa teach aice le lámh chuidithe a thabhairt díthe san obair, agus ní raibh fhios aici faoi Dhia cad é a bhí le déanamh aici. Ach mhaige, ní raibh sí gan cuidiú ná sheasaigh Cumann a' Talaimh léithe go raibh deireadh na hoibre déanta aici. Chruinnigh siad—anoir as Anagaire, anuas as Leitir Mhic A' Bháird agus as áiteacha eile—gur bhain siad an grán díthe in aon lá amháin. Mhóthaigh mé go raibh oiread acu ann is nach raibh áit seasaimh sa pháirc acu agus gurbh éigean dóibh sealaíocht a dhéanamh ar a chéile i rith an lae! Bhain siad an coirce, cheangal é, agus rinne é a stucú; agus bhí siad réidh ard tráthnóna. Ba é an scéal céanna é nuair a tháinig an t-am na préataí a bhaint. Mar sin, bhí an obair uilig déanta fá choinne Phaidí i ndiaidh dó fáil amach as an phríosún, teacht an gheimhridh ina dhiaidh sin.

Bhí Paidí Máistir seo ina mháistir scoile ar Scoil A' Chéididh ina lá ach déarfainn go raibh sé amuigh ar pinsean an t-am a cuireadh é ar shiúl 'na phríosún. Mac s'aige—Seán Mac A' Bháird (John Phaidí Máistir) a

bhí ina mháistir ar Scoil A' Chéididh indiaidh am an athara agus bhéinn den bharúil gur thosaigh John seo a' múineadh ar an Chéideadh i dtrátha na bliana 1875. Fuair sé bás sa bhliain 1940 in aois a cheithre scór go leith bliain, agus mar sin de, creidim go dteachaigh sé ar phinsean am Ínteacht le linn an Chéad Chogaidh Mhóir, abair, 1915 ná mar sin.

An tAthair **Bernard Walker** a bhí ina **Shagart Paróiste** ar na Rosa Íochtaracha an uair sin agus bhí cónaí air in Ailt an Chorráin .i. sa teach chéanna ina bhfuil cónaí ar Chathal Mac Comhail sa lá atá inniu ann. Fuair an sagart paróiste a bhí ar na Rosa, **An Sagart Mór Ó Domhnaill, bás i mí Dheireadh Fómhair, 1879**, agus ceapadh an tAthair **Bernard Walker** ina áit. Bhíodh cónaí ar an tSagart Mhór i gCeann Caslach ach bhí rún ag an tsagart úr .i. Father Bernard, teach pobail úr a thógáil i Ailt An Chorráin agus is ann a chónaigh sé. Sagart maith a bhí ann agus d'fhéadfaí a rá gurbh eiseann, agus agent an tiarna talaimh, William Hammond, a d'athbhunaigh tionscal na hiascaireachta ina na Rosa, agus in iarthar na Contae uilig, an uair sin .i. 1880-1890.

Mar deirim, bhí rún ag Father Bernard Walker teach pobail úr agus teach sagairt úr a thógáil in Ailt An Chorráin ach ní bhfuair sé saol ná sláinte le sin a dhéanamh. Sciob an bás ar shiúil é sul a bhfuair sé faille a chuid oibre a thúsacht ná a thabhairt chun críche. I ndiaidh é leathscór bliain a chaitheamh in Ailt An Chorráin scairt Dia air agus ceapadh a dheartháir, Monsignor James Walker mar shagart paróiste ina áit. B'eisean mar sin a thóg an teach pobail úr agus an teach sagairt úr ar na hAcraí ag deireadh na haoise seo caite—1898-1899. Ó tharla ceiliúradh a bheith ann ag deireadh na haoise ar bhás Naomh Colmcille, míle trí chéad déag bliain roimhe sin, thug Monsignor Walker Teach Pobail Naomh Colmcille mar ainm ar an tséipéal úr a thóg sé ar na hAcraí an uair sin.

Le linn do Father Bernard bheith in Ailt an Chorráin, bhí an áit gan séipéal agus bhíodh air Aifreann a rá ach an Domhnach i ngránlann nó seanstóras do chuid an Tiarna Conyngham, tiarna talaimh na Rosann an uair úd. Tá seanbhallóg an tí seo ina seasamh ansin go fóill ach b'éigean an ceann nó an díon a bhaint de cúpla bliain ó shin nó bhí na sclátaí a bhí air scaoilte agus bhí an chontúirt ann go marófaí duine Ínteacht leofa lá gaoithe móire. Tógadh an seanstóras seo 1775.

Ba le linn do Father Bernard Walker a bheith ina shagart paróiste ins na Rosa a thug **Ardeaspag Chaisil, An Dr. SárUrramach Cróc**, cuairt ar Dhéoise Ráthbhoth. Níl feidhm domh a rá go raibh an t-eaglaiseach cliúteach seo ina phátrún ag Cumann Luithchleas Gael agus gur as a tugadh ainm ar Pháirc An Chrócaigh. Grásta ó Dhia ar na mairbh, d'inis seandúine de chuid de Rosanna domh, (Séamas Ó Dónaill, Jimí Frainc-Eoghain Bhig, gurb as Port Inis Mhíl dá mhuintir), gur chuimhin leis Dr. Cróc agus a chomhluadar sagart a fheiceáil an lá sin agus iad in Ailt An Chorráin. Rugadh Jimmí seo 1864 agus fuair sé bás 1954. Ní bheadh sé mórán le fiche bliain de aois mar sin le linn chuairt an Dr. Cróc ar na Rosa. Is cuimhneach liom go maith gur dhúirt Jimí liom go raibh dinnéar nó tráth bídh acu an lá sin i dteach an tsagairt ansin, agus go dtáinig cuid iníonacha Hammond aníos ón Teach Mhór ar an Lic Bhig, an lá sin, gheall ar iad lámh chuidithe a thabhairt do chailín nó bean tí an tsagairt san obair a bhí le déanamh aici .i. béile a dhéanamh réidh do Ardeaspag Chaisil agus é ar a chuid siúltaí i measc na gConallach an lá samhraidh úd céad bliain ó shin anois.



Ag an leacht i nDoirí Beaga 31-7-'83 ó chlé Bréandán Ó Cnáimhsí, Eoghan Mhánaís ó Dónaill, Seán Ó Gallchóir, Niall Ó Dónaill, Mánaís Ó Fearraigh, Mícheál Ó Gallchóir, Dónall Ó Baoill.

Ach is ar Phat O'Donnell a bhí mé ag tarraingt scéil ag tús na haiste seo. Ba é mo cheart a rá nach raibh Father Bernard ag cur le modhanna oibre Chumann An Talaimh agus nár réitigh sé go hiomlán ach an oiread le na gcuid oideamaí náisiúnta. Ní raibh barúil ró-árd aige de Phat O'Donnell ach an oiread, agus ní raibh leathshásamh air nuair a mhothaigh sé go bhfuair sé an urraim a tugadh dó an Domhnach roimhe sin i reilig Mhachaire Gáthláin. Níor cheil sé na tuairmí a bhí aige fán scéal ar dhuine ar bith. Agus é ag caint ón altóir le linn an Aifrinn in Ailt An Chorráin, go lua ina dhiaidh sin, rinne Father Bernard tagairt do "tórramh" Phat O'Donnell i nGaoth Dobhair, agus dúirt sé nach raibh sé ceart déanta ag daoine teacht le chéile a bheith acu le hurraim agus onóir a thabhairt do dhuine a rinne peacadh an dúnmharbhta. Bhí Paidí Máistir i láthair an lá sin agus i ndiaidh do'n tSagart an méid sin a rá thug sé freagra air mar leanas:

"I beg to differ with you, Father. He was no murderer, but an Irish patriot".

Ar ndóigh, cuireadh corp Pat O'Donnell sa reilig bhig a bhí ansin acu taobh istigh de bhallaí an phríosúin ina dhiaidh sin, ach ó tharla an

seanphríosún sin a bheith leagtha síos acu le fada, níl fhios agam cad é d'éirigh den reilig a bhí ansin ná de thaisí na bpríosúnach a bhí curtha taobh istigh de bhábhún an phríosúin ansin. Is dócha gur tógadh iad agus go dearnadh iad a athchur in áit in-teacht eile.

Tá leacht cuimhneacháin do Phat O'Donnell i reilig Ghlas Naoidhean, i mBaile Átha Cliath, ar a bhfuil an scríbhinn seo a leanas scríobhtha:

"In memory of Patrick O'Donnell, who heroically gave up his life for Ireland, in London, England, on 17th December, 1883. Not tears, but prayers for the dead, who died for Ireland. This monument was erected by the grateful admirers of his heroism in the United States of America, through the 'Irish World', and forwarded by a Ladies Committee of New York—Mrs. F. Byrne, Mrs. Maggie Halvey, Ellen A. Ford. R.I.P."

Déarfainn go raibh an duine deireannach seo—Ellen A. Ford—ina beachéile ag Ford, an nuachtóir cliúiteach den ainm sin, arbh leis an páipéar, "The Irish World", na laetha úd.

Ach de thairbhe **Phríosúin Newgate** de, seanphríosún a bhí ann a chuaigh siar na céadta bliain. Deirtear gur tógadh an chéad fhoirgneamh ansin sa dóú haois déag agus bhí príosún de shórt in-teacht ansin riabh ina dhiaidh sin go dtí deireadh na haoise seo a chuaigh thart. Rinneadh **aththógáil** ar Newgate i ndiaidh **Thine Mhór Londain sa bhliain 1666**, agus rinneadh athchóiriú nó méadú air arís sa bhliain 1780. Leagadh síos é sa bhliain 1903 agus tógadh na Cúirteanna Dlí (An Old Bailey) ar an láthair ina dhiaidh sin. Mar sin de d'fhéadfaí a rá gur coinníodh Pat O'Donnell i Newgate sa bhliain 1883 agus gur ann a crochadh é ina dhiaidh sin, sé sin, ag an áit chéanna as sheas Éireannach eile, Ruairí Mac Easmainn, a thriail breis is tríocha bliain ina dhiaidh sin. I ndiaidh ghabháil Ruairí Mhic Easmainn ag Tráigh Bheannach, Trá Lí, Aoine Chéasta 1916, tugadh caol díreach é, faoi thionlacan armtha, go Londain, áit ar coinníodh é sa Túr go dtí go raibh a thriall san Old Bailey thart. I ndiaidh é a bheith daortha chun báis, coinníodh é i bPríosún Pentonville, áit a ndearnadh é a chrochadh ar an 3ú lá de mhí na Lúnasa, 1916.

Is ceart dúinn smaoitiú gur crochadh poiblí a bhíodh acu i Sasain, agus in Éirinn, go dtí an bhliain 1868 agus gur crochadh na céadtaí, mar sin, taobh amuigh de Phríosún Newgate i rith na tréimhse 1780-1868. Is eol dúinn uilig gur crochadh poiblí a bhí ann i gcás Mhairtírí Mhanchuinn nuair a cuireadh chun báis iad i Manchester ar an 23ú lá de Shamhain, 1867, agus leanadh den nós bhrúidiúil sin go ceann bliana eile, ar a laghad, ina dhiaidh sin. Is suimiúil le rá é gur Éireannach a bhí sa duine deireannach a crochadh go poiblí i Sasain .i. Mícheál Bairéad, gurbh as Contae Fhearmanach ó dhúchas dó, a crochadh é comhair an phobail i Newgate sa bhliain 1868. Cuireadh ina leith go raibh baint aige leis an phléasc a tharla ag Príosún Clerkenwell, Londain, an bhliain roimhe sin, áit ar marbhadh duine déag de na Sasanaigh. Níos barbartha ba ea an crochadh nó an pionós caipitileach mar bheirtear air go minic anois, agus buíochas mór le Dia go bhfuil deireadh leis an chóras pionóis sin ina lán tíortha de chuid an domhain sa lá atá inniu ann. Is maith go bhfuil dearcadh sibhialta ag teacht chuig tíortha an domhain sa deireadh thiar.

Cuntais ó na Páipéir ar an Tórramh¹

From 'The Sentinel'

The Memory of O'Donnell

This was the month's mind of the murderer which was celebrated on Saturday 19th January 1884. The following account of the proceedings appeared in Revd. Mr. McFadden's organ the Derry Journal on Wed. 22nd January.

The Memory of O'Donnell.

Extraordinary Demonstration.

On Saturday in Gweedore the people of the surrounding districts assembled in memory of Patrick O'Donnell who was executed for the shooting of Carey the Informer. The multitude assembled at Derrybeg. The people of Gweedore almost to a child and those from the adjacent parishes of Cloghaneely and Rosses turned out to take part in the demonstration. Cloghaneely men were led by Messrs. McSweeney, Carrowcannon House, Falcarragh; A. Harkin, Falcarragh; J. Hegarty, Killult; D. Sweeney, Killult. Rosses contingent headed by Messrs. P. Ward and J. Ward, Keadue, A. Gallagher, Acres, E. Duffy, Annagry. Also present Bryan Sweeney, Derry. The road from Derrybeg to the chapel was completely blocked by people, vehicles, horses etc. A coffin was prepared for the purpose by Daniel O'Donnell (brother of deceased) draped in black, mounted in rich lace and a breastplate, also a wreath. The cross and breastplate had the following inscription.

To the memory

of

Patrick O'Donnell

who was executed in London 17th December 1883.

Aged 44 years.

The cortege moved from Derrybeg to the chapel. As many as could entered the chapel while those in rear had to remain outside. Requiem mass was celebrated at 12 noon by Revd. Fr. McNelis, C.C. with the crowd still increasing the spacious yard outside filled with the throng.

The coffin was carried on shoulders by four men to the graveyard in Magheragallon.

A meeting held later was addressed by Mac Sweeney. A collection was taken up—the purpose—the erection of a monument in a suitable place in the neighbourhood.

The O'Donnell monument committee was formed consisting of the following:—

Chairman: Mr. Mac Sweeney, Falcarragh.

Vice-chairman: J. Hegarty, Killult.

Treasurer: To be appointed.

Secretary: John Conaghan, Derrybeg.

Journal 19/10/1887

Father McFadden's contradiction of 'Glasnevin's' letter to the Times.

'I never was engaged by an American committee to erect a monument to Patrick O'Donnell. I never accepted a commission to do so and neither the monument nor "the monstrous inscription in flagrant praise of murder" owe their existence in any way to my 'exertions'."

I append the letter to the contractor and builder received by me today.

In further explanation I may add that the unfortunate murderer was in his earlier life a native of this parish and that his mother and sister and brother are still living in it. I knew nothing whatever of any undertaking to perpetuate the memory of O'Donnell or of the existence of any committee to carry it forward until I was asked to allow a monument to be erected within the precincts of the church here. This I at once refused to do. As far as I am personally concerned I loathe the very mention of the murder of Carey and it would be my earnest desire that its memory should be forever buried and forgotten. Father McFadden further adds "I had nothing to do with the project, I had nothing to do with the design, I had nothing to do with the drafting of the inscription".

PAT O'DONNELL

My name is Pat O'Donnell, and I come from Donegal,
I am you know a venomous foe to traitors one and all.
For the shooting of James Carey I was tried in London town
And now upon the gallows high my life I must lay down.

I sailed on board the ship, *Melrose*, in August eighty-three,
Before I landed in Capetown it came well-known to me;
When I saw he was James Carey we had angry words and blows,
The villain, he tried to take my life on board the ship *Melrose*.

I stood up to defend myself and fight before I'd die,
A pocket pistol I drew forth, and at him I let fly;
I gave him the second revolver, boys, which pierced him through the
heart,
And I let him have the third one, boys, before we did depart.

Carey's wife and son came to the cabin where he lay,
And seen him lying all in his gore, which filled her with dismay,
"O'Donnell you shot my husband", Mrs. Carey now did cry,
"Oh, yes! I did in self-defence, madam", then said I.

The captain had me handcuffed, and in irons firmly bound,
He handed me over as a Fenian when I landed in Capetown;
I was then brought back to London until my trial came on,
And the prosecutors for the Crown was Carey's wife and son.

To all the evidence they swore, I said it was a lie,
The jury found me guilty, and the judge made this reply:
"You'll never more see Erin's shore, O'Donnell, you must die,
On the twenty-fourth of December, upon the gallows high".

Here's a health to old Donegal, the place where I was born,
And also the United States, to it I never showed any scorn;
Unto the Virgin Mary on my bended knees I call,
To pray for poor O'Donnell from the town of Donegal.

I wished I was a free man, and could live for another year,
I'd make all those informers fly before my eyes with fear;
St. Patrick banished the serpents from our blessed and holy ground,
I'd make them fly before my eyes like a hare before the hound.

Good Christmas all, on you I call, this is my dying day,
They say I am an Irishman, kind Christians for me pray;
My grave is ready open, and I'm ready for to die,
May the Lord have mercy on my soul while in my grave I lie.

The Trial Of Pat O'Donnell

An extract from "Lord Russell of Killowen", by Barry O'Brien.

Soon after his return from America, Russell appeared at the Old Bailey to defend Patrick O'Donnell, indicted for the murder of James Carey. Carey was a member of a secret society called "The Invincibles", and had taken an active part in the plot for the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, who were murdered in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, in May 1882. Afterwards Mr. Carey turned informer, and, mainly through his evidence, the actual perpetrators of the crime were captured and hanged. Then Carey left Ireland, taking ship for the Cape. From the Cape he sailed to Natal, and was shot on the voyage by O'Donnell. The latter was immediately arrested, sent to England, and tried in December 1883. Russell conducted the defence with great skill. "Rarely", says a leading legal journal, "has it been the lot of an advocate to find himself confronted by such difficulties as Mr. Charles Russell had to encounter in defending O'Donnell for the murder of Carey, and it may be interesting to our readers to have it pointed out in some detail how these difficulties were dealt with. The case for the Crown was: On July 6 last, James Carey, under the alias of Power, sailed with his wife and family in the "Kilfauns Castle" for the Cape. O'Donnell and a woman who was known on board as 'Mrs. O'Donnell' were among the passengers. Up to the time of the ship's arrival at Cape Town, on July 27, Carey's incognito was preserved; but it then became known that Mr. Power was none other than the notorious Irish informer. O'Donnell, among others, became aware of this fact at Cape Town. On July 20 Carey and O'Donnell sailed in another ship — the "Melrose Castle" — for Natal. On Sunday, July 29, both men — between whom more or less friendly relations existed during the voyage outwards, and up to the date — were in the second saloon cabin, 'Mrs. O'Donnell' being also present. O'Donnell and Mrs. O'Donnell were sitting upon a settee, the latter having her arm around the former's neck, while Carey stood a few feet distant. O'Donnell and Carey were quietly engaged in conversation when the former suddenly, and without the least provocation, drew a revolver from his pocket and shot the latter in the neck. Carey endeavoured to fly from the cabin, but had only moved a few feet when O'Donnell fired two more shots at him, causing his death in less than a quarter of an hour. The evidence adduced by the Crown in support of this narrative was the following: James Parish, one of the crew of the "Melrose Castle", stated that he went into the cabin before the first shot was fired, that he saw O'Donnell take a pistol out of his pocket and fire the three shots that killed Carey, and he swore that prior to the first shot there was no sign of quarrel between the men. Carey's son, a lad of about sixteen years of

age, stated that he was in the cabin some minutes before the first shot was fired, and that he saw it and the other shots fired, and denied that his father had done anything to provoke O'Donnell. The boatswain of the ship saw the second and third shots fired, and Marks, one of the passengers, observed the men talking quietly immediately beforehand. Mrs. Carey stated that after her husband's death she said to the prisoner O'Donnell: "Did you shoot my husband?", and that he answered: "Shake hands, Mrs. Carey; I was sent to do it". Finally, Robert Cubitt, another passenger, swore that, prior to leaving Cape Town, he had handed O'Donnell a portrait of Carey, on seeing which the prisoner said: "I'll shoot him". When O'Donnell was arrested this portrait was found in his possession. The witnesses were subjected to searching cross-examination, but, with the exception of young Carey, their evidence was not disturbed in any essential particular. Thus, when the case for the Crown was closed, and when Mr. Russell rose to make his speech for the defence, the difficulties which had confronted him at the beginning of the case remained almost unremoved — a circumstance which added immensely to the weight of his task. It is necessary to bear this in mind in order to appreciate properly the power of his speech, and the remarkable effect it produced on the minds of the jury.

"In opening the prisoner's case, Mr. Russell, with characteristic directness, mentioned at once the point on which he meant to rely. That O'Donnell killed Carey was beyond dispute. What his advocate intended to show was that he had killed him in self-defence, because his own life was placed in immediate danger by the violence of the deceased. But, having stated what the line of defence was, Mr. Russell, contrary to general expectation, instead of at once developing the theory thus suggested, immediately diverged to another topic. He thought it necessary to clear the minds of the jury of any impressions which they might have formed respecting O'Donnell's connection with any secret societies, reminding them that, notwithstanding the vast resources of the Crown, no attempt had been made by the Attorney-General to show that O'Donnell had been sent to murder Carey.

"Having apparently satisfied the jury that O'Donnell had not gone on a murderous mission, and so opened their minds to the reception of what he had to say in favour of the prisoner, Mr. Russell next proceeded to portray him as a hard-working, peaceable man of good character, contrasting his reputation with that of Carey, whom he described as an inhuman monster, who, having planned a dozen murders or more, turned round and, while utterly unrepentant, gave evidence which hanged his confederates. Hated by his own countrymen, the informer went forth with his hand against every man, and every man's conscience against him. Here it is obvious that Mr. Russell was treading on dangerous ground. If Carey was universally hated by his own countrymen, what was more natural than that one of those countrymen should have murdered him? The question suggested Mr. Russell anticipated with consummate skill, pointing out that Carey went in hourly terror of his existence, and ready, on the slightest suspicion, to shoot any Irishman who might cross his path, lest his own life might be taken. And now at last, having described Carey as a monster, and O'Donnell as a quiet and peaceable citizen, Mr. Russell set forth in detail

the theory of his defence. O'Donnell had discovered at Cape Town that Power was James Carey, and he resolved on the voyage from Cape Town to Natal to avoid him and, in point of fact, told Carey he would do so. But Carey would not keep aloof. On the 29th, when Carey, O'Donnell and Mrs. O'Donnell were in the cabin, O'Donnell declared to Carey that he would 'have nothing to do with an informer'. 'What do you mean by informer?', replied Carey. 'You are James Carey, the Irish informer', answered O'Donnell. On this, Carey sprung to his feet and produced a weapon; but O'Donnell, with more quickness, pulled out his pistol and fired first, with the results already mentioned. The case was a plausible one, but on what evidence did it rest? Simply upon a statement of the prisoner, made not immediately upon his arrest, or before a magistrate, but to his solicitor, and now set forth for the first time by Mr. Russell. Not only was there absolutely no evidence in support of this theory, there were two witnesses who swore they were present when the first shot was fired, and they did not see Carey produce any weapon. These witnesses were young Carey and Parish. After the death of Carey, two pistols, and only two, were found — one in the pocket of O'Donnell, and one in the pocket of young Carey. The question was how young Carey came by the pistol. He had sworn that, after the firing of the first shot, he had taken it out of a bag to give to his father. How was this to be met? Mr. Russell boldly asked the jury to believe that young Carey's evidence was unreliable, and to credit the statement that the pistol dropped from Carey, senior, and had been picked up by his son. In support of this view he had already called the only witness produced for the defence, Young, a cab proprietor at Port Elizabeth, who swore that young Carey had said to him, some days after the occurrence, that the reason he did not shoot O'Donnell was because he could not find the pistol in the bag 'for my father had it'. Supported by this evidence of Young — an unimpeachable witness, it must be observed — Mr. Russell seems almost to have persuaded the jury that Carey had a pistol, and that he drew it on O'Donnell before the latter fired. That was the advocate's greatest achievement in the case — an achievement which might, perhaps, have saved the prisoner but for the firing of the second and third shots. With these shots, Mr. Russell deals very briefly, using the greatest efforts to fasten the attention of the jury on the first shot alone — which, as he said, had been fired in self-defence — and representing the other shots, which had been fired in quick succession, as part and parcel of one transaction — the transaction being an effort on the prisoner's part to save his own life. This vulnerable point, however, did not escape the learned judge's notice, and it was probably in the three points emphasised by him: (1) the total absence of any evidence to support the theory of the defence; (2) the want of any theory to explain adequately the second and third shots; and (3) the fact that the woman who accompanied O'Donnell, but who was not even alleged to be his wife, was not called — that the verdict ultimately turned. That the verdict of 'guilty' was only reached after nearly three hours deliberation is a testimony at once to the fairness with which the trial was conducted, and to the ability and power of the advocate for the defence".

O'Donnell was found guilty of murder, and condemned to death. Russell made a strenuous effort to get the capital sentence reduced to penal servitude, on the ground that O'Donnell had fired in hot blood,

believing (rightly or wrongly) that Carey meant to shoot him. With characteristic earnestness Russell not only wrote to the Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, but to the Prime Minister as well:

3 Brick Court,
Temple,
December 10, 1883.

Dear Mr. Gladstone,

I have long hesitated before coming to the conclusion that I ought to trouble you with this communication on the subject of Patrick O'Donnell, now under sentence of death for the slaying of James Carey. There is more than a departmental question involved in this case, viz. the question of public policy, to which I respectfully invite your earnest attention. If justice does not imperatively demand that O'Donnell's life be forfeited, I feel strongly that the interests of peace would be best served by commuting his sentence to penal servitude. I feel his execution would involve injurious consequences. It would add to your labour unnecessarily were I here to repeat the grounds on which I urge that the man's life might properly be spared. Those grounds appear sufficiently in the copy of my letter to Sir William Harcourt (which I enclose), together with copies of the documents therein referred to, which I also enclose.

I am, Mr. Gladstone,

Always faithfully yours.

Charles Russell.

Mr. Gladstone replied:

December 13, 1883.

Dear Mr. Russell,

I can well understand the motives which may lead counsel, especially in a case of life, to use every effort which may seem in any way allowable on behalf of a client. I am, however, in fairness, bound to say that, as far as I am able to judge, I should not, had I been in the place of the Secretary of State, arrived at any other judgement in the case of O'Donnell than that which he has, I believe, made known to you.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

The law was allowed to take its course, and O'Donnell was hanged at Newgate Prison, December 7th, 1883.

From the Biography, "Lord Russell of Killowen", pages 181-188.

NEWGATE'S DREARY PRISON

In Newgate's dreary prison
They dug a narrow grave
And in it sleeps O'Donnell
The bravest of the brave.
And from this world he drove a brute
That's numbered with the damned
The beast and brutal Carey who
Disgraced his native land.

He was the organiser
And suspect number one,
He planned the Dublin murders,
He led the bloody plan.
For worldly greed he done a deed,
His country men he sold,
Like Judas in the scriptures
For a piece of English gold.

O'Donnell left his native home
When he was very young,
To seek an honest living
In the lands of Washington,
He bade farewell to all his friends,
He prayed he soon would see
The Saxon driven down Lough Foyle,
And the green flag flying free.

As he lived beneath the stars and stripes
It was then he thought he'd roam,
Till at length he thought that he would come back
To see his native home,
He was shaded by detectives
As he bid his friends goodbye,
And he started off to Africa
His fortune for to try.

On board the Melrose Castle
From England he set sail,
She was a British steamship,
And she carried the Capetown mail.
Amongst the cabin passengers
He met an Irishman,
All with his wife and family
Bound for a distant land.

They shook hands and made acquaintance
In good old Irish style,
The informer looked suspicious,
In vain he tried to smile.
He seemed as if in trouble,
And something on his mind,
O'Donnell thought he mourned the loss
Of all he left behind.

Then the thought did strike O'Donnell
That coward was the man,
And face to face on the Melrose
They both of them did stand.
He rushed up to O'Donnell,
He swore he'd have his life,
But the bullet pierced his treacherous heart
In the presence of his wife.

They found O'Donnell guilty
In the very first degree,
"I only stood in my own defence
Against the brute", said he.
Which brings his wife and family
To sorrow, grief and shame,
They live in fear and dread to hear
Their cowardly father's name.

SONS OF OLD GRÁINNE ¹

(Aer: An Saighdiúir Tréigthe)

You true-hearted sons of old Gráinne
I pray pay attention to my song,
It is only a few simple verses
I don't mean for to keep you too long,
Concerning that hero O'Donnell
On the Melrose Castle set sail
In company with James Carey,
A traitor to old Gráinne Mhaol.

They kept in close company together
Until they had near reached the Cape,
The thought it struck gallant O'Donnell
That he Irish vengeance would take.
His pistol he quickly got ready,
Without any cause or delay,
Into the heart of the notorious villian
The contents he quickly did lay.

The news then went round to the captain
Of a murder committed on board,
The captain along with some others
Of O'Donnell they quickly took hold.
They bound him confined him in irons
Far away from his own native shore,
And soon they conveyed him to England,
The murder of Carey to stand.

On the morning of the investigation
O'Donnell is placed in the dock,
The question was asked, "Are you guilty?",
He quickly did answer, "I'm not".
There were two witnesses examined
For the case they did quickly reply
The defence of young Patrick O'Donnell
The news it is not very bright.

God prosper our Irish Americans
That now lie far over the sea,
They're raising a defence for O'Donnell
To set him at his liberty.
They are sending a lawyer to England,
That the hair from his head may not fall,
For he is a true son of old Gráinne,
And a native of Old Donegal.

Brought up in a beautiful county
Near to a place they call Dungloe,
Where he has got friends and relations
It's a pity of them you may know.
I think on his parents and brothers,
In a criminal court he will stand,
To be charged with the murder of Carey,
A traitor to Old Ireland.

And now to conclude and to finish
My pen I do mean to lay down,
God bless you dear Patrick O'Donnell
As you face that stern judge of the Crown.
Your brave deeds will not be forgotten
By those who cherish sweet liberty,
God grant you a fair trial and freedom
And a pardon in your own country.

TUAIRISC Ó A. M. SULLIVAN

Seo a leanas cuntas fforshuimiúil ó lámh A. M. Sullivan a bhí ag cosaint Phádraig Uí Dhónaill ag an triail i Londain agus a rinne gach iarracht fianaise ar bith a chuideochadh lena chás a fháil. Duine acu sin a d'fhéadfadh an Dálach a shábháil Siubhán Ní Ghallchóir — agus is suimiúil a bhfuil le rá aige faoin ar dhúirt sí leis an Ghinearál Pryor agus leis féin i rith na trialach. Is maith is fiú a bhfuil anseo a léamh mar gur gaire go mór don fhírinne a bhfuil ann nó na scéaltaí go léir a scabhadh faoin Dálach ina dhiaidh sin.

Well, it's not a cheerful story for the beginning of the new year, and there are many considerations that make me personally averse to its narration. But I do feel strongly that it ought to be told as one that rebounds to the credit of the Irish peasantry and the honour of the Irish name. Pat O'Donnell is in his grave. Within the dismal cells of Newgate in unconsecrated ground, close by the pirates of the "Flowery Land", this killer of an impertinent murderer has been consigned to an ignominious sepulchre. But the fate he dreaded most was happily averted. The death he suffered he from the outset contemplated with cheerful composure. He recoiled with horror and shame and pain from the idea of being regarded as a coldblooded, calculating murderer. He contemplated with a sort of pride the idea of dying for the unpremeditated and, as he contended, justifiable act, which in effect executed the verdict and sentence of the civilised world and avenged justice, human and divine.

The all penetrating enquiries of the Crown, previous to the trial, brought to light the fact (which otherwise overwhelming testimony would have proved) that O'Donnell knew nothing of Carey's presence as such on Kilfaun's Castle. He had as little purpose in tracking and assailing that bloodstained monster as he had of deposing the king of Ashantee. This, however, was not the story of the London press. For months before the trial with brutal recklessness of all decency and justice the London penny-a-liners plied the public with harrowing details of O'Donnell's sleuth-tracking movements. They said he tracked his victim from Dublin: that he got on board a ship at Dublin and called out to this confederate: "It is all right — they are here". That he signalled to somebody at Gravesend: that he watched the shore boats at Dartmouth and so on. This rotten reporting was arrant falsehood from beginning to end as the government satisfied themselves. For O'Donnell never was in Dublin in all his life, and he sailed in the Kilfauns Castle having booked with a German shipping agent, who told the Scotland Yard detectives the whole proceeding!

There was, as I have said, one episode of the O'Donnell trial which it seems to me ought not to go untold. Sir Walter Scott has made the name of Jeannie Deans immortal as that of a Scottish maiden who would not save her fiancée from the scaffold by a false oath. Fact is often stranger than fiction. I know for certain that a simple Donegal peasant girl, called Susan Gallagher, has outrivalled the Scottish heroine in her anguish and sacrifice, her devotion and truth.

Until within 48 hours of the actual trial O'Donnell's legal advisers had to contemplate on the charge that he was specially appointed to carry out the killing. Evidence was needed to corroborate O'Donnell's declaration to the contrary: a complete chain of irreproachable evidence was patiently and skilfully collected. They traced the prisoner, step by step, from Nevada to Philadelphia — to New York — to Derry — to London and to the Cape. They proved at every stage the express purpose of his visit to his native Donegal (to make a pilgrimage to Doon Well) and his reasons to try his fortunes at the South African diamond fields. Among these witnesses was his bank manager in Derry who arranged his cash draft in Capetown and gave him a letter of introduction to a gentleman there long before the Crown thought of sending Carey to the Cape.

This portion of the defence preparations not only cost an enormous amount of money but taxed to the utmost strain the physical and mental strain of O'Donnell's legal advisers through every hour of the night and day. After all this trouble — after America, South Africa, Ireland and London had been ransacked — after they had triumphantly vindicated O'Donnell's truthfulness and a whole chain of witnesses had been collected — then at the last moment the Crown threw in the sponge after having carried out their own investigations on the same point. They admitted that O'Donnell had no preconceived idea or purpose against the life of Carey.

There then remained only the other portion of the Crown story and a very lame and improbable portion: that O'Donnell without any cause or provocation, heat or anger, dispute or difference, in a public saloon, before half a dozen people, while quietly seated on a bench, face to face with a powerful athletic man who could have doubled him up in a minute, deliberately took out a small nickel revolver and began leisurely firing into that powerful and desperate man till he fell dead.

This lunatic story rested totally on the evidence of two individuals, one of whom was demonstrably a liar — that is young Carey: the other was the officer's servant, Parish; to his last breath O'Donnell declared Parish was absent from the saloon till the noise of the first bullet attracted his attention.

On the other hand O'Donnell's story was probably natural and almost self-evident. Carey in an electrically sudden flash of over-charged suspicion and fear, when provoked by O'Donnell's savage explosion against "blasted informers", drew a pistol. O'Donnell dashed it from his hand just as he fired his own into Carey's face. His blood was now raised and he followed with two other shots as he saw the Phoenix Park murder-plotter stoop towards the fallen pistol. Mr. Russell's masterly and irresistible argument at the trial showed that there were hundreds of circumstances and considerations to prove that Carey had that pistol there and then — then if ever and there if anywhere: and that young Carey picked it off the floor in the following confusion was a conclusion that needed little proof.

But was it safe to trust to this circumstantial evidence and to the drawing of Carey's pistol? This was the critical and determining point of the whole case and could they find any direct and positive testimony?

Every conceivable circumstance showed that the pistol was there apart from O'Donnell's statement. Did no one see it? The circumstantial evidence was so great on the point that even the slightest direct and positive evidence in support would suffice and compel a verdict of self-defence. Was there no one else who could or might have seen the pistol, either in Carey's hand or on the floor on that terrible occasion?

Yes, there was one who would have given life to save the prisoner: she was **Susan Gallagher** of Stranabroey — the so-called "Mrs. O'Donnell".

Years ago O'Donnell's first wife got a separation from him in America. He himself seems to have regarded it as a separation entitling him to marry again if so disposed: ignorant no doubt to the bar that the Catholic Church imposes to such a course in all such cases. While revisiting Donegal he met in Derry a young girl, a native of his own parish. He asked her to come with him to South Africa, that he would pay her passage and that they could get married in London. They went to a priest in London, so sure that they would be married that they had booked a passage as "husband and wife" — the cabin they booked had two berths as proved by the company's tickets. After the shooting of Carey there could be no communication between the two as O'Donnell was arrested at once. Yet the statement he secretly confided to his solicitors in London and her statement both at the Cape and in London, from first to last, were to the identical effect. That is: Though occupying the one cabin and passing as "Mr. and Mrs. O'Donnell" since the priest refused to marry them, the relations between them were that of brother and sister alone until they arrive at their new home and be married at the altar". This was the explanation of O'Donnell's statement that "she was and was not his wife". She was in the sense that he considered himself bound towards her and that he had caused her to pass on board as his wife. She was not in the fact that, unknown to those around, he and she had failed to get married in London and awaited an opportunity to have their case examined by the church authorities in Africa.

To get her evidence we sent to the Cape for Miss Gallagher. We learned by return that her friends and the good kindly priest in Port Elizabeth preferred that she would not be brought forward as a witness. Later on we understood the reason.

O'Donnell himself all through said that she saw nothing of what happened at the critical moment at the first shot. She had turned away and as he thought went off, until the first shot brought her running back, when she flung her arms around him as described by some of the witnesses.

Still she was actually present. We should hear and judge for ourselves what she had to say. Certainly if she was allowed to appear as a witness, and if she said that she saw Carey's pistol, then it was morally certain that O'Donnell would get free. Such evidence became more important as the case went on — her evidence could ensure a verdict of "Not Guilty".

Could she speak the few words that would save O'Donnell? Could we impress on her that she must give this evidence and save him? Could we use a false witness in our effort to fight the monstrously improbable story of the crown? Would it be dangerous to our case to bring forward false evidence? I mentioned to Mr. Russell that pressure may be put on

Susan Gallagher on her arrival the following day. Mr. Russell instructed Mr. Guy: "I will consider you responsible that no one will see or influence this woman by word or sign till you lay her free and genuine statement before me".

To Mr. Pryor he said: "Let this woman be met by some trustworthy person on landing and brought straight to you. Examine her and let us know on Thursday what she has to say. Give us your judgement as to her truthfulness and accuracy of recollection. I need not tell you how critical a decision will hang on the result".

General Pryor reported on Thursday: Susan was in the saloon on the occasion of the affray: O'Donnell had previously mentioned to her the rumour that Power was Carey, and said he would try to shake him off — how he would do so without a quarrel with him would, he feared, be difficult. She said that Carey was a bully and always irritable. She was sea sick all the way out: got well in the calm of Capetown Harbour but got sick again when the Melrose put to sea for Port Elizabeth.

She was sitting on the bench on the saloon, feeling ill and quite dazed and listless. She heard Carey tackle O'Donnell about something being the matter. He cross-questioned O'Donnell about something, went away and returned quickly afterwards. Her back or shoulders were towards them as, feeling sick and miserable with the sea, she was turned around sideways to the table, leaning her face on her hand, her elbow on the table. In her drowsy sickish state she recollected hearing a sudden burst of angry words and "bloody informer" with some stir of feet and a shot just over the back of her head. Scared for her life she sprang from her seat and rushed in terror to the end of the cabin. She did not know or think who was shot or who was shooting until she came back afterwards.

She then told the general of her relations with O'Donnell; how they were travelling as brother and sister though in the married quarters.

"I say to you, sir", said the general at the meeting, "that this girl is telling God Almighty's truth. I have had some experience of witnesses in criminal cases, and I tell you, sir, that she spoke the truth, no more, no less. She is so simple that you could not force her to make up a story if you tried. She is utterly unsophisticated, artless and truthful".

"Did she see a pistol with Carey?" "She saw no firing at all."

"Did she not look around?" "No, she is a scarey creature, even now. She seems to have bolted for the far end of the cabin".

"What words did she hear?" "She seems to have been, as one sea sick often is, half oblivious of all things passing around. She recollects that instantly before the shot there was some violent burst of words between the two, and a stir of feet as if Carey had stepped towards O'Donnell: no more".

"Saw no pistol?" "Saw nothing".

There was a long pause. Mr. Russell shook his head. "I know how a London jury will regard this girl and her story. The things she does not say will be pressed against us and probably do us as much harm as what she does say will do us good".

For two and a half hours we deliberated the question. Was she to be called for evidence or was she not? I decided to interview her further

that night. I instantly recognised in Susan Gallagher a type of Donegal girl I was familiar with in the seaboard districts of the wild western shore. She had very dark hair and eyes: there was a timid, almost frightened expression on her countenance which otherwise was prepossessing. Unlike girls of her age, whom I had met in Gweedore, she had never been to school, and, except in the rudiments of her religion had never been instructed in anything. She expressed herself fairly well in English, but Irish was the tongue in which alone she could speak with confidence. I learned that the Catholic clergyman in Port Elizabeth had mentioned my name to her as one whom she could confide in and who would not press her to do or say what was wrong. In reply to my questions she told me as she told General Pryor. I could see though that she could, at any minute, have gone off in a hysterical fit of crying. She trembled like an aspen-leaf and shed tears silently throughout. I trembled myself as I approached the important question — Carey's pistol.

She realised fully its tremendous importance, and evidently she was suffering intense mental struggle and anguish as she sobbed out her answer on the subject. The priest at Port Elizabeth had evidently feared that between her own passionate desire to save O'Donnell and the pressure of O'Donnell's friends she would be led to swear the few words that would probably set him free. She had been solemnly warned to tell the truth, and on no earthly consideration should she kiss the Gospel with a falsehood on her lips. I doubt if she needed any warning — she was resolute in her own uprightness and honesty.

"Now, Susan, you heard some angry words between O'Donnell and Carey. Can you recollect at all what it was?", I asked her. "I wasn't much minding them at all, sir; my head was aching from sea sickness and I was half drowsy". "Did you hear no words that you remember?" "I only remember the beginning. When Carey came back the second time he bullied O'Donnell like, asking what part of Ireland he came from, as if doubting what he had told him before". "What did O'Donnell say to that?" "He said, 'I'm not a man that ever denied my name or country', and he said he came from Derrybeg in County Donegal".

"What next?" "I didn't mind then a bit more till I heard them talk quick and angry all in a minute, and before I knew anything a shot went off near me and I jumped for my life and ran". "Now, Susan, tell me nothing but the solemn truth, but do think well—did you see anything in Carey's hand?"

She had been nervously twisting the fingers of each hand into those of the other and squeezing them into a sort of knot that seemed to become tighter and tighter as her mental agony increased. She knew that a few false words would save O'Donnell. "My back was towards them, sir; oh, sir, if I had only turned around! But, oh sir, sure I wasn't looking the right way". "Did you hear anything fall on the floor?" "I don't know at all, sir. Just before the shot I heard stamps like on the floor—some noise on the floor: it might be feet". "Did you see a pistol either in Carey's hand or on the floor?" "I didn't see no pistol, sir". "Oh God! why didn't I look".

LITIR Ó DHÓNALL Ó DÓNAILL

Seo anois cóip de litir a chur Dan Mhicheáil Airt deartháir Phádraig ionsair na páipéir nuaíochta i mí Eanáir, 1884. Is cinnte gur fianaise a bhfuil anseo fosta ar an scéal a bhí ag Pádraig ó thús. Is léir fosta gur saoránach de chuid na Stát Aontaithe a bhí i bPádraig ón bhliain 1879.

Is beag léinn a bhí ar Dan agus déarfainn nach é a scríobh an litir seo ar chor ar bith ach ón stíl atá inti tá cuma ar an scéal gur maighistir scoile de chuid an ama a chur le chéile í. Ar scór ar bith is fíu í a léamh arís céad bliain i ndiaidh á scríofa.

Sir, A gentleman in your last week's paper pretends to give a true account of the circumstances which led to the killing of James Carey. That account, instead of being true is romantically false. I, as Pat O'Donnell's brother, feel it a duty to refute the lies in that man's perverted account. The writer must have been actuated by a very malignant motive. I am almost sure that no Irishman would fabricate such a tissue of sheer fiction. The writer wants to exonerate the jury and judge by whom my brother was convicted to death.

In the first place he asserts that O'Donnell, without cause or provocation, deliberately slew Carey, from the simple fact that he was Carey. This is a strange assertion indeed. I have contradicted statements that touched upon this point already and which appeared in many of the Irish papers. If this gentleman takes the trouble in procuring any pages in which my account of the deed (as it came from my brother's lips) appeared, he will find the origin of this tragedy. From the day my brother landed in England from Africa, to the morning of his execution, the only persons who conversed with him were his indefatigable spiritual director, Father Fleming, his counsel and myself. I am sure the accounts in question never came from any of those gentlemen. How then can it be true?

I visited my brother twice after his conviction at Newgate and each time he graphically detailed the events that led to the killing. I am sure he told me the whole truth and it differs materially from that which has been put before the public by this gentleman.

I cannot see why he would tell me a lie just three days before he went to meet his God. The writer of this epistle next says: "O'Donnell had no definite aim in going to Australia". What does he mean by this? It is well known that O'Donnell never mentioned Australia as his destination. There are many witnesses to testify that my brother always said that he would try Africa for a new sphere of labour. My brother knew that Carey was destined for Africa. He also knew that penal servitude was the greatest punishment imposed upon a criminal there. Besides, he had ample opportunities of shortening Carey's day without fear of being made known if he wished to do so. And could he not kill Carey in Africa, if he were determined to do so — there he would not have to hang for it? Do these facts not show clearly that it was not a deliberate murder but an act done in self defence?

This gentleman also denies the fact that my brother was an American citizen. That is false. It has been proved without doubt that he took out citizenship papers in Ohio in 1879. As for the remainder of the article I do not think it necessary to say a word. The solicitor who had charge of the case will, if he thinks it expedient, deal with it.

Yours truly, DANIEL O'DONNELL, Derrybeg.

DAN CURLEY ¹

On the 18th of May for my recreation
On the banks of the Liffey I chanced for to stray
The green fields and meadows with flowers were spangled
The birds sweetly sang and the lambs they did play.
I spied a poor woman all dressed in deep mourning
A babe at her bosom she tenderly bore,
She cried with emotion also your dear father
My husband Dan Curley I'll see him no more.

I stepped up on to her says I "dear woman
You seem heavy burdened with sorrow and woe
Has some naughty landlord to you been cruel
The cause of your sorrow I'd like for to know".
"Kind sir" she replied "the truth I will tell you
My bosom is wrecked and my head almost bored
For the Phoenix Park murders my husband has suffered
And now in this wide world I'll see him no more".

James Carey that false-hearted traitor of Erin
To gain a reward informer he turned
By informing on others he escaped from the gallows
My husband Dan Curley I'll see him no more.
May he be evicted, may his wife be a widow,
May his children grow wanderers from Erin's green shore,
May the curse of each orphan and widow light on him,
My husband Dan Curley I'll see him no more.

On the 18th of May for the Phoenix Park murders
Lord Cavendish and Burke lay all in their gore,
It was by his advice these crimes were committed,
My husband Dan Curley I'll see him no more.
He's gone from this wide world a short time before me,
I hope to rejoin him on the next happy shores,
Where the angles of Glory sing God's praises
I'll meet my Dan Curley and I'll part (with) him no more.

1 Seo amhrán fá James Carey.



Ceart Eaglaise (Tythes)

Seán Ó Gallchóir

Is ioma ceist chonspóideach a thóg a ceann in Éirinn ó leag an chéad Sasanach cos sa tír. Bhí an “**Ceart Eaglaise**” ar cheann acu. Leagadh cíos ar achán duine a raibh talamh aige agus bhí an cíos sin le díol leis an mhinistéir gallda. Bhí méid an chfosa ag brath ar mhéid agus ar fheabhas an talaimh. Anseo i nGaoth Dobhair, bhí sé chomh hard le 2s-6d an tacra agus chomh híseal le ½p an t-acra. Sa bhliain 1823 ritheadh Acht fríd Phairlimint Shasana “for the better collection of Tythes in Ireland”. Ceapadh Coimisinéirí leis an “ceart eaglaise” seo a leagan agus a chruinniú. Seo cóip de theastas na gcoimisinéirí a bhaineas le Tulach Ó Beiglí.

We, Robert Johnston and Edward Williams,¹ commisioners duly appointed and sworn under and by virtue of an act passed in the fourth year in the reign of King George the Fourth instituted an act to provide for establishing of Compositions for Tithes in Ireland for a limited time do hereby certify that the true and just amount of composition for all Tithes whatsoever arising growing yielded or payable within the parish of Tullaghbigley, Diocese of Raphoe is £220 by the year — which sum is payable to the Rev. Evans Jenkins, Rector and vicar of the said parish of Tullaghbigley”.

14th October, 1830.

E. Williams
R. Johnston

Anois bhí an tsuim sin le roinnt ar na feirmeacha fá leith agus tá an cuntas iomlán mar a roinneadh é le fáil in Oifig na gCuntas i mBaile Átha Cliath. Tá an teastas seo leis:

“We, the undersigned do certify that we have sub-divided the sum of two hundred and seventeen pounds, nine shillings and sixpence halfpenny sterling according to the Composition Act on the different proportions of land in the parish of Tullaghbigley without fear or affection, illwill or malice to any person.

Sworn before me this 30th July, 1931 at Horn Head,

Edward Williams²
Robert Johnston
Dennis Swiney
Bryan McHugh.

Wm. Stewart J. C.
County of Donegal

Tá na bunchuntais seo an-tábhachtach ní hé amháin ó thaobh an Cheart Eaglaise de ach fosta mar gur cuntas cruinn iad ar na daoine a

Dáin

TOWNLANDS	NAMES	Quality of lands			NO. OF ACRES			TOTAL NO. OF ACRES			VALUE OF TYTHE PER ACRE			TOTAL AMOUNT.		
		NO.	A.	R.	P.	A.	R.	P.	£.	S.	D.	£.	S.	D.		
Maheracloghar	Connell Peoples	1	0	0	39	86	3	27	2	0						
		2	0	0	22	0	3	30								
		3	0	2	9											
	Margaret Dougan widow	1	0	1	12				2	0						
		2	0	0	30	1	1									
		3	0	2	38											
	John Gallagher	1	0	1	38				2	0						
		2	0	1	4	1	3	20								
		3	1	0	18											
	Edward Coll	1	0	1	38				2	0						
		2	0	1	4											
		3	1	0	18											
	Daniel Roarty	1	0	0	26				2	0						
		2	0	0	15	0	2	21								
		3	0	1	19											
James Sweeney	1	0	3	36				2	0							
	2	0	2	9	3	3	0									
	3	2	0	35												
					99			0			37					
											2	18	7			
Maheragallan	Rev. Hugh Freel	1	0	1	6	7	0	0								
		2	3	3	9	6	0	00								
		3	1	3	25	63	0	0								
											14	104				
Maamtanta	Daniel Freel	1	0	0	0				1	2						
		2	120	0	0	121	0	0								
											5	8				
Maamloghalarg	Dennis McGinley	1	0	2	0	0	504	2	0							
		2	504	0	0											
											1	1				
											1	1				
Meenacaddy	Bryan Corran	1	1	2	2	8	25	0	10							
		2	23	2	8											
	John Corran	1	1	2	2	8	25	0	10							
		2	23	2	8											
Owen Coyle	1	1	2	2	8	25	0	10								
	2	23	2	8												
					75			0			30					
											3	6				
											10	6				

Whichever of the above is the correct value for the land in the above table with a view to the value of the land in the above table.

Cóp de dhá leathanach as 'Tythe-book' Tulach a' Beiglé 1830 (le cead P.R.O.I.)

chónaigh ins na bailte fearainn fá léith — cuid acu a bhfuil a n-iaruaibh ina gcónaí ansin go fóill, cuid eile nach fios anois cérbh iad. Bhreac mé síos as na cuntais sin cúpla sampla. Ba é **James Sweeney** an fear a ba mhó a raibh cíos air i “**Goala Island**”. Bhí dhá acra aige a raibh 1s-6p an t-acra air agus 5ac. 2rd. 20p a raibh 6p an t-acra air — sin 7s-0½p de cheart eaglaise ar fad.

Bhí **Arthur O Donnell** i nDoare Middle — sin athair mór **Phaidí Mhícheáil Airt** tá mé cinnte. Bhí acra amháin aige a raibh 2s-3p air agus 5ac. 2rd. 20p nach raibh ach ½p an t-acra air — portach is dócha. D’fhág sin gurb é 2s-6p an t-iomlán a bhí air.

I **Machaire Gáthlán** bhí **Rev. Hugh Friel** i seilbh trí phíosa talaimh agus an cíos eaglaise le díol aige chomh maith le duine.

Bhí 1rd. 6p do réir 1s-0p an tacra, 3ac. 3rd. 9p do réir 3p an tacra agus 1ac. 3rd. 25p do réir 1p an tacra — sin 1s.-5p. ar fad. Ní fios anois ca bháit i Machaire Gáthlán a raibh an talamh sin nó an raibh an sagart na chónaí ann.

Ar bhféidir gurb í an reilig an píosa deireanach sin a raibh 2p de cheart eaglaise le díol air? Cúpla bliain ina dhiaidh seo (1836) a rinneadh paróiste do Ghaoth Dobhair agus ba é an tAthair Aodh O Fríl an chéad sagart paróiste. Ach do réir an Dr. Maguidhir i ‘History of the Diocese of Raphoe’ bhí Fr. Hugh Friel ina shagart paróiste i nGleann Fhinne cúpla bliain sul ar hathraíodh go Gaoth Dobhair é. D’fhéadfadh sé ar ndóigh gur hathraíodh as Gaoth Dobhair é go luath sna tríochadaí go Gleann Fhinne agus gur hathraíodh ar ais é mar an chéad shagart paróiste ar Ghaoth Dobhair.

Ar oileán Inis Meáin ba ar **Michael Gallagher** a bhí an “tythe” a b’airde — 3s-11p. Bhí 3rd. 30p do réir 1s-6p. an t-acra agus 5ac. Ord. 10p ar 6p and t-acra.

Ar an **Mhachaire Loisce** 2s-2p an tacra a bhí ar an talamh mhaith agus 2p an tacra ar an talamh garbh. **Edward Gallagher** ba mhó a dhíol — 7s-6p (san am sin bhí an **Muine Dubh** isteach leis an Mhachaire Loisce) 3ac: 1rd: 6p ar 2s-2p agus 2ac. 0. 30p ar 2p.

Rud suimiúil eile sna liostaí seo — Bhí 57 as **Machaire Chlochair** agus **Ard na gCeapairí** a raibh talamh acu ar an **Tor** agus ceart eaglaise, a bheag no a mhór gearrtha orthu.

Ar an tythe a socraíodh faoi Acht 1823 a bhí mé ag trácht go dtí seo ach is cosuil go raibh an scéal i bhfad níos measa roimhe sin. Ba é an ministéir Gallda é féin a shocair an cíos agus ba mhinic iaróg dá thairbhe.

Rud amháin cíos a ghearradh ach rud eile é a chruinniú. Bhí **Revd. Mr. Ellison, Magistrate** ina mhinstéir, i **Raymunterdoney** agus i gcuntas a scríobh sé ar 8ú Eanáir 1822 tráchtann sé ar ‘mob’ chúpla céad duine a bhí cruinnithe le cur in éadan an chíos.

“... The mob also, I understand, held a consultation among themselves whether they should not go to the house of the Revd. Mr. Jenkins, the Rector of Tullaghobigley and tell him that he must reduce his tithes. This proposal however was put a stop to by a man asking them how much cheaper they could have their tithes, as they at present did not pay the Rector anything at all.

Mr. Jenkins is an elderly unhealthy man and his tithes are set remarkably low and even of these moderate tithes he receives a very small proportion, it not being possible to issue a decree in this parish with the assistance of only one or two constables.

.... I had also heard for some time rumours of nightly meetings and administering unlawful oaths...

In the unprotected state we are, the well-disposed are afraid to say a word and I therefore consider the state of the country to be much worse even than it appears to be, which God knows is bad enough... and I am convinced that unless we have an immediate establishment of police, the will of the mob will be the only will in this part of the country.”³

Agus ní feabhas a bhí ag teacht ar an scéal nó corradh le dhá bhliain 'na dhiaidh seo tá an cuntas seo le fáil uaidh — ar an 10ú Aibreán 1824 scríobh sé.

“In the parish of Tullaghobigley there have been various rescues and assaults — two of them most violent rescues and assaults — two of them most violent and outrageous.... and at this very moment the Bailiff of the Revd. Mr. Jenkins, Rector of Tullaghobigley, has lodged informations before me to the following purport viz. that yesterday he and an assistant went to the townland of Ardsmore in the parish of Tullaghobigley to serve processes for tithe due to Mr. Jenkins, when they were violently assaulted by a considerable crowd and pelted with stones out of the townland for upwards of a quarter of a mile till they took refuge in the adjoining townland of Kildrum.... and that repeated and violent threats were made against them for daring to serve processes and repeated declarations made that revenge would be taken and that their lives would be taken... and 5 men have been particularly named by the bailiff as using those threats and making those declarations.

To apprehend these men or any other man guilty of such violent proceedings in the parish of Tullaghobigley, or in my own parish of Raymunterdoney is out of the question without a well-armed party.

.....There is at present a strong police party in Raphoe but as they are still what is called ‘Peelers’ they cannot be moved out of the Barony of Raphoe without an order from his Excellency”.

Níl cuntas againn cé mhéad den £220 a bhí leagtha ar an pharóiste a tógadh ach is léir go raibh na daoine go mór ina éadan mar go bhfacthas daofa gur séanadh dá gcreideamh é cíos a dhíol le ministéir Gallda.

1. Applotments Book — Tullaghobigley P.R.O.I.

2. Ibid.

3. Donegal Annual 1962 — P.R.O.I.

Sagairt Paróiste Ghaoth Dobhair (Tulcha Beiglí Thiar)

Seán Ó Gallchóir

Níl an pharóiste seo ach tuairim 150 bliain d'aois. Ba cuid de Thulcha Beiglí í go dtí thart fá 1830. Tugann an Catholic Registry a chéadfhoilsíodh in 1836, Hugh Friel mar S.P. 1835-36. Ach bhí Hugh Friel ar liosta an 'Cheart Eaglaise' anseo roimh 1831. Seo liosta na sagart paróiste ó shin i leith:

Aodh Ó Frí	1835-1836
Aodh Mac Pháidín (Sin.)	1836-1849
Seán Ó Dochartaigh	1849-1857
Dónall Mac Aoidh	1857-1866
Aodh Mac Pháidín (Sóis.)	1866-1875
Séamas Mac Pháidín	1875-1901
Seosamh Ó Baoill	1901-1908
Aodh Mac Giolla Cheara	1908-1928
Seán Mac Rabhartaigh	1928-1954
Pilib Ó Baoill	1954-1967
Seán Mac Eiteagáin	1967-1977
Aodh Ó Cnámhsí	1977-

Bhí an Dr. Éamonn Mag Uidhir a scríobh 'History of the Diocese of Raphoe' i mbun na paróiste fhad is bhí an **Sagart Mac Pháidín i Meiriceá** ag cruinniú airgid do ArdTeampall Leitir Ceanainn 1897-1900.



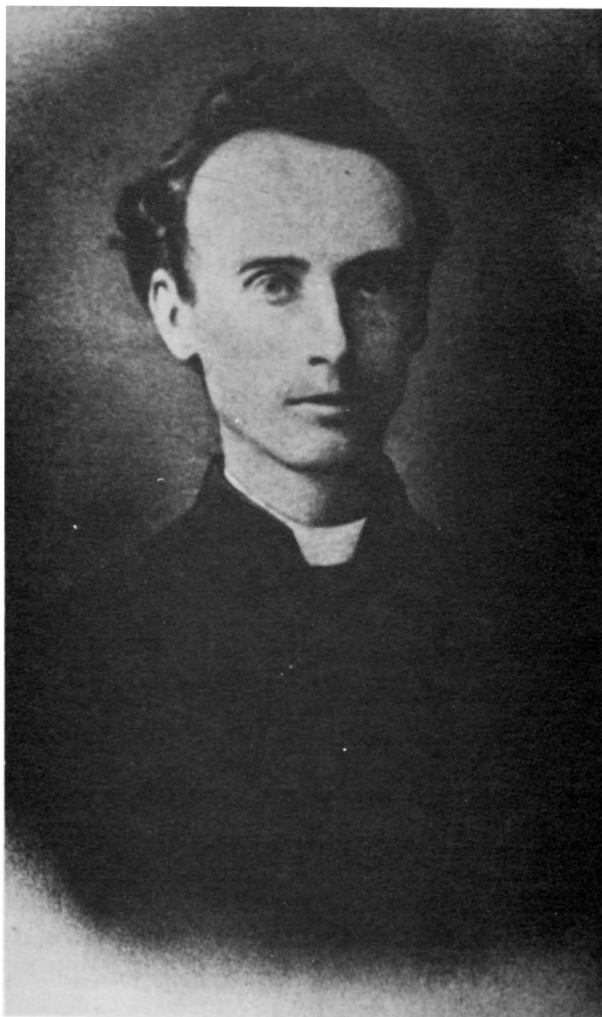
AN SAGART 'AC PHÁIDÍN (1875-1901)

Rugadh é in aice le **Carraig Airt 1842**. Rinneadh sagart paróiste ar Ghaoth Dobhair dó agus gan é ach 33 bliain d'aois. Chaith sé 26 bliain i mbun na paróiste go dtí gur athraíodh 'na nGleanntach é 1900. Fuair sé bás ansin 1917 agus is ann atá sé curtha.

Bhí ainm an tSagairt 'ic Pháidín fada, leitheadach mar theoráí an phobail in am ghéibheannach chogadh an talaimh sa pharóiste. Ba lena linn a bhí 'Domhnach na Tuile' (1880) ann agus ba lena linn fosta a maraíodh an Máirtíneach (1889).



An Dr. Éamonn Mac Uidhir 1897-1900



An tAth. Seosamh Ó Baoill 1901-1908

AN tATHAIR SEOSAMH Ó BAOILL (1901-1908)

Rugadh ar an Bhroclais 1842 é. Oideachas i Leitir Ceanainn agus i Má Nuat. Oirníodh é 1868. Rinne sé ministéireacht i gCeann Caslach, Inbhear, Baile na nGallóglach, Leitir Mac A' Bhaird agus i Rath Bhoth. Sagart Paróiste na dTuath 1892. Thóg sé teach pobail Dhún Fionnachaidh. Tháinig sé go Gaoth Dobhair mar S.P. 1901. Ba é a thóg an 'Bell' a raibh a thuaim tholl le clos achán áit fríd an phobal. Fuair sé bás i nGaoth Dobhair ar an 10ú Aibreán, 1908 agus tá sé curtha i reilig na sagart ansin.



Canónach Aodh Mac Ghoilla Chearra 1908-1928

AN CANÓNACH AODH MAC GIOLLA CHEARA (1908-1928)

Rugadh i Muineach, Idir an dá Mhuir, é 1848. Fuair sé oideachas i Scoil Thulaigh Chonaill, i gColáiste Mhic Cartáin i Muineachán agus i Má Nuat. D'oirnigh an tEasbog Mac Dáibhid é i Leitir Ceanainn, 1874. Bhí sé ina shagart cúnta i gCeann Caslach 1874-82, i Rath Mhaoláin 1882-83, Sna Gleanntaí 1883-87 agus i mBaile na Finne 1887-1900. Bhí sé ina shagart paróiste ar an Tearmann 1900-1908, agus i nGaoth Dobhair 1908-1928. Rinneadh Canónach dó 1917. Fuair sé bás 23ú Márta 1928 agus tá sé curtha i reilig na sagart i nGaoth Dobhair. Rinneadh an dara reilig i Machaire Gáthlán lena linn.



AN CANÓNACH SEÁN MAC RABHARTAIGH (1928-1954)

Rugadh é i bparóiste Inbhir. Oirníodh ina Shagart é 25-10-1896. Bhí sé ina shagart cúnta sna háiteacha seo: **Toraigh 1896-99; Carraig Airt 1899-1904; Fánaid 1904-15; Ceann Caslach 1915-26.** Bhí sé ina shagart paróiste i nGleann Cholmcille 1926-28 agus i nGaoth Dobhair 1928-1954. Fuair sé bás i nDoirí Beaga i mí Iúil 1954 agus tá sé curtha i reilig na sagart ansin. Thóg sé dhá theach pobail úra sa pharóiste — séipéal Cholmcille i mBun A' Leaca agus séipéal Phádraig i Min Uí Bhaoil.



Canónach Pilib Ó Baoill 1954-1967

AN CANÓNACH PILIB Ó BAOILL (1954-1967)

Rugadh i mBaile na Carraige, Leitir Mac A' Bhaird é. Oirníodh ina shagart é 20-6-1917. Bhí sé ina shagart cúnta i nGleann Cholmcille 1917-21, ag teagasc i gColáiste Adhamhnáin 1921-24, ina shagart cúnta in Ard A' Rátha 1924-26 agus i gCeann Caslach 1926-32. Bhí sé ina chigire Teagasc Críostaí ó 1932 go dearnadh S.P. ar an Tearmann dó — áit a riabh sé go 1954. Bhí sé ina shagart paróiste i nGaoth Dobhair 1954-67. Mheath an tsláinte air agus fuair sé bás i Warrenpoint i gContae An Dún 24-8-1970. Tá sé curtha i nGleann Cholmcille.



Reilig na Sagart ag Teach a Phobail i nGaoth Dobhair



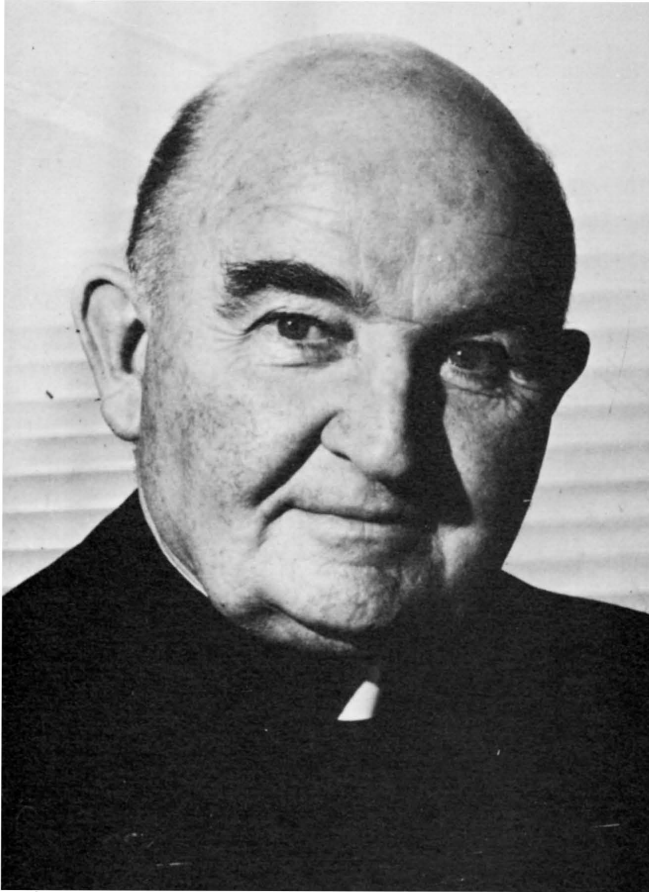
Canónach Seán Mac Eiteagáin 1967-1977

AN CANÓNACH SEÁN MAC EITEAGÁIN (1967-1977)

Rugadh sna Dúnaibh é. Oriníodh i bPáras na Fraince é 3-6-1928. Chaith sé deich mbliana mar shagart ar mhisiún na hAlban — i gKilsyth 1928-38. Bhí sé i dToraigh 1939-40. Tháinig sé go Gaoth Dobhair i 1940 agus chaith sé 23 bliain mar shagart cúnta ann go dtí 1963 — i nDoirí Beaga agus i gCnoc Fola. Bhí sé ina shagart paróiste ar an Charraig 1963-67. Tháinig sé ar ais go Gaoth Dobhair mar shagart paróiste i 1967. Fuair sé bás ansin 9-1-1977. Tá sé curtha sa reilig i gCnoc Fola. Lena linn a rinneadh an reilig i gCnoc Fola a fosclaíodh i 1958 agus a coisreacadh an Teach Pobail Úr i nDoirí Beaga Lá Fhéile Muire, 1972.



Uaigh an Chanónaigh Mhic Eiteagáin i Rellig Chnoc Fola



Canónach Aodh Ó Cnáimhsí (1977-

AN CANÓNACH AODH Ó CNÁIMHSÍ (1977-

Rugadh i nDoire Chonaire i bparóiste Chloicheannaola é ar 19-9-1915. Ar scoil Chnoc na Naomh go dtí 1929. I gColáiste Adhamhnáin mar scoláire 1929-1934. Ag freastal ar Choláiste Phádraig Má Nuat 1934-37. Bhí sé i gColáiste na nGael sa Róimh 1937-41. Ar fhoireann teagaisc Choláiste Adhamhnáin 1941-1957. Ina Uachtarán ar Ardscoil Mhuire, Gaoth Dobhair 1957-65. Ina Uachtarán ar Choláiste na Croise Naofa 1965-1971. Rinneadh sagart paróiste i nGort An Choirce dó sa bhliain 1971 áit ar fhan sé go dtí 1977 nuair a rinneadh sagart paróiste ar Gaoth Dobhair dó i 1977.

Bád An tSiopa

Micí An Chóp

Tráthnóna deas Samhraidh i mí Iúil bhí mé ar mo bhealach go Gabhla, mo gharmhac Micheál ar an stiúir. Bhí an t-oileán ina lúf romhainn go huaigheach faoi ghrian an tráthnóna — gan glór duine ná búirthe bó le clos. Chonaic mé an lá nach amhlaidh a bhí.

Bhí mé féin agus mo shiopa ag freastal ar **Ghabhla** ar feadh leathchéad bliain. Uair sa tseachtain a dhéanainn an turas. In amannaí sa Gheimhreadh bhíodh an aimsir doineanta agus chaithfinn ‘lá Ghabhla’ a chur ar gcúl go dtí go mbiseadh an aimsir. Bhí dúil agam ariamh trádáil le muintir Ghabhla. Bhí rathúnas ann nuair nach raibh ar tír mór. Bhí pingneacha airgid ann i dtólamh de thairbhe na hiascaireachta.

Sa bhliain 1929 a thosaigh mise an siopa ar an Choiteann agus rinne mé freastal i gcónaí ar riachtanais na n-oileán. Mhaoigh mé go dtiocfadh liom achan rud ón tsnáthad do dtí an t-ancaire a fháil. Le cois na gnáth earraí a choinneáil choinnigh mé achan acra iascaireachta — eangachaí, doirg, dúáin agus mar sin de.

Lá mór i saol an Oileáin an lá a chuaigh an siopa isteach. Bád Archie a bhíodh liomsa i dtús ama — bád seoil. Níos moille nuair a tháinig na hinnill farraige bád Mhicí Ruaidh a bhíodh liom. Nuair a shroich muid an t-oileán, chuir muid iomlán na n-earraí a bhíodh i mbocsaí amach ar an chéidh — tae, siúcra, tobaca, arán, min choirce, min bhuí, min rois, plúr, salann mín agus garbh agus na céadta rud eile. Chruinnigh cuid mná an oileáin chun na céadh, málaí creathnaí le cuid, béardaí le cuid eile, uibheacha agus im le na mbunas. Dhéanfaí iad a mhalartú ar na hearraí a cheannódh siad. Dhéanfaí socrú fán chreathnach agus fán bhéardaí an chéad lá eile — bheadh an tomhais le déanamh ar tír mór. D’fhág mise na hearraí faoi na mná agus shuigh mé i gcoirnéal fhoscaíoch ag barr na céadh. Thug achan bhean léithi a raibh a dhith uirthi — chuaigh chugamsa ag barr na céadh agus shocair liom. Chomh dóiche lena athrach bheadh briseadh le fáil acu. Bhí sin ag brath ar an méid creathnaí srl. a bheadh acu.

Ní raibh ráchairt ariamh ar ábhar purgóide i nGabhla — rudaí a bhí ag gabháil san am mar **castor oil** agus **cascara**, is beag díol a bhí orthu — bhí bia an chladaigh folláin is cosúil.

Is annamh a phillinn as Gabhla agus earraí sa bhád-bhíodh sí i gcónaí folamh. Dá mbeadh mála mine nó plúir fágtha bhí Nóra Mhór cinnte le é a thabhairt léithi. Bhí stór mór bidh fán teach i dtólamh aici.

Ní thiocfadh liom dearmad a dhéanamh choíche do mo theangmháil le muintir Ghabhla ná le muintir Inis Meáin ach oiread. Bhí siad fiúntach, mórchróitheach ionraice agus má tháinig an lá orthu ar bh’éigean daofa a n-oileán dúchais a fhágáil ní díobháil ná boichtíneacht a chur ar shiúl iad. Bhí cruatan ag baint lena saol ar ndóighe — cruatan nach raibh an glún óg sásta cur suas leis. Agus ní shlíim go bhfuil aithreachas ar aon duine acu.



Agus mé ag tabhairt mo chúl ar Ghabhla an tráthnóna aoibhinn sin tháinig focail an amhráin a scríobh Tomás Mac Giolla Bhríde agus a cheolas Gráinne Mhic Giolla Bhríde chomh binn sin, tháinig sin fríd mo cheann.

Céad slán leis an oileán inar chaith mé mo shaol
Céad slán le na beanna, an cnoc is an sliabh
Céad slán le na poirt — Port An Chrainn is Port Úr
Céad slán leat a Ghabhla, céad slán leat go Luan.

'Mo bhrídeog a chuaigh mé go dtí'n Baile Thiar
Le Dónall mo chéile ba sheascair do bhíos
De chlann bronnadh orainn triúr mac agus iníon
Is ba mhinicí gáire ná an gruaim inár saol

Ag carraig an Aifrinn tráthnóna Déardaoin
Do ghuigh mé chuig Muire an doineann a chlof
Ach mo chéile is mo chlann mhac do ghoid an mhuir uaim
Is faire gan corp a bhí agam Dé Luain

Tá Máire mo iníon amuigh ar tír mór
Is chuici-se rachad le ualach mo bhróin
Ach mo mhian is mo chroí ní fhágfaidh go deo
An teach beag a thóg Dónall mo chéile fadó.

Tobar A' Bhachta

Caitlín Mhic Fhionnaille

Tobar a' rua-mheirg a bheirtí air. I gcónaí i dtús na maidne bheadh sé na chodladh faoi phlaineád ghlas chaileannógach. Fán am sin ar maidin bheadh foscadh agus suaimhneas fá bhruacha an tobair — coirnéal ciúin, áit ar leith a dtiocfadh le duine suí ar feadh tamaill agus meabhrú breá a dhéanamh fá shult mhór, mhaith.

B'fhurast smaoitiú ar an pháirt a d'imir an tobar i saol ár sinsear. Níodh naoineáin óga leis agus fosta coirp na marbh. Hóladh é 'na phóitín ag bainseachaí agus ag fairíocha agus ba as soitheach an uisce choisreaca a chuir sé smacht ar an diabhal agus crathán múinte ar shíogáí an tseascainn.

Bheadh piocadh na gceithre séasúr le cluinstitín agus le feiceáil fá bhruacha an tobair — na luibheanna beaga cloiche ag cur gnaoi ar easnacha maola an screabáin agus an sruth ag portaíocht fá bhun an dá abhainn; in amannaí eile gréasáin bheaga duáin alla ar maos le drúchta agus iad spréite go hálainn ar bharr na dtor. Bhíodh fás an talaimh go gleoite ar abar pháirc an dochair agus an fraoch garbh go haoibhinn faoi bhláth ar thúrtoíonna donna an phortaigh.

Nuair a bheadh an meabhrú déanta bheadh an t-uisce le tarraingt. Mhuscladh an tobar nuair a ghlanfaí siar an chaileannógach, d'éireodh cúpla builgeog ach oiread 's dá mbeadh sé á shíneadh féin. Shocradh sé ansin go dtí a dhoimhne an áit a mbeadh aithris ar réalta na spéire ag rollagú, ag briseadh agus ag déanamh pictiúirí draíochta ar urlár mhór na spéire.

Thall 's Abhus

Seán Ó Gallchóir

I gCnoc a Stolaire, i mBun an Inbhir agus i nDoirí Beaga a tógadh na chéad scoltacha i nGaoth Dobhair — thart fá 1846. An tAthair Aodh Mac Phaidín a bhí na shagart paróiste san am.

• • • • •

Bhí 'agricultural school' i nDún Lúiche thart fá'n am chéanna. Mr. Russell, an tiarna a bhí ansin a fuair tógtha í.

• • • • •

Le linn an tSagairt 'ic Pháidín (Séamas) a tógadh na scoltacha eile — thart fá 1880. Ní thabharfadh sé scoil ar bith do mhuintir Chnoc Fola cionnas nach raibh siad sásta dhul isteach sa Land League. Níor tógadh scoil ann go tús na haoise seo.

• • • • •

Ba é Séamas Dubh Ó Dónaill an chéad duine a tháinig a chónaí na Bhuna Bhig do réir an tseanchais. Aniar as Inis Aille ar chósta na Rosann a tháinig sé. Chaith sé tamall in Inis Sionnaigh ar dtús. Sin thart fá 1750, tháinig na Gallchóirí as Árann Mór a dh'obair aige na dhiaidh sin. Rothadóirí a bhí iontu. B'iadsan a bhí ann go dtí go dtáinig George Hill 1840. Tá cuid de 'Dhálaigh Inis Aille' fágtha in Gaoth Dobhair go fóill.

• • • • •

Thíos chois na trá i Machaire Chlochair atá Teach na Mná Mire. Níl lorg tí ann anois. Is dócha gur bothóg a bhí acu. Triúr deirfiúr a bhí iontu a chuir an tiarna Stíobhart anoir as Corrán Binne leis an dumhaigh a choimhead. Ní dhearna siad mór ná beag le 'nduine. Dá dtigeadh páistí chomhair a tí chuireadh siad cár orthu féin leo. Bhí cuma comh doicheallach sin orthu 's gur tugadh na mná mire orthu. Rud coitianta go leor 'airfocha' a bheith ar an dumhaigh.

Thit Séamas Dubh ó Dónaill amach leis na mná mire mar bhí seisean ag glacadh tiarnais ar an dumhaigh fosta. Scaoil sé leo agus gortaíodh bean acu. Theith siad go Corrán Binne 'na dhiaidh sin.

Tá scéal eile adeir gur mná coimhíocha a bhí sna mná mire a tháinig i dtír ó shoitheach ach níl cuma na fírinne air.

Níl Teach Cheidhil i bhfad ó theach na Mná Mire — ar bhuach an chladaigh fosta. Dhalta sin níl lorg tí ann anois ach oiread. Ba as Albain a tháinig Kyle agus bhí ionad saille scadáin aige anseo. Bhí iascaireacht mhór scadáin anseo san am — thart fá 1785. Badaí a dtugadh siad ‘furries’ orthu a bhí in úsáid — leathbhreac na ‘luggers’ a bhí in úsáid céad bliain na dhiaidh sin.

• • • • •

Bhí troid bhataí coitianta go maith i nGaoth Dobhair sa tsean am. Ba é an dóigh é le gach achran a réiteach. Bhí coimhlint ghéar idir Gallchóirí an Choiteann agus cuid Baollaí Dhobhair agus is iomaí ‘cath’ a throid siad. Instear fa ‘chath’ amháin dá leithéid. An sagart Peadar Ó Gallchóir a bhí anseo thart fá 1820. Bhí na Baollaí ar a bhealach ‘un Aifrinn Domhnach amháin nuair a d’ionsaí na Gallchóirí iad. Ní raibh siad i muinín bataí. Bhuail Gallchóireach Baollach le spáid sa cheann agus is beag nár mharaigh é. Thart fá theach a phobail a bhí an troid. Bhí an scéal comh holc is nach raibh an tAthair Peadar ábalta an tAifreann a rá fá shuaimhneas. Thug sé leis an chuid eile den phobal agus léigh sé an tAifreann ina theach féin. Bailc throm fearthanna a chuir an tóir ar an dá dhream sa deireadh.

• • • • •

Thart fá’n am chéanna bhuail fear as an Charraic buille de bhata sa chloiginn ar fhear eile istigh i dteach an phobail. Tháinig an tAthair Peadar ón altóir agus chuir an tóir air ach phill sé arais le tuilleadh bruighne a thógail. Lean an sagart as teach an phobail é agus chuir mallacht air. ‘Ar ais nár tharaidh tú’ ars’ an sagart. Lá ar na mhárach báthadh é féin is a bheirt mhac nuair a thit siad leis na beanna istigh in Inis Oirthear.

• • • • •

‘Camán’ an cluiche ba choitianta san áit sa tseanam. Tráthnóna Domhnaigh bhíodh slua cruinn ar thráigh Mhachaire Chlochair agus ar thráigh na Luinnigh. Cluiche idir bhailte bhíodh ann agus óg agus sean páirteach. Bhíodh cluiche mór na bliana ar thráigh Mhachaire Chlochair gach Lá Fhéile Pádraig.

• • • • •

Bhí fidileoir iomráiteach na chónaí ar an Choiteann a raibh **Seán Fidileoir** air — duine de Ghallchóireach. Fuair sé bás thart fá 1800. Bhí mac aige a raibh Ruairí nó Rodger air nach raibh mórán ‘na dhiaidh. Bhí Seán ag fidileoireacht thall ar an Phointe tráthnóna Samhraidh amháin. Bhí fear ag obair i gcuibhreann i Machaire Chlochair agus chuaigh an ceol a tháinig trasna an ghaoth comh mór sin i bhfeidhm air gur chaith sé uaidh an spáid agus gur thosaigh sé a dhamhsa.

Smugláil

Is cosúil nach rud úr ar bith an smugláil. Insíonn na caipéisí seo a leanas scéal beag suimiúil. Fear as **Gaoth Dobhair** ar beireadh air sa bhliain 1855 ag teacht isteach cúl na hEargala agus lód tobaca leis — ocht gcéad meáchain de thobaca a tháinig i dtír ó dhá bhád agus a cuireadh i bhfolach fá na cnoic. Bhí an fear céanna tostach go maith — ní thug sé ainm nó sloinneadh ná cé acu bhí sé pósta nó díomhaoin. **£100 de cháin nó 9 mí príosúin** a cuireadh air. Tógadh an beathach agus an carr agus díoladh iad ar £7:17:6. Gura slán leis an tseanam!

(Tá muid an-bhuíoch do **Rupert Ó Cochláin** as an **Chruit** a thug an cháipéis dúinn. An tEagarthóir)

The King's Customs

by

HENRY ATTON & HENRY HURST HOLLAND

(LONDON: John Murray — 1910)

Vol. ii

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No. 58. Precis of papers connected with a seizure in Ireland (Co. Donegal) showing method of charging expenses, subsistence, etc.

13th March 1855.

Sir,

I beg leave to acquaint you that on the night of the 10th instant a seizure of 8 cwt. of tobacco, with the man, horse and cart by which it was conveyed, was made by the Revenue Police stationed at Church Hill, in the Letterkenny road, 24 miles inland. It appears that the man apprehended in charge of it is from the neighbourhood of Derrybeg, and I have every reason to conclude that this seizure is the remaining portion of the tobacco landed from the **BETSY** and **NORA CREINA**, as reported in my letter of the 11th Novr. last enclosing the deposition of James, and which tobacco, having been concealed in the adjacent mountains, escaped the strict search made by the Coastguard and the Revenue Police at the time.

It evidently follows from this and the three previous seizures made by the Coastguard and Constabulary that the smugglers have been baffled in all their attempts to secure the tobacco after it was landed, the whole of which I am credibly informed has now been seized.

&c., &c.

FRANCIS COLLINS,
Inspecting Lieutenant

To the Comptroller of Coastguard,
LONDON.

(In connection with this case there was much amusing discussion as to whether the grant of 6d. a day was payable in the case of an Irish prisoner. Most of the official experts thought that it was only payable in Great Britain, and that the Irish rate was 4½d. a day, but the precedent being furnished the charge was passed. N.B. — In other records the ENGLISH rate is shown as 7d.).

***This is quite a moderate sum. The larger the seizure, of course, the larger the grants or rewards.**

* * * * *

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No. 27. An account of the quantities of tobacco and snuff seized in Ireland in each year from 1789 to 1825 inclusive. (This is not a complete account, yet it is the only one available From 1789 to 1797 the Irish account doesn't include the Excise seizure in Ireland, the records having disappeared.)

Year	Lbs. of Tobacco	Snuff	Year	Lbs. of Tobacco	Snuff
1789	153,838	154	1808	120,119	140
1790	209,981	328	1809	15,196	147
1791	306,292	715	1810	50,640	73
1792	233,054	247	1811	17,741	77
1793	80,092	369	1812	52,905	154
1794	39,216	18	1813	5,222	126
1795	20,496	—	1814	6,099	77
1796	44,066	—	1815	32,723	9
1797	606	—	1816	22,314	35
1798	7,763	6	1817	59,219	77
1799	31,542	83	1818	43,884	93
1800	95,879	90	1819	201,239	165
1801	62,138	—	1820	883,971	179
1802	83,907	147	1821	424,823	138
1803	239,955	141	1822	525,466	12
1804	237,987	46	1823	254,991	31
1805	115,358	146	1824	282,035	60
1806	195,267	407	1825	234,119	39
1807	112,109	259			

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(Remarks: The Irish record for 1797 and 1798 was affected by the rebellion. Undoubtedly the whole record for 1813 and 1814 was rendered imperfect by the burning of the London Custom-house. The immense increase in the seizure records of Ireland in 1819 and 1820 marks the establishment of the Coastguard. For the previous years smuggling on the South and West coasts of Ireland, by Americans especially, has been vast and unchecked. The rewards to seizing officers were increased in 1820.

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No. 40. Irish Customs Board's advertisement of seized tobacco for sale in 1824 only sound tobacco was sold, therefore the advertisement does not enlighten as to the full amount of tobacco seized: —

Advertisement

Londonderry	15,000 lbs.
Sligo	600 lbs.
Total for country between 230 and 231 tons.	

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Frequent allusions may be found in the records as to the immense smuggling on the Southern and Western coast during the period 1810 to 1819. Little definite information is forthcoming; still it is evident that the Irish revenue was extensively defrauded, principally by Americans, huge runs being made, and the goods conveyed inland with the full cognizance of thousands of people. The Irish customs men were either powerless or hopelessly corrupt, the chief article was Tobacco. When the coastguard was established vast seizures were made, the Irish record of seized tobacco for 1820 amounting to nearly 400 tons.

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The Americans were not in "the trade" (smuggling) as much as formerly, so far as Great Britain was concerned. Their greatest feats of smuggling were performed in Ireland, but even there not to the same extent as during the 1810-1819 period. (It should be remembered that prior to 1819 there had been next to no purely preventive force in Ireland. The Irish Coastguard was formed, the first station manned being on the coast of Cork, where great smuggling had been transacted by Americans. It was the opinion of experts that prior to 1819 about 6,000,000 lbs. of tobacco had been smuggled annually on the south-western coast of Ireland, and that the ordinary customs staff had connived at the trade). It was not uncommon, when a run was made for a thousand or more of the country people to muster armed with sticks, scythes and pitch forks and assist the smugglers. "Not one of these," ran the information, "will incriminate the prisoner".

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A ship which had discharged her foreign cargo and been cleared by the Customs at Limerick was found by the Customs at Kiltrush to be fitted up with large and ingeniously contrived places of concealment. She had been seized and condemned. From the investigations afterwards held it appeared probable that immense smuggling had been carried on from this vessel.

PARISH OF TULLAGHOBEGLY.

No. and Letters of Reference to Map.	Names.		Description of Tenement.	Area.	Ratable Area.		Value.		Total Annual Valuation of Ratable Property.
	Townlands and Occupers.	Immediate Lessors.			Land.	Buildings.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
9	DORE—continued.								
10 A	a	John Gallagher,	Lord George A. Hill, House, office, and land,	6 1 0	1 19 0	0 5 0	£ s. d.	1 15 0	
- B		Neal O'Donnell, sen., Same,	House, office, & land,	1 3 0	0 10 0	—	—	2 0 0	
11	a	Margery Gallagher,	Same,	5 0 10	1 5 0	0 5 0	—	1 10 0	
12		Connell Gallagher,	House and land,	4 1 30	1 5 0	0 5 0	—	1 10 0	
13	a	James M'Bride,	Same,	2 3 15	0 15 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
14		Francis O'Donnell, jun., Same,	House and land,	4 2 15	1 5 0	0 5 0	—	1 10 0	
15	a	Francis Gallagher,	Same,	2 3 0	0 15 0	—	—	0 15 0	
16		Timothy M'Fadden,	House and land,	3 0 0	1 0 0	0 5 0	—	1 5 0	
17	a	Manus O'Donnell,	Same,	2 1 15	0 15 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
18		Anthony Coll,	House and land,	2 1 15	0 15 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
19	b	Fergal O'Donnell,	Same,	3 3 35	0 8 0	0 7 0	—	0 15 0	
20		Patrick Gallagher,	House and land,	1 0 30	0 17 0	0 8 0	—	1 5 0	
21	a	Timothy M'Ginley,	Same,	1 0 30	0 5 0	—	—	0 5 0	
22		James O'Donnell,	House and land,	2 0 10	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
23	a	Francis O'Donnell, sen., Same,	House, office, and land,	4 0 5	1 5 0	0 10 0	—	1 15 0	
24		Anthony Rogers,	House, office, and land,	2 1 25	0 15 0	0 10 0	—	1 5 0	
25	b	Margery Coll,	Same,	5 1 0	1 15 0	0 10 0	—	2 5 0	
26		Daniel O'Donnell,	House and land,	3 3 35	1 0 0	0 5 0	—	1 5 0	
27	a	Catherine O'Donnell,	House and land,	3 3 35	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
28		Owen Boyle and others, Same,	Bog,	235 2 20	3 0 0	—	—	3 0 0	
29	a	Margery M'Gee,	Same,	3 1 15	1 0 0	0 5 0	—	1 5 0	
30		Owen Boyle,	House and land,	1 2 10	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
31	a	Cornelius Gallagher,	Same,	3 1 0	0 5 0	0 5 0	—	0 10 0	
32		Susan Gallagher,	House and land,	3 1 0	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
33	b	Edward Gallagher, sen., Same,	House and land,	2 3 10	0 15 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
34		Michael Gallagher,	House and land,	3 0 10	0 15 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
35	a	Michael M'Monagle,	Same,	2 1 0	0 15 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
36		Francis Gallagher,	House and land,	3 3 30	1 0 0	0 5 0	—	1 5 0	
37	b	Grace Gallagher,	Same,	3 3 30	0 8 0	0 7 0	—	0 15 0	
38		Anthony Gallagher,	House and land,	1 3 0	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
39	a	Neal O'Donnell, jun.,	Same,	2 3 30	1 0 0	0 5 0	—	1 5 0	
40		Patrick O'Donnell,	House and land,	2 2 20	1 0 0	0 5 0	—	1 5 0	
41	a	Daniel Boyle,	Same,	3 2 20	1 5 0	0 5 0	—	1 10 0	
42		Manus Boyle,	House, offices, and land,	5 2 30	2 0 0	0 5 0	—	2 5 0	
43	a	Cornelius Ferry,	Same,	2 2 30	1 0 0	0 5 0	—	1 5 0	
44		Patrick M'Elwain,	House and land,	2 3 10	0 15 0	0 5 0	—	0 10 0	
45	a	James M'Elwain,	Same,	1 3 0	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
46		Francis Gallagher,	Office and land,	2 3 0	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
47	a	Francis Gallagher,	Same,	1 2 25	0 5 0	—	—	0 5 0	
48		Daniel M'Gee, jun.,	Land,	1 2 25	0 5 0	0 5 0	—	0 10 0	
49	a	Daniel M'Gee,	Same,	2 3 10	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	1 0 0	
50		Fergal M'Gee,	Office and land,	2 3 10	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
51	a	Catherine M'Coal,	Same,	1 3 0	0 10 0	0 5 0	—	0 15 0	
52		Owen Boyle and others, Same,	Bog,	260 1 20	3 0 0	—	—	3 0 0	
53	a	Charles M'Gee,	Same,	2 0 0	0 2 0	0 10 0	—	2 10 0	
54		Daniel M'Gee, sen.,	House, offices, & land,	1 0 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	1 10 0	
55	b	Bryan M'Gee,	Same,	0 5 0	—	—	—	0 5 0	
56		John Roarty,	Land,	0 5 0	—	—	—	0 5 0	
57	c	Bryan M'Garvey,	Same,	0 5 0	—	—	—	0 5 0	
58		James Sweeney,	House and land,	0 5 0	0 5 0	—	—	0 10 0	
59	d	Daniel Boyle,	Same,	0 10 0	—	—	—	0 10 0	
60		Patrick Boyle, sen.,	House, office, & land,	1 0 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	1 10 0	
61	e	Cecilia Gallagher,	Same,	0 17 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	—	1 5 0	
62		Owen Gallagher,	House, office, & land,	322 1 0	1 5 0	0 10 0	—	1 15 0	
63	f	Peter Rogers,	Same,	0 17 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	—	1 5 0	
64		Edward Boyle,	House and land,	1 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	2 0 0	
65	g	Patrick Boyle, jun.,	Same,	0 17 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	—	1 5 0	
66		Fergal Boyle,	House, office, & land,	1 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	2 0 0	
67	h	James Doherty,	Same,	1 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	—	2 0 0	
68		John Boyle (Owen),	House, office, & land,	0 15 0	0 5 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
69	i	Charles Boyle,	Same,	0 15 0	0 5 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
70		James Boyle,	House and land,	0 15 0	0 5 0	0 5 0	—	1 0 0	
71	j	John Boyle,	Same,	0 17 0	0 8 0	0 8 0	—	1 5 0	
72		Nat. school-house, offs., and play-ground,	(See Exemptions.)	4 2 30	—	—	—	—	
73	k	Water,	Water,	4 2 30	—	—	—	—	
74		Total of Rateable Property,		9 2 2 20	63 6 0	18 9 0	—	81 15 0	

VALUATION OF TENEMENTS.

PARISH OF TULLAGHOBEGLY.

No. and Letters of Ratepayer's Map.	Names.		Description of Tenement.	Area.	Rateable Annual Valuation.		Total Annual Valuation of Rateable Property.	
	Tenements and Occupiers.	Former Owners.			Land.	Buildings.		
				A. R. P.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
MEENANILLAR— continued.								
7	}	Bryan Boyle,	Lord George A. Hill, Mountain,	47 3 30	0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
		Michael Boyle,			0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
		John Gallagher,			0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
		James Gallagher,			0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
		Alexander McCaul,			0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
8	a	William McGee,	Same,	4 3 0	0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
		Catherine Coll,			0 15 0	0 5 0	1 0 0	
9	b	John Coll,	Same,	14 0 0	0 17 0	0 8 0	1 5 0	
		Thomas Coll,			0 13 0	0 7 0	1 0 0	
10	a	Francis Coll,	Same,	20 1 0	2 10 0	1 0 0	3 10 0	
		Catherine Coll,			0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
11	}	John Coll,	Same,	57 3 0	0 3 0	—	0 3 0	
		Thomas Coll,			0 2 0	—	0 2 0	
		Francis Coll,			0 7 0	—	0 7 0	
12	f	Neill O'Donnell,	Same,	15 1 10	0 10 0	0 5 0	0 15 0	
		Patrick O'Donnell,			0 5 0	—	0 5 0	
13	a	John Roarty,	Same,	9 3 3	0 10 0	0 5 0	0 15 0	
		Maurice Roarty,			13 0 0	1 5 0	0 19 0	
14	}	John O'Donnell,	Same,	40 0 10	3 0 0	1 0 0	4 0 0	
		Patrick Sharkey,			11 3 8	0 5 0	0 5 0	
15	}	Hugh Gallagher,	Same,	11 3 10	0 5 0	0 10 0	0 15 0	
		Michael Sweeney,			14 1 2	0 5 0	0 10 0	
16	}	Charles O'Donnell,	Same,	12 2 20	0 15 0	0 5 0	1 0 0	
		Anne McCaul,			12 3 20	0 5 0	0 10 0	
17	}	John Gallagher,	Same,	14 0 30	0 5 0	0 10 0	0 15 0	
		Lord George A. Hill,			234 2 0	1 15 0	—	
22	}	In fee,	Water,	1 0 21	—	—	—	
Total,				570 2 19	19 18 0	8 13 0	28 11 0	
MEENDERRY- GAMPH. (Ord. S. 33 & 42.)								
1	A	}	Lord George A. Hill,	In fee,	Mountain,	981 0 0	16 10 0	—
					Land,	28 1 0	1 5 0	—
2	B	}	Lord George A. Hill,	In fee,	Hotel, offices, and land,	98 3 0	10 0 0	24 0 0
					House,	—	—	0 5 0
3	A	a	Unoccupied,	Lord George A. Hill,	House,	—	—	0 5 0
					House, offices, and land,	68 1 0	2 0 0	0 5 0
4	}	}	William Robinson,	Same,	House and land,	13 2 0	0 15 0	1 10 0
					House and land,	24 0 20	0 5 0	0 5 0
5	}	}	Thomas Allen,	Same,	House and land,	7 3 2	1 0 0	0 10 0
					House and land,	1 2 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
6	}	}	Hugh Bonar,	Same,	House and land,	2 0 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
					House and land,	2 0 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
7	}	}	Denis McGinley,	Same,	House and land,	1 2 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
					House and land,	2 0 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
8	}	}	Hugh Coll,	Same,	House and land,	4 2 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
					House and land,	2 0 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
9	a	}	Patrick Coll,	Same,	House and land,	2 0 0	0 10 0	0 5 0
					House and land,	1 3 20	0 10 0	0 5 0
10	a	}	John Harley,	Same,	House and land,	1 3 20	0 10 0	0 5 0
					House and land,	1 3 20	0 10 0	0 5 0
11	a	}	John Coll, sen.,	Same,	House and land,	4 0 0	1 0 0	0 10 0
					House and land,	7 0 30	1 10 0	0 10 0
12	a	}	Daniel Coll, jun.,	Same,	House and land,	2 1 20	0 15 0	0 5 0
					House and land,	2 0 30	0 15 0	—
13	a	}	John O'Donnell,	Same,	House and land,	3 0 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
					House and land,	3 0 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
14	a	}	Maurice Coll,	Same,	House and land,	7 0 30	1 10 0	0 10 0
					House and land,	2 1 20	0 15 0	0 5 0
15	a	}	Honoria O'Brien,	Same,	House and land,	2 0 30	0 15 0	—
					House and land,	3 0 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
16	A	}	John Coyle,	Same,	House and land,	2 0 30	0 15 0	—
					House and land,	3 0 0	0 15 0	0 15 0
17	B	}	Patrick Boyle,	Same,	House and land,	17 3 20	2 10 0	0 10 0
					House, office, and land,	—	—	3 10 0
18	a	}	Robert Newcomen,	Same,	Ho., offs., & sm. garden,	—	—	3 10 0
					House, office, and land,	4 3 0	1 0 0	0 10 0
19	b	}	William Coyle,	Same,	House, office, and land,	3 1 10	0 15 0	0 10 0
					House, office, and land,	14 0 20	2 5 0	0 10 0
20	}	}	Daniel O'Donnell,	Same,	House and land,	—	—	—
					House and land,	—	—	—
Total,				1,294 1 10	46 10 0	40 15 0	87 5 0	
ARDUNS. (Ord. S. 33 & 42.)								
1	a	}	James Ferry,	Lord George A. Hill,	House and land,	110 2 0	0 15 0	0 5 0
					Land,	—	—	—
2	b	}	Charles McGee,	Same,	House, office, & land,	66 1 20	1 5 0	0 5 0
					House, office, and land,	469 0 0	6 0 0	—
3	A	}	James Boyle (Dolly),	Same,	Land,	19 1 0	0 10 0	—
					Land,	19 1 0	0 10 0	—
4	B	}	Charles M'Bride,	Same,	Land,	194 1 23	8 0 0	—
					Mountain,	—	—	—
Total,				1,294 1 10	46 10 0	40 15 0	87 5 0	

PARISH OF TULLAGHBEGLY.

No. and Letters of Reference to Map.	Names.		Description of Property.	Area.	Rateable Annual Valuation.						Total Annual Valuation of the Rateable Property.						
	Townland and Occupiers.	Immunities Tenants.			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.			
CARRICK—<i>continued.</i>																	
65	66 A 10 D	Hugh Boyle, Michael Doogan, Connell Boyle.	Lord George A. Hill.	Land.	1	3	20	0	3	0	—	0	3	0			
				Water.	14	0	22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
				Total.	1266	1	12	65	14	0	19	10	0	85	4	0	
GLASHAGH. <i>(Ord. S. 23, 24, & 33.)</i>																	
1	a	Rev. Alexander Nixon,	Same.	House and land.	3	0	10	0	10	0	0	5	0	0	15	0	
	a			Charles McGee.	House and land.	0	17	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	15	0
	b			Patk. McGee <i>(Daul).</i>	House and land.	0	5	0	0	7	0	0	7	0	0	12	0
	c			Timothy McGinley.	House and land.	1	2	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	10	0
	d			James Gallagher.	Office and land.	0	12	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	17	0
	e			Sarah Gallagher.	House and land.	0	5	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	13	0
	f			Hugh Gallagher.	House and land.	0	12	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	10	0
	g			Emmy Gallagher.	House, office, & land.	4	15	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	25	0
	h			Patrick Coyle.	House, office, & land.	1	15	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	25	0
	i			Grace M-Bride.	House, office, & land.	0	17	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	15	0
2	j			Patrick M-Bride.	House and land.	185	0	20	0	12	0	0	8	0	0	10	0
	k			Plk. McGee <i>(Connell).</i>	House and land.	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	0	10	0
	l			Patrick McFadden.	House and land.	0	12	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	10	0
	m			William McGee.	House and land.	0	5	0	0	7	0	0	7	0	0	12	0
		John Curran.	Land.	0	5	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	5	0		
		Jn. M-Bride <i>(Shane).</i>	Land.	0	12	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	12	0		
		John McGee.	Land.	0	17	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	17	0		
		Neal Ferry.	Land.	0	12	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	12	0		
		Patrick McGinley.	Land.	0	1	3	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	1	3	0	
		John Coyle.	Land.	0	12	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	12	0		
	a	William Coyle.	House, office, & land.	1	2	0	0	13	0	0	13	0	0	15	0		
	b	Michael Gallagher.	House and land.	0	5	0	0	7	0	0	7	0	0	12	0		
	c	John Coyle.	House and land.	0	5	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	15	0		
	d	Margaret Curran.	House, office, & land.	1	2	0	0	13	0	0	13	0	0	15	0		
	e	James McGinley.	House, offices, & land.	1	2	0	0	14	0	0	14	0	0	20	0		
	f	John Gallagher.	House and land.	0	17	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	15	0		
	g	Daniel Brogan.	House and land.	0	17	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	15	0		
	h	Philip Brogan.	House and land.	0	11	0	0	7	0	0	7	0	0	18	0		
3	i	Ownn Coyle <i>(Hugh).</i>	House and land.	268	1	0	0	11	0	0	7	0	0	18	0		
	j	Bridget Curran.	House and land.	0	5	0	0	7	0	0	7	0	0	12	0		
	k	Ellen Gallagher.	House and land.	0	17	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	15	0		
	l	John McGee.	House and land.	0	5	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	15	0		
	m	Daniel Gallagher.	House, office, & land.	2	5	0	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	25	0		
	n	Jn. M-Bride <i>(Shane).</i>	House and land.	0	17	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	15	0		
	o	John McGinley.	House and land.	1	2	0	0	8	0	0	8	0	0	10	0		
	p	James Gallagher.	House and land.	0	8	0	0	7	0	0	7	0	0	15	0		
		Rose Curran.	Land.	0	17	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	17	0		
4		John McGee.	House and land.	3	0	5	0	10	0	0	10	0	0	10	0		
5		Hugh M'Sweeney and others.	Same.	109	1	0	0	3	10	0	—	—	—	3	10	0	
6		Rose Curran.	Same.	6	0	10	0	0	5	0	0	5	0	1	0	0	
7		Rev. Alexander Nixon.	In fee.	1318	1	2	0	5	10	0	—	—	—	5	10	0	
8				Water.	26	2	5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
				Total.	1919	2	12	37	18	0	13	9	0	51	7	0	
MEENACLADY. <i>(Ord. S. 23 & 24.)</i>																	
1		Roger O'Brien.	John O. Woodhouse.	House, office, and land.	8	3	30	1	5	0	0	10	0	1	15	0	
2		Michael O'Brien.	Same.	House and land.	3	2	10	0	15	0	0	5	0	1	0	0	
3		James O'Brien.	Same.	House, office, and land.	7	2	20	1	10	0	0	10	0	2	0	0	
4 A	B	Neal Doogan.	Same.	House, office, & land.	6	0	30	0	5	0	—	—	—	1	5	0	
5				a	John O'Brien.	Same.	4	0	0	15	0	0	5	0	0	—	—
6		Patrick O'Brien.	Same.	House, office, and land.	10	1	0	1	5	0	0	5	0	1	10	0	
7	5 b	Edward Duggan <i>(Dey).</i>	Same.	House and land.	8	3	20	1	5	0	—	—	—	1	10	0	
8 A	B	William Duggan.	Same.	House and land.	9	1	10	1	0	0	0	5	0	1	5	0	
9				9 b	Patrick Ferry.	Same.	2	0	15	0	1	0	—	—	—	—	—
				House and land.	2	2	15	0	10	0	—	—	—	—	—	—	
				House and land.	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	7	0	0	—	—	
				House and land.	7	0	30	0	15	0	0	10	0	1	5	0	

VALUATION OF TENEMENTS.

PARISH OF TULLAGHOEGLY.

No. and Letters of Reference to Map.	Name.		Description of Tenement.	Area.	Rateable Annual Valuation.		Total Annual Valuation of Rateable Property.	
	Townlands and Occupiers.	Immediate Lessors.			Land.	Buildings.		
				A. R. P.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
MIEENACLADY— <i>continued.</i>								
10		Daniel O'Brien,	John O. Woodhouse,	House and land,	5 3 0	0 10 0	0 5 0	0 15 0
11 A	}	Edwd. Duggan (<i>Mare</i>),	Same,	House, office, & land,	1 0 10	0 1 0	—	1 5 0
- B					1 3 10	0 10 0	—	
- C					2 2 30	0 4 0	0 10 0	
12 A	}	Matthew Duggan,	Same,	House, offices, & land,	1 1 30	0 1 0	—	1 15 0
- B					3 0 30	0 10 0	0 10 0	
- C					1 1 30	0 2 0	—	
- D					7 2 10	0 12 0	—	
13 A	}	Manus Curran (<i>Mamus</i>),	Same,	House and land,	0 3 15	0 1 0	—	1 0 0
- B					1 1 20	0 6 0	—	
- C					1 0 20	0 3 0	0 10 0	
14 A	}	Susan O'Brien,	Same,	House, office, & land,	5 2 10	1 15 0	—	2 10 0
- B					0 3 20	0 3 0	—	
- C					1 0 20	0 2 0	0 10 0	
15		James Curran,	Same,	House and land,	1 2 20	0 10 0	0 10 0	1 0 0
16 A	}	John Curran, James Curran,	Same,	Land,	4 2 0	0 2 0	—	0 2 0
- B								
17		John Curran,	Same,	House and land,	2 2 20	0 1 0	—	1 5 0
18		Edward Curran, jun.,	Same,	House, office, and land,	8 2 20	1 15 0	0 10 0	2 5 0
19		John Doolin (<i>Shaun</i>),	Same,	House, office, and land,	6 0 0	1 5 0	0 10 0	1 15 0
20		Catherine Coyle,	Same,	House and land,	4 3 0	1 0 0	0 5 0	1 5 0
21	a	Edward Coyle,	Same,	House and land,	3 3 30	0 15 0	0 10 0	1 5 0
22	b	Hugh Doolin,	Same,	House and land,	4 3 20	1 0 0	—	1 10 0
23		Philip Gallagher,	Same,	House and land,	4 1 20	1 0 0	0 5 0	1 5 0
24		Daniel Boyle,	Same,	Land,	1 2 10	0 19 0	—	0 10 0
25		Daniel Boyle,	Same,	Land,	22 3 30	0 15 0	—	0 15 0
26		Charles Boyle,	Same,	Land,	—	0 15 0	—	0 15 0
27 A	}	Charles Boyle,	Same,	House and land,	2 3 12	0 15 0	0 10 0	1 5 0
- B					3 1 5	1 0 0	0 10 0	2 0 0
28		Patrick Doolin,	Same,	House and land,	25 1 5	0 10 0	—	—
29		Denis McGee,	Same,	Land,	1 2 30	0 10 0	—	0 10 0
30		Manus Doogan,	Same,	Land,	—	0 5 0	—	0 5 0
31		Denis McGee,	Same,	House and land,	12 2 10	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 10 0
32		Manus Doogan,	Same,	House and land,	1 3 0	0 10 0	0 10 0	1 0 0
33	a	John O. Woodhouse,	In fee,	Land,	1 1 20	0 5 0	—	1 0 0
34		National school-house and office,	(See Exemptions).	Land,	81 0 0	0 15 0	—	—
35		Mary O'Brien,	John O. Woodhouse,	House and land,	0 3 20	0 2 0	0 8 0	0 10 0
36		Manus Curran, jun.,	Same,	House and land,	5 1 0	0 10 0	0 5 0	0 15 0
37		Michael O'Donnell,	Same,	House, office, and land,	47 2 30	1 10 0	0 10 0	2 0 0
38		Edward Curran, jun., and partners, (<i>tenants, flourland</i>),	Same,	Bog and mountain,	465 0 0	3 0 0	—	3 0 0
39 A	}	John O. Woodhouse,	In fee,	Bog and mountain,	765 3 35	5 0 0	—	7 0 0
- B					365 0 0	2 0 0	—	—
40				Water,	2 2 10	—	—	—
				Total of Rateable Property.	1955 2 22	41 8 0	11 15 0	53 3 0
				EXEMPTIONS:				
41 a		John O. Woodhouse,		National school-house and office,	—	—	1 0 0	1 0 0
				Total, including Exemptions.	1955 2 22	41 8 0	12 15 0	54 3 0
KNO. RFOGILLA. (Ord. N. 23 & 24.)								
1 A	}	Hugh M. Fadden, son, Hugh M. Fadden, jun., Edward M. Fadden,	Rev. Chas. F. Stewart,	House, office, & land, House and land, House, office, & land,	3 1 10	0 15 0	—	1 15 0
- B					—	—	0 10 0	0 15 0
- C					—	—	0 10 0	2 0 0
2		Owen Coyle,	Same,	House, office, and land,	17 2 0	2 5 0	—	2 5 0
3		Gonnell O'Donnell,	Same,	House and land,	6 2 20	1 15 0	0 10 0	2 5 0
4		Margaret Sweeny,	Same,	House and land,	3 0 0	0 15 0	0 5 0	1 0 0
					2 0 10	0 19 0	0 5 0	0 15 0



Bannaí Ceoil ag an leacht i mBaile Bhroighní 31ú Iúil 1983.



Poem to Pat O'Donnell

By Michael McGovern 1894

Since God His holy light unfurled and life to mortals gave
What land upon this rolling world gave birth to one so brave
Than Ireland's latest hero from the wilds of old Tyrconnell
With whom is Erin's grateful voice
As o'er death's dismal precipice
That hero of self sacrifice
is cast — O'Donnell

Since science marked with scrolls and pen events on land and wave
What age from 'mongst this world of men to history's keeping gave
A bolder name which walked to life thy sleeping name — Tyrconnell
Which time shall aye perpetuate,
in keeping with the brave and great,
A name which men shall venerate
Is thine — O'Donnell.

What cause among the causes of the world's advancing van
Whose mission is that aim of love to right the wrongs of man
Can claim a spirit braver than that son of famed Tyrconnell?
Who braved the lion in his den
And felled the vilest worse of men
That traitor Carey — man of sin?
Our own — O'Donnell.

But British rule, that scourging blight where'er its presence grim
Holds sway — blaspheming God and right — has foully murdered him
Because he wiped from Ireland's name with manhood of Tyrconnell
That stain with which it fair would brand
The manhood of our fair green land
But vengeance soon will take its stand
For thee — O'Donnell.



Micí 'n Chóp ag cur bláthfhleasc ar an leacht i nDoirí Beaga 31ú

Bunadh Airt Uí Dhónaill

Cití Nic Giolla Bhríde¹

&

Dónall P. Ó Baoill¹

Is doiligh eolas a chur anois ar pháirtí Airt Uí Dhónaill gan mórán mór cuartaíochta a dhéanamh i gcáipéisí de gach uile chineál agus lena chois sin a bheith ag caint le daoíní a chuireann suim i gcúrsaí gaoil. Faraor tá an dream is mó a raibh suim acu sna gnoithí seo uilig ar shlua na marbh agus murach an saothar a chur daoíní aonair orthu féin le fada scéal cinnte é nach mbeadh a bhfuil anseo síos féin againn.

Tá an t-eolas curtha ar léarscáileannaí ginealaigh againn mar gur mar sin is fusa iad a léamh. Tá siad lán bearnaí ach tá muid ag dúil go mbeidh cuid agaibhse a léighfeas a bhfuil anseo ábalta cuid mhaith de na bearnaí seo a líonadh. Go deimhn féin tá seans maith ann nach bhfuil a fhios ag go leor dá bhfuil luaite anseo go bhfuil gaol ar bith acu le Pádraig Ó Dónaill. San am a chuaigh thart cha bheadh a fhios ag duine cé acu b'fhearr dó a rá le duine acu gur duine de na bhunadh a bhí ann nó nach b'eadh.

Is furast tuairisc na bhfear a bhí ag Art Ó Dónaill a fháil mar gur choinnigh siad a sloinneadh ach i dtaca leis na mná dó is doiligh a dtuairisc a chur mar gur fá ainm eile a bheadh siad i ndiaidh a bpósta. I nDobhar Uachtarach nó i gCroithlí a bhí cónaí ar chlainn Uí Dhónaill seo thart ar an bhliain 1800. tá cuid den bhunadh sa dá áit go fóill ach scab tuilleadh acu go bailte eile sa pharóiste Míin Doire na nDamh, Míin An Chladaigh, Inis Meáin srl. Chuaigh deartháir eile do Mhiceál Airt go Meiriceá agus bhí sé ina chónaí i stát Phennsylvania nuair a bhí an Cogadh Cathartha ar siúl sa tír sin agus le linn ghluaiseacht na Molly Maguires 1865-1875. Cha raibh teacht againn ar a ainm an iarraidh seo.

Ba ghnách le muintir tír mór píosaí talaimh nó cead feamnaí a bheith acu fá na hoileáin agus seans gur sin an rud a thug Niall Airt isteach go hInis Meáin.

Is minic a thugtaí Dálach Bhaile Bhroighní ar Phadaí Mhícheáil Airt mar gur ansin a chuir a dheartháir Dónall siopa, béicearaí agus teach leanna ar obair. Bhíodh go leor daoíní ag obair aige agus ainm in airde ar an áit sna trí phobal. Go fiú nach raibh sé ráite go raibh dhá bhó dhéag agus tarbh dubh aige mar a bhíodh ag laochra na seanscéal. Tá páirc i Sraith na Corcra go fóill a dtugtar Páirc an Dálaigh uirthi. Bhíodh an chuid eile den eallach thuas ar Chnoc Thaobh An Leithéid aige agus buachaillí óga á mbuachaillleacht. D'imigh sé féin agus a chlann go Meiriceá sa deireadh.

Bhí ainmneacha áirid ag rith ar theaghlaigh pháirtí Airt Uí Dhónaill mar atá Dónall, Mánas agus Feargal. Is é an scéal is iontaí ar fad nár leanadh leis an ainm Art nó Airtín ar chor ar bith i measc na ngaolta atá aimsithe againne ar chuma ar bith.

Bhí rud eile ag baint le clann Uí Dhónaill seo agus is é sin an dúil a bhí acu i gcúrsaí gnoithe. An deartháir a chuaigh go Meiriceá — is é sin uncal Phadaí Mhícheáil Airt, bhí teach aíochta aige agus ag a bhean Maighreád i ndiaidh a bháis. Nuair a tháinig athair Phadaí, Mícheál Airt ar ais as Meiriceá chuir sé teach leanna ar obair agus seans gur sin an tuige a raibh trí sheomra i dteach Mhícheáil Airt — amharc an pioctúir (atá in áit eile sa leabhar seo). Is cosúil gur daoíní tábhachtacha a bhí iontu a bhí ábalta airgead a chur i dtascidh agus a shábháil. Bhí Padaí agus an deartháir Dónall amhlaidh agus bhí teach sibín ag Padaí i dToronto agus cuimhnigh gur chuir Dónall áit mhór ar obair i mBaile Bhroighní (in aice le Doirí Beaga) nuair a phill sé as Meiriceá 1877. Bhí teach leanna, siopa agus béicearaí aige agus mórán daoíní ag obair ann. Máire Mhícheáil Airt deirfiúr Phadaí agus Dhónaill a bhí ina cónaí i Mín A' Chladaigh, chuir sí siopa ar bun fosta.

Bhí dhá dhream Dálach i nGaoth Dobhair thiar — Dálaigh Inis Aille a tháinig aniar as na Rosa agus a chur faofa ar an Bhun Bheag i lár an ochtú céad déag. Tá cuid acu sin fágtha san áit go fóill. Ní den dream Dálach sin páirtí Mícheáil Airt ach de na **Dálaigh Rua**. Is cosúil go raibh imir rua fríofa agus go deimhin bhí cuid acu a raibh an 'rua' ina n-ainm — Dónall Rua in nDobhar, Dónal Rua i mBun A' Leaca.

1. Tá an dá údar freagrach as a bhfuil anseo. Tá buíochas ar leith ag gabháil do Chití Nic Giolla Bhríde nó is í a chur le chéile an t-eolas a bhain le páirtí Airt Uí Dhónaill ach amháin bunadh Mhícheáil Airt agus an dream a bhí i Meiriceá. Dónall atá freagrach as a bhfuil de eolas faofa sin san alt. Ba mhaith le Cití buíochas fá leith a ghabháil le Micí Mháiní nach maireann mar gur uaidh sin a fuair sí cuid mhaith den eolas atá aici.

