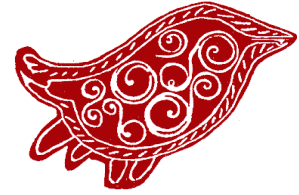


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Historic Drimoleague.

By DANIEL NYHAN, N.T., P.C.

“ Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago.”—*Wordsworth*.



DRIMOLEAGUE and Drinagh form one parish. *Dróm-
dál-las* means the ridge of the two pillar stones. *Dróisneac* means the slope of the blackthorn bushes. Three rivers rise on top of a remarkable hill marked “Mount Owen” on the Ordnance map. The Bandon trickles down the rocks eastward; the Illeen comes down to the base of Drimoleague rock; the Mealach flows westward into Bantry Bay—where, it is said, human beings first set foot in Erin! A veil of mist always hangs o’er the hill, and when there is a snowfall the “hill of streams,” with its night cap on, looks like an Alpine peak. The hill can be seen from Drimoleague “rock.” Tradition has it that St. Finbar visited Drimoleague Rock on the 25th September. Thus originated the Big Fair. Our church is called St. Finbar’s. Rounds are given at a well at Kilbarre (Dunmanway) on the 25th Sept. which was blessed by St. Finbar. Did he visit both places on the same date? The ruins of an ancient Mass-house, hidden by stones and brambles, are near the “rock”; on the roadway near by is Corrignamarruv on which coffins were placed before being conveyed to the ancient graveyard at the foot of the hill. Drimoleague fair brings back happy memories to the minds of the old people of the district. Pleasure was combined with business, and young lads and colleens flocked from all parts to enjoy the “fun o’ the fair.” Pipers and fiddlers attended and reaped a rich harvest. Faction fights there were—blackthorn sticks were taken from their seasoning place in the smoke of the ingle to come in handy in a scrap at the fair, and it was no unusual sight to see a faction fight going on at one end of the fair and at the other end—to the music of the pipes—

“ The dancing throng that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down.”

And then no decent swain could leave the “apple” fair without presenting a gift (*Feirín*) to some fair damsel. She had an undisputed right—to demand it. Those were the halcyon days! The ruins of an ancient church are in the graveyard; cup shaped stones can also be seen. An ogham stone rests on the roadside near (at Sunville), while at Sronacartan close by a curiously marked “hone” stone stands in a fort (I discovered this). A remarkable stone fort stands in Beamish’s land at Acres. It is a sepulchral structure, possibly. A cromlech stands in Butlers Gift, near which a “marked” pillar stone is buried. Reverting to the Rock you

can see Castle Donovan nestling among the northern hills. The ancient name was "Sowagh." The O'Donovans, who came from Bruree, were daring cattle thieves. Barnafulla—the gap of blood—on the hill a mile north of the keep, was the scene of a bloody encounter between the Donovans and the Sullivans after a foray into the latter's territory. Corrignamart—the rock of the beef—is still pointed out where animals were slaughtered. When I entered the lower chamber, "drip, drip," came drops of water from the roof just to remind me to tell the story. The O'Donovan's hanged a woman in one of the upper rooms—you can see the ivied window—and ever since, the tear drops fall, and will continue to as long as the castle remains.—

"Child of loud throated war, the mountain stream
Roars in thy hearing but thy hour of rest
Is come and thou art silent in thy age
Save when the wind howls by."

Built in 1580 ; it was attacked during the Cromwellian War and damaged.

The view from the top is very fine and looking westward we barely discern Murdering Glen. It lies between Dromore and Gleannatnaw. On the side of the road is a rock called *Máttáin Uí Ceatláin*. (O'Kelly's mother.) O'Kelly was a robber (in the 16th century) who lived with his mother in a cave. Armed with a blunderbuss, he attacked belated travellers on this main road. He killed several butchers, and buried them in a hole called Poul nabustere. A posse of soldiers attacked him. He was captured, and executed in Cork. Before he died he told those present that his treasure was hidden between two white thorn bushes at Gleannatnaw : but the "pot of gold" was never found.

Sir Richard Cox, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who lived in Dunmanway, planted both sides of the road westward. The number of Protestant families in Gurtheenahir, Knockbue and Meelawn is very high. The name of Kingston abounds, there being many Catholics of that name also. Drimoleague suffered much during the famine period, "black '47." The "Soup house" is near the village still, so called. A large pit was dug inside the graveyard gate into which uncoffined bodies were thrown. Many sad stories are told. Big Joan of Murdering Glen buried her husband. He died of the plague ; no one would come near the house. She got a coffin, strapped it on her back, with a spade on top, and brought her "good man" to his last resting place on her back. Poor Lady Tuesday ! She buried her husband and four colleens with the ague. She got "a bit queer." She came into the village and lived in an attic and begged—only on Tuesday, market day, hence her name. She died on a Sunday and was buried on Tuesday—that was fitting—and when her grave was closed there were—flowers. The good folk had made a collection—on Tuesday. But what made her queer ! I will tell you. She had a son, Crohure, the last of the bunch. Delirious with hunger, he followed the mail car, last seen at Gleann dha—the dark glen—trotting after it. Then there was a snowstorm ! A poacher sometime after found a barefooted boy with a small turnip in his hand, asleep in the wood—the last sleep. But Lady Tuesday was not told.



THE TOP OF DRIMOLEAGUE ROCK
WHERE ST. FINBARR STOOD.



SITE OF AN ANCIENT MASS HOUSE,
NEAR DRIMOLEAGUE ROCK.



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH IN THE
GRAVEYARD AT DRIMOLEAGUE.



CASTLE DONOVAN.

James Stephens was sought for near Meelawn hill. My aunt, Mrs. Kate Collins, aged 86, saw James Stephens in a house in Dunmanway and has vivid recollections of the time, and of the rhyme—

“ Perhaps you'd like to know,
Said the sean van vocht,
Which way did Stephens go ?
Said the sean van vocht ;
When from Richmond, snug and tight,
He walked off out of sight—
And he never said ' Good night '—
Said the sean van vocht.”

My aunt's statement is :—

“ Stephens stayed one night in the house I lodged in in Dunmanway as a school girl. He was in a back room. I peeped through the keyhole. He was walking up and down, and wore no coat or hat, with a prayer book in his hand. He was in his stocking feet ; he wore a brown trousers. A small lamp burned on the table. He was of stout build ; and, it appeared to me, of medium height. I saw him go in the direction of Pierce Doheny's the following morning at nine o'clock and he was travelling at a fast pace. Two hours later fifty horse soldiers appeared on the square. I heard they had been on Meelawn hill and round Drimoleague. Two of them were billeted in our house, there being no room in Mr. O'Driscoll's public house nearby. The bird had flown, I knew.”

“ You may catch a bird with chaff,
Said the sean van vocht,
You may coax a cow to laugh !
Said the sean van vocht,
But one thing you'll not do—
To get from parley vous (voo)
The bird that hither flew,
Said the sean van vocht.”

A bronze trumpet—a remarkable relic of the bronze age—found in a fort near Drimoleague ; and a smaller one, found near Dunmanway, can be seen in a glass case inside the main door of the “ Bronze Age ” room of the British Museum.

Drimoleague—*Ḍrím-ó-m-ó-dá-llias*—Barnahulla—*Ḍe-áir-na-Ḥuillá*—gap of the “ rounds.”

Mount “ Owen”—*Cnoc-na-Ḥáðann*—the hill of the stream.

Dromore—*Ḍróm-mór*—big ridge.

Corrignamarruv—*Carr-na-Ḥarrub*—the rock of the Dead.

Gleannatnaw—*Ḥleann-a-tinná*—the glen of the thread (or spinning wheels).

Sronacartan—*Sruic-na-cearócain*—the stream of the forge.

Gleannaclougha—*Ḥleann-na-clóice*—the glen of the *stone*.

Poulnabusteri—*Póil-na-Ḍuirteirí*—the butcher's grave.

Συῖθελαδᾶν (Seehanes)—O'Donovan's Seat.
 Ahanafuinsion—Ἀτὰ-να-ῤυῖννηριον—ford of the ash tree.
 Ceanculla—Ceann-coille—the end of the wood.

An inscription appears on a stone on the top of Castle Donovan. Here it is :—

MAR. I.A.D. O.D.I.C.
 1626 D.O.C.

A magnificent cromlech—a slab 14 feet square resting on supports—stands on the eastern side of the “hill of streams.”

The Waters Family of Cork.

By EATON W. WATERS, M.B., F.R.S.A.I.

(Continued)

PREROGATIVE WILL OF RICHARD WATERS 1637.

23 November 1633. In the name of God Amen I Richard Waters of Macrony in the County of Cork Gent. being in good health and perfect memory at this present (the Almighty be thanked) doe make this my last Will and testament as followeth. First I recommend my soule to the hands of the ever lovinge and Almighty God my Creator and Redeemer to the blessed, pure and unspotted Virgin Marie and to all the Angells and Saints in Heaven And my body to be buried where it shall please my friends Item I doe leave and bequeathe to my son and heire John Waters all and singular the towne and lands of Macrony and Currynyfeddie with all and singular their appurtenances To have and to hould the same to him and the heires males of his bodie lawfully begotten or to be begotten in as large and ample a manner as I doe hould the same and if he dye without issue male Then my will is and soe I leave and bequeath that the same shalbe and remaine to my second sonne Michaell Waters and the heires males of his bodie lawfully begotten or to be begotten And if he channce to dye without such issue male Then my Will is and soe I leave and bequeath that the same shalbe and remaine to my third sonne James Waters and the heires males of his bodie lawfully begotten or to be begotten And if he channce to dye without such issue male Then my Will is and soe I leave and bequeath that the same shalbe and remaine to my fourth sonne Christopher Waters and the heires males of his body lawfully begotten or to be begotten And if he channce to dye without such issue male Then my Will is and soe I leave and bequeath that the same shalbe and remaine to my fifth sonne and the heires males of his body lawfully begotten or to be begotten And if he channce to dye without such issue males Then my Will is and soe I leave and bequeath that the same shalbe and remaine to my sixth sonne Mathew Waters and the heires males of his bodie lawfully begotten or to be begotten And if he channce to dye without such issue Then my Will is and soe I leave and bequeath that the same shalbe and remaine to such of my daughters as shalbe unpreferred at the tyme of my death Item—I leave and bequeath to my said sonne John Waters all the plate, linnen, bedding, and all other my furniture and household stuffe at Macrony, such as I shall have there at the tyme of my death Item I doe leave and bequeath to my son in law James Purcell and my daughter Joane his wife the mortgage of two hundred and fortie pounds ster^r which I have of Ballenrush Monygrissan and other lands towards the payment of the preferment which I am to pay to the said James or for soe much thereof as shalbe unpaid to him at the tyme of my death and if there be any remaine afterwards then my said sonne John for to pay the same Item I doe leave and bequeath to my daughter Katherine Waters ffiftie great cowes, threescore sheepe, two mares and fortie pounds in money, to be paid to her out of the rents due to me out of such lands as I have in mortgage, lease, or otherwise And alsoe I leave to the said Katherine one greate Gould Jewell, and Gould buttons which her mother had Item—I doe leave and bequeath to my