

Cumann Staire

Bhéal Áthán Chaorthaidh Historical Society Journal 1994



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Chairperson's Address

le Seán Ó Súilleabháin

Thar cheann an Chumann Staire ba mhaith liom fáilte a chur roimh ár leitheoirí go leir, míle buiochas a ghabhail dhíobh gur cheannaigh sibh an dara eagrán d'ár n-Iris.

Tar éis éirí go hiontach leis an chead eagrán anuraidh táimid cinnte go bhfuil cnuasach den chéad, scoth curtha le chéile ag ár n-eagarthóir Máire Uí Léime.

Last years Iris was a great success and our thanks to all the

contributors and those who bought it. Thanks also to this years pensmiths and those who lent the photographs. We would like to encourage everyone who has an idea for an article to write it down and hand it in for the next edition. Even if you feel you can't write it in full jot down the main points and someone else can put flesh on them.

The success of any Local History Society Magazine depends on a

continuous supply of relevant articles and photographs. Any subject no matter how trivial you may think it is, is of interest. Photographs also give fascinating insights into the past and if you have any you feel would interest people we would be only delighted to publish.

A special word of thanks to Máire Leamy for her Trojan work in editing this Journal and to Lee Press for printing it. Enjoy.

A letter from Bishop Murphy to his parishioners in 1817.

Bishop Murphy 1817

Revd. Sir, You are requested by the Bishop to fulminate the following sentence of Excommunication from each of your altars on next Sunday and to read and to explain in Irish to your flocks the following Pastoral Letter on next Sunday and the following one.

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen. To my dearly beloved, the Roman Catholic clergy of the Diocese of Cork. Grace be to you, and Peace from God the Father and from our Lord Jesus Christ. Mindful of the sacred obligation to watch over the flock committed to our care, it is our indispensible duty to use our last endeavour in removing whatever may be hurtful to their morals, injurious to religion and abusive to peace and good order. The best institutions are often prevented to the worst purpose and under pretence of devotion most

shameful abuses have frequently prevailed. A most melancholy and disgraceful instance of this pervasion had been so notorious at Gougane Barra that our predecessor of happy memory had been obliged to prevent the Holy Sacrifice of the mass from being there offered. On our visitation last year we have ascertained that it annually exhibits such a scene of drunkenness, debauchery and rioting, as to bring religion into disrepute to encourage intemperance, to disturb the peace and good order of the country and to sow the seeds of perpetual animosity and contentions wherefore holding in the utmost horror and detestation such scandalous and abominable excesses, anxious moveover to put an end to the vile superstitions there practised, we by these present do condemn, and with all the weight of our authority we surpass by the following sentence of excommunication the afore

said patron of Gougane Barra.

Sentence of Excommunication

In the name of Almighty God, and in virtue of the power that Jesus Christ left to his church and with which we are invested: we by these present do Excommunicate all persons of our Communion, who on St. John the Baptist's day or on any other day from the Sunday before it to the Sunday after it, both Sundays included or on the 24th or 25th days of September shall presume to go to Gougane Barra to perform any work of Penance, any pious act or any religious duty, or shall resort further from motives of curiosity or amusement, or shall drink the water or bathe or dip in it by way of devotion, or in expectation of any corporal benefit or supernatural cure, or wash or dip beasts.

Robert Emmet

To sit on a grassy hill beside the road in the townland of Dooneens one cannot help but be instantly transported back in time through various layers of history.

As I look around close to where I am sitting the piles of stones and scattered ditches seem to whisper and call until suddenly I see it! a little village of stone thatched cottages with smoke curling from the chimneys and children playing around the ditches. A little to the right the evening sun has momentarily highlighted the ridges of potato fields that have lain uncultivated for a hundred years and the pain comes flooding back, for the wife and three children who haven't got the energy left to dig the ridges in the vain hope of some sustenance.

I become very confused as several frilly ladies and gentlemen on fine horses and fancy coaches parade through oohing and aahing at the various sights being pointed out to them by - who was that? it looked very like Robert Emmet, could it have been?.

The sound of a hunting horn wakes me from my reverie and I spot a red deer scrambling gallantly up the rocky side of Damhas chased by dogs and hunters.

Night starts to fall and I must journey back. I'm lucky there's a nice moon. As I pass the gallaun and circle I look through the mists at Damhas bathed in moonlight and I wonder why are all those people climbing to the huge fire burning at the top?. I stumble towards the fire, surrounded by strangely clad people singing and dancing and making merry and I ask what was the occasion and

was answered, "The festival of Béal of course".

Dr. Robert Emmet owned a farm in the townland of Dooneens in the southwestern corner of the parish of Uibh Laoghaire according to advertisements placed by him in a Cork newspaper. Roberts father (also named Robert was a medical practitioner in Cork City), needed £1000 to purchase the post of State Physician in Dublin. He tried to dispose of various properties in an effort to raise the necessary money and one of the advertisements for the farm at Dooneens around the year 1770 read as follows: A remarkable

good mountain farm called Dooney situated in the parish of Iveleary. It is highly capable of improvement and in its present uncultivated state can afford fodder for over 100 head of cattle. There are 43 shanefeighs (incalf heifers) with a quantity of hay which the tenant may be accommodated with. Proposals to be made to Dr. Emmet, Cork.

We do not know if Dr. Emmet sold the farm, we do know that he took up the position of State Physician, and died in Dublin in December 1802. His son Robert aged 25 was sentenced to death a year later, for his leadership in the 1803 rising.

Criostóir Ó Croinín

ON POTEEN

Translated from a poem by George Shorten

The poets of Munster from Bantry to Brugh
Make verses in praise of the Mountain Dew
How a glass would give strength to the halt and the lame
And bring beauty and youth to the tottering dame.

Said O Donnell "no poet am I it is true
But I made many a jar of this horrible brew
And here's the reaction of drinking it neat
With the flavour of malt and the smell of the Peat.

The hunchback imagines he's as big as a giant
The dwarf has grown up to be bold and defiant
The lame and the deaf become active and keen
And the hag by the fireside thinks she's the Queen.

The daisy is a sunflower, the calf is a cow
Every duck is a swan, every slip is a sow
The ember's a bonfire, the chaff weighs a pound
And the shaft of the spade stands ten feet from the ground.

The dross from the smithy piled up by the sty
Is Mangerton Mountain with peak to the sky
The ooze of the resin from larchwood and pine
Is a river of amber as wide as the Rhine.

This powerful poteen bringing death - or a cure
Kill beetles and bugs if applied immature
A drop would if taken the day of the chase
Make a buck-rabbit spit in a terriers face.

Field Trip to Coolmountain

July 1994

This field day followed a triangular route, starting in the extreme SW corner of Cooragreenane townland, at the T-junction on the old Bantry road. From there, a short run South took us to the stone cashel called Caher Aeragh. From there we drove through Monavaddra, over the Mount Prospect pass and enjoyed the glorious views across towards Dunmanway. From there, through Moneylea and Coolcaum we dropped down to Coolmountain House, and then visited Coolmountain School and the Killeen site close by. Our return was via Pipe Hill and into Gortnahoughty, where we visited the Rath of Rathatiff.

Caher Aerach.

Caher Aerach (the airy fort) is one of the very few stone raths, or cashels, in County Cork. It is set in a commanding position in this valley, and is in reasonably good condition. It is a small rath, about 33yds. dia. with walls that were 6ft. high but are now little above ground level. There is evidence of a souterrain but this is blocked up. These raths were mostly built at some time between 750BC and 400AD but cannot be accurately dated unless artifacts are found. They were used right up to the 17th Century by later "strong" farmers, and often show remains of wooden buildings having been constructed in the middle of them. They can be compared to the stockades of the "Wild West" into which cattle owners brought their people and animals at night for

protection from predators, human and otherwise. They were much sought after as homes in the 15th. and 16th. Century and were the next best choice if a tower house was not a possibility.

In 1640 this cashel was the home of Donogh mac Dermot Boy O'Leary, a nephew of Dermot Boy O'Leary of Dromcotty, from whom descended the poetess Maire Buidhe Ni Laoghaire.

Coolmountain House

One of the several good examples of small country houses in the Parish, Coolmountain House was built in 1810 by Lord Riversdale who was the local, but usually absentee, landlord. He designed it as a hunting lodge, but then appointed a local man, Denis O'Leary as his Agent, with the House and farm "in fee". Denis was an O'Leary Breac (trout) - b.1763 d.1831- and was a cousin of Richard O'Leary of Hedgefield House, Milleen also an Agent. The second owner was his son, also Denis, -b.1798 d.1866. They were Agents for Coolcaum, Moneylea, Gortsmorane, Graigue, Gortnahoughtee and Derreen as well as Coolmountain.

The house was originally thatched and 60ft. x 40ft. in size. Only a small part of this original house now remains, and the present home is constructed out of the old stable block. It has some fine arched doorways in the South wall.

There were several instances of this house being a "safe house" during the 19th. Century. When Peter McSwiney (1783-1860) was on the run in 1812 for shooting a tithe proctor, McCarthy, he was harboured by Denis Snr. for a long time, and used to go hunting with Denis's brothers, Peter and Paul. Another famous pair of fugitives were Michael Doheny and James Stephens after the failed insurrection in 1848. Stephens later was responsible for the creation of the IRB in 1858. Denis Jnr. took a major role in feeding the local populace during the Great Famine, and there is still in existence, though sadly not now at Coolmountain House, the giant cast iron cooking pot which was claimed to be the largest in Ireland.

The house also has the remains of the bell tower from which the bell rang out to summons people to eat, but the bell itself is now at Togher Church nearby. To this day, though the house is not in good condition, it is set in what was obviously a beautiful park with many handsome trees.

Denis Jnr. died without a son and heir, and left his property to his niece Eliza O'Leary. This lady was still alive and active in 1890, and there were those around until quite recently who remembered the two old ladies, Miss Eliza and Miss Ellen, who used to drive from Milleen to Coolmountain in their pony trap.

Coolmountain School

Half a mile from Coolmountain House is the old Coolmountain School. This was built in 1835 at a cost of £50. The Board of Education providing ££30, the rest being raised by local subscription, mainly from Denis O'Leary. The Master was paid £12 pa. plus 1d. per week per pupil. It is tiny, but was said to have held 76 children at one stage. It finally closed a few years ago, at the same time as Keimaneigh and Toorenalour schools.

Ancient Holy Site.

A further half mile into the townland is a site which is mainly known because of its Killeen. This was a cemetery for unbaptised children. As usual there is little to see, but unusually, there are what appear to be many small headstones still in the ground.

There is also the outline of what appears to be, and is locally believed to be, a small chapel close to the Killeen.

There is also what is known as "The Mass Altar". This is probably the remains of a wedge tomb, but it does not need much imagination to believe that a later Christian use was found for it during Penal times.

Close by we saw some form of smelting pit with much clinker in it that looked like iron.

And finally we were told later of tradition of a Famine mass grave at the same site, but this we did not see.

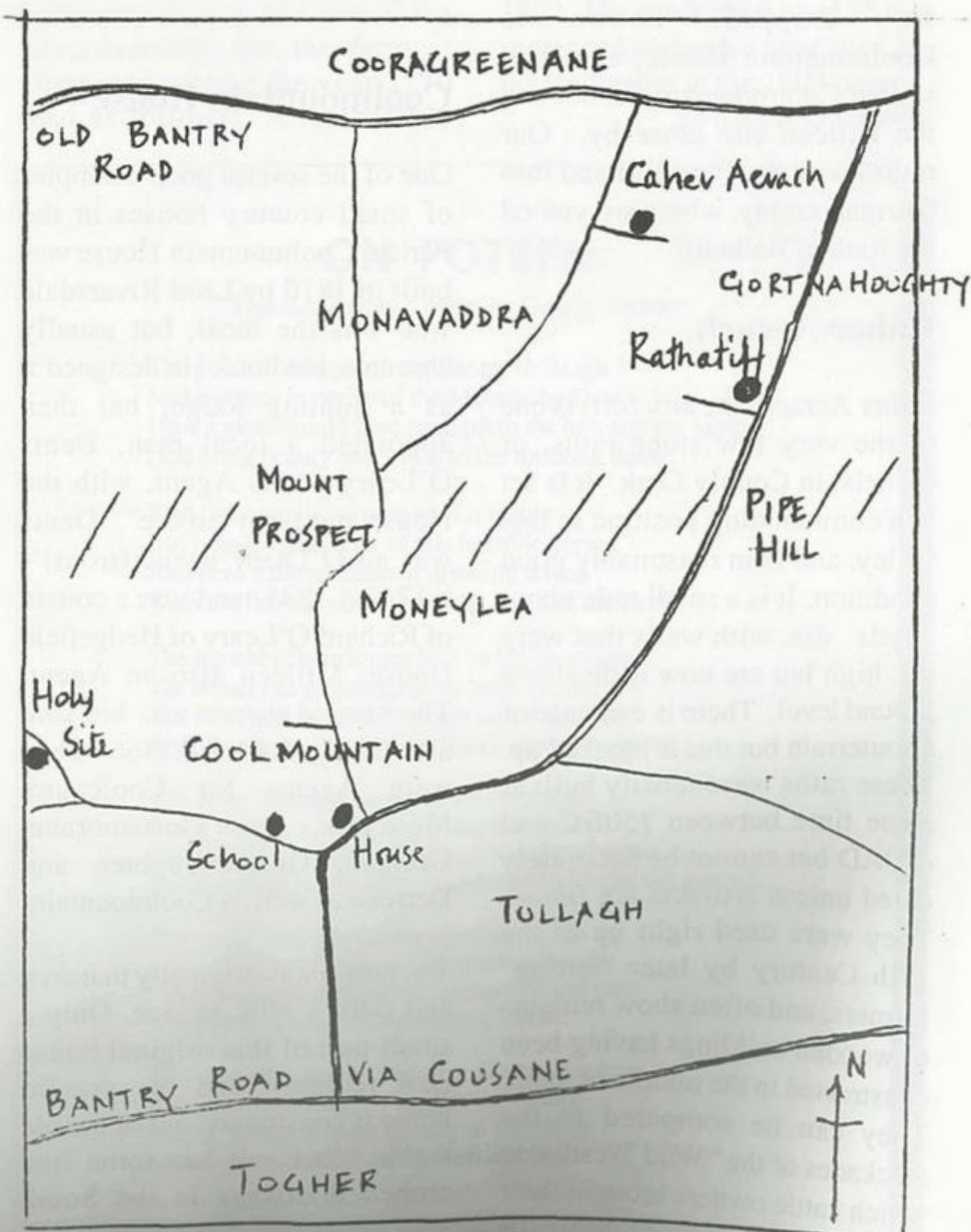
This is a most unusual and interesting site, obviously used for holy purposes in Pagan and later Christian times. It could do with further detailed investigation.

The Rath at Rathatiff.

Going North down Pipe Hill towards Inchigeelagh is this very fine Rath. Said to be named after an ancient chieftain called Tahiff or Fahiff, it is the more usual earth construction, about 44yds. dia x 6ft. high walls. It was surrounded by a ditch with an outer defence

wall (bivallate), part of which is in good condition. There is said to be a tunnel from the interior of the fort which surfaces in a field on the other side of the road, but it is now blocked off.

In 1640 this was the home of Daniel and Finin mac Teig og O'Leary, two brothers who also owned half of Monavaddra. At that time the townland of Gortnahoughtee was known as Rathatiff. It is shown in the Civil Survey as subject to a mortgage by Sir Jeffrey Galwey, a well known financial merchant in those days.



General Daniel Florence O'Leary

Soldier, Diplomat and Writer in South America.

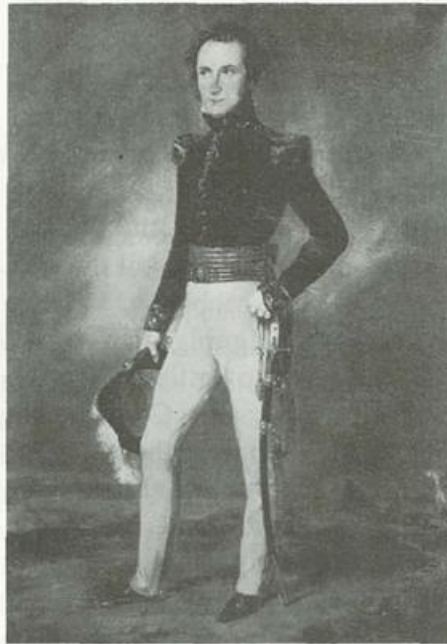
by Peter O'Leary

Daniel Florence O'Leary, of the South American Service, was a famous son of Cork in the 19th century. Today his name is seldom remembered in his native city, but is very much alive in Venezuela, Colombia and other states in the South American continent which he helped to their freedom from colonial rule.

Daniel was born in Cork City in January 1801, the eighth of the ten children of Jeremiah O'Leary, a butter merchant, and Catherine (née O'Leary). The family originated in Iveleary, which Daniel's gt. gd. father, Tadhg-na-Post O'Leary left in c.1725. Tadhg's son Florence was the first to move to Cork City where he established what was to become a very successful business. Jeremiah inherited this from his father, and it flourished further under his control. They bought butter from the farmers in the country districts, including Iveleary where they still had many friends and relations. Most of the butter was sold in bulk, in barrels, for supplying ships which took on stores in Cork harbour. This was good business until 1815 when the war with France finished. There immediately followed a terrible economic slump throughout Europe, with few ships coming in to Cork for provisioning, and thousands thrown out of work.

Daniel seems to have had a good education, possibly at Harringtons Academy near Cork. He was a bright boy with an aptitude for languages, and a love of literature

and the sciences. He was also a good horseman. At the age of 16 with the whole world in economic depression, and his father's business in ruins, his future must have seemed bleak. But he was attracted by advertisements which appeared in the press at that time for recruits to join the war of



liberation in South America, and the life of a soldier appealed to him.

The great war to liberate the Spanish Colonies from the power of Spain was being led by the famous General Bolívar, usually known as "The Liberator". Simon Bolívar (1783-1830) was an aristocrat, born in Venezuela, and from a family of Colonial Administrators and wealthy landowners. He had led a first uprising against the Spanish which ended in defeat and exile, but by 1817 had returned to his chosen task and was leading a new army of insurgents from his base

in Angostura in the mouth of the river Orinoco.

The insurgents decided to appeal for help from Europe, and Luis Méndez was sent to England to recruit for five new Regiments, including the "Red Hussars of Venezuela" to serve in South America. So it was that Daniel, equipped with a grand new uniform, and with only a Spanish grammar for reading, found himself in 1817 on the vessel "Prince" under the command of Colonel Henry Wilson bound for South America as an Ensign in the Hussars. The journey took five months and Daniel spent the time learning Spanish.

Many other Irishmen left their troubled country at this time to serve in the wars against Spain. They included Admiral O'Higgins in Chile, Admiral Wright in Ecuador, Admiral Brown in Argentine, Generals Sands and Burdett O'Connor with Bolívar. And of course there were many of lesser rank who served with distinction but whose names are not so well known.

Daniel was not enamoured of his new companions who mostly seemed to be the dregs of the European armies, now disbanded, seeking further spoils as mercenaries. There was fighting, drunkenness, debauchery, mutinies and mass desertions in the West Indies. When he finally arrived in Angostura Daniel took the first opportunity to obtain a transfer from the Hussars to a Venezuelan Regiment, the Guards

of General Anzotegui, where he came under the eye of Bolívar.

This war of liberation was fought by young men with young officers. Under Anzotegui Daniel was promoted to second Lieutenant before he was 18, and became a Captain and aide-de-camp one year later. It was a hard merciless war, fought by ill equipped, ragged, and poorly fed volunteers against the cream of the Spanish Colonial Army. There were forced marches through rivers and swamps and over 13,000 ft mountains, followed by pitched battles with no rest or respite. But although wounded at Pántano de Vargas (1819) Daniel was present at the great battle of Boyacá in the same year which freed New Granada from Spanish rule, and eight months later became aide-de-camp to Bolívar himself.

Other campaigns followed. In 1820 he was with Bolívar when he signed the armistice of Trujillo with the Spanish General Morillo, and he was in action again at the battle of Carabobo (1821) when the Spanish armies in Venezuela were defeated. The following year, 1822, it was the turn of Ecuador to be liberated when Bolívar's army defeated the Spanish at Pichincha on the mountain slopes overlooking Quito. For his valour at this battle Daniel was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and he was with Bolívar on the march to Guayaquil where the northern Liberator met and counselled with his southern counterpart, General José de San Martín.

Now in 1823 began the final push into Peru but Daniel missed the battle of Ayacucho in 1824 because he had been sent on a special mission to Chile. He was

now the principal aide-de-camp to the Liberator, a position he held until the latter's death. By 1825 the Spanish had been beaten, and a new state of Bolivia created. It was Bolívar's ambition to unite all the states of the North into one, New Granada, but unhappily this Union tottered precariously for five years before final disintegration. As with other Revolutions, when the main enemy, the Spanish colonial power had been defeated, the constituent countries could not agree politically amongst themselves, and eventually fell to squabbling, and even war with each other. Daniel was sent from Lima on a mission of conciliation to Bogotá and to Caracas. In 1828 he acted as Bolívar's personal representative at the great convention of Ocaña, but this did not resolve the problems. In 1829 he was campaigning in Peru and took part in the battle of Tarquí, and then was sent as Commander in Chief to suppress the revolt of General Cordova in Antioquía. In 1825 he was a Colonel, by 1829 a General de Brigada at the age of 28.

But the structure which Bolívar had tried to create was crumbling, and Bolívar himself, afflicted by tuberculosis, died in Santa Marta in 1830 with only a few of his faithful Generals, including Daniel, at his bedside.

It is sad to relate that Bolívar, although achieving the freedom from Spanish colonial rule of half a Continent, was unsuccessful in leaving a united and peaceful region, which to this day is broken into its constituent parts, and has had nearly two centuries of subsequent turbulent history.

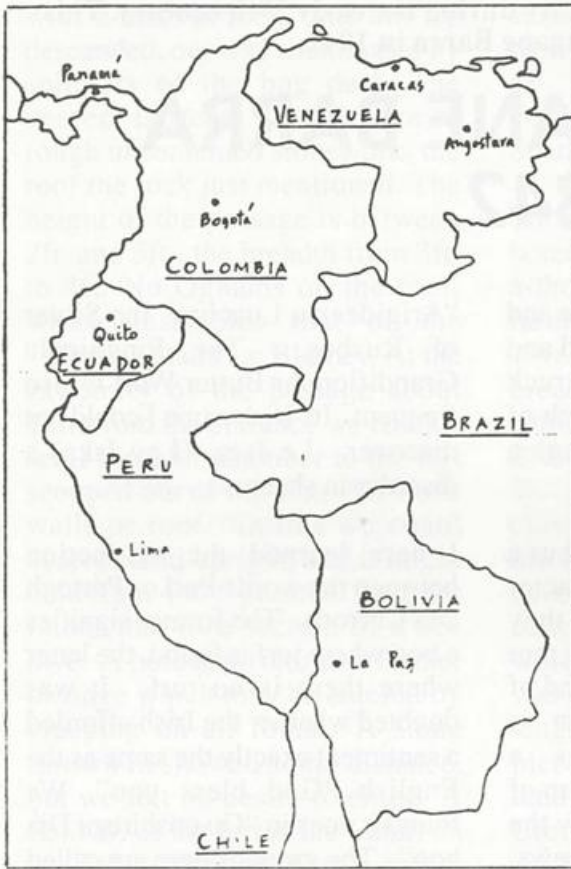
There were many other soldiers of fortune who came to fight in these

wars, including large numbers from Ireland. One who met O'Leary during the campaigns, was Morgan O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell, our own "Liberator".

General O'Leary was married in 1828 to a lady from Caracas, Soledad Soublette, a sister of General Carlos Soublette. They were to have five sons and four daughters, and many of their descendants still live in Colombia and Venezuela. Four of his children were sent to Europe to be educated, and one of them, his second son Carlos, later had a son, also called Daniel Florence, who eventually settled in England, founding a family there.

Following the death of Bolívar, there was a strong anti-Bolivarian feeling in political circles in South America, and Daniel fled the country with his wife and family and went to Kingston, Jamaica. There he entered into trade, but was not successful in this venture. By 1833 the atmosphere had improved in Caracas and the family returned there, the second son, Carlos, being actually born on board the ship that took them home. They soon decided to move to Bogotá, in Colombia, which is high in the mountains, and has a mild humid climate not unlike his beloved native Cork.

Daniel now had a General's pension to live on, but looking for a second career, decided to try to enter the British Diplomatic Service in his new homeland in the Consular office. In those early days of the Union he was of course a British citizen, but he had a hard struggle to persuade the British authorities to accept his application because he was a Catholic.



In 1834 Generals Montilla and O'Leary were invited to form a Grand Colombian Diplomatic mission to Europe which was sent to negotiate the restoration of normal relations with European countries, obtain recognition from Spain and renegotiate the terms of the loan which had been raised to fund the war. Daniel travelled extensively between London, Paris, Madrid and Rome during this period, and in 1837 was chargé d'affaires to the Vatican and Gregory XVI. This mission took five years, and he did not return to South America until 1839. During this period Daniel made one visit to Cork in 1834 to see his family, but sadly his father, Jeremiah had recently died in Cook Street. A Civic Reception in Cork was adroitly avoided, but before returning to London he visited Daniel O'Connell at Derrynane.

His visit to London bore some fruit, when he met Lord Palmerston who was Foreign

Secretary and in charge of overseas appointments. In 1841 he was appointed acting Consul for the British at Caracas and Consul at Puerto Caballo later the same year. In 1843 he became chargé d'affaires and consul-general at Bogotá. In this capacity his citation stated that as a Catholic he could not read Baptism or Marriage services, but allowed him to officiate at Funerals!

It appears that the rigours of the war had taken a toll of Daniel also, and he was a sick man when he made his second visit to Europe in

1852/53. He spent part of this trip visiting various health centres and taking "cures", including Bath and Malvern. These did not do him much good and soon after his return to Bogotá he died there of an "apoplexy" in 1854, aged 53. Probably his early youth in Cork had even more to do with his premature death, since only one of his siblings survived him, most having died in their 20s or early 30s. Cork City in those days was not a healthy place to live in.

Daniel's other interest was in the literary field. He wrote copious diaries describing conditions during the war, many of which we still have. He also collected every scrap of paper and document concerning Bolívar with the intention of writing his biography. These papers included a large collection from Bolívar's personal files which the great man, at his deathbed, had ordered to be destroyed. For 24 years he worked at this task, with the object of confounding those who

were vilifying Bolívar's reputation.

The result of this scholarship was the "Memorias del General O'Leary", in 32 volumes, published eventually by his son Simon in 1888. This now constitutes the major and definitive work on the life and achievements of the "Liberator" who he so much admired.

The Memorias were republished as a limited edition by the Government of Venezuela in 1983, to commemorate the 200th Anniversary of the birth of Bolívar. One of these sets was presented to our University College of Cork as a gesture to the birthplace of Daniel Florence, and is now to be found in the Boole Library. Daniel himself was a keen Scientist, and made a lifelong collection of flora and fauna during his travels in South America. He also presented these to UCC (or Queens College as it was then called) during a visit to Cork in 1852, but this has since been lost.

With the passing of time, all the South American nations became conscious of the great service rendered to them, and there arose a great feeling of gratitude to the "Liberator". In 1842 a massive basilica to his memory was erected in Caracas, modelled on the Pantheon of Napoleon in Paris, and also called the Pantheon. Here Bolivar lies buried in great state, and is much revered by modern generations.

Alongside him in the Pantheon, at the four corners of his tomb, are four of his Generals and close friends, one of them being Daniel Florence O'Leary, from Cork City.

John Windele was a well known historian who lived in Cork City during the early 19th century. This describes in his own words, his visit to Gougane Barra in 1842.

MY VISIT TO GOUGANE BARRA AUGUST 1842

by John Windele

Having not been at Gougane for some years back, and having collected some Memoranda of Antiquities in this neighbourhood, Abell and I started this evening to Macroom. We slept at Edward Sullivan's "Rathleigh" 22nd. August. This morning after breakfast we left accompanied by ES after having visited the few remains of Dundareirke Castle. Gaorha at one side a long reach of low wooded islands thro which the Lee sluggishly winds in many a lazy channel. This is an aboriginal wood principally of oak, hazel, holly etc. The trees reach no height. When their roots reach the water they speedily decay and give place to young shoots. Bullrush and Waterlily are abundant in Gaorha as also the wild garlic whose flavor is imparted to the cows who feed on it.

Two vallies lie in view, that through which a new road from Ballingearry to Ballyvourney, not yet finished, runs beside the Ballingearry stream. Up this we

proceeded on foot about a mile and a half. Then quitting the road and crossing the stream we struck through the bogland in search of the old Church of Ahirish (Agh a rus?).

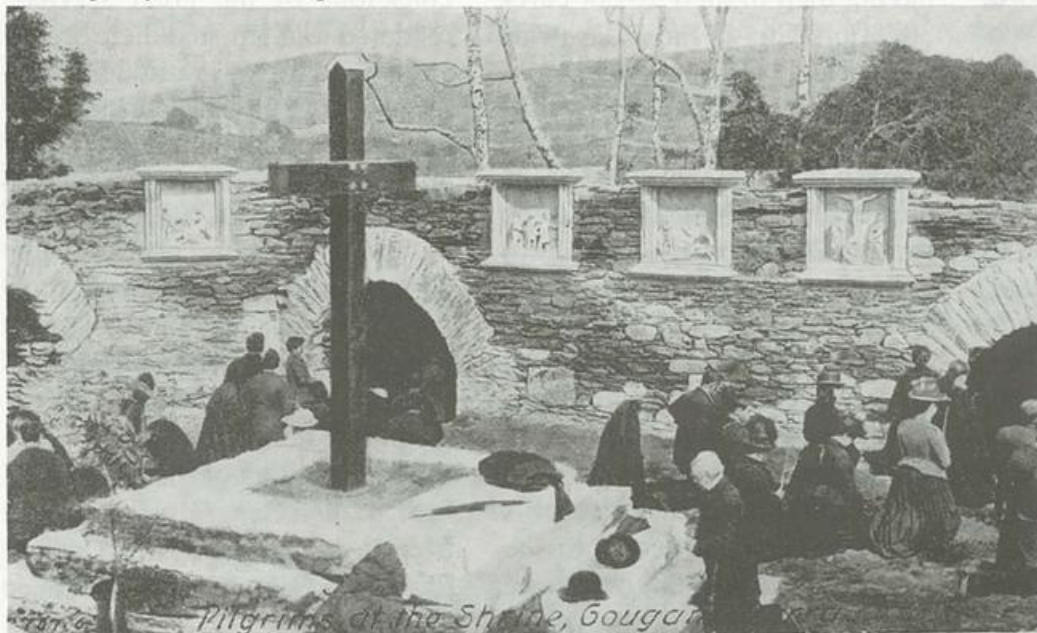
In our way our guides showed us a plant of rather a rushy character called "gougha" which they anglicised "gout". It is rather rare and they say the cows are fond of it; but the effect on them is destructive. It produces a complaint which deprives them of the use of the fore feet below the knee joint contracting the sinews. And then they may be seen feeding kneeling, the milk becomes deteriorated and the animal ematiated and in about three months she dies. The remedy is rather easy - removal to good pasture. Coom-Maclavane and Scrahanagown, near Ballyvourney are marked in the Returns of the Poor Law Valuators as "Gouty" and therefore valueless. The "Meadow Sweet" was here abundant. Its Irish name I found is

"Arigideen a Luachra" the Silver of Rushes. The Pinguicola Grandiflora or Butter Wort is also frequent. Its Irish name I could not discover. Le Isca, (Lay Iska) a disorder in sheep.

I here learned the distinction between the words Purl or Purtoogh and Curroch. The former signifies a bog where turf is found, the latter where there is no turf. It was doubted whether the Irish afforded a sentiment exactly the same as the English "God bless you". We found it does in "Go coshirega Dia hoo". The grounds here are called Gurteenakella and Bawna-thoumple. The old Church we found a ruin situated on a slight eminence above the stream within a small cemetery where children only are interred. We searched the cemetery for Ogham but found none. The Church is an oblong of small demensions; the walls built without any cement, the masonry having no pre-tensions to a polygon or cyclopean character. Its windows were an oblong ape over

the altar, and another of a similar kind in the S. wall. The door was in the same wall, but its place is now a ruined void. In the N. and W. wall there was no opening. The whole wall and interistices were covered with the wild mountain London Pride. The building lies E.S.E. by W.N.W.

Our next point was Cahir-na-caha. The fort as it is called is not visible, but its souterrain is covered



Pilgrims at the Shrine, Gougane Barra

with a mass of rock. Into this we descended, our way illuminated by splinters of the bog deal. The descent is steep, the sides are of rough uncemented stonework, the roof the rock just mentioned. The height of the passage is between 2ft. and 3ft., the breadth from 3ft. to 4ft. No Oghams on the roof, which resembles that of the "Witches Stairs" at Blarney. At the extremity of the passage about 12ft. from the entrance we reach a semi-circular chamber to the left scooped out of the soil. No stone walls or roof. In this we could nearly stand upright, and it might hold from 4 to 5 persons. Its form rather that of a section of a bee hive. A hole in this forms a further passage which may be entered by creeping on all fours. A stone thrown in showed some distance, but we felt no desire to enter. A field W. of the fort is the Cahir, on a slight elevation and recently planted, the circular uncemented wall is low and extremely ruinous, no where any portion of it perfect. The area is 45 paces in diameter. The land here is the best in this wild craggy moorland.

In view was Derra-na-Bowka, the "End of the Spancell" denominated from a woman who after milking her cow forgot her spancell after her. When missed, her husband went for it and found

at one end a hole in the ground in which lay a crock of gold, which of course enriched them. Fortunate for them, was the Spancells end.

We now struck into a winding boreen which led us over to Bawn-a-thoumple where to the rere of a farm house stood a noble Gallaun 19ft. in height over the surface, breadth 4:3 thickness 1:6. It was clothed with lichens. Its faces look E. and W. with an inclination to the W. At a distance it looks like a tall chimney shaft. It bears no inscription. A larger pillar stone I have not before seen. A few fields further is another large Gallaun, which falling some years since, was broken in two. The combined length of both pieces is 24ft. One piece is 14ft. the other 10ft. The land is called Knock-a-gullane. Cronin one of the farmers who civilly acted as our guide told us the usual legend of Fion, being about erecting a palace when an invasion of the Danes compelled him to summon his absent Fenii, each of whom flung down his load-a Gallaun-where he was, hasted away. Abell whose boast it is that he never heard a story that he has not one to match, related his version which was, that the devil flying over Ireland having an apron full of stones could not resist the holy influence of the blessed

soil. His apron gave way and through the holes the stones fell out dotting the whole Island it his progress. This set Cronin in a horse laugh which Abell kept up by an "Americanism", monstrous enough.

Passing by a pretty cottage shaded in a small grove which relieves agreeably the monotony of these wilds, we ascended in search of the "Thuoma" or tomb, a most steep and rugged arm of the mountain which forms the Eastern limit of Gougane Barra. Our course led over swamps and tussocks intermixed with vast ledges of rock or broken masses of wild and lichened cliffs which towered on high above us. The ascent was laborious. At a farm house which lay in our way we obtained another guide who seemed somewhat annoyed by our refusal to partake of his proffered milk. He quickly brought us to the Thuoma which lay on a lonely flat at the N.W. side of the eminence which we had obtained, Gougane we were told, lying about a mile and a half in the same direction.

The Tomb, or more properly speaking, the Cromlec, consists of three ranges of pillar stones somewhat between 3 and 4 ft. high, some even of a lesser height, supporting two incumbent stones, and as the 3 pillars at the North end suport nothing now, and a large stone lies on the ground at a little in advance. I conjecture that a third incumbent stone covered them. The monument runs from E. to W. The Western stone measures in length 6.4 in breadth 5.9. The Eastern stone in length 9.10 in breadth 5.8. Its greatest thickness is about 1ft. Of the 3 front uncovered pillar stones one is in height 3.9 another 3.4.



DRIVE Gougane Barra. CRUISE OF ST. FINN BARR. CO. CORK.

JUDGE

We could obtain no information respecting this tomb, as it is called. What a Gaiskeeach or hero lies buried beneath it, appeared the thing probable to the peasantry, but beyond that conjecture its history or object is even lost to tradition so remote is the time when its object was known. The term Cromleac they had never heard. Neither would they call it a Leacht.

Leaving Caom Curra Bhualla we descended to Ballingearry thro rugged passes and failing swamps. Where we recruited at the house of Mrs Cronin or Twomy a small wayside "Public". She afforded us a room for the display of our commissariat and well and sufficiently did we apply ourselves to the discussion of the "Provent" which our hospitable host E.Sullivan had in his foresight laid up for our use.

After dinner we were again on the road and at the entrance to the Pass of Kaom-an-eigh we left our car and proceeded to examine that wild and wondrous Pass. It is somewhat about half of the length of the Gaps of Dunloe and is certainly inferior to it in water in altitude of mountain etc. but it is still a wild and striking scene.

The Eagles Nest is a singularly bold rock and the whole sides have a rentlike abruptness truly remarkable. The road ascends very considerably in fact tho it seems rather level en passant and towards the Western termination of the Pass it attains its summit level the waters at either side taking contrary courses one for Bantry Westwards, the other for the Lee Eastwards. Soon after this severance the ravine ceases and opens up into a broad mountain valley but to say then, or in any other part of it, a view of Bantry Bay might be obtained is sheer nonsense and yet into this error I fell in my article on Gougane Barra published in Bolsters

Magazine in 1828. I believe that that was owing to placing reliance on the assertion of others-enthusiasts of rather fanciful tendencies. This view can be obtained from the high ground above the Pass. The mountains lay either side of the pass are to the right Derreen a Glaisha to the left Doochyl ie. Dark Wood, but no tree now grows there. On this last is the scene of the "Battle" fought I think in 1828 during the "agrarian insurrection" in which Lord Bantry commanded the law forces and some daring youth (whose name Caesar Otway in his exaggerated account could not give) that of the poor deluded rustics. See Otways Sketches of South Ireland.

We tried to take our vehicle into the lake but after a 1/4 miles progress the breaking of a trace rewarded us for our temerity and were obliged to give in. We found the fishing lodge hastening to ruin, the roof partly fallen in. In O'Mahony's Hermitage we found the flagstone which covers his remains so worn by the penitents that but few of the letters remain. This Hermitage was originally arched over, but the arch has disappeared. Near it is the cemetery. The interments are almost all those of infants. We observed but two graves of adults. The fabrics of several tents remain at a short distance, that is a wall of stones about 2ft. high from which sprung hoop like branches on which on every Saturday evening quilts, blankets are thrown, that being the vigil when pilgrims still (despite the reclamations of the clergy) resort to this place. On the Island the remains are of the little Church, its little convent to the East, the great Quadrangle of the Pilgrims to the West. The eight arches of this last are all semicircles and cement surface, from the platform of steps the recent wooden cross has been removed; cast down by tempest probably and broken. On a fallen

tree several spancils are tied, and a pair of crutches all offerings for restored Sanity to "Man beast", brought hither in belief: The Church strangely lies N. and S. which we ascertained by a pocket compass, its side walls very ruinous, its Southern wall contains the doorway, a low double semicircular ape above which are the remains of a splayed window open at the head; in front of this door was an avenue of trees partly still remaining-leading to the water side, some of the trees on the Island are stricken. Our last act was to set up a large stone on which has been inscribed a historic account descriptive of the place with the prayers appointed to be said at the several stations, the number of Paters and Aves to be repeated etc. As aids to these prayers, and answering the purpose of beads the Pilgrims use small branches of trees, which they notch, each notch to represent a prayer, the thumb nail being inserted while the Pater etc. is being repeated. We found the ground covered with these tally sticks of Heavens Exchequer. I felt no scruple in appropriating one of two specimens for our Museum. It was 8 o'clock and dusk when we quitted the Island and bawled our "farewells" to elicit the answers from the echoes of Faorlte and the Eagles Nest. Whether from the state of atmosphere or something else the echoes were poor and but badly rewarded the exertions of our verbal abilities. At 11 o'clock we reached "Rathleigh" where we slept, and at the same hour on the following morning we reached Cork by the public car which keeps the Southern by Castlemore, Kilcrea and Ballincollig.

Editor's note: The agrarian insurrection mentioned above occurred in 1822 not in 1828, details of the insurrection can be found in Iris 1 (1993). The Irish for "Butter Wort" is Liath Uisce.

THE BATTLE OF AHAKEERA

1601 A.D.

by Peter O'Leary

The following is an extract from Thomas Stafford's "Pacata Hibernia" written in 1663.

"The Province being reduced to this passe (as you have heard) the Irish having now no other Enemy to oppungne, beginne to goe together by the eares amongst themselues, for certaine of Donoghe Moyle Mac Cartie (sonne to Sir Owen Mac Cartie Reyghe) his people, following the track of some Cowes that had beene stollen from them into Muskerry, the Olearies assembled themselves to the number of one hundred or thereabouts, and following the Carties (who were by this time returned into Carbery) at last overtooke them, and without many words gaue the On-set, the other stoutly resisted, betweene whom there passed a short, but sharpe skirmish, wherein were slaine Olerie, the Head of that Sept, and ten others the Chiefe of his family, with some more of lesse note, and of the Carties, Finin Mac Owen his Brother dangerously wounded,, with some few slaine of his part. Cormock Mac Dermond Lord of Muskery, much grieved with the slaughter of the Oleries, his Followers, was an earnest Sutor to the Councell, that he might be permitted to revenge this losse upon the Carties in Carbery; some there were that thought it not unfit to accord unto his demands; because which party soever should prevaile, yet should not the Queene loose a good Subject: But the President would by no means yeeld thereunto, lest the hot prosecution of these particular grievances, might kindle the coales of some further mischiefe, in giving occasion of distast to the now reconciled Subjects"

This most interesting little extract tells us, in short, that in 1601 there was a brief but bloody battle in Ahakeera between about 100 of the O'Learys, led by O'Leary himself, and MacCarthy Reaghs led by Donnchadh Maol, eldest son of Sir Owen, the recently deceased MacCarthy Reagh. The O'Learys came off the worst with O'Leary being killed,

together with 10 other senior members of the family. It is also interesting to examine this little bit of local history in the light of events which were taking place at that time.

We have to start with the wider national scene. Art macConogher O'Leary, of Carrignaneelagh, had been O'Leary since 1572 when he succeeded his father Conogher although the latter lived on for a further 4 years in retirement. Art seems to have been a quiet peaceable man, well liked and successful in the conditions of peace which then prevailed. But in 1592 the Great Hugh O'Neill was starting his campaign to build up an Army of the Irish to challenge the power of England in the Country. It was essential for O'Neill to consolidate the Chieftains behind his flag, and inevitably this led to an examination of the suitability of these Chieftains for the warlike tasks which lay ahead. Many were not up to the standard required, and this included Art O'Leary who was thought to be too weak and old. In 1592, under pressure from O'Neill, Art resigned his chieftaincy and spent his last 5 years in his home of Carrignaneelagh tower house. In his place his next brother, Auliffe Ruadh of Mannen was elected Chieftain. Auliffe was in fact only a few years younger than Art. He was however a very different character to his brother, with red hair and a fiery, turbulent and aggressive nature which made him more suitable as a wartime leader. At the election the white rod of office was conferred, by custom, by the O'Leary's liege Lord, Cormac macDermod MacCarthy, Lord Muskerry.

We do not know whether this change of Chieftain was any value to O'Neill in his subsequent campaign. Cormac MacCarthy nominally supported the Queen in an effort to retain his extensive lands, and although this policy was opposed by all his followers, and most of his sons and family, the result was that there was little effective aid to O'Neill from Muskerry, the best support coming from the tribes in Carbery.

Stafford expresses the general feeling of the English that peace had been restored by early 1601. Towards the end of 1599 O'Neill had marched South with a huge army and set up camp at Iniscarra. By April 1600 he had returned to Ulster and the danger was thought to be over. The English reorganised their war effort, Carew was made President of Munster and Mountjoy the new Lord Deputy. There was much jockeying for power, and taking up of positions; and much burning of corn and other reprisals against the non-cooperating tribes. In fact O'Neill was only waiting for the Spanish to arrive, and when this happened towards the end of 1601 he returned South in force with O'Donnell. The final episode, of course, was the disastrous battle of Kinsale at Christmas 1601.

So during 1601 there was a period of false peace, which apparently encouraged many to return to normal conditions, including the tradition of cattle raids on their neighbours. Were the O'Learys the actual rustlers? We do not know but it seems probable. Certainly Auliffe reacted as one would have expected when the cattle were taken back by a war party of their original owners. An O'Leary war party was assembled and this resulted in the battle. Ahakeera is 5 miles to the North East of Dunmanway and O'Crowley country. In fact O'Crowley's castle was there. The O'Crowleys were a fierce and warlike tribe. They had been brought down to Carbery during the 13th.c. from Connacht, to act as soldiers (buannachta) for MacCarthy Reagh. The main

slaughter at Ahakeera was thought to have come from the O'Crowleys. The O'Learys were probably led into a trap by driving the cattle past O'Crowley's castle.

We do not know the full casualty list, but it certainly included Auliffe Ruadh, and his younger brother Conogher; Tadhg eldest son of Art of Carrignaneelagh was also slain as were an uncle, Tadhg, and two brothers of Tadhg Meirgeach of Carrignacurra, Domhnall and Art.

Despite this heavy loss of life amongst the ruling family, they managed to find a new leader without any problem when, later the same year, Donnchadh the third son of Conchobhar and 3rd. brother after Art and Auliffe, was elected O'Leary and took up residence in Mannen. Strangely, Donnchadh married one of the O'Crowleys, Alice daughter of Dermot macTadhg O'Crowley of Toom in Carbery. This marriage took place long before the battle. Donnchadh was known as an Ghaorthaidhe. He was responsible for building Dromcarra tower house for his residence in 1625, and he remained Chieftain, and lived in Dromcarra, until his death in 1638.



Seán Mór an Fheadhaigh

Bhí Seán Mór an Fheadaigh ina chómhnuidhe ar Dhoire an Lonaigh tímpeall cead bliadhain ó shoin. Duine de mhuintir Cróinín dab' eadh é. Bhí sé an-mhór agus an-láidir. Bhí na feirmeóirí tímpeall na háite seo an-bocht agus bhí sé an deachair obair d'fhagail. Bhí an bóthar á dheanamh ó Bheanntraighe go Cill Garbháin an uair sin agus do bhí Seán ag obair air. Do théigeadh sé treasna an chnuich gach maidin ag siubhal agus é cos-nochtaithe. Ní raibh ach tuistiún i n-aghaidh an lae aige ar a chuid saothar.

Lá amháin do theastuigh ó'n bhfear stiúrtha leach mhór do chuir treasna línntéara. Dúbhairt sé go bhfanfadh sé go dtí go mbeadh na fir go léir le céile aige sar a dtabharfadh sé fé an leac d'aistriúgadh. D'íarr Sheán de cad chuige na fir go léir, go bhféadfadh sé féin í d'iomchar nuair a bhí sé níos óige. "Agus ambas", ar sé, "bhéidir go ndéanfainn anois féin é". Dubhairt an t-uachtarán go mbhainfeadh sé úair a chluig dá lá oibre. Sé sin go bhféadfadh sé leath-úair a cluig breise do codhladh ar maidin agus do sgaoilfeadh sé abhaile é leath-úair níos tuisce um' tráthnóna dá n-éirigheadh leis an gaisce sin a dheanamh. Do thóg Seán an leach gan aon duadh agus go sgaoil sé síos go h-aicillidhe í san áit, 'nar theastuigh sí ó'n maor. Do sheasaimh an maor le 'na geallamhain agus bhí úair a chloigh sa ló saor ag Seán.

Tógta ón'a "Schools Manuscript" 1937-38

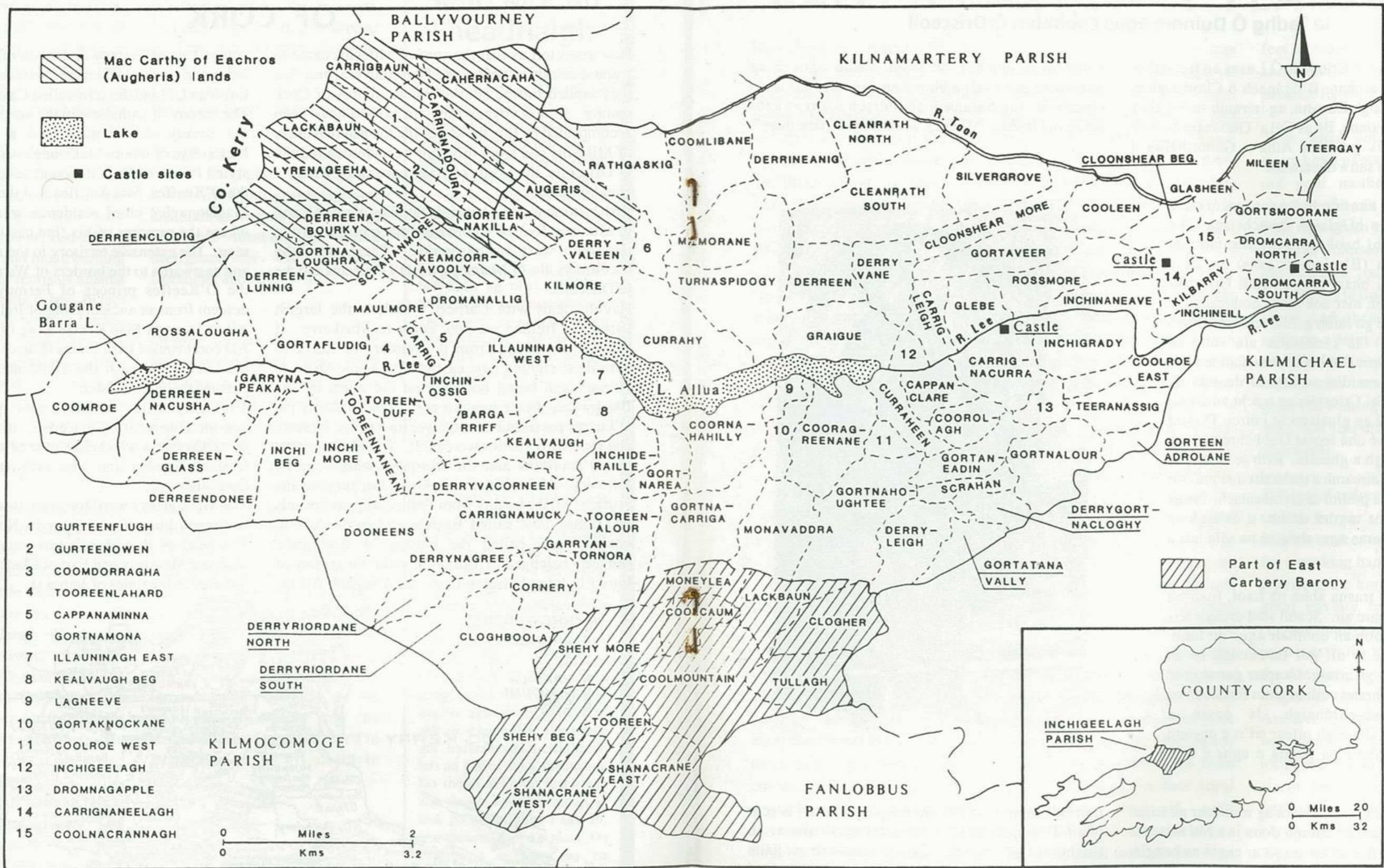


Figure 7.1 Inchigeela parish.

Bás Criostóir Ó Luasa

le Tadhg Ó Duinnin agus Caoimhín Ó Drisceoil

Sa bhliain 1920 bhí Criostóir Ó Luasa ag freastal ar Choláiste na Mumhan. B'ógánach ó Chorcaigh é, mar bhall d'óglaigh Eireann, ag iarraidh snas a chur ar a chuid Ghaelainne. Ba as Cúl a' Ghrianáin a athair agus mar sin is go Béal Atha'n Ghaorthaidh a tháinig sé chun san a dhéanamh.

Dár ndóigh, san aimsir mhíshocair san, ní raibh sé de nós ag na hOglaigh fanacht sna tithe istoíche mar bhí baol ann go ndéanfadh na Dubhchrónaigh (Black and Tans) an áit a chuardach. Dá bharr seo, chodail Criostóir amuigh faoin aer, mar aon lena comhleacaithe ar fud na tíre, cé go raibh gaolta leis lonnaithe i dTuirín Dubh. Is i mBéilic ata suite sa bhforaois i dTuirín Dubh a chur sé faoi le titim na hoíche. Ar maidin an 20ú lá de mhí na Samhna 1920 bhí Criostóir ag teacht anuas ón bpluais. Agus é ag gluaiseacht i dtreo Thuirín Dubh chonaic sé dhá leoraí Dubhchrónach ag déanamh ar thigh a ghaolta. Rith sé ar nós na gaoithe chun foláireamh a thabhairt do mhuintir an tí, go raibh na póilíní ar an mbealach. Nuair a bhí an nuacht tugtha dóibh, d'éalaigh sé amach an cúl doras agus thóg sé na sála leis a dtreo Charraig.

Agus é ag éalú trasna abha na Laoi, fuair na saighdiúirí radharc air. Scaoil siad urchair leis ón gclai ar thaobh an bhóthair agus ón loraí. Bhí an rath air to dtí gur thrasnaigh sé an bhóthán thuas i gCarraig. Ceaptar gur stop sé taobh thiar de chrann cuilinn chun feachaint cá raibh na dubh-chrónaigh. Is ansan a lámhachadh é. Chuaigh piléar trí'n a cheann agus is ann a fuair na gaolta é agus é fuar marbh.

Bhí an rí-rá tugtha faoi ndeara ag muintear na háite. Ní raibh fhios acu cé chomh dona is a bhí an scéal ach chuireadar fios ar an sagart ar eagla na heagla. Thugadar aghaigh ar Charraig ansin chun Criostóir a lorg. Cúis bróin mhóir do bhean an tí, é a d'fháil faoin dtor chuilinn agus é sínte gan anam - marbh.

An sagart in Uibh Laoghaire san am sin abea an tAthair Ó Donnchú. Sé an módh taistil a bhí aige - mar ba ghnách an uair sin - ná an rothar. Bhí sé ag

déanamh a dhíchill ón sráid bhaile agus é ag rothaíocht siar nuair a bhuaíl an dá leoraí leis ar an mbealach. Lig Sasanach gliondrach scairt as agus iad ag dul thairis. "There's work for you back there".



Leiríodh an meas a bhí ar an óganach, thart is scór blian d'aois, nuair a' d'fhreastal na sluaite ar an tsochraid i gCorcaigh. Tá omós muintir na háite sofheicthe fós - tá cros ar an laithreán ina bhfuair sé bás agus glaotar 'Luceys Cave' fós ar an bpluais inar chodail sé. Tá leacht curtha suas i dTuirín Dubh le deanaí chun an eachtra a chomóradh agus lamh leis tá leacht do Ian McKenzie Kennedy ar a nglaoití "Scottie." Tá an bheirt acu curtha sa "Republican Plot" i gCorcaigh. Beannacht Dé le na n'anam uasal.

BALLINGEARY FIFTY YEARS AGO

Now that I have recently become a reluctant and perhaps radical sexagenarian I feel semi-qualified to ramble nostalgically back ar bhóithrín na smaointe to the little village I knew half a century ago, the little village of which we learned at school, was equidistant from the towns of Macroom, Bantry and Dunmanway. How can I ever forget! The physical appearance has changed immensely, for the better I must say, in the long intervening years which passed so quickly. The way of life is by no means the same but what registers with me personally is that most of the residents of the thirties and forties have long since gone ar shlí na fírinne - 'that's life' as they say. I say 'that's death' or perhaps 'the changing of the guard'.

The Boys' National School which I attended and the then Girls' National School have been replaced in the interim. When we wrote in our essays that "our school was built in 1898, a century after the Wexford Rebellion" little did we visualise that it would be replaced by a new co-educational building on a greenfield site in our lifetimes. For the record, the teachers in the boys' school at the time were Pádraig Ó Suibhne and Máire Ní Shuibhne (no relations) and the teachers in the girls' school were Nóra Ní Chroinin and Bean Uí Ghealbháin. The enrolment in the boys' school was usually in the

low fifties. Schooling was compulsory until the age of fourteen, and unlike the present system, there were seventh and eighth classes at the time. Some older person might ask one then: "What book are you in now garsún?" There was no laxity in school attendance enforcement and the local gárdaí were very vigilant indeed - what with visits to houses even for brief student absences. Included in the gárdaí's other duties at the time were a look out for obnoxious weeds such as thistle, ragweed and dock. And of course if you wanted to buy a tin of golden syrup on your way home from school you had to get a permit in the barracks first and then present it to the shopkeeper. That is if you hadn't already been lucky enough to have chewed your liquorice pipe or if you were not looking forward to a few bolmacs from your mug of Van Houten's cocoa before going to blanket street. And if the day was wet, you didn't wear your wellingtons for the simple reason that there were none. You wore your heavy strong hob-nailed leather boots which had been made by one of the four local shoemakers. And if your treasured boots were damp you put a few small red cadhráns from the fire into them and see-sawed them to and fro for a few minutes until they were dry within. And of course many went to school barefoot for a good part of the year which made the soles of their

feet as tough as táth fhéithleann and which was also involuntary penance for their invisible souls.

Then when your suit with its short-knee pants was well worn out your mother bought "the makings of a suit and trimmings". This was given to Mr. Kelly the tailor of Johnstown who visited the village occasionally for "orders". He duly measured his client and then called around again at a later date to "fit" the suit. He later made any necessary adjustments and the anxious period of waiting ended when the span new suit arrived some time afterwards.

Talking of tailors, another visitor to the farmer's place was the harness-maker who spent a few days working hard in an outhouse repairing the horses' harness - a great novelty for the farmer's curious family who tried, usually unsuccessfully, to steal a peep at the rare work and marvelled at the magic of the canny craftsman. Another interesting craft which was practised by some handy locals was that of basketmaker. A cis or ciseog was made by the interweaving of sally rods or twigs. Baskets could be used for taking eggs to the market but the cis which was taken on the back was used for carrying turnips or turf and the ciseog was also used for carrying turf or potatoes.

Friday morning was market

morning and the location was near Hurley's shop. The local people sold their fowl, eggs and rabbits to visiting traders. The fair was held once a month (on the second Tuesday if I remember rightly) - pigs and bonhams on the street and cattle in the fairfield behind Shortens. Then of course there was the inspection of bulls at pre-arranged times. There was great excitement too when a young unmanageable colt was being shod for the first time in the local forge. The day that several wooden cart wheels were being shod with iron bands near the bridge was also very enjoyable for the observant garsún or passerby. (Teenagers were not referred to in those times).

This was a time when the way of life was simple but wholesome, when there were no televisions or videos or no electrical gadgets whatsoever. Rural electrification as it was called didn't reach Ballingearry until 1955 and I consider this and the arrival of TV to be the two agents which had the greatest impact for change on the culture and lifestyle of the people. It is hard for those who were born in Ballingearry after 1955 to imagine what life was like in the candle and oil-lamp age before then. People went to each other's houses scoruiochting at night to entertain each other with singing, storytelling (very often about fairies or about people who were 'with the fairies'), talking of 'old times' or 'tracing relations', and as they say nowadays 'the craic was mighty'. Sometimes a few records were played on the

gramophone which had to be wound up now and then (with a handle) during the performance.

There were about three telephones in Ballingearry some fifty years ago, and no doubt the workings and the magic of the phone were marvelled at. One wise man tried to explain to another how the telephone worked by comparing it to a dog. "If you stand on a dog's tail", he said, "its the other end of the animal that reacts. Now imagine a very big dog with his head in Illaninagh and his tail in Dromanallig - if you stand on his tail he will bark in Illaninagh. That is how the telephone works!" Perhaps as good an explanation as any to the curious layman.

Football matches were played in Jack Leary's field in Inchinossig and the local sports were held in the field behind Johnny Learys. The travelling circus was housed in a temporary canvas tent in Dick Cotter's field in Kilmore. Dances took place on Sunday evenings on the concrete platform up near the quay wall on the banks of the Bunsheelan. And let us not forget the visiting gaiscíoch who bared his back and lay down on some protruding nails or broken glass on the main street on an occasional Sunday after Mass. He was hailed in awe by all. And no doubt a few pence found their way into his inverted cap.

In those days Ballingearry folk went DOWN to Inchigeela and went BACK Keimaneigh. They went UP Gurteenakilla but went OVER to Kealvaugh. They went SOUTH to Dunmanway but they

went INTO Macroom or INTO Cork. I was twelve years of age before going into Cork for the first time, believe it or not.

World War II was in full swing in the period about which I write and it certainly had a local impact. Imported foods such as bananas and oranges were no longer available and the quality of some indigenous foods suffered - white bread was no longer as white as it used to be for example and writing paper quality disimproved, in fact it was National Economy policy that envelopes be re-used by affixing gummed lables and tearing the label rather than the envelope when opening so that the envelope could be re-used as often as possible. Tea and sugar were rationed and people could only buy a limited amount on production of the coupons from their ration books. And unlike the present 'setaside' there was 'compulsory tillage'.

People were not so happy with any overhead aircraft in case of bombs being dropped - a sense of war was in the air if you pardon the pun. The 'progress' of the war was monitored daily in school with chalk lines on the map of Europe to indicate the movement of troops. The Local Security Force of L.S.F. as it was called was to be seen regularly drilling on the village street or engaged in 'manoeuvres' in the surrounding countryside. Road blocks were set up at certain points on roads which were mostly untarred at the time. These were heaps of large

stones which were built in the form of rectangular prisms at the roadside. As a result no extra wide vehicles could pass through. I remember a particular one being built above Gurteenakilla bridge. I also remember having a dread of conscription being enforced but thankfully this did not happen. And mention of stone built road blocks reminds me of seeing perhaps twenty men sitting cross-legged on a heap of stones. No, they were not tourists but county council workers breaking the stones for trunking - they used small sledge hammers and wore goggles.

It was great to be a young rural person half a century ago - there was never a dull moment - there was always some excitement either actual or pending. There were threshings, 'strawings', killing pigs, filling puddings, salting pigs, trapping rabbits, 'dazzling', making butter, going to the fair, binding corn, making súgans, cutting sciolláns and many more activities too numerous to mention in this brief essay. Perhaps sentiments such as those expressed in the following quotation have a nostalgic effect: "When all the world was young, lad, and all the fields were green, every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen." Whatever the reason, in retrospect, life was very fulfilling - it may have felt ordinary enough at the time, but I suppose we all view our youth with nostalgia and warmth - we are more inclined to remember the long warm days of summer than unpleasant events, a few of which

were endured, no doubt. I can still remember the buzzing of bees whizzing past as I lay sweating in the summer heat on the sweet-smelling new-mown grass, or the dull drone of the trendy trompallán as the balmy night closed in, not to mention finding an unexpected cuns óg or a surprise stray patallág of a gearrcach corncrake.

There was no talk of C.D.'s or C.V.'s or discos or Boscos or Channel Four or Live at Three or such modern lingo. The chat was more down to earth - "how are the hens laying by ye!, how many bonhams had the soween!, I must cut a beart of furze for the yard, what price were calves at Ballyvourney fair!, what did you think of the missionaries last night!, there's a devil of a flood in the Páidín, I must buy a half sack of flour, a yellow meal cake twoud be dam tasty, I'd know is there a duradán in my eye". I could go on and on but I will not. As the fella said: "I would if I could but I can't; I will if I can but I won't". Which reminds me of a little rocán we had in school: "Dan the man, the piper's son ate more meat than forty men, a cow, a calf, a bull and a half, a barrel of praties, a churn of milk, a firkin of butter and he went down to the river and took a big drink and after all his belly wasn't full". Or the tongue-twister; "I saw a saw sawing in Warsaw and of all the saws I ever saw sawing I never saw a saw sawing like the saw I saw sawing in Warsaw". Or maybe a riddle like: "Long legged father, fat-bellied mother

and twelve little children all the same colour".

It's about time some mac máthar told me to stop my ráiméis and my reminiscing and that's what I intend doing very soon now. I have merely tipped lightly on the surface of the good 'old times'. I have just taken the proverbial grain of sand out of the infinite ocean. As the missionary said long ago: "Woe to the scandal giver. Better for him to have a millstone tied about his neck and be cast in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean".

Tell me again to stop you dickens. And if you're still wondering woefully about my opening reference to sexagenarianism - perhaps a good septuagenarian would be qualified to ease your mind and to tell you all about it or to fill you in without a knee-jerk reaction. I mention 'filling in' and 'knee-jerking' to let you know that I am also 'into' modern jargon - I have come a long way from 'grass-roots'.

"Sin é mo scéal-sa is má tá bréag ann bíodh. Ní bhfuairéas dá bharr ach bróga páipéir is gáirtéirí bainne ramhar, agus is fadó riamh a chaitheas iad san annsúd thiar thuaidh i mbun strapá ma garlóige mar ar ith an bhó an píobaire".

Donnchadh O Luasaigh, Baile An Chollaigh.



BALLINGEARY'S VOLUNTEERS 1914-1916

In 1914 at the beginning of World War 1 the British Parliament passed the Irish Home Rule Bill and immediately suspended it until the end of the war. This meant that Dublin would gain its own parliament at the end of the war, but no provision was made for Unionist opposition in Ulster. In 1912 the Ulster Volunteer Force was formed to stand against the imposition of Dublin Rule over the entire island. In November 1913 in Dublin the Irish Volunteers were started mainly to counter the northern force but also it was used as a front by the IRB to gain independence prior to 1918.

In September 1914 John Redmond, leader of the Home Rule Party, advocated that the Irish Volunteers should fight in Europe. Why he urged this is unclear, but as Home Rule was on the way it may have been as a sign of gratitude to Britain. The immediate result was the split referred to in the following article. Out of 100,000 men, 85,000 stayed with Redmond to form the National Volunteers, the remaining 15,000 held onto the name Irish Volunteers. This split was reflected in Ballingearry where of 100 men, 16 found Redmond's suggestion unpalatable.

The Irish Volunteers therefore were a minority throughout Ireland. Their leaders were Eoin MacNeil, Padraic Pearse and the other men involved in the 1916 rising.

The following article was written by John Cronin, Bawnatoumple, (Donal Cronin's uncle). He was a member of the Volunteers from 1914. He died in 1933 but not before he had written down his recollections of those times.

The Easter Rising of 1916 was ordered by a secret group of IRB men within the leadership of the Volunteers led by Padraic Pearse. They fooled Eoin MacNeil (who opposed a Rising) into ordering a rising by producing a false document on Holy Thursday 1916 which stated that the British were going to seize the Volunteers' arms. When MacNeil

realised he had been deceived by his own officers he cancelled all manoeuvres for Easter Sunday, by placing an ad in *The Sunday Independent* to this effect. The leaders rearranged the Rising for Monday and for this reason it remained to a large extent a Dublin Rising. The following gives an account of these events from 1914 to 1916 and we are indebted to Donal Cronin for making his uncle's notes available to the public.

In August 1914 Piaras Beasley started a company of Volunteers in Ballingearry.

It grew rapidly to a strength of 100 men. John Shorten was the first Captain of the Company, but went to Cork after having been a short time in the position and was replaced by Eugene Moynihan, Currahy.

The Company was only a month or two in existence when the split in the organization generally took place. A full meeting of the Company was held in the Irish College to decide what action would be taken. Fr. O'Callaghan (afterwards shot by Black & Tans in Liam De Roiste's house in Cork in 1920) was present at the meeting and spoke in favour of control by Redmond, although he had no official position in the Company. Sean Hegarty had given a statement to be read at the meeting but this statement was not read.

A vote was taken and a minority of sixteen voted against control by Redmond's nominees, and withdrew from the meeting. The company of National Volunteers formed from the meeting lost vitality immediately, and never afterwards functioned as an effective organization. It dissolved completely in a short time. None of its members subsequently joined the Irish Volunteers.

On a Sunday almost immediately after this meeting Tomas McCurtain and Terence McSwiney came to Ballingearry, but there was nobody to meet them. Pat

Higgins, Sean Murphy and some other man from Cork were with them that day-all wore uniform. Tadhg Twomey and Sean Lynch met them accidentally, but nothing was done that day.

Very soon afterwards the sixteen men who had withdrawn from the original Company met and formed a Company of Irish Volunteers. The following officers were elected:-

Captain Sean Lynch
 1st Lieut Jeremiah O'Sullivan
 2nd Lieut Dan T O'Leary
 Adjutant Tadhg Twomey
 Treasurer Dan Corcoran

There was no change in the officers up to 1916 and the strength of the Company also remained unchanged.

In November 1914 the whole Company cycled to Kilgarvan for the purpose of starting a Volunteer Company. Terence Mc Sweeney spoke in Kilgarvan that day, Fred Murray was there also and a Company was got going. We had no arms on this occasion but we had haversacks and bandoliers, which had been the property of the original Company.

Before the end of the year the whole Company cycled to Ballyvourney to a meeting held there to recruit volunteers. Tomas Mc Curtain and Terence McSwiney cycled with us and spoke at the meeting. Paud O'Donoghue was also there. It was a wet and stormy day. The only one to join the Volunteers in Ballyvourney that day was Dan Tadhg Sweeney, who afterwards paraded with the Kilnamartyra Company and went out with them on Easter Sunday 1916. The whole Company attended the Manchester Martyrs Commemoration in Cork on November 1915 all armed with shot guns. They also attended the St Patricks Day Parade in Cork in 1916 similarly armed. Sean Lynch and Tadhg Twomey each went for a week to a training course held in Cork in January 1916.

The R.I.C. raided the Irish College on one occasion when a meeting was in progress, at which Terence McSwiney was present. It was either a meeting of the Company or a political meeting. Those present were searched and some documents taken. McSwiney and

Tadhg Twomey had been in Rusheen that day.

We got a single shot large bore rifle from Mr. Twohig school-teacher with about a dozen rounds of ammunition for it. We had a German Mauser rifle the property of Terence McSwiney. A number of pikes had been made for us by Denis Manning, blacksmith, Ballingeary and handles put in them. We had enough shot-guns to arm the remainder of the men. Bayonets had been made for the shot guns but never put on. In 1915 and up to Easter 1916, parades were held on one night each week, and every Sunday. The normal training was close order drill, arms drill, extended arms drill, target practice with .22 rifle and route marches.

Terence McSwiney came out to us frequently. We paid 2d or 3d each per week into a Company fund for the purchase of equipment. We also got some discarded equipment of the original Company and part of that Company's funds. We had haversacks, bandoliers and belts. We bought caps for the St Patricks Day parade in Cork in 1916. We had no puttees.

The orders for Easter Sunday 1916 came to us from Sean Hegarty a few days before. They were to the effect that the Company was to parade with all arms and equipment and a weeks provisions at Ballingeary after first Mass on Easter Sunday and go to Kealkil to meet the Bantry Company there. This order was based on an instruction given to Sean Hegarty by Tomas McCurtain and Terence McSweeney when they visited him at Ballingeary on the Sunday before Easter Sunday. They had then informed him that his mission on Easter Sunday was to take charge of the Bantry and Ballingeary Companies at Kealkil- to take Kealkil R.I.C. Barracks and to block and hold the Pass of Keimaneigh. But when he assembled the two Companies at Kealkil, he was to take no offensive until and unless word was sent to him to do so by the Brigade. Peadar O Hourihan was to bring the word and Sean Hegarty was to wait until four o'clock for it. The Company paraded on Saturday night and all were instructed to assemble at Ballingeary after first Mass next day.

No one only Sean Hegarty had any definite information that action was contemplated on Easter Sunday. When the Company was assembled in the village and before it moved off to Kealkil, Peadar O Hourihan arrived on a motor-cycle and side car. He brought a written message for Sean Lynch to the effect that the Company was to go to Kealkil, meet the Bantry Company there and wait further orders. A policeman named Bennett came along while Lynch was reading the despatch and did his best to have a look at it. The following officers and men paraded at Ballingearry:-

Sean O' Hegarty

Sean Lynch, Dirragh, Renanaree.

Jeremiah O' Sullivan, Toorenanean, Ballingearry.

Daniel T O' Leary, Gortafludig, Ballingearry.

Tagd Twomey, Tooreenduve, Ballingearry.

Liam Twomey, Tooreenduve, Ballingearry.

Dan Corcoran, Ballingearry.

Jeremiah O' Shea, Ballingearry.

Tim Sweeney, Inchimore, Keimaneigh.

Jack Sullivan, Inchibeg, Keimaneigh.

Dan Sullivan, Inchibeg, Keimaneigh.

Cally O' Callaghan, Inchimore, Keimaneigh.

John Con Cronin, Carriglodge and Doire na Leacan, Ballingearry.

John Patrick Cronin, Bawnatoumple, Ballingearry.

John J Cronin, Gurteenakilla, Ballingearry.

The arms which the Company had that day were one long Lee Enfield Rifle and 50 rounds (Sean Hegarty's), one Mauser rifle with 20 rounds, one old rifle with 12 rounds, one .22 rifle with 100 rounds, ten shot guns with about 400 rounds, and three .32 revolvers with about 60 rounds. Miceal O Cuill had brought Sean Hegarty's rifle out from Cork some time previously, walking the 40 mile journey. Some of the shot guns were the property of members of the company and some were on loan from farmers. None had been purchased. Between 100 and 200 cartridges had been loaded with slug shot. Four members of the Company walked to Kealkil and the remainder cycled.

The cycling party arrived in Kealkil at about 1 o'clock and the men on foot a short time before the

arrival of the Bantry Company who carried no arms. Just after our arrival an R.I.C. man went off on a bicycle in the Bantry direction. Scouts were posted and some exercises carried out. Two men on outpost duty were held up by R.I.C. who wanted to know if they had licenses for their shot guns. No message or instructions came up to six o'clock. Although Sean Hegarty's orders were to wait until four o'clock, he waited until six before dismissing the men.

All the police in Kealkil were at the cross so we came through the village. They attempted to hold up some men and one Volunteer had been pulled off his bicycle. Sean Hegarty came up and asked the sergeant if he was looking for trouble. The sergeant said no, and it must have been pretty clear to him from the attitude of the Volunteers that it would be inadvisable for him to provoke it. Sean Hegarty told the men to move off and the police did not interfere any further. All the men returned to Ballingearry and dispersed to their homes.

On Easter Monday about 12 or 1 o'clock, Tomas McCurtain, Terence McSwiney and Bob Hales came to Toorenduve in a car from the East. McCurtain and McSwiney walked to the house where Sean Hegarty was some distance west of Toorenduve. There they told him of the order cancelling the Easter exercises which they had received on Easter Sunday. They had no information about the Rising which was then actually beginning in Dublin and had no doubt but it had been postponed. In the course of discussing the situation, it was clear that they accepted the message received on Sunday as representing the decision of all parties in Dublin and their anxiety was to get to Dublin as soon as possible to discover what had gone wrong and get things going again. They did not give Sean Hegarty any instructions. He walked East to Toorenduve with them and they left in a car going towards Ballingearry about 3 o'clock. On Monday night late a car in which was Tadg O Leary, who worked in Suttons in Cork, and a driver came to Toorenduve. O' Leary was looking for McCurtain and McSwiney but they were not there. Mary McSwiney went to Cork on Tuesday and Annie on Thursday. To each of them Sean Hegarty gave a message for the Brigade Officers asking that

instructions be sent to him. He sent Dan Lynch to Cork with a similar message and Lynch returned with a reply to the effect that they had only 200 rounds per man and could do nothing with that. On Saturday he sent Pat Sweeney to Cork with a further request for instructions. McSweeney reported that he could not get near the Volunteer Hall. On Wednesday or Thursday Tadhg O Shea came to Dooneens from the South and sent word to Sean Hegarty to meet him there. Sean met him and Tadhg had brought a proposal from Tom Hales that the Ballinadee men would join forces with the Macroom and Ballingear men and attack the R.I.C. Barracks at Macroom. Sean Hegarty replied that he did not know the situation and the Brigade Officers in Cork did, and he was sure they would do what was right. No orders came to the company during Easter week. On the Sunday after Easter Sunday, Fr O'Callaghan spoke during Mass in condemnation of the Rising. He said the hands of the clock had been put back a long time by what had happened and he advised that the arms should be surrendered.

Mrs Hegarty got up and walked out of the Church. There were no arrests in the Company area. Most of the members of the Company were on the run for some time afterwards. No arms were surrendered and none captured in raids. In the second week after Easter, cavalry from Ballincollig raided as far as Tooreenduve and subsequently returning to Ballincollig. The Irish Republican Brotherhood (IRB) circle of about five members which had been organized by Sean Hegarty existed in Ballingear in 1916. There were no Fianna or Cumann na mBan organizations in the area at that time.

Sean Hegarty was a senior Volunteer Officer in Cork who was "exiled" to Ballingear in 1914 under British Government orders. He went on to be a leader during the War of Independence. In 1914 he chose to live in Tureendubh and this was one of the reasons for the frequent visits to Ballingear by the Volunteers leaders.

BIRTHS

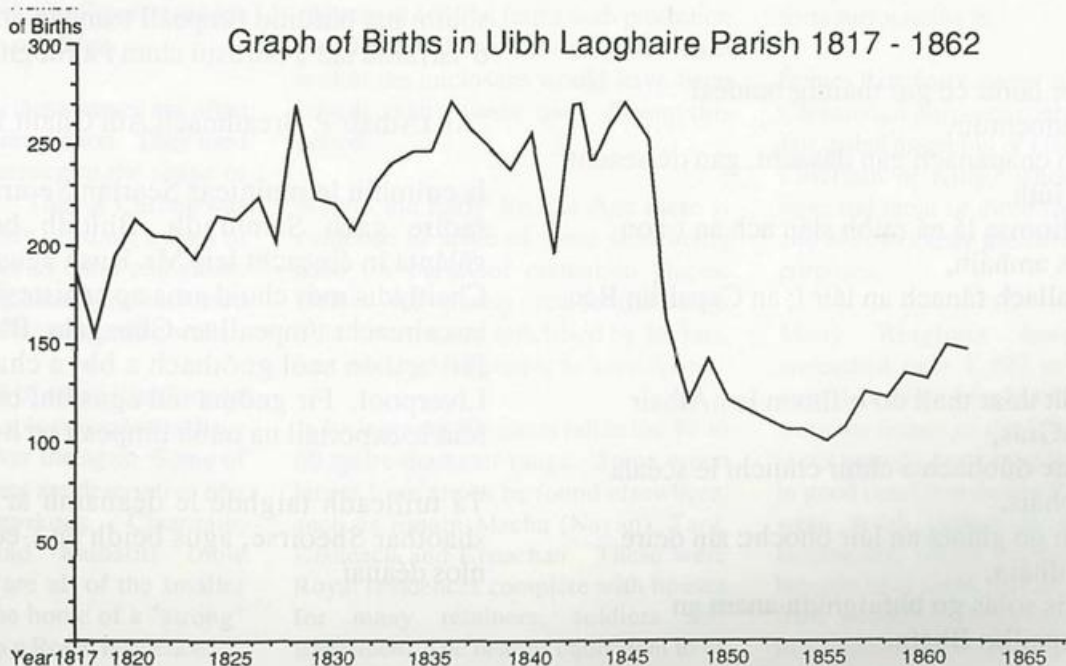
In the absence of reliable records relating to deaths in the parish of Uibh Laoghaire at the time of the famine, the birth records are the next best source of information. At a cursory glance its quite plain to be seen that from 1845

onwards there is a dramatic fall in the birth rate in the parish. To look at it more closely 1845 produced the highest number of births at 267, 1846 produced 247, 1847 produced 157, 1848 produced 115 showing a huge drop in just three years. That trend continued until 1855 with a low of just 94 births. There are interesting dramatic lows and

peaks notably 1818, 1828 and 1841. Its difficult to conclude much from the records, however it is a factual indicator of the birth trend around the famine years.

To compare with the present day trend as a matter of interest in 1991 there were 26 births, 1992 there were 29 and in 1993 there were 24 births.

Criostóir Ó Croinín



AN CAPAILÍN BÁN

Eibhlín Ní Luasa

Mo chreach is mo chás 'sé'n bás a thagann go trom,
Nuair a leagtar ar lár an cara gur mhaith linn bheith
buan,
Ní le fearaibh, le mnáibh ná le buachaillíbh
'bhaineann mo dhán,
Ach le láirín droch-mhianaigh ar a nglaidís an
Capaillín Bán.

In nUrbh Laoghaire na nGaortha 'sea chaith sise a
saol,
Níor fhás sí puinn riamh, mar ba dhual di ó gach
taobh dá gaol,
Cé gur mó mála coirce 'gus mine d'ith sí go slán,
Is fíor-bheag dá chómharta bhí ar chraiceann an
Chapaillín Bháin.

Bhí ciall na n-ocht nduine chliste i gceann an láirín,
D'aithneodh sí an deifir bhí idir droch-cheol is ceol
binn,
Ar filleadh ó Mhágchromtha abhaile bhuaile suas
amhrán,
Is ní bhéarfadh gaoth anoir nó aneas ar an
gCapaillín Bán.

Bhí súil leí imithe gan aon choinne go bhfilleadh
go deo,
Do bhí sí ar leath-shúil gan dúil le sonas ná só,
Ach dá ghéire radharc Cyclops nó an seabhac ar lorg
preachán,
Is suarach ab fhiú iad seachas súilín an Chapaillín
Bháin.

A chosa níor láidir cé gur tháinig buidéal
ón ndochtúir,
Chomh cam cnapánach gan dásacht, gan deiseacht,
gan lúth,
Is cuimhin liomsa lá ná raibh slán ach an t-aon
chos amháin,
Is ba ghioballach fánach an láir í, an Capaillín Bán.

Fé dheireadh thiar thall do b'fhonn le hAthair
na nGrás,
A theachtairé dúbhach a chuir chuichí le scéala
an bháis,
Do cuireadh go glánta an láir bhocht: sin deire
mo dhán,
Is síocháin is sólás go bhfaighidh anam an
Chapaillín Bháin.

Is é Seoirse Seartan ó Bhéal Atha nGhaorthaidh a
chum an tamhrán fíor thaithneamhach seo "An
Capaillín Bán." Rugadh Seoirse ós cionn céad bliain
ó shin. Fuair sé a chuid oideachais a Scoil na
mBuachaillí agus níós déanaí sa Mhainistir Thuaidh i
gCorcaigh.

Thaisteal sé to Liverpool i Sasana agus is ann a bhí
cónaí air nuair a thinig scéal chuige óna athair gur
cailleadh an láir a bhí acu sa bhaile. Chum sé an
tamhrán in omós don chapall. Bhí an-mheas agus
cion ag Muinntir Sheartan ar an gcapall mar bhí siad
ag brath go mór uirthi chun barailí leanna a iompar
abhaile ó Mhaghchromtha.

Chuir Seoirse cóip den amhrán ar ais abhaile chuig a
athair, thug seisean an t-amhrán do Thadhg ó
Scanaill, (an múinteoir áitiúil). Thug sé siúd an
t-amhrán do Thórna, a bhí ina Ollamh i gCorcaigh
agus b'é deireadh an scéil ná gur cuireadh i gcló é san
iris "Fáinne An Lae."

Is mar seo a chuir an t-Athair Pádraig Breathnach
síos ar Sheoirse sa mbliain 1913. "O Bhéal Atha nGhaorthaidh
isea Seoirse. Níl áit in Eirinn go bhfuil
Gaoluinn níós fearr ag na daoine ná san áit 'n ar
rugadh é. Tá Seoirse ina Uachtarán ar Choiste
Cheantair Liverpool. Tá an Ghaoluinn go líofa ar a
theanga aige agus tá a chroí i gcúis na Gaolúine le
bliantibh. Ní miste a rá ná go bhfuil sé ag déanamh a
dhíchill chun na daoine do mhúscailt as an neamh-
shuim ina bhfuilid timpeall teangan ár sinsear agus a
d'iarraidh iad a bhrostú chun í a fhoghlaim"

"An tAthair P. Breathnach Ath Cliath 1913"

Is cuimhin le muintear Seartan Seoirse a theacht ar
saoire gach Samhradh. Bhíodh beirt Sasanach
galánta in éineacht leis Mr. Rush agus Mr. Rainford.
Chaithidís mór chuid ama ag spaistesireacht agus ag
iascaireacht timpeall an Ghuagáin. Bhí faoiseamh le
fáil acu ón saol gnóthach a bhí a chaitheamh acu i
Liverpool. Fir gnótha iad agus bhí baint ag Seoirse
féin le expórtail na nubh timpeall na h-Eórpa.

Tá tuilleadh taighde le déanamh ar shaol agus ar
shaothar Sheoirse, agus beidh an t-eólas sáil le fail
níós déanaí.

SEAN-FHOCAIL

le Conchúr Ó Murchú

Má theastaíonn ó aon duine cine nó treabh a thuiscint, ní fearfud a dhéanfadh sé, ná staideár a dhéanamh ar a sean-fhocail. Is iontu a gheabhaidh sé síocht, croí, smaointe agus blas an chine. Is fíor a rá mar a deir an seanfhocal "Ní féidir an sean-fhocal a sháru." Is iontu a gheobhaidh duine saibhreas na teangan agus an teanga is deisbhéalaf agus na coiceaip is dea-chumtha. In ainneoin go bhfuil sean-fhocail i ngach aon teanga ar domhan agus saibhreas thar na bearta iontu uiligh, mar sin féin, níl dabht ar bith ach to bhfuil saibhreas agus raidhse seanfhocal den scoth sa nGaeilge. Ba liosta le h-áireamh ábhair uile na seanfhocal mar clúdaíonn siad an uile ghné de shaol na tíre agus de shaol na ndaoine a chónaíonn inti. I measc na seanfhocal is ceart rudaí mar guí, mairgní, méanair agus rí. a chur san áireamh chomh maith le gnáth-mhothúcháin mar grá, fuath, saint agus rí. Tá seanfhocail ann a oiriúnaíonn don ócáid is brónaí agus don ócáid is suairc. Tá an t-ádh linne chomh maith go bhfuil grúpa mór de sheanfhocail aginn a theánn fén dteideal Treathanna. Tá seanfhocail go bhfuil greann iontu is tá sean-fhocail go bhfuil binneas iontu. Tá sean-fhocail a chuireann síos na mná agus a mholann na fir agus tá a mhalairt fíor chomh maith. Tá seanfhocail againn a chlúdaíonn an uile ghné de shaol an duine ó lá a bhreithe go lá a bháis. Toisc an pháirt a ghlacann an creideamh i saol an náisiúin seo bheifeá ag súil go mbeadh alán seanfhocal bainteach leis an gcreideamh. T neart díobh ann agus cinn ar an gcléir go flúirseach chomh maith.

Lasmuigh den duine tá seanfhocail na h-Eireann bainteach go mór leis an nadúr, le h-ainmhithe, leis an aoráid, leis an aimsir, leis an bhfeirm, le sfólchur agus le baint an fhomhair.

I ndeireadh báire sé an rud is mó atá le fáil ins na seanfhocail ná

radharc ar aaigne na sean-Gheal agus ar cad a bhí tábhachtach dóibh agus is dócha gur scáthán orainne féin leis iad dá dhuibhe is atá sé san lá atá inniu ann.

Seo leanas roinnt seanfhocal a oireann b'fhéidir don dreas thuas:

aois an duine

Fiche bliain ag fás

Fiche bliain faoi bhláth

Fiche bliain ag meath

Fiche bliain gur cuma tú ann nó as.

Ceo ar Mhúisire is Clárach lom an comhartha soininne is fearr ar domhan

Níl aon uasal ná íseal ach thuas seal agus thíos seal.

Na trí thine is fearr-cuileann cas, fúinseog ghlas is tinteach den dubh-dair.

Ní h-ionann dul go Réidh na nDoirí agus teacht as !!!

Is maith an bhail easrach Eachros beag.

Ní bheirtear ar an sionnach faoi dhó.

Má labhrann cuach ar chrann gan duillúir díol do bhó agus ceannaigh arbhair.

Is í an dias is troime is ísle a chromann a ceann.

Chuir fear na luatha fear na cruaike amach.

Na trí rith is mó; rith uisce, rith tine is rith éithigh.

Tionlachan na n-óinseacha.

Fear na bó féin féna h-eirbeall.

Is mór orlach de shróin duine.

Ní h-iad na fir mhaith a bhaineas an fomhar ach is iad na fir mhaith a phósann na mná gan spré.

Ní céasta go posadh is ní féasta go rósta.

What's in a name? 1. The Ringfort

We see them all over Ireland. Sometimes called a Ringfort or Hillfort, sometimes a Rath, Lios, Cashel, Cahir or even Dun or Bur(g)h. We also have the water-borne version, the Crannog, which appears to float on our lakes.

In actual practice, these names are often used without discrimination. They used to bear some reference to the shape or form of the fort. Thus a Cashel was always built entirely of stone, a Rath of earth, or a mixture of earth and stone. Strictly speaking a Lios is the enclosure itself, rather than the surrounding walls.

We have about 18 of these Ringforts in Iveleary, and probably several more have been destroyed over the ages. Some of our townland names are descriptive of a Ringfort; Rathgaskeeg, Cleanrath, Caher-nacaha and Rathatiff (now obsolete). They are all of the smaller size, typical of the home of a "strong" farmer, rather than a Royal residence.

Most Ringforts were constructed between the Late Bronze Age and the Iron Age, say between 1000BC. and 400AD. but they were used and occupied right up to 1640 as farms with protection for stock and the family. The house within the enclosure would have been rebuilt many times over during this period.

Within the Early Bronze Age there is evidence of some of these sites being used for burial or cremation places. Others for purely residential uses. Sometimes a site sanctified by burials, was used by later people as a residence.

In Iveleary our Ringforts fall in the 30 to 60 metre diameter range. Some much larger forts are to be found elsewhere, such as Emain Macha (Navan), Tara, Uisneach and Cruachan. These were Royal residences complete with houses for many retainers, soldiers and tradesmen. The nearest equivalent to us

is Gurrane, near Bandon, which was the home of the King of the Ui Eachach. Originally called Rath Rathlinn, this occupies 3 acres, and has 7 other smaller forts surrounding it.

Some Ringforts were also built for Ceremonial purposes such as the annual fair, tribal assembly or election of a new Chieftain or King. These sometimes have the moat or ditch inside the wall, and are obviously unsuited to defensive purposes.

Many Ringforts have remained unscathed over 1,500 to 3,000 years, largely because of superstition that they were the homes of the Síthe (fairies). It is not entirely surprising that many were in good condition during the 17th. c. and were much prized as homes for a landowner, where the cattle could be brought in at night, and all could be safe from predators, both four-footed and two-footed.

Index of O'Donoghue Papers.

This is the first list of Papers which the Society holds in its archives. Further lists will follow in later Journals.

These Papers are notes written by a former Parish Priest, Father O'Donoghue, whilst he was living in Uibh Laoghaire. It was his intention to write a History of the district, but he died before completing this work.

He left these notes to Gobnait Creed, and she in turn lent them to the Society, where copies are available for study by any member.

CUMANN STAIRE BHEAL ÁTHAN GHAORTHAIDH

Index of O'Donoghue Papers.

001. Notes from the Book of Survey and Distribution for Inchigeelagh Parish. A list of the Proprietors in 1641 and the Distribution recipient in 1666. 10 pages which have to be read in pairs.
002. Notes on a variety of topics. 20 pages.
 pages 1-2 Notes on the Civil Survey of 1642 and the Down Survey of 1654-56.
 pages 2-16 Topographical notes on Inchigeelagh, Ballingearry and Gougane Barra. Three journeys made by Windele in 1833, 1842, and 1850.
 pages 16-19 Notes on a journey by Windele, to Inchigeelagh from Cork, via. Johnstone and Kilmurray. (1855)
 pages 20 An extract from Seward's Topographica Hibernica of 1797. Describing Gougane Barra and Inchigeelagh.
 An extract from Croker's Researches in the South of Ireland. (1824) With notes on Gougane Barra.
003. Notes on the Elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary of Kileen, by Aodhagan Ui Rathaille, some time after O'Leary's death in 1696.
004. Various Notes. 14 pages, many on both sides.
 page 1 Gentlemens subscriptions for the RC.Chapel at Inchigeelagh 1816-88.
 Parliamentary return for Inchigeelagh. 1766.
 Parochial returns for Inchigeelagh, 1793-1823.
 Census of 1821.
 page 2 Census of 1821 (cont.) only 4 townlands are included.
 page 3 A poem in Irish. 1st. page and title is missing.
 page 4-6 A poem in Irish. "A Mhaire Ní Laeri"
 page 7-8 A poem in Irish. "Tá Gaedhil Bocht Craidhte"
- page 9 A poem in Irish. "Sé mo Bhroinchreach"
 page 10-11 A poem in Irish. "A Dhiarmuid Uí Laeri"
 page 11-14 Explanatory notes in Irish on some of the allusions in the poems.
005. Various Notes. 6 pages on both sides.
 page 1-3 Census of 1821 (cont. from 004).
 Notes on Maire Buidhe and her family.
 page 3-4 Notes from Ordinance survey, including details of tower houses and planters houses. No date but c.1850.
 page 5 Notes on local Volunteer Companies. 1779.
 Notes on Tuath Indolaich from Smith's History.
 Notes on Tory raid on Skibbereen 1694.
 Extract from "Gems of the Cork Poets."
 Extract from Topographical Dict. of Ireland. (Ref. Inchigeelagh).
 Note on a tombstone in Inchigeelagh Church.
- page 6 Further note on tombstones. Noted 1918.
 Abstract from Vestry Book of 1807 ref. a "subscription".
 Extracts from "Irish Topographical Poems" in Irish.
006. Various poems in Irish. 13 pages mostly on both sides.
 page 1 No title. Page missing.
 page 2-3 "Seo Leo, a Thoil"
 page 4-5 "An Buarcach"
 page 5-6 "Tuireamh Sheain de Burc"
 page 7-8 "Caoineadh Sheain de Burca"
 page 9-12 "Cath Chéim an Fhiadh"
 page 13 "An Cruiscin Lán"
007. Various Extracts from Wills and Grants. 10 pages mostly on both sides.
 page 1 Will of Finin macTeig Óg O'Leary. 1670.
 Also Administration Certificate by his wife Shylly in 1672.
 page 2 Will of John O Riordane in 1681.
 page 3 Will of Dermod O Leary Boy in 1700.
 page 4 Will of Cornelius O'Leary of Carrignacurra in 1753.
 Will of John Dangger of Inchigeelagh in 1758.
 page 5 Will of Elizabeth O Leary of Glasheen in 1759.
 Will of John Boyle of Boyles Grove in 1799.
 Abstracts of Fiants of Queen Eliz. 1573-1577.
 page 6 Abstract of Fiants of Queen Eliz. 1600-01.
 Subsidy Roll for Muskerry. 1662, 1665 and 1668.
 page 7 Abstract of Grants of Land, Acts of Settlement 1677.
 page 8-10 Abstract of Grants, the Clergy 1669.

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|------|---|------------|--|
| | Extracts from the Book of Survey of 1677.
Abstract of Deeds 1711, 1713 and 1714. | page 66 | "Caoineadh Liam Uí Rinn." |
| | | page 67 | "An Cruiscin Lán" |
| | | page 68 | "A Mháire Ní Laeri" |
| 008. | Draft, in Irish, of an article or book. Starts at page 49 and ends abruptly at page 59. | page 69-70 | "Tá Gaedhil Bhocht Craidhte." |
| | page 50-58 A chapter headed "Ruy Gomez de Varela." | page 71 | "Sé mo Bhroir chreach." |
| | page 59 Start of a chapter headed "An Run." | page 72 | "A Dhiarmuid Uí Laeri." |
| | | page 73-81 | "Cois Abhann Ghleanna an Ghaorthaidh.
Diarmuid Mac Sheamais Uí Chrochair." |
| 009. | Poems in Irish. | 010. | A letter to Fr. O'Donoghue from W.J. Doheny, his Genealogical Researcher. |
| | page 59-61 "An Burcach" Including explanatory notes. | | |
| | page 62 "Tuireamh Sheain de Burc." | 011. | Two letters from "Conchubhar O Muimhneachain to, presumably, Fr. O'Donoghue dated 1918 and 1923. |
| | page 63-65 "Cath Chéim an Fhaidh." Not the poem but explanatory Notes. | | |

ROMANTIC

Rosari Ní Laoire

Reflecting upon the 1916 rising Kevin Collins writes that it was an expression of....

"...Romanticism on its last legs, and on the verge of degenerating into no more than a 'tradition' in the dead fossilized sense of the word."

W.B. Yeats also ponders such romanticism in his poem 'Easter 1916'

"Was it needless death after all?
For England may keep faith,
For all that is done and said.
We know their dreams; enough
To know they dreamed and are dead;
But what if excess of love
Bewildered them 'till they died?"

The Tudorean conquests of the sixteenth century initiated a period of about one hundred and fifty years of cultural invasion which would effectively fragment the Gaelic social structure with the passage of time. Medieval Ireland had embraced an intense sense of tradition enshrined in the work of the poets. Through poetry and writing was the spirit of the people revealed.

Long and strict was the training of any such 'file' (poet), but theirs were privileges unmatched by their counterparts elsewhere. The 'file' usually of a scholarly and scribal background, through his knowledge of letters was the essential propaganda machine of any chieftain (taoiseach). Such a chieftain provided lodgings and gifts to a 'file' who would compose poems of occasionally exaggerated praise of the patron to whom it would be dedicated. The patron would be addressed as king-rí regardless of his real status. The poetry reflected a perfect monarch which embodied everything Gaelic and wholesome, two words which were practically synonymous. Emphasis lay with beauty, prosperity, the struggle to defend the island against invasion and paid tribute to great figures in history who protected all that was held dear.

Hereby the poets are the historians of their time as they reflect the political mood as well as preserving the proper place of culture, tradition and history - through their poetry and learning they standardized the Gaelic language throughout Ireland and Scotland such was their sphere of influence. The legacy of colonialism ultimately destroyed the Gaelic world such as it was. A culture field so dear was to be subjected to oppression and gradual elimination.

Our culture has hence changed; the identity crisis following the Cromwellian period, brings conflict as the distinctive ideology of a vibrant traditional culture clashes with an artificial society. Through the educational and legal systems imposed by the English, language, customs, religion etc. were treated as inferior and were through legislation discouraged and thereby became progressively debilitated. We look back therefore at a romantic Ireland of norms and principles quite different to those of today. It is changed, but not ended. The Old Gaelic world has vanished. It was a whole yet it operated through autonomous lordships - now we have central administration and such insular communities can no longer exist. Our situation and political and social climate is different; aspirations for the future are challenged by our perception of right and wrong; the people are no longer of one mind.

Pádraig MacPiarais wrote in his poem of a dream of something now lost in history...

"I have squandered the splendid years that the
Lord God gave to my youth,
In attempting impossible things, deeming them
alone worth the toil,
Was it folly or grace? Not men shall judge me,
but God"

— Taken from 'The Fool' .

BULLAN STONES

The Irish word "bullán" means 'a bowl or a round hollow in a stone'. The term 'bullaun' has been adapted by archaeologists to refer to man-made hollows or basins cut in rock outcrops, boulder or small portable stones. They generally have a bowl shape. Their exact function remains unclear, though many are clearly associated with early ecclesiastical sites.

Bulláns are a very common feature of early Irish monastic sites, curative powers may be attributed to the water that collects in them. Similar to holy wells, a number of bulláns are known as 'holy well' and 'wart well'.

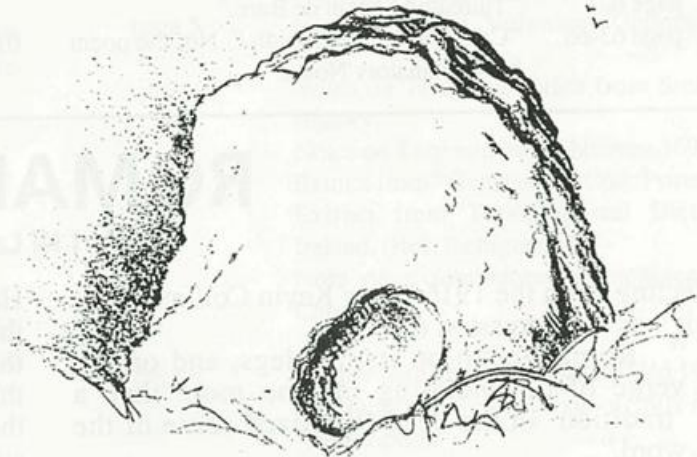
It seems fairly certain that they were used with a wooden or stone pestle to pound and grind food. From bruising furze for animal feed, to crushing oatmeal, barley, and herbs for humans or dyes to be used by the enterprising housewife.

The bullán stone in Eochras is a fine stone. It is 30 inches high and 43 inches wide, it is 18 inches deep at its deepest part tapering to 2 inches at the edges.

The hollow bowl shape is just above ground level, how much of the stone is below ground is difficult to tell. The hollow measures 12 inches by 13 inches approx.

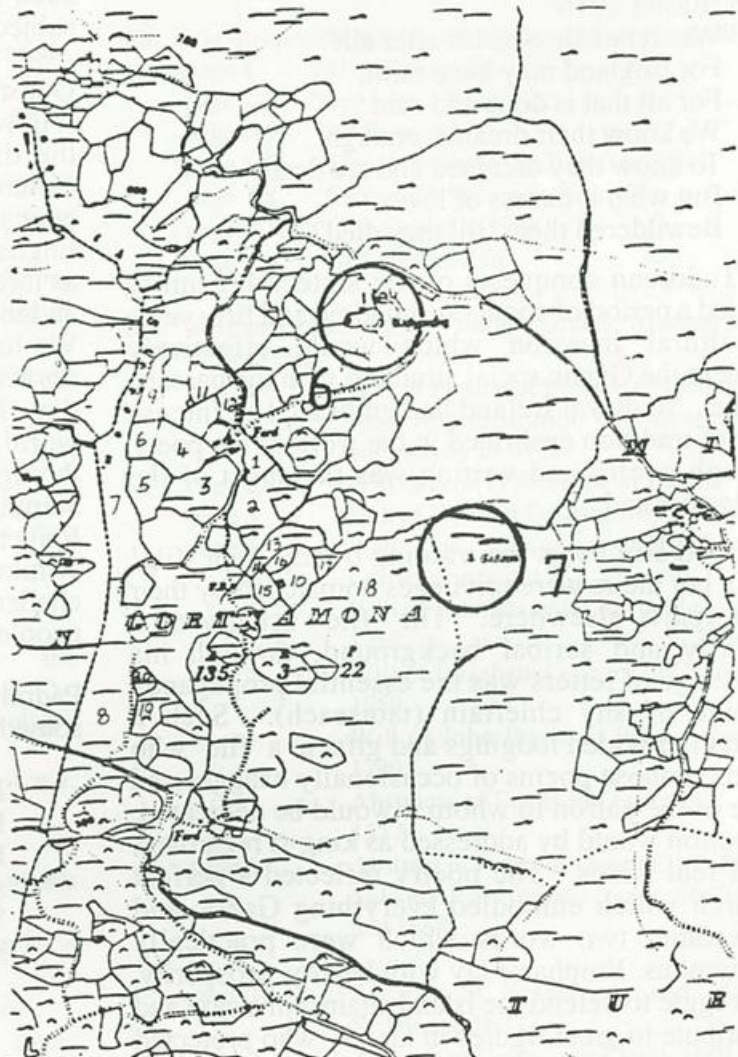
The top of the stone is flattish, measuring 18 inches wide. The surface of the stone is uneven with moss covering a lot of the stone.

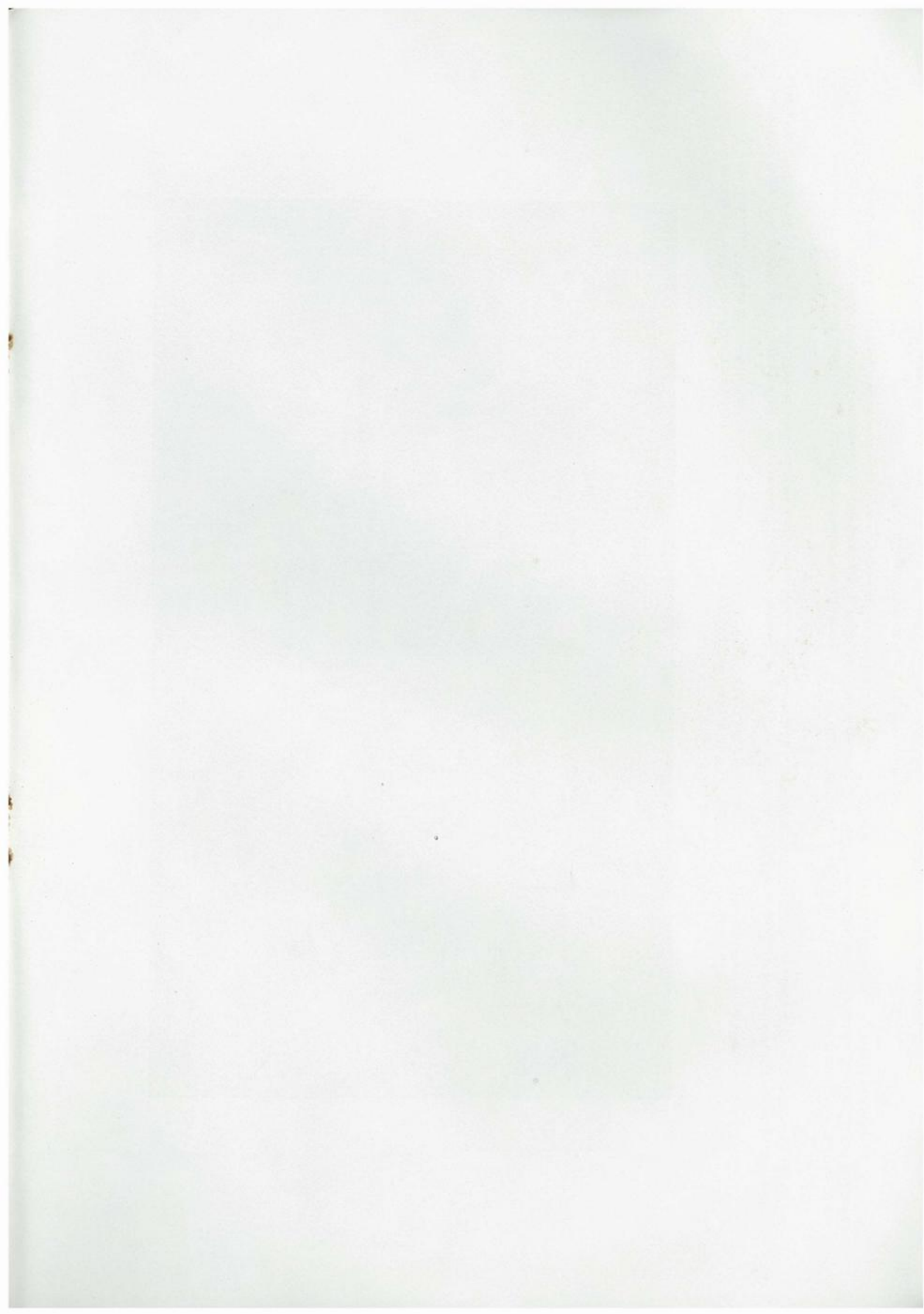
Today the bullán stone does not collect water that could be used to cure warts, it stands on its side in a ditch. It may have moved from one side of the stream to the other like the 'teampaillín'. Why it moved we do not know but it is the only one of its kind we have in the area.



GORTNAMONA

1. Small Pound
2. Big Pound
3. An Moinéir
4. Páirc an Aoil
5. Páirc a' Droma
6. Pircín na hAbhann
7. An Caol Mhór
8. An Caol Bheag
9. Licinín Riabhach
10. Pirc na Cabhlaí
11. Na Draigheann
12. Cnoc an Imilis
13. Páircín Tinaoileach
14. Páirc Thomáis
15. Páirc a Chnocháin
16. Páirc a Leaca
17. Páircín na Méarachán
18. The Bog
19. Páircín a Bhóthair (Mór)
20. Páircín a Bhóthair (Beag)







Front Row (left to right): John (Connie) Cronin, R.I.P., Gurteenakilla; Jerh Sullivan, Currahy; Donnacha Hurley, R.I.P., Ballingearry; Jackie Healy, Scrahan Mór; Connie Creed R.I.P., Céim Cora Bhuaile; Connie (Jack) Lucey, Góirtín Eoin; Ned Horgan R.I.P., Lyreenageeha; John Creed, Illanrinagh; Finbarr Quill, R.I.P., Kilmore; Seán Quill, R.I.P., Kilmore; Richie (Den) Lucey, R.I.P., Cahir.

Second Row (left to right): Jerry Cotter, Ballingearry; Patie (Patsy) Lynch, R.I.P., Currahy; Eugene Sullivan, R.I.P., Lios; Jackie Cronin, R.I.P., The Lodge; Willie Shorten, R.I.P., Ballingearry; Jerome Kelleher, Gurteenfliuch; Tadhg Hurley, R.I.P., Ballingearry; Patie Healy, The Terrace; Eoin Riordan, R.I.P., Currahy; Eugene (Dan Eoin) Riordan, R.I.P., Aharas, John Callaghan, Cahir; Jerry Mahoney, Drom an Ailig; Paddy P. Murphy, Gortluachra.

Back Row/Third Row (left to right): Johnnie Murray, R.I.P., Drom an Ailig; Master Pádraig Sweeney, N.T., R.I.P.; Danny Creed, R.I.P., Aharas; Connie Sullivan, R.I.P., Lios; Johnny Cremin, R.I.P., Leaca Bán; Jerh Lehane, R.I.P., Drom an Ailig; Jim Sullivan, R.I.P., Gurteenakilla; Seamus Manning, R.I.P., Ballingearry; Eoin Moynihan, R.I.P., Leaca Bán; John E. Riordan, Currahy; John (Fox) Cronin, R.I.P., Bán Garbh; Jim (Jamsie) O'Leary, R.I.P., Doirevacóirnín; Denis P. Cronin, R.I.P., Céim Cora Bhuaile; Johnny Hoare, Cúm Dorcha; John (Katie Quill) Cronin, R.I.P. Doire na Leacan.

Many thanks to John Jack Lucey, for giving us this photo.