



the Schools' Collection

A selection from the collection of folklore
compiled by school children in the 1930's
in the Bantry Four Valleys





the Schools' Collection

The National Folklore Collection, assembled by the Irish Folklore Commission and located in UCD, preserves an important record of Ireland's oral tradition. Part of the Collection comprises *The Schools Collection*; in 1937/38 50,000 schoolchildren in the 26 counties were enlisted to collect folklore in their home districts. This included topographical information, folktales and legends, riddles and proverbs, games, past times, trades and crafts.

The children collected the material from their parents, grandparents, neighbours and transcribed it into their copybooks. This resulted in the creation of over half a million of written manuscript pages, some in English, some in Irish. All of these copybook pages have been uploaded onto the Commission's website and can be found on www.dúchas.ie

Bantry Historical & Archaeological Society has selected a small sample of the material that was included at the time in collections submitted by the nine schools situated within the Four Valleys of Bantry, and we have included them here in the hope that they may be of interest.

the schools in the Bantry Four Valleys area

Glengarriff

Bantry

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Co. Chorcaighe

Par.: Kilmocomogue

Bar: Beanntraighe

Scuil: Inse Cloch

Oide: Diarmuid Ó Críodáin

Inse Cloch

Beanntraighe



inse cloch
Inchiclough

Old Crafts.

Some of the following trades or occupations were carried on in my district, such as, soap making, candle making, starch making, spinning, weaving, dyeing, rope and sparsil-making grinding and threshing basket and "aglaog" making.

Soap was made with quantities of soda and melted tallow or fat of a cow, which used to be killed in every house, for beef, at that time. It was allowed to set in anarrow long shape, in a sort of pastry or jelly until it would get hard and well dried up. Then it used to be saved, for the longer soap and candles are made, the better they become.

Candles were made in the same way with tallow, poured into a mould or shape for a candle, with a few pieces of cotton thread, which formed a wick. Starch was made with grated potatoes, especially the "champion" sort grated with a piece of tin holed with a nail and the rough side of the tin was used as a grater. Then they would turn it from water to water, until the water would run clear, and all the starch would pitch at the bottom of the vessel.

Spinning was done also. The wool was shorn off the sheep, then washed, dried, combed and sent to a mill to get it carded or made in little rolls. Then it was spun with a spinning wheel, consisting of a band and furrow, spindle and a large wheel which is connected with the band to the furrow so that when the wheel is turned by the hand, the spindle, which goes through the furrow or spool is also twisted.

In this way the wool was spun and twisted in thick thread, used for making men's socks and jerseys. In spinning the hands are used, but in weaving the hands and legs are working together, weaving

NFCS: Vol 0284 page 028-031

Informant: Mr E Sullivan (60), Dromsullivan South

Collector: Kitty Sullivan, Dromsullivan, Bantry

Article: Old Crafts

Teacher: Diarmuid Ó Críodáin, Insecloch, Beantraighe

is done nearly in the same way.

Then if these garments are needed to be dyed, they used to get a kind of seaweed off the rocks in the sea. This weed used to be put into a bag, so as they would not scatter when dyeing the garment. Then it would be put into a pot of water also the garment required to be dyed, until it would be brown enough. It also used to colour light or dark brown colour. This weed used also be got in bogs and it would dye navy or black colour.

They used also make ropes and spansil used for tying cattle. These were made with horses hair twisted with an article called the "casoiri". Then it was doubled and twisted again until it would be like a rope. At one end used to be fastened with "buanciri" and at the other end was a hole in which the "buanciri" used to be fastened to.

These were used to tie cross cows when milking them. Baskets were also made and "sciacogs" with twigs, seasoned, skinned, boiled and made ready for the work. Then they were woven in and out through each other like darning. These baskets were used

for drawing the chopped furze to the stable for the horses. The "sciacogs" were used for putting stones into them which used to be got in the stubble fields in preparation for the meadows hereafter.

Name: Kitty Sullivan, Droumsullivan, Bantry, Co Cork.
Obtained from: Mr. E. Sullivan, Droumsullivan, Bantry, Co Cork.
Age: 60 years. _____

Local cures.

Long ago the people had various remedies for their ailments, such as, a fox's tongue to draw out thorns, and a child having the whooping cough, to crawl nine times under a donkey. It is said, that they would never whoop in it then. Stockholm tar, mutton suet, penny leaves and sulphur to cure ringworm.

To cure "thrush", a gander's beak was put into a child's mouth, so that he breathed into it while the child was fasting. Herbs and roots of nettles were boiled for children having worms. A herb called "Mao-an-cá-ion" was used for curing boils. A herb called "sáisce cruic" or "wild sage" was used for colds, rheumatism and consumption.

Water of the red roses, boiled and bottled and reserved for curing sore or watery eyes. Raisins made into syrup, honey and sugar-and-candy were boiled for the measles. Certain people are supposed to have charms to cure diseases. Holy wells were visited to obtain relief from certain ailments,

NFCS: Vol 0284 page 046-049

Informant: Mr J Keohane, (65), Cloonygorman

Collector: Nora Casey, Caherinecrine, Bantry

Article: Local Cures

Teacher: Diarmuid Ó Críodáin, Inseclach, Beantraighe

such as. in St. Bartholomew's well, rounds of were made for toothaches.

Milk or food left behind by a ferret was used to cure whooping-cough also. Tobacco was used to break a boil. Poultices were also applied such as linseed poultices and mustard poultices. They were made with flannel or linen lint and linseed or mustard, and applied until the pain was relieved. The seventh son or daughter was looked upon as having certain healing powers. It is said that the seventh son would be a doctor for horses.

To cure sick calves, the people did "pleasa-na-picessi", over them. The milk of the donkey is also recommended to strengthen the blood, and also for young children that cannot digest their food, as it is supposed to be stronger than that of any other animal. A poultice made up of soap and sugar was used to heal a wound. To put a piece of pork under a stone, without being seen is a cure for warts. Another cure was to rub a snail to them and then to stick him on the thorns of a white thorn bush.

If a person was suffering from asthma, the arm was pierced with a lance. Salt mixed with pepper also cured a toothache. If a person writes his name around a patch of scurvy with the blood of a black cat, he is cured of the scurvy. Seven pieces of butter and sulphur cures the cunsey. Cold tea was rubbed to a wisp. Boiled milk and butter mixed cures a cold. Heated dock-leaves cure blisters in the feet. Bran, when heated, or brown flour pressed to a sore throat cures it.

A poultice was also made of boiled potatoes to cure "plucarnas" or a sore throat. Fil-leaf was used to cure a bruise. Engine oil and sweet oil was used to cure a burn. A mixture of turpentine, whiskey, vinegar, camphorated oil and two eggs was good for sprains and stiffness of muscles. Black wool steeped in whiskey was good for a pain in the ear. Dandelion dried and made into tea was good for indigestion. Goose grease was good for stiffness or for sprains, and if a person had a sprained leg or hand, to hold it ^{under} ~~into~~ a falling stream was very good for it.

Alum water was used for washing cuts. To rub a gold ring three times to your eye for to cure a wisp also. Water cress for weak blood. To hold your head over a teapot of strong tea for a headache. Heated penny leaves put up as a poultice to a chilblain or corn was very good, or paraffin or the juice of a carrot or the skin of a lemon for chilblains. The white of an egg or a slice of a raw potato for to cure a burn.

Poultices of tobacco were used to draw matter out of a boil in former times, but later on a new plan was discovered. Hot water used to be poured into a bottle and when the bottle was heated, the water used to be thrown out again. Then the neck of the bottle used to be put against the boil and all the matter would be drawn into the neck of the bottle.

Name : Nora Casey, Caherincrimine, Bantry, Co Cork.

Obtained from : Mr. J. Keohane, Clowneygorman, Bantry Co Cork.

Age : 65 yrs

The Local Forge.

There are about six forges in this locality. The names of the smiths are: Mr. Sexton, Mr. Walsh, Mr. O'Sullivan, Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Hayes are the names of the smiths in Bantry. There are two forges in Kealkil and one in Gurtagarry, and one in Boomleigh. Mr. Downey has a forge in Gurtagarry, and Mr. D. O'Sullivan, and Mr. P. O'Sullivan in Kealkil.

Their people before them have been smiths for a number of years. Three of these forges are situated near streams and the other five are situated at the cross-roads. The principal implements, which the smith uses at his work are a sledge, hammer, anvil, bellows, tongs, knife, pincers, rasp, punch, and nails.

The smith shoes horses and donkeys. He makes and mends gates, ploughs, harrows and spades etc. When he is repairing cart-wheels he works in the open air in the yard. The forge is a

NFCS: Vol 0284 page 094-095

Informant: Mr O'Sullivan (50), Dromsullivan South

Collector: Kitty Sullivan, Dromsullivan, Bantry

Article: The Local Forge

Teacher: Diarmuid Ó Críodáin, Inseclach, Beantraighe

medium-sized solid, concrete building, having an iron roof. The door of it rectangular in shape. There are two fire-places within, in which a blazing coal-fire is continually burning. The interior of the forge is dark and smoky. Smiths were always looked upon as being very strong, as the poet says: "The smith a mighty man he, with large and sinewy hands. Forges are usually centres for story-telling. Outside of the forge-door is a small well or pool of water into which the smith puts the red iron in order to cool

Children on their way home from school visit the forge. They love to see the sparks that fly like chaff, and listen to the bellows. There is an old superstition about these sparks. When people visit the forge while the smith works on the anvil, these sparks if they fly towards him, represent money coming to him from across the sea. There is a disused and derelict forge in Skahanagh.

name :- Kitty Sullivan, Droumsullivan, Bantoy, Co. Cork.

obtained from :- Mr. O'Sullivan, Droumsullivan, Bantoy, Co. Cork.

1900 yrs. _____

The Leipreachan or Mermaid.

The Leipreachan is locally known as the Charagan, or Lochryman, or Blurachan. He is usually dressed in a scarlet cap and coat and green breeches. He is about eighteen inches in height. He lives in a fourthy fort where he is generally employed by shoemaking. He is supposed to carry a sack of gold about with him. Long ago there lived a farmer in this district. One day he saw a leipreachan

NFCS: Vol 0284 page 145-147

Informant: Mr Harrington (46), Skahanagh

Collector: John Harrington, Shahanagh

Article: The Leipreachan or Mermaid

Teacher: Diarmuid Ó Críodáin, Insecloch, Beantraighe

whom he chased. Having caught him, he compelled him to reveal the hiding place of the gold. Reluctantly, the little lepreachan did so, and on the following night the farmer went with digging implements to dig up the earth off the crock. But while he was still at work, he heard a frightful noise above him and on looking up he perceived standing around him several grey hounds that were as big as horses. This worried him, but he continued digging, till at last he found the gold. He carried it home, but on the next step he was again confronted by a large hound who jumped up on him and tore his face with his paws and chased him back to where he dug up the gold, and there the farmer had to bury it again.

Then the dog disappeared, and the man returned home very much afraid and perplexed. The mermaid lives at the bottom of the sea. She wears beautiful long hair and is supposed to be extremely pretty. Half her body is like that of a fish and half like that of a woman. She possesses her faculties like every other human being. There is a

story told of a man who one day after a storm walked along the strand. He saw the head of a beautiful maiden appear above the water. She spoke to him and came ashore. Later they happily married and lived together for some time, but one night she left him to go to the sea again, because she said her friends there were calling out to her.

name - Mary Tisdall, Glengarriff Rd. Bantry, Co. Cork.
obtained from - Mr. Coakley, Glengarriff, Rd. Bantry, Co. Cork.
age - 76 yrs.

~~300~~

339A

RIOBARD S O CEALLAIGH

Co. bhorraighe

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocsmogue

Seail: Drom Clúmach (Dromclogh)

Oide: Riobárd Ó Ceallaigh

Beanntraighe

Béaloides.
1935-'36



DROM CLÚMACH
Dromclogh

Ethnographic

8. Surnames of pupils on rolls on 1st. January, every seventh year, beginning 1900.

O'Sullivan 17; Keohane 11; Cullinane 5; Sheehan 6;
Bronin 4; O'Mahony 4; O'Driscoll 4; Wholey 4;
Kington 4; Hurley 2; Walsh 2; O'Donovan 2;
Russell 2; Manning 2; Browley 2; O'Leary 2; Daly 2;
Cotter 1; Hourihan 1.

1907.

Keohane 9; Manning 9; O'Sullivan 8; O'Brien 5; Bronin 5;
Wholey 5; Sheehan 5; Kington 4; McBarthy 3; Russell 3;
O'Driscoll 3; Hurley 2; O'Shea 2; Swyer 1; Walsh 1;
McSweeney 1; O'Mahony 1.

1914.

Keohane 9; Bronin 9; Wholey 8; O'Sullivan 6; O'Mahony 5;
Manning 5; Browley 5; O'Brien 4; Galvan 3; Kelly 3;
Russell 3; Flynn 1; McBarthy 1; O'Driscoll 1; Cotter 1;
Hurley 1; Cullinane 1; Sheehan 1.

1921.

Keohane 11; Bronin 11; O'Mahony 8; Connolly 5;
Browley 5; Kelly 5; O'Sullivan 4; Harnedy 4; Wholey 4;
O'Regan 4; Murphy 2; McSweeney 2; Cotter 2; O'Brien 1;
Horan 1.

1928.

O'Mahony 17; Keohane 10; Bronin 6; O'Sullivan 5; Murnane 5;
Harnedy 5; O'Driscoll 4; Kelly 4; Murphy 4; Scully 3;
Cotter 2; O'Regan 2; McSweeney 2; O'Leary 2; Connolly 2; Horan 1.

1935.

O'Sullivan 11; O'Mahony 6; O'Driscoll 5; Keohane 5;
Murnane 5; Sheehan 4; Bronin 4; Murphy 3; O'Leary 3;
Harnedy 3; Scully 1; Cotter 1.

1938.

O'Sullivan 10; Keohane 7; Sheehan 5; Bronin 5;
O'Driscoll 4; Murphy 3; Kington 3; O'Leary 3; O'Mahony 2;
Murnane 2; O'Brien 2; Hurley 2; Harnedy 1; Cotter 1.

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 365-366

Informant: unknown

Collector: unknown

Article: Ethnographic

Teacher: Riobárd Ó Ceallaigh

Óisín.

An t-é ón a t-fúisíof an scéal :

Pádraig Ó Mathghamhna, Dromclogh West, Bannearraige.

Leis-74. Fionn Mac Cumhaill.

At about the time the Roman Empire was at its height the Millesians were the ruling power in Ireland. The Romans had conquered practically all of Europe. The Irish people expected to be invaded at any moment and they formed an army of defence in Ireland. The soldiers of this army were called Fionna or Fenians and their leader was Fionn Mac Cumhaill. Their business was to guard the harbours and bays of Ireland against invaders.

Fionn had great dogs with which he used to hunt the deer and the wolf. His two most famous dogs were Bran and Sgeolan. These dogs could outstrip and outfight any other dogs in Ireland. One day, as the Fionna were hunting around Killarney, a beautiful deer suddenly started out of the brush-wood. The hounds immediately gave chase, Fionn's dogs leading. They chased the deer until evening.

Suddenly, the deer stopped and instead of a deer the huntsmen saw a young lady of exceeding beauty. The dogs gathered round her and began to lick her hands. Fionn soon drew near and asked her who she was and what had caused the transformation. She answered as follows: "One day as I was

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 371-373

Informant: Pádraig Ó Mathghamhna (74), Dromclogh West

Collector: unknown

Article: Óisín

Teacher: Riobárd Ó Ceallaigh

going to the well for water I met the Chief Druid of the Tuatha De Danaans and he said that as my people had conquered his he would turn me into a deer and in that state I should remain until I should meet a great warrior called Fionn Mac Cumhail. At sight of you I am back to myself again."

Fionn, greatly surprised, asked her to come home with him, which she did, and in due time they were married. They lived a happily-married life for some six months. At the end of that period Fionn had to leave home to inspect his army at manoeuvres. He was away from home for some days and when he returned there was no trace or tidings of his fair lady before him.

This caused him and his army to search all Ireland, its vales and woods, its caves and crags. He did that seven times and every time took him a year. It was of no avail; no tidings of his fair lady could he find. At length he was told that in the County of Kildare a little boy used to be seen in company with a deer and that the deer used to nurse him. Fionn went towards the place and when the deer saw him coming she fled with great speed out of his sight, leaving the child behind.

Fionn took up the child and questioned him. The child told him that the deer fed him with her milk and that she was very fond of him.

He told Fionn that the deer had said that she had been transformed by a Druid into a deer and that a great chieftain named Fionn Mac Cumhail had broken the spell and had made her his wife. After being married for six months Fionn had had to inspect his army and while he was away the Druid had come and changed her into a deer again and she should remain a deer for ever.

Fionn guessed that the boy was his own son. He reared him up and called him Oisín.

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 415-417

Informant: unknown


Collector: unknown

Article: Carriganass Castle

Teacher: Riobárd Ó Ceallaigh, Dromclogh

415

Carriganass Castle.



Carriganass Castle—A stronghold of O'Sullivan Beers. It is about five miles beyond the Pass of Kilmoneigh on the road to Glengarriff.

The castle of Carriganass was the eastern stronghold of the O'Sullivan clan. Many will recall the well-known ballad of Ballanan — the Revenge of Conal Cam O'Sullivan. The poet tells how O'Sullivan's wife was done to death in Lougane Barra by St. Leger. St. Leger is said to have been an officer in the English garrison of Carriganass. Conal, fired with revenge, entered the castle dressed as a Friar and slew St. Leger.

Within a radius of three miles of Carriganass are this day living more than seventy families bearing the name O'Sullivan. These all claim descent from the great O'Sullivan clan of whom the greatest was Donal O'Sullivan Beora. The name of Donal O'Sullivan Beora recalls the defence of Sunbooy in 1602, and the famous retreat of the O'Sullivans during the winter months to the O'Rourke's of Breffni.

In 1599, following the lead of O'Neill and O'Donnell, Munster rose in revolt. O'Sullivan met O'Neill at Iniscarra in January, 1600, and was appointed chief of the Southern forces. Already Donal O'Sullivan's cousin, Owen, had seized Carriganass in the name of the Queen. Donal's first task was to re-capture it. A breach was made in the walls by means of 'sowes and gambions'. The sow was an oblong structure made of framework covered with skins. Beneath its shelter besiegers could move up to the walls of a beleaguered castle and effect a breach with comparative safety.

Leaving a garrison in Carriganass, O'Sullivan, in December, 1601, pressed forward to join the two Hughes at Kinsale. After the tragic defeat of Kinsale O'Sullivan retired to his own territory of Beora. Meanwhile, Carrow, determined to crush O'Sullivan, sailed from Cork on the 20th April, 1602, with an army of 3000 men, well-equipped with cannon. He landed at Sunnook, near Bantry, on the 30th April. Within a fortnight he was marching

towards Carriganass and Kealkib. The small garrison evacuated the castle at his approach, taking with them heavy gates, thus depriving it of much of its military value. The pillars of the gates may still be seen on the eastern wall (now closed in). Carrow directed Wilmot to join him in Kealkib. Sir Charles Wilmot commanded an army across in Kerry. Having sent Richard Tyrrell to ambush Wilmot in the passes south of Killarney, O'Sullivan himself lay in wait on the Cork-Kerry border from Glengarriff to Borlin.

But Wilmot eluded both Tyrrell and O'Sullivan. Making a forced march by night over Mangerton, and continuing via Ballyvourney, he reached Inchiguala safely. Turning west through the Pass of Keimaneigh, Wilmot joined Carrow about two miles on the Cork side of Carriganass. Local tradition still points to the small hillock of Moulavanig as their meeting place. Tyrrell, hot on the track, but too late, witnessed the meeting.

O'Sullivan's renegade cousin, Sir Owen, or, as he is known, the Queen's O'Sullivan, was installed in Carriganass once more. Carrow was now free to concert all his efforts on Sunbooy. The route over land was held by O'Sullivan. So, on the 31st May, 1602, Carrow sailed from Whiddy to attack Sunbooy.

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Co. Chorcaíche

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocsmogue

Scoil: Com Liath

Oide: Muirheartach ó Coimín
Com Liath,
Beanntraighe.



COM LIATH
Coomleagh

Riddles

Five times twenty take care to prefer
A circular letter without any Inlets
One thousand inverted when placed in the rear
Will tell you what's wanting to man I declare COW

Three fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
An upright where two semi-circles do meet,
An isosceles triangle, standing on feet,
Two semi-circles and a circle complete. TOBACCO

Cine do cinn tuatad an cléiread 's cinnid cinn an
casporg é réidéal, Daoicam a bi ag Daoicam m'arab
is aonb uncah Doim'ca an tE sin. — M'arab

Who was the first nobleman mentioned in the Bible?
Baron Figtree (baron fig-tree)

What is it that belong to you and is used by others
more than yourself? — Your name.

What is that is often parted with but never
given away? — A comb.

Why is a man's nose never twelve inches long?
Because it wouldn't be a nose then but a foot.

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 477

Informant: unknown

Collector: unknown

Article: Riddles

Teacher: Muircheartach Ó Cróinín, Coomleagh West

Pos bean ó'n ianchar agus pasfaid an ianchar ar fad

Dá b'pósfaim bean fuinn, beid na suite cò clon aic.

Dá b'pósfaim bean ruad, nìk buan é na saogal aic.

Dá b'pósfaim bean buid tuid, do beid sùil aic is seim aic.

Dec, drach na mna duba, is ead fuinn fear Ciaman ead.

People do not marry on a Friday or on
 Lá ceasa na mbliana (If the fourth day of the year is
 Saturday then Saturday is Lá ceasa na mbliana)

Other rules are

Marry when the year is new always loving kind + true
 In February when the birds do mate, marry and
 you need not dread your fate

Marry when the March winds blow, joy and sorrow
 both you'll know

Marry in April if you can joy for maidens and
 for man

Marry in the month of May you are sure to see
 the day

Marry when June winds blow over land and sea
 you'll go

They who in July do wed must always labour for
 their bread

If in August married you'll be many a change
 you are sure to see

NFCS: Vol 0284 page 486-488

Informant: unknown

Collector: unknown

Article: Sayings

Teacher: Muircheartach Ó Cróinín, Coomleagh West

Marry in September shine, your living will be rich & fine
 If in October you will marry love will come but riches Tarry
 marry in bleak November long the day you will remember
 When December snows fall fast marry and true love will last

On your wedding day it is lucky to wear:-
 something old, something new, something borrowed
 or something blue.

The first to leave the church after being
 married will be the first to die. On their way home
 it is supposed to be unlucky to get rain.

The Proverb says:-

Happy is the corpse that rain falls on
 And happy is the bride that the sun shines on.

Until quite recently the following rules were
 followed in this district.

If the bridegroom did not sleep at the house
 the night before, he should be the first to reach the
 bride's house on the wedding-morning. The wedding
 celebrations usually lasted until next morning. The
 newly married couple remained a week in the house
 and then they went to their new home.

This was known here as "The Dog Drag Home".

It was the rule at the weddings for the followers
 and friends of the two families to see who had
 the best men, so that wedding usually ended
 up in a faction fight. On this fight

depended much of the bride's future happiness
 because if her friends won she ruled in her new
 home, but if otherwise then she was ruled
 by her mother-in-law and her life was practically
 that of a slave.

Match-making still survives. In the
 olden times the girl got a certain number of
 young cattle (known as collop) now she gets
 money. This is called Fortune (Spre) If her
 new home is distant and that she or her people do not
 know the place well, they go to see it before
 the money is paid. Those who go to see it are
 called "Spakares".

It is not supposed to be lucky for girls in this
 district to get married in the land south over the hills.
 While men are supposed to be luckier to go south than
 to go north. (That is men going into a farm as chairman used

Co. Bhorcaighe
Bar.: Beanntraighe
Par.: Kilmoromogue
Scoil: Macha na gClaidhe
Oide: Cathal Ó Macháin
Castlehill,
Beanntraighe

3. 1938 — 1. 1939



macha na gclaidhe
Maughanaclea

Biadh na Sean Aimsear.

Three meals eaten in this district in ancient times. Breakfast
Dinner & supper.

Usually men worked 2 hours before Breakfast which was
always eaten at 10 o'clock a.m.

According to local tradition Potatoes & salt were used
for breakfast. & Stieabout for dinner (porridge)
& for Pappea Milk was drunk - especially curds
and whey.

The table was usually placed near the stone chimney
winter - he had only one leg and rested on the
kettle (seat)

Bread. Brown bread made from what was almost
entirely used. "Black bread" was also used
This was the "Steamp" Bread.

Fresh meat (Cow, Calf etc) was often used but it
was not pickled like it now is. It was
then consumed while fresh - divided among neighbours
lest it would get bad.

Smoked Fish was often used. It was then very
plentiful in Banting times.

Tea was not used in this place before the year 1848

Tea in olden times:- Tea was not then made like it now is.
A large pot of water was boiled. Then about 1/4 pound
of tea was thrown in. People drank several cups of
it at the time (of course it was Coloured).

Mrs D. O'Leary 52 yrs.

Cousane Kealkil

NFCS: Vol 0283 page 449-450

Informant: Mrs D O'Leary (52) Cousane

Collector: unknown

Article: Biadh na Sean Aimsear

Teacher: Cathal Ó Macháin, Maughnaclea

Co. Chorcaíche

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocsmogue

Scoil: Scoil N. Mocomóg

Oide: Seán Ó Macháin (Vaughan)

Castlehill.

1. 1. 31 —



SCOIL N. MOCOMÓG
Cappaboy More

caolán na ceoldán

leasa míe
 leasa na n-áb
 man flúe
 leasa goib
 míe na ceolga
 páie a boia
 páie a ceolga
 páie a gailín
 páie a' fáilín na ceolga
 páie a' fáilín na ceolga
 páie a leasa
 páie na ceolga

Diarmuid O'Meara, Meall na h-Éire

páie a caolín
 leasa a' buacalla
 páie na ceolga
 páie a ceolga
 páie ceol
 páie a leasa
 páie a' gailín
 páie míe
 páie fáilín
 páie ceol

páie na ceolga
 páie ceolga
 páie páie míe
 páie míe
 páie ceolga
 páie a ceolga
 An ceolga
 páie na ceolga
 páie ceolga
 páie na ceolga
 páie a' ceolga

Consulor O'Sullivan

Consulor

páie ceolga
 páie a ceolga
 páie na ceolga
 páie a ceolga
 páie a ceolga "ceolga"
 páie ceolga
 páie ceolga
 páie na ceolga
 páie a' ceolga
 páie a ceolga
 páie na ceolga
 páie a ceolga
 páie ceolga

Zac Rud ara scríobta sa leabhar so. Is ós nádúrúil
do ráfad réite ag scríobhadh d'ár gceas na
muin b'ós m' gairín scríob.

M. U. L.

Co. b' h-uíorgha

Bar.: Beanntraigh

Par.: Kilmocomogue

Seoil: Caolchoill

Oide: Mícheál Ó Laoighaire

Caolchoill,

Beanntraigh.

1. 12. 1938 — 30. 12. 1938



caolchoill
Kealkil

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Collector: unknown

Article: Sgéal i dtaobh airgid i lios

Teacher: Micheál Ó Laoghaire, Caolchoill

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VII. Sgéal i dtaobh airgid i lios:—

An an n-domh d'ar do cónigury fadó-na cía d'ea
b'hadan ó som - fear do n'urruca n'urruca.
B'f sersear nó mór sersear de clann n'gae ag
an b'fear so agus beice no ceim aca na n'ogáir.
Th' rarb purm de saib'iceas an csaogarl seo
ag an b'fear. gceadna na purm "slapará"
ar. B'f eaf c'g'g no ceime c'g'g de bodógarl
beaga arge agus eaf c'f'm nó ceime c'f'm de
cola beaga sa c'noe. Th' rarb aon tá na
c'g'ead ceam de na buacarl'it go deí an c'noe
cum na ba seasa d'f'erserme. Anon b'f sé de
béas ag an b'fear so nár cáimz ord'ce r'raim
nár cum, b'ad ar an mbórd nuair a b'f sé
ag dul a c'obla' le heagla go deic'f'ad' c'ime
ón saogal eile isceic.

An tráicnóna áirg'ie seo c'uar' an fear f'ím
cum na cola beaga a b'f sa c'noe d'f'erserme
mar d'oir do f'ios a b'ic' arge an r'ab'ad'ar
ag ceice ar a'gar, nó an r'ab'ad'ar mar' a
n'dóim' i gceim an aonair, mar b'f an c'f'os
ag g'laod'ac. Do cáimz an ceó ar sa
c'noe agus ~~ca~~ c'í g'ua m'ime ceana a
b'f sé sa c'noe f'í ceó do cur'ead' amú
é an tráicnóna seo. Car' sé an tráicnóna
ag s'ub'at' som agus siar, anonn agus anall
agus do t'ep zlan ar an casán cum

baile d'amsrúid. Nuair dóibí sé corca de
 beirí ag sribal agus an deanaige agus an
 doicadas ag ceacc do súidí sé síos ar
 iúccóg agus é ar rimm arze gan coimh
 is an áir ía karb ^{se} arze go nglanfad an
 ceó nó go dtazfad an lá. Thón b'fada
 do am na súide gur amuz sé an ceól
 ba b'ime dár amuz cluasa dume rian
 bí fíos arze nárb aon dume saozalia
 a bí ag seim ceól ar miullaí an éir
 an ceáí úd agus do táimz carí cos agus
 táim ar le szamrad. In amm sé' ar
 seisean leis féin "cá b'fuplm in aon cor
 fuam sé freazka gan mioll. Do labair
 an dume agus dubairz. Táim measz
 do daoine miuzzearta. Amm an rlead
 iuz sé fé ndeara go karb sé buairce leis
 an lios atá i mbanna na Coramóne.
 Ní feadfad sé corcaige gá cricéimz
 iógaimé mar um an deaca so bí an áir
 currize am agus i cóm dub a's ná
 ferfca do táim do símead: nó mar adubair
 an zseanacurde cóm dub le cóm an píca.
 Sor a karb sé duamz arze currizeam ar
 cad ba ceacc do a deanaig agus cáirz an
 síde zairí agus síob le rseac sa lios é.
 Do leaí a dá súid am nuair a fuam ^z

rseaz i seómra breaz solasimaz a bí sé - seómra
 a bí lán de buacallí agus de caplm óga agus rad
 ag rimm ar a ndiceall. Bí ^{raim} carí no ^{ceacac} ceacac de
 beirdeoirí riande ar scáise agus rad ag seimz
 dóibí agus an ceól cóm b'igz em go b'ranfad sé ag
 eiseacc leó coidie. Ní karb síe aonze amuz
 am a bí scoi aosta agus bí an fear san riande
 ar scáise leis agus é na súide ar cácaoir
 a bí deanta de ór ar fad. B'ig é an maor go
 an ceam oirde a bí orra agus ba zeáim go
 b'feaca sé go karb ana-uramí ag an zcurde eile do
 bí a lán sa lios do cum iongnad am gan
 dabie síe sé an rud is mó do cum iongnad am
 ná go b'feacad sé amúid ag rimm ós a
 cómam amac buacallí agus carimí a bí curia
 le blianta, a cómamasaí féin, daoine go karb
 aine marí arze orra agus é féin na óganac,
 agus rad cóm hóg feacame, cóm méidreac,
 cóm lán do pléasún agus bíodar nuair
 bídeis go leim ag rimm ar an brackim
 zac ceáinóna doimmarz. Rimmceoir
 breaz do bead é féin agus carí sé
 "bodars" rimm a deanaig dóibí. Nuair
 a bí san deanta arze rógad rseac i seómra
 eile é. Bí bórd i lán an uiláim agus ní
 lá fós é mar a karb ^{bead} agus "amlan" ar an
 mbórd san. Bí na sgeama agus na soirze go

bír a bí ar an mbóid deanta de
 ór acc mar sin fém do súid se' rseacá cum
 bírad zan aon caicant agus d'ri agus dól
 a saí. Na díad san d'fíl se' ar an seómra
 m a raib an rince ar srubal agus bírín
 do bodars eile rince do deanaim. Annsan
 cáimí an fear aosta anuas den scáise
 agus ruz ar láim an agus ióg lers rseacá
 na seómra fém e. I n'zac cúinne den seómra
 seo bí barróille mók agus le hars zac barróille
 bí fírin beag cíníall dá iorú ar aonbe
 agus clárdean na láim arze.

Ní cúirse bíodak rseiz sa cseómra na
 d'iomparú an 'maok' an agus dubairt:-
 'Is mírd dom fáite do cur kómar acc
 caríra leac s'cial do zabáil hom an curus
 so mar ní raib aon caoi agam an zo de
 so. Tángars amso aoncc mar nuam do
 ruakas amac zo rabars amú sa ceó curus
 ceam de's na buacallí amac id' corruib
 cum zú srúicad amso. Caríra teac
 arís cum bodars eile rince a deanaim dúimí
 agus aon uam a bíer az zabáil an ceó
 so buar rseac cúgarm agus beid fáite
 kómar'. Annsan dubairt se' le ceam de's na
 fíimí beag mála a tabairt cúise. Dúimí
 fíimí d'í' amac agus do iuz lers sparán fáda.

cosainyarl lers na sparán a bíod az na sean-
 -má fáda. Cóg an 'maok' an sparán uarb'
 agus as an mbarróille ba ziorra do do eoz
 ladaraca ór agus do líon suas an sparán lers.

Annsan do s'ín se' an sparán cum mac lí' n'juicáil
 agus dubairt:- 'H míre do cúirs-se cumgarm
 oarmá agus is mírd dom an cōm do bíol
 leat'. 'Anró' arsa mac lí' n'juicáil lers caicant
 do cúirs-sa cumgarm ort'. 'Do cúirs'
 arsa an fear eile lers - nuam d'fázars brad
 agus deoc ar an mbóid nár zcōm agus
 zeallarm dúre zur míre a bíomam za
 zabear agus smy az fíllead zan érs cúrsa
 fáda. Beid raí agus seán orca agus ar
 do clann mac an fáid a's ná deamfáid s'ib
 aon rub a cúirid fearz okarmy za.

D'fázars se' an amso zan míre
 déirre cá bíuam se' an cargead, agus
 dubairt lers beir az bairt an estíze amac
 cum bairt mac zo raib a n'juicáil amú
 'a cuardac ceam fém.

Anzac a táirre mo dúre agus bí an
 orde cōm zeal le lōk an lae, agus ní raib
 purry den estíze cueta de arze nuam
 amry se' fead agus fead eile acc se' bead
 am acc a clann agus na cōmarmy agus
 rad az cuardac do. Ní ró-fáda za

diaid san zua iuzadar na comarsary fe
 ndeaca zo karb an fear so az dul ar azaid
 zo trean. Bi an cnoe lan de bairidiz arze
 agus fearca tozia o daome sa ceannear
 den meid diob na bfeidm do coicuzad an
 cnoe. Ni karb ceannuzleom az dul ar
 aonac dot feara na e. Ni karb tuz
 m a mbiod daome az scoicuzesca na are
 m a mbiod zaska bairidize le ceile na
 zua be sm an caobair ceannce amiam do
 biob acu. mac III mjuicairle agus a
 fardbreas agus iongnad orra zo leik ca
 bfuam se an canzead. "De ar gom' dom
 -ridis le ceile. "Cad e an caobair do anzead
 do bair arze agus an breon amias do bair
 az tuzim rseac na surlub. Is beag an
 solas acā arze o bairm as mar anzead.
 Smy mar a bidis az ceannce na caob mōn
 ni karb arze ac do cāimz sūzary, agus
 an breon agus an cōs na karb se duam
 arze feim na az aonze dā clany mac na
 porll a- bi deanta san diom az na bēayab
 dūba do socuzad. lean an sceal mar sm
 agus an nos cāc fuam se bās agus d' fōg
 se an sardbreas az na macarb. Ni beag de
 seō ac a karb d' anzead acu agus e sardce
 rōn diom acu agus curia ms na pollarb 1

bfalla an tize. Bi an tuzim mar a dubair
 ceana az sūzad agus iuzadris an canzead
 amac azors agus aris cum e sead fin nzeim
 bi aon zeallaimme amiam am a iuzadar
 dā naicm nam a bi se az fazarb bāis mar
 depreadar do comlyonad se sm bpad agus
 deoc do cur ar az mōnd zoc orde yuam
 beidris az dul a cōlad.
 Do cārla uam amiam bianta car eis a
 naicm do cur zo deamz cōicuzesca bairidize
 1 lan az mjeim, agus a leirid de bairseac
 yōn tuzm rary. Ni karb proc fo diom tize
 acu na karb fhuic bairde. Is beag na
 zo karb d' anzead a bi acu mjeim gan
 canbire ac be corl de zua glay az amiam
 suas agus zo deamz laiceama breāgia
 broiallaca. Don lā amiam diob iuzadar
 az canzead leō amac zo hirsin beag le
 cors na h-abam a bi az zabarb car tize.
 1 loc acā ar az zcyoc - mōnd rsead emizem
 an abaso. Deicem zo karb omead angid
 acu amiam ar az mjeim az lā ūd zard
 anlard a biobair e cōcōad amac agus
 ā iongnad le pici dīceas mar a bion
 daome yuam a bion stad az sārārl feik
 yuam cāimz az cāicōza agus cōngare
 - eadar na karb aon comaria bairidize an.

an ammsan dubhadan le ceile go mbeair
 e fagann amuz go mardean agus da mbead
 la eile fey ngeru aze go mbead se
 tarm a doiaru ammsan cum e tabairt
 rseac. Pe sgeal e bi boscaj curca a
 ydeanaj aca cum an cangead do cur rseac
 ammas ni beidh sin deanta go deil la
 na markeac. D'imeideadar leo rseac
 agus d'iceadar a suprean agus cuadar
 a codad. I la na horde pe slize gur
 dursu an deakbracam ba simo d'aruz
 se foikomy eizny tonzantac agus yuam
 narb ferdm leu a deanaaj amac cad
 do bi za deanaaj do glair se ak az
 zeud eile. D'iceadar ak fead camyll
 agus ammsan do ~~bi~~ bi fios acu gur
 e glair na h-abam do cuadar.

Riceadar amac aca bi zac an tarm agus
 an orde go beacj kermecac. Fe deizy
 na h-imse leo aca foikom ni karb
 orcad agus orlac den imse ceadna na
 karb clubarize le h-imse agus kram romys
 sm na kram o som nior zarb a leierb
 de iulle sios le fanaz. Scob si an
 cangead lei agus a easz na a iuamuz
 ni bhuadar o som. Biodar nac mon
 com boce agus com dealb agus do biodar

krainj. Taci eizny za dyad san do buair cuca
 rseac la nuam do biodar az ye a ydnyean
 bean feasa. N'iceadar kram roms sin i agus
 ni karb am ac uir acc ba zeam gur
 cum si i ~~fead~~ ^{kam} myl doib co'k bi fey. D'iceadar
 uir surde rseac cum buid agus zarm
 d'ice agus com yare do dem. Nuam do bi
 an dyad cance ace agus a beal glanca ace
 do cospuz si az camre. "bi angead buir
 ndoyne azartise camall o som" ar sise
 agus ml purm de azart mydm acc
 orkarb fey is ceart myllein do beid:

"Comus e sin armi ar stad go leim
 m aonfeac. Ta ar sise gur iugur geall-
 amame d'uir naiam yuam do bi se
 az fazar bars agus nior deizum az
 geallamame sin do comlionad agus ta
 a kram orkarb." D'imeis si doib ammsan
 gur o myuzim an leasa ar an zluamom
 do nuam se an cangead an ceal la kram.
 agus gur myre do gabadar rseac cuca
 i la na horde agus go mbid an-fearz
 orkia nuam cidis go mbid boib follam
 rompa; go dozfarid an cangead uia
 acc na feadfarid e yuam nac mon
 do bi se acu. Nuam fuadar amac go
 rabadar cum e fagann amuz an orde

úid zua curriyigeadar ar seipe agus
"b'e seo an seipe" ar seipe. "Darligead congnam
agus do cáimz fir ó zae lios san dúicaz
seo agus com fada ó tuap le tráigz.
Nuam do bíodar go léim bodrige le céile
cuadar go dtí an loc acá ar an gceoc
mbuice. Ní raibé braon urge san loc
nár deirgeadar do easgaid le fánaiz
agus sm i an cuille do sgrób bíar zcuib
airgib se léi.

Translation by Dan Sullivan, Kealkill

This is a story about money in a lios (fort). In Derrydubh a long time ago – hundreds of years ago there lived a man in Derrydubh by the name of Hurley. He had six or seven sons and two or three of them were youngsters. He had very little of the riches in the world and neither was he an untidy looking man. He had three or four big cows and three or four calves on the hill. There was no day that one of the boys wouldn't go to the hill to see the dry cattle. It was the custom of the man that no night came that he didn't put food on the table when he was going to bed for fear that somebody from the other world would come in. This particular afternoon the man himself went to the young calves on the hill because he wanted to know whether they were coming on and whether they were good enough for the fair because the rent was beckoning. The fog came down on him on the hill and though he had often been on the hill in fog, he was put astray that afternoon. He spent the afternoon going east and west here and there but he completely failed to find the path through his home. He was tired of walking and with the lateness and the darkness coming he sat down on a grassy knob with the intention of not stirring from the place he was until the fog would clear or until the day would come. He wasn't long sitting until he heard the most beautiful music that human ears ever heard. He knew that it wasn't any person from this world who was playing music on the top of the hill and he started to shiver with fright. "In God's name" he said to himself "where am I at all". He got his answer without delay. Somebody spoke and said you are with the fairy people. It was then he noticed that he was beside the

fort that is on the top of Curramore. He couldn't move or take a step as at that point night had come and it was so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of you or as the Seanchaí said as black as the arse of the pooka. However before he had a chance to think of what best to do the Sheegee came and landed him into the fort. His two eyes widened when he found out that he was inside in a fine nice room, a room that was full of young girls and boys and they were dancing energetically. There were three or four up on the stage and they were playing for the dancers and the music was so beautiful that he would stay listening to it forever. There was only one person who was getting old and that man was sitting on top of the stage on a chair that was completely made of gold. He was the man in charge and he noticed in a short time that the rest of them paid a lot of respect to him. There was a lot in the fort that made him wonder but the biggest cause of wonder was that he saw here and there dancing in front of him, girls and boys who were buried for years, his own age group, people whom he knew well when he was young and they were so young looking, so happy, so full of pleasure that they were when they were dancing on the pattern every Sunday afternoon. He was a fine dancer himself and he did a little dance for them. When he had that done he was taken into another room. There was a table in the middle of the floor and such food and dainties as were on that table. The knives and the vessels on the table were completely made of gold. However he sat into the table without any urging and ate and drank his fill. After that he returned to the room where the dancing was going and he had to do another

bout of dancing. Then the old man came down from the stage and took his hand and he brought him into his own room. In every corner of the room there was a big barrel and beside every barrel there was a small man about two feet high and he had a sword in his hand. No sooner were they in the room than the boss man turned to him and said: "It's time for me to welcome you this time as I have no opportunity until now. You came here tonight because when I found out that you were out in the fog I sent out one of the boys in your direction to guide you here. You will have to come again to do another bout of dancing for us anytime you're coming in this direction. Drop into us and you'll be welcome". Then he said to one of the small men to bring him a bag. One of the little men went out and he took with him a long purse like the purses that the old women had long ago. The boss took the purse from him and found the barrel nearest to him. He took handfuls of gold and he filled up the purse with it. Then he handed the purse to the Hurley man and said: "It was often you did me a favour and it's time for me to pay you back". "Ara" said the Hurley man "when did I do you a favour".

"You did me a favour" said the other man "when you left food and drink on the table for us and I promise you that it was often we were in need and us coming back from a long journey. You and your sons will be prosperous and lucky as long as you do nothing that would upset us".

He warned him not to tell anybody where he got the money and told him to be on his way because his family

was already out searching for him. Out he came and the night was as bright as the middle of the day and he hadn't gone very far when he heard a whistle and another whistle and who was there but his family and the neighbours and they were looking for him. Not long after that the neighbours noticed that this man was making great progress. His hill was full of animals and he had taken pasture from people in the neighbourhood for those animals that couldn't be fed on the hill. There wasn't a buyer going to the fair that was better than him. There was no house where there was a scoraíocht or any place where people would be gathered but that the one subject of talk was Hurley and his money and they all wondering where he got the money. "But surely" they used to say to one another "what good is the money to him and the drop from above falling down into his eyes. Tis little consolation he has out of the money". This is how they used to be talking about him because he only had a sooty hut and the rain coming down on him because neither he nor any of his sons had the time to repair the holes on the roof made by the crows. Things continued so and like everybody else he died and he left his wealth to the sons. It was a strange spectacle with what money they had and it was shoved under the roof and put in the holes of the walls in the house. The house as I said before was saturated and they used to take the money out from time to time to air it under the sun. There was one promise they made to their father when he was dying that they didn't fulfil. That is to say they didn't leave food and drink on the table every night when they were going to sleep.

Years after their father died there was a fortnight of rain came in the middle of June and such rain as never fell before. There wasn't one inch of the roof that wasn't drenched wet. All the money that they had nearly became useless. But it was the will of God that the weather cleared up and some fine warm days followed. On a particular day they took all the money to a small little inch field beside the river that was going past the house. This river rises in a lake on Cnoc Baoi. It is said that they had so much money out on the Inch that they were hanging it out and handling it with pikes just the same as people would be when they are saving hay. When the afternoon came and when they saw that there was no sign of rain they said to one another that it would be best to leave it out until morning and that if it had another day under the sun it would be dry enough to bring it in. Anyway they had boxes made to put the money into and these wouldn't be made until the following day. They went in and they ate their supper and they went to sleep. Then in the middle of the night something woke the oldest brother when he heard a strange sound and when he couldn't make it out, he called on the others. They listened for a while and then they knew that it was the sound of the river they heard.

They ran out and every place was dry. The night was lovely and starry. They went towards the Inch but faraoir there wasn't one bit of the same Inch that wasn't covered with water and before then or since then there wasn't such a huge flood. The flood took the money with it and

they never heard of it afterwards. They were as poor and as destitute as they were ever. A while afterwards, one day a woman came in to see them while they were eating their dinner. She was a fortune teller. They never saw her before and they didn't know her. However she told them shortly who she was. They asked her to sit down to the table and to eat a bit and she did. When she had eaten her food and cleaned her mouth she started to talk: "You had enough money a while ago and there's none of it left now and blame is on yourselves". "How is that" said they all together. "You gave a promise to your father when he was dying and you didn't fulfil that promise and this is the result". She told them then that it was from the inhabitants of the fort on Curramore that their father got the money the first day and it was how they went in the middle of the night and were very angry when they saw that the table was empty before them and that they would take the money from them but that they couldn't take it when it was in the form of gold. When they found out that the brothers were to leave it out one night they thought of a plan and this was the plan she said. Help was gathered together and men came from every fort in the neighbourhood and as far north as Tralee. When they were all gathered together they went to the lake that's on Cnoc Baoi. There wasn't one drop of water in the lake that they didn't pour down the slope and that was the flood that swept your money away with it.

Co. Chorcaíche

Bar.: Beanntraíche

Par.: Kilmocomogue

Scoil: Barrlinn

Oide: Máire Ní Chruadhlaoidh



BARRLINN

Borlinn

I got the following story from James Cotter (builder),
Derrynafinchen. Age 81.

There was a man there long ago who was very interested in the fairies and their doings. He was continually frequenting forts in the night. He had a very strong mind and a strong will, so the fairies had no power over him, and did not want him. They were always trying to persuade him to stay away, but he kept on coming. Sometimes in the end they allowed him join their expeditions. He had to promise that he wouldn't speak at all if they allowed him come. He promised.

The fairies were off to abduct a bride. She was very pretty and had been married that morning. The wedding feast was to continue during the night, in the girl's house. The leading fairy was to say 'Hellup' through the keyhole and then they would find themselves inside - invisible of course.

The plans were carried out. They

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 034-035

Informant: James Cotter (81), Derrynafinchen

Collector: unknown

Article: About Fairies

Teacher: Máire Uí Chruadhlaich

travelled to the wedding - the lad riding
on the beam of an old plough (seana
beám ceacca). Up they went to the
rafters and watched the merry-makers
The fairies told him that if the bride
sneezed three times and nobody said
"God bless us" they would have her.
They would see to it that she sneezed, and
were depending on it that, with the
height of the fun nobody would
think of saying "God bless us".

The lad was enjoying looking on at
the fun. He thought the young woman
was very handsome and that it would
be a shame to separate her from her
husband and friends. Anyway she
sneezed. No notice was taken of it. The
fairies were delighted. She sneezed again
nobody noticed. He looked at the fairies
They were delighted with their work. He
looked again at the young woman
She was certainly very handsome.
She sneezed again. "God bless us"
shouted the lad on the rafters + down
he fell on the floor in the middle of
the dancers.

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 037

Informant: Mr Thade Harrington (-), Knockanecosduff

Collector: Mary A Crowley, Derrynafinchen, Borlinn

Article: Home Cures

Teacher: Máire Uí Chruadhlaoidh

travelled to the wedding - the lad riding on the beam of an old plough (seana béam ceacca). Up they went to the rafters and watched the merry-makers. The fairies told him that if the bride sneezed three times and nobody said "God bless us" they would have her. They would see to it that she sneezed, and were depending on it that, with the height of the fun nobody would think of saying "God bless us".

The lad was enjoying looking on at the fun. He thought the young woman was very handsome and that it would be a shame to separate her from her husband and friends. Anyway she sneezed. No notice was taken of it. The fairies were delighted. She sneezed again nobody noticed. He looked at the fairies. They were delighted with their work. He looked again at the young woman. She was certainly very handsome. She sneezed again. "God bless us" shouted the lad on the rafters & down he fell on the floor in the middle of the dancers.

Mary O'Sullivan 6-12-1938.

Tooreen,
Borlinn,
Bantry.

A Shooting of a Landlord's Agent in Bantry

The following poem was written on the occasion of ^{the} shooting of Mr. William Bird, a landlord's agent in Bantry nearly forty years ago. The shooting was supposed to be done by Timothy C adogan a farmer of Derrydubbe Borlinn. Anyway C adogan was arrested and hanged.

Mr. Bird ^{lived} with his brother a doctor in a private house at Beech a mile to the west of Bantry. He had his office in the top of Barrack street, and it was there the people used to pay the rent. Mr. Bird was a very hard man, and he was not liked by anybody. C adogan ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~erected~~ ^{erected} out of his land ^{He tried to settle with Bird but got no help} and he was supposed to have said that if he got the

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 062-064 and 068-071

Informant: John O'Sullivan (60), Deelis, Co. Kerry

Collectors: Eileen Cronin, Derrynafinchin
Mary O'Sullivan, Tooreen

Article: A Shooting of a Landlord's Agent in Bantry

Teacher: Máire Uí Chruadhlaoidh, Inchinarihen

two Birds he would shoot them, and then give himself up to the police. So when Bird was shot the suspicion was on Cadogan immediately. The shot was heard in the street, and the signature of a man named Heagarty from Dunbeacon was still wet on the books. Heagarty should have seen Cadogan coming out but he never said he did. Cadogan himself ^{never} said that he ~~was~~ shot Bird.

A protestant girl named Dukelow was working ^{another part of the same house} across ~~the~~ street, and she said she saw him coming out the door. A working man named Dennis said he saw him coming down the stairs with a smoking revolver in his hand.

On this evidence Cadogan was arrested and tried. The jury disagreed the first time, but he was condemned the second time by a packed jury. The judge was Mr. Peter O'Brien a catholic, but he was a great friend to the landlords, and he was commonly know as "Peter the Packer."

Cadogan said at the trial that he would have

Mr Bird after his death. At 12 o'clock on every night a loud knock was heard at the hall-door of Sand House. There was never anyone at the door. The two cross watch dogs (potters) in the hall never noticed the knock.

Tim Cadogan was a farmer's son, his lawful debts he paid.

By landlords nor of bailiffs he never was afraid. ^{no bird nor craft nor magpie his spirit proud could tame that rough and rugged son of toil, from the parish hills he came}

One day he went to Bantrey, was Saturday afternoon. As he had often done before in winter time.

A bird was ^{winged} ~~seen~~ that morning, a minion of the crown.

He was no loss to Bantrey or any other town.

The peelers in pursuit of him, no evidence could find. Through treachery they did conspire to gain this hero's mind.

Cadogan in his prison cell no danger did he fear. He knew that he was innocent, this gallant mountaineer.

The jury thought the same of him and twice decreed it so. (see page 68)

(Continued from page 64)

Despite the perjured evidence of Denis and Dubler.

Third time they packed a jury, the spawn of Cromwell's breed. To hang this gallant farmer's son, at last they did succeed.

The jury found him guilty, and the judge to him did say, "The 11th day of January shall be your dying day."

Long life to Paddy Meade, his name won't ever die. For the judge and jury in the court, he boldly did defy. He knew the trial would be a farce, presided by O'Brien, The Judas of the Irish race, from Cork to Ballylyon.

Gilhooley, Flynn, and Barry, tried by might and main. To save the life of Cadogan, their efforts were in vain.

The names of Denis and his gang, their
loathsome now to hear

They do not visit Bantry town, their hearts
are filled with fear.

As like the owl that sleeps the day, until
darkness comes around,

They crawl out of their hiding place, where
reptiles both abound

The grass they tread shall wither, and
never ^{again} will grow

When trampled by Denis, Fanny Dukelow
and Patso

He is buried in old Ireland, so far across
the sea

And a thousand men like Cadogan, would
set old Ireland free.

That Cadogan's soul may rest in peace,
on that bright celestial shore,

Before the court above the clouds, where
sorrow is no more.

The foregoing poem about Cadogan was
written in California by Patrick O'Brien
commonly known as "Rocky Mountain
O'Brien". He was a native of Bantry. It
was from a man named John O'Sullivan
of Deelis, Castledonovan aged about 60 that

Co. Chorcaíche

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocmogue

Scoil: Com Sheóla (B.)

Oide: Conchothar Ó Seaghdha

Com Sheóla,

Beanntraighe

— 13. 12. 1938



com sheóla
Coomhola

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 256

Informant: Unknown

Collector: Unknown

Article: Sean Fhocail

Teacher: Conchobhar Ó Séaghda, Kilmocomogue

Sean Fhocail.

Mairéann an críob ar an bFál ac ní mairéann
an lán do éir.

Tig, mbeal bócaik ní haicteak é ac cōingak
Ní bíonn leigeas ar an gcaicú ac é smáicú le foicne
An té bíonn tinn ní bínn leis son ruo.

Boo saingean mar earball na bó.

Is fearr maol na droic ceann ac ní ann ac san.

Dionadóik plúic, sioladóik tuig, zeamak + scáca,
no feuk + mbeal beánnan.

Innein mná nō oróce fojmak.

Ná diol bó maol, us na ceannung bó maol,

Is na bí coróce gan bó maol.

Mol an cnoc us sean é

Dí-mol an cōill us caobang.

Lá ar meusge us lá ag ól usge.

Lá sa cabairne us lá sa tsúsa

Is dá lá deug ag solácar cūca.

Tarc + ndraic an óil, us brōn + ndraic an aingid.

Ling leis an tsúic a lūbfaid leac.

Cresadóik tiokac, sioladóik pánaic

Fill orm deik an droic znō.

Is cumá cōmairle cōingak neam cionnacé no

ceik a cūc + bpoil gan teinneas.

12 281

Co. Chorcaighe
Bar.: Beanntraighe
Par.: Kilmocomogue
Scoil: Doire na Creiche
Oide: Críostóir Ó Drioscóil
An Gleann Garbh.



DOIRE NA CREITHE
Derrycreigh

5/12/38

In Tom Regan's farm in Ardnatrush there is a cromlech. This consists of one large stone resting on two other stones standing on end on the ground. There is no local name for this monument.

In the townland of Ardnatrush there is a blessed well known as Lady's Well. Local tradition says that the Blessed Virgin was seen ~~at~~ that well years ago. People used to pray rounds there on the fifteenth of August every year. But that practice has died out during the last twenty years. That townland got its name from the rounds that used to be made ~~at~~ the well.

In Ardnatrush there is also a circular dun or fort. This is situated on the brink of the a cliff overhanging the sea. The old name for the fort has been lost.

About a hundred yards from the fort are the ruins of a large, oblong, stone building. It is about thirty feet long and fifteen broad and the walls that remain are about twelve feet in height. Tradition says that it was being built by fairies when a man going out for a cow to drive her to the fair interrupted them. The man was struck sick, went home and died shortly afterwards, and the house was never finished.

At the water's edge in Kumeen there was a glass bottle factory. Only very little of the walls remain but many bents of dark

gran glass are scattered around the strand. The furnaces were heated with charcoal made from the local oak trees.

Patrick Shea (72 years) Glengarriff
Glengarriff
Born in Glengarriff (Tells about the glass factory)

Mrs Sullivan
Ardnatrush
Glengarriff
Born in Derrycreha
Tells about the Blessed Well

NFCS: Vol 0281 page 013-014

Informants: Patrick O'Shea (72), Glengarriff
Mrs O'Sullivan, Ardnatrush Beg

Collector: Unknown

Article: Antiquities in Derrycreha School District

Teacher: Christóir Ó Driscóil, Derrycreigh

There was once an old woman who wished to get a child so she did not know how to get one. She went to an old witch and asked her. She said she could manage that easily. So she gave her a seed of barley and she told her to set it in a flower-pot and that she would see what she would get out of it. The woman handed her a coin and she went home and planted it and as soon as she had planted it a lovely flower grew out of it. The woman thought it so nice that she kissed it and that minute a lovely child was sitting on top of it. She was only about an inch in height.

One day the child was out under the sun and she was near a wood in a stubble field. She was there until evening. She got very cold and she saw a hole going down through the ground and she went down there and she stayed there until she died.

Patrick Harrington bayer
Isknafelna Slingsuff.

Co. Wick & Isknafelna

NFCS: Vol 0281 page 003

Informant: Patrick Harrington (69), Isknafelna

Collector: Unknown

Article: Story

Teacher: Christóir Ó Driscóil, An Gleann Garbh

