



BANTRY
HISTORICAL
ARCHEOLOGICAL
SOCIETY

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

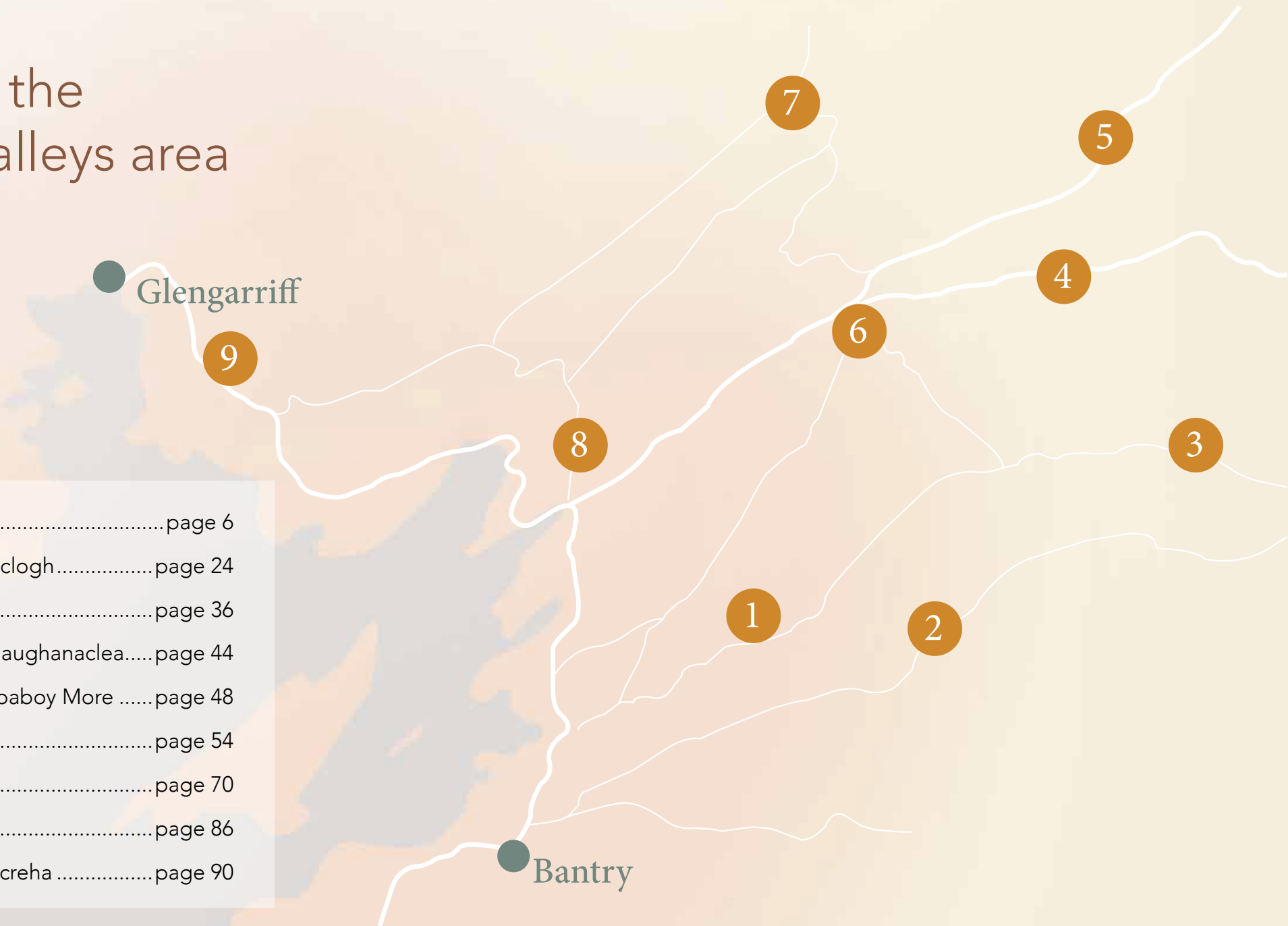
The National Folklore Collection, assembled by the Irish Folklore Commission and located in UCD, preserves an important record of Ireland's oral tradition. Part of the Collection comprises *The Schools Collection*; in 1937/38 50,000 schoolchildren in the 26 counties were enlisted to collect folklore 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 images of the children's handwritten testimonials are reproduced with kind permission from the National Folklore Collection.

the schools in the Bantry Four Valleys area

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- A map of the Bantry Four Valleys area in Ireland, showing the coastline and several valleys. The towns of Glengarriff and Bantry are marked with dark green dots. Nine numbered orange circles (1-9) are placed along the valleys to indicate school locations. A legend box on the left side of the map lists the school names in Irish and English, along with their corresponding page numbers in the document.
- 1 **ínse cloch** - Inchicloughpage 6
 - 2 **ðrom clúmhach** - Dromclogh.....page 24
 - 3 **com Liath** - Coomleagh.....page 36
 - 4 **machá na gclaidhe** - Maughanaclea.....page 44
 - 5 **scoil n. mocomóg** - Cappaboy Morepage 48
 - 6 **caolchoill** - Kealkillpage 54
 - 7 **BARRLINN** - Borlinn.....page 70
 - 8 **com sheóla** - Coomhola.....page 86
 - 9 **ðoire na creiche** - Derrycrehapage 90

1
284

Co. Chorcaighe

Par.: Kilmocomogue

Bar: Beantraighe

Scuil: Inse Cloch

Oide: Diarmuid Ó Cródaín

Inse Cloch

Beantraighe



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 "aglaicé" 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 a narrow 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 logs and it would dye navy or black colour.

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

These were used to tie cross cows when milking them. Baskets were also made and "sejacogs" 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 "sejacogs" 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-com" 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, Insecloch, 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 *bleasa na péisse*, 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 potato to cure "plucamas" or a sore throat. Bil-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 year. 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 head ache. 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, Bakerinacrine, Bantry, Co. Cork.

Obtained from : Mr. J. Sheehane, Clouneygorman, 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. Mr. Sexton 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, Beanntraighe

medium-sized solid, concrete building, having an gable roof. The door of it rectangular in shape. There are two fire-places within, in which a blazing heat-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 is 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 it.

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.

Age :- 50 yrs

The Leipreachan or Mermaid.

The leipreachan is locally known as the Lutharagan, 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 fourths part where he is generally occupied 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, Ínsecloch, Beantraighe

whom he chased. Having caught him, he compelled him to reveal the hiding place of the gold. Reluctantly, the little lepreachán 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 human 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 they 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.

~~120~~

1347

RIOBARD S O GEALLAIGH

Co. Lhorrcaighe

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocmogue

Seit: Drom Clúmach (Dromclogh)

Oide: Riobard Ó Geallaigh
Beanntraighe

Béalweas.
1935-'36



DROM CLÚMACH
Dromclogh

Ethnographic

3. 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;
Kingston 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; Kingston 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 14; 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; Kingston 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

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 371-373

Informant: Pádraig Ó Mathghamhna (74), Dromclogh West

Collector: unknown

Article: Óisín

Teacher: Riobárd Ó Ceallaigh

Óisín.

An t-é sin a bhfuil sé ar seáil:

Pádraig Ó Mathghamhna, Dromclogh West, Beannraighe.

Áras-74. Sainn Beata. Pádraig.

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 Sgeolán. These dogs could outstrip and outfight any other dogs in Ireland. One day, as the Fionna were hunting around Killybeg, 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

going to the well for water I met the Chief Druid of the
Luska De Sonaans 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
maneuvers. 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 Beane. It is about two miles beyond the Pass of Rathmore 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 Ban 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 Berriganass 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 Beara. The name of Donal O'Sullivan Beara recalls the defence of Dunboy 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 Inisicarra in January, 1600, and was appointed chief of the Southern forces. Already Donal O'Sullivan's cousin, Owen, had seized Berriganass 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 'sows 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 Berriganass, 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 Beara. Meanwhile, Carow, 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 Dunsinon, near Bantry, on the 30th April. Within a fortnight he was marching

towards Berriganass and Kealkil. 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). Carow directed Wilmot to join him in Kealkil. 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 Bortlin.

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 Keimoneigh, Wilmot joined Carow about two miles on the Cork side of Berriganass. Local tradition still points to the small hillock of Moulavonig 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 Berriganass once more. Carow was now free to concert all his efforts on Dunboy. The route over land was held by O'Sullivan. So, on the 31st May, 1602, Carow sailed from Whiddy to attack Dunboy.

469

Co. Chorcaíche
Bar.: Beanntraighe
Par.: Kilmocsmogue
Scoil: Com Liath
Oide: Muirheartach Ó Coinín
Com Liath,
Beanntraighe.



com Liath
Coomleagh

Riddles

Five lines twenty take care to keep
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 parts 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

Ceist do curc tuatac an cliaicod 's cuaid cum an
casporz e ruidelac, Daoicac a bi ag Daoicac m'atoc
is aicob uncait Doicac an cl sin. — Mistac

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

What is 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: Muirheartach Ó Cróinín, Coomleagh West

Pos bean ó'n saol ar, agus posfaid an saol ar ar fad

Dá bposfaim bean fionn, beidí na cúl is cloch aice.

Dá bposfaim bean ruad, ní bfuil é na saogal aice.

Dá bposfaim bean buid, bfuil do beidí aice is seim aice

leic, deach na má d'buic, is leic fuaire fear Beann leic.

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 bring 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 men

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 when, your living will be rich & fine
 If in October you will marry love will come but riches fairing
 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 that 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 Big Day 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 "Spakare's".

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 chisiam used

Co. Chorcaíche
Bar.: Beanntraighe
Par.: Kilmocomogue
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 & St. about for dinner (porridge)
For Supper Milk was drunk - especially curd
and Whey.

The table was usually placed near the Hardening
water - he had only one leg and rested on the
settle (Seat)

Bread. Brown bread made from what was almost
entirely used. "Blackbread" 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.

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

Tea was not used in this place before the year 1858.

Tea in olden times:- Tea was not then made like it now is.
A large pt. of water was boiled. Then about $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 Keshil

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)

Caolchoill.

1. 1. 31 —



SCOIL N. MOCOMÓG
Cappaboy More

Ainmeaca páirceanna a fuairt ar na scoláirí

Diarmuid Ó Súilleabháin Cahermuckee

páirc a' cilleag	tuille mór is, fua na cilleanna a gairdeog is léa bulgea om
páirc na parca	naice na bairt ceartaí d'at ag at tal
páirc a' cille	
páirc mhó	
páirc beag	
páirc íal	
páirc pána	
páirc a' cilleanna	
páirc na lípae	is páirc om pána. Tál am d'om om om 'at
páirc beanaig	na beanaig a bí na gáimide om. bíleat ag atna is. O Dardaín
páirc a' cull	
páirc a' ceá	
páirc bín	
páircín mín	
páircín na cille	
páircín a' b'ic	
páircín na ceá amice	bi ceá amice i meall a' mionag. ag d'om ag am'om d'om'om' is móim ceá lípae ag beanaig. is na b'ic'om ag am'om'om' d'om'om' om ceam a' bí. Meall a' mionag. ag d'om d'om'om' am'om' a
páircín a' fiallag	
páirc Róige	bi roige om om ag f' ag d'om' páirceí ceá
páirc éanaig	b'om a' bí om páirce
páirc a' d'ol	

NFCS: Vol 0283 page 225-227

Informant: unknown

Collectors: Diarmuid Ó Súilleabháin, Cahermuckee
Diarmuid Ó Mathúna, Maulavanig
Conchubhar Ó Macháin, Cappaboymore

Article: Ainmeaca páirceanna a fuairt ar na scoláirí

Teacher: Seán Ó Macháin, Cappaboymore

caolán na ceadócan

lusa míe

lusa na tráb

mam fúe

lusa ghab

míu na tuisge

páe a lusa

páe a tuisge

páe a ghab

páe a' fúe na ghab

páe a' fúe na tuisge

páe a lusa

páe na tuisge

Dismaid O Mearna Maill a' tuisge

páe a caill

míu a' tuisge

páe na tuisge

páe a caill

páe caill

páe a lusa

páe a' ghab

páe míe

páe fúe

páe lusa

páe na tuisge

páe tuisge

páe púe fúe

páe míe

páe tuisge

páe a tuisge

An mearna

páe na tuisge

páe tuisge

páe na tuisge

páe a' tuisge

Cantab O Sullebain

Cantab fúe

páe na tuisge

páe a tuisge

páe na tuisge

páe a tuisge

páe a tuisge ^{páe tuisge}

páe na tuisge

páe na tuisge

páe na tuisge

páe a tuisge

páe a tuisge

páe na tuisge

páe a tuisge

páe caill

Zac Rud ara scriobta sa leabar so. Is ois nodnime
do rafoad' reune ag scoirgeall d'arrgeas rab
tuair b'os m' garsun scoir.

M. J. H.

Co. b' horraighe

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocomogue

Scoil: Caolchoill

Oide: Micheál Ó Laoighaire

Caolchoill.

Beanntraighe.

1. 12. 1938 — 30. 12. 1938



caolchoill
Kealkill

NFCS: Vol 0283 page 25-34

Informant: unknown

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:-
Ar an n-óime dubh do cónigury fadó-na cláda
bhádan ó som - fear do rymurca rymurca.
Bí seisean nó mór seisean de clann rya az
an bfean so agus beice na ceimí aca na nozárta
Ní raibí rymur de saibéreas an esaozarl seo
az an bfean gceadna ná rymur "slapará"
se. Bí caí eim na ceimí eim de bodózarl
beaga azge agus caí eim nó ceimí eim de
códla beaga sa énoe. Ní raibí aon lá ná
cáigead ceim deis na buacarlóti go deí an énoe
éim na ba seasca d'fenseim. Anois bí sí de
béas az an bfean so ná cáimz ordé ryan
ná cáim "brad" ar an mbóid nuair a bí sí
az dul a códla le beagla go deisead éim
ón saozal eile isceic.
An cáimna áirge seo éim an fear fóm
cum na cola beaga a bí sa énoe d'fenseim
mar díon do fios a beic azge an rabádar
az ceic ar azard, nó an rabádar maré a
nóiméir 7 geoir an aonaz, mar bí an énoe
az glooic. Do cáimz an ceó ar sa
énoe agus ~~caí~~ sí gna mím ceana a
bí sí sa énoe fé ceó do curcead amú
é an cáimna seo. Caró sí an cáimna
az smóirí son agus siar, anonn agus anall
agus do tair zlan an an casán cum

baile d'amhrúgáid. Nuair dóibí sé corca de
 beirí ag snibál agus an deanaige agus an
 doicéadas ag ceann do súid sé síos ar
 cúicéag agus é ar imrim arge gan comh
 as an áir sa karb arge go mglanfáid an
 ceó nó go deaíad an lá. Thón b'fada
 do am na súide gur amuz sé an ceól
 ba b'ime dáir aruz cluasa dume fram

Bí fíos arge narb aon dume saojalia
 a bí ag seim ceól ar mullad an éim
 an ceól úb agus do cáimuz carí cos agus
 láim ar le szamrad. In amm dé ar
 serscan leis féin cá b'fuplm in aon cor

Fuam sé freazra gan mioll. Do labairt
 an dume agus dubairt. Láim freazra
 do daime murrgearta. Amman rsead
 iuz sé fé ndeara go karb sé buairte leis
 an los atá i mbarra na Coramóme.

Ní feadfad sé corcaige go cseim a
 cōzame mar uuz an deaca so bí an áir
 currize am agus i cōm dub a's ná
 ferreá do láim do símead nó mar dubairt
 an cseanacurde cōm dub le cōm an píca.

Sar a karb sé duam arge currizear ar
 cad ba ceair do a deanaig agus cáimuz an
 síde - zairt agus síob léi rseac sa los é.

Do leat a dá súid ar nuam a fuam ^{zairt}

rseig i seómra breáig solasim ar a bí sé - seómra
 a bí lán de buacallí agus de carlmí óga agus rad
 ag rince ar a ndíceall. Bí ^{raim} no ^{uacalra} ceacra de
 beirbeoirí mairde ar seáise agus rad ag seimuz
 dóirí agus an ceól cōm bíimuz s'uz go b'fand sé ag
 cseacac le cōpica. Ní karb síe aruz aruz
 am a bí scot aosta agus bí an fear san ruzairde
 ar seáise leis agus é na súide ar cácaom
 a bí deanca de ón ar fad. Bí é an maor go
 an ceam onid a bí orra agus ba zeáir go
 tifeaca sé go karb ana-uramí ag an zcurd e'ldo

Bí a lán sa los do cum ruzmad ar gan
 dabu síe sé an rud is mó do cum ruzmad ar
 ná go tifeacáid sé ammsid ag rince ós a
 cōmra amac buacallí agus carlmí a bí curia
 le blanca, a cōmraosaf féin, daime go karb
 arine mair arge orra agus é féin na óganac,
 agus rad cōm bōg - feacama, cōm méidreac,
 cōm lán do pleasúr agus bíodar nuam
 bídeis go léim ag rince ar an b'racalín
 zac cráinóna dōimuz. Rinceom

breáig do bead é féin agus car se
 "bodars" rince a deanaig dóirí. Nuam
 a bí san deanca arge cōzad rseac i seómra
 e'le é. Bí bóid i lán an ueláim agus ní
 lá fōs é mar a karb ^{bead} agus ámlan ar an
 mbóid san. Bí na s'eamra agus na soirze go

leik a b'j an ~~mbóid~~ mbóid deanta de
 ór acc maí sin fém do súid se' rseacá cum
 búid zan aon caianc agus d'íe agus d'ól
 a saó. Na d'íad san d'íll se' an an seómra
 m a rapb an rimee ae spual agus b'íem
 do bodars erle rimee do deanaim. Amson
 éimig an fear aosta amas den scáise
 agus rug an láim an agus ióg lers rseacá
 na seómra fém e. I n'gac c'ime den seómra
 seo b'j bancaille mók agus le hars zac b'arapá
 b'j f'ímig beaz c'ime all dá i'oug an aonac
 agus clardac na láim arze.

N'j c'ime b'íodac rseaz sa cseómra na
 d'íompur an 'maok' an agus dubairc:-
 'Is m'íed dom fáite do cur kómar acc
 caífar leac s'íal do zabáil hom an curus
 so maí n'j rapb aon caí agam an zo d'í
 so. T'óngars amso aoncc maí nuam do
 fuakas amac zo kabars amú sa ceó curus
 clam de's na buacallí amac id' c'íng'í
 cum eú senicad' amso. Carífar teac
 arís cum bodars erle rimee a deanaim éimig
 agus aon uam a b'íe az zabáil an ceó
 so b'íar rseac c'ígarm agus b'í fáite
 kómar? Amson dubairc se' le ceam de's na
 f'ímig beaz mála a tabairc c'ime. Éimig
 f'ímig d'íe amac agus do i'ug lers sparán fáda.

cosanjar lers na sparán a b'íed az na sen-
 -íma fáda. Éóg an 'maok' an sparán uapí
 agus as an mbacalle ba z'íora do do íog
 ladaraca ór agus do l'íon suas an sparán lers.

Amson do s'ím se' an sparán cum mac'í n'j uapí
 agus dubairc - 'Is m'íe do c'íur-se cum'íom
 om'isa agus is m'íed dom an c'íor do d'íol
 leac'. 'Amú' arsa mac'í n'j uapí lers caíom
 do c'íur-sa cum'íom ok'. 'Do c'íur'
 arsa an fear erle lers - nuam d'fázars b'íed
 agus deó an an mbóid n'ar z'íora agus
 zeallam d'ur z'ua m'íe a b'íomam za
 zabair agus sm'í az fáilead' zar éis c'íur-sa
 fáda. 'Deid' ar' agus seán ok'ca agus an
 do clam n'ac an fáid a's ná deamf'íed s'íe
 aon rug a c'íur'íed fearz ok'arm za.

D'íógam se' an amson zan r'íom
 d'íom ca' b'íom se' an tarzead, agus
 dubairc lers b'íe az b'íom an c'íur'íe amac
 cum b'íe maí zo rapb a n'j uapí am'í
 'a cuabac' ceam f'ím.

Amac a c'íom'íe m'íe d'ur'íe agus b'j an
 o'íe c'íom'íe le l'íe an lae, agus n'j rapb
 pur'í den c'íur'íe cuabac de arze nuam
 am'í se' fead agus fead erle acc se' b'íed
 am acc a clam agus na c'íom'íom'íe agus
 zad az cuabac do. N'j ró-fáda za

diaib san zua iuzadar na comarsary fe
 ndeaca zo karb an fear so az dul ar azard
 zo crean. Bi an cnoe lan de beirdig aze
 agus feacas cogia o daome sa ceartear
 den meid diob na beirdie do coisgad an
 cnoe. Ni karb ceannuigeom az dul ar
 aonac dot feaca na e. Ni karb eiz
 m a mbiod daome az seokuzesce na an
 m a mbiod zaska baruzice le ceile na
 zua be sm an cabbar ceartie amian do
 biob acu. mac III. mjuicarte agus a
 fardbreas agus iongnad okra zo leik ca
 bfuam se an camgead. Di ar iongnad
 -zdis le ceile. Cad o an cabbar do amgead
 do beie aze agus an braon anuas do beie
 az ceitny rseac na surlib. Is beag an
 solas aca aze a bairt as mar amgead.
 Smy mar a bidis az ceitny na caob mar
 ni karb aze o bo ceitny suezaz, agus
 an braon anuas ar cors na karb se duary
 aze feiz na az ceitny da clany mac na
 popll a bi deanta san diom az na heagorb
 duba do socuzad. lean an speal mar sm
 agus ar nos cae fuam se bas agus d'fag
 se an sardbreas az na macarb. Ni beag de
 seo ac a karb d'amgead acu agus e sardce
 fion diom acu agus curia ms na pollarb 1

bfallai an eize. Bi an eizny mar a dubiac
 ceana az suezad agus cogardis an camgead
 amac azors agus aris cum e acaab fin nreerz
 Bi aon zeallainyame anjany eiz a iuzadar
 da naicam nuam a bi se az fazarb bars mar
 depreadar do comlyonad se smy brad agus
 deoc do cur ar az nybord zac orde yuam
 beidys az dul a codlad.
 Do iorta uam anjany blyanca can eis a
 naicam do cur zo dearyz coisuziceas barsuzice
 7 lan az nyerz, agus a leizid de barsceac
 nyok cum eizny. Ni karb proe fo diom eize
 acu na karb flyic bairde. Is beag na
 zo karb d'amgead a bi acu nyerz gan
 zambre ac be corl de zua glay az amym
 suas agus zo dearyz laiceama breazica
 breacallaca. Don la anjany diob cogadar
 az camgead leo amac zo hirsin beag le
 cors na h-abagz a bi az zabarb can eize.
 7 loc aca ar az zlcoc mbyde rsead emoziam
 an aba so. Demcear zo karb okrad anjard
 acu amuz az az nyse az la id zua
 anjard a biodar e crocad amac agus
 a iongnad le piy d'iceac mar a bion
 daome yuam a bion stad az sabarb feik
 Nyam ceitny az ceitny azus cogayc
 eadar na karb aon comarta barsuzice an.

an ammsa dubhadar le ceile go mbeann
 e fagam armu go mardean agus da mbead
 la eile fery ngeery arze go mbead se
 tery a doicary ammsay cum e tabianz
 rsteac. Pe sgeal e bi boscaj curia a
 ydeaganj aca cum an camgead do cur rsteac
 ammasus ni beidris sy deanta go de lán
 na markeac. Dimeijeadar leo rsteac
 agus d'icadara a supéac agus cuadar
 a codlad. I lán na hoide pe sige gur
 d'isry an deakbrácaim ba sime d'ariz
 se fockom eizry ionzantac agus guam
 narb ferym lew a deanaij amac cad
 do bi za deaganj do glaoib se an az
 zeud eile. D'icadara an fead camyll
 agus ammsan do ~~bi~~ bi fros acu gur
 e glon na h-abiamj do cualadar.

Ricadara amac acc bi zac an tery agus
 an oide go breaj kéimeac. Fe d'ery
 na h-imse leo acc fockon ni karb
 orcad agus orlac den imse ceadna na
 karb clibanzie le h-urze agus kranj roms
 sm na kranj o sony mór zarb a leicib
 de iuple sios le fanary. Scob si an
 camgead lej agus a easz na a tuariz
 ni bpuakadar o sony. Bidar nae mór
 comj boce agus comj dealb agus do b'odara

kranj. Taci eizry za dyad san do buarb cuca
 rsteac la nuam do b'odara az rie a yd'nyean
 bean feasa. M'feacadar kranj roms sry i agus
 ni karb ammsa acu ukki acc ba zeana gur.
 Cum si i ~~fead~~ ^{kranj} m'yl doib co'k bi fery. D'icadara
 ukki supde rsteac cum b'and agus gromj
 d'ie agus comj mare do dery. Nuam do bi
 an dyad camce arce agus a beal glanca arce
 do cosgury si az camce. "Bi argead obia
 ndoimj azarbise camyll o sony an sise
 agus ni purm de azarb m'dm acc
 orcarb fery is ceart m'ullean do beid."

Comus e sry armi an stad go leim
 m'arfeac. Ta an sise gur cuim geall-
 amame d'buac naeam guam do bi se
 az fazarb b'ars agus yon derym az
 geallamame sry do comjionad agus ta
 a kranj orcarb. D'isry si doib ammsan
 gur o m'nyim anleasa an an zluccamoir
 do guam se an camgead an cead la kranj.
 agus gur m'nye do gabadar rsteac cuca
 i lán na hoide agus go m'bid an fearz
 orcia nuam cidris go m'bid b'and follanij
 kómpa; go d'cosgadyis an camgead uacia
 acc na feadfadris e guam nae mór
 do bi se acu. Nuam puakadar amac go
 rabadar cum e fagam armu an oide

uid gur curriyigeada ar seipe agus
"be seo an seipe" ar seipe. "Darligead congnam
agus do cainnig fir o gac lios san duine
seo agus com fada o uair le leaghi.
Nuair do b'obair go leim b'adriete le ceile
cuadar go deir an loc aca ar an glenoi
mburde. Ni raib braon uisce san loc
na deimeadar do easpad le f'ainnig
agus sin i an uille do s'gab b'ua z'uid
s'uid se leij.

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 Hurlley. 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 Seanchai 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 stary. 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. bhorraighe
Bar.: Beantraighe
Par.: Kilmocanogue
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 Chruadhlaoidh

travelled to the wedding - the lad riding
on the beam of an old plough (seana
beām ceācca). Up they went to the
rafters and watched the merrymakers.
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.

Home Cures. 7. 11. 38.

I got the following "cure" from Mr. Thade Harrington, Knockan on Cos Dub, Béalinn. It takes 8 hours to make, and is a certain cure for ringworm. It also cures burns and skin diseases.

1) a quart basin full of camomile daisies (roots attached - and washed).

2) A quart basin of penny leaves. (they are round about size of a penny and grow on walls.)

3) $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of wild woodbine cut in lengths of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

Boil all these ingredients together slowly and then strain through linen. Add 2 lbs of Stockholm tar, 1 lb of honey and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of fat of a sheep (melted).

Boil again very slowly (if it burns it becomes useless.). The liquid will then be as thin as ink. When cool it becomes a solid mass.

(Mary A. Crowley,
Derrynafinchen
Barlinn.)

NFCS: Vol 0282 page 037

Informant: Mr Thade Harrington (-), Knockanecosduff

Collector: Mary A Crowley, Derrynafinchen, Borlinn

Article: Home Cures

Teacher: Máire Uí Chruadhlaoidh

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 Cadozan a farmer of Derrydubé Borlinn. Anyway Cadozan 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. Cadozan was ~~to~~ ^{was} ejected out of his land ^{He tried to settle with Bird but got no offer} 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 Chruadhlaioich, 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

Dr Bird after his death. At 12 a. on every night a loud knock was heard at the hall door of Beach House. There was never anyone at the door. The two cross watch dogs (poodles) in the hall never noticed the knock.

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

Of landlords nor of bailiffs he never was afraid. ^{no bird nor craft nor magpie his spirit proved} ^{That rough and rugged son of toil, from the} ^{prairie 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} ~~miss~~ 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 63)

(Continued from page 64)

Despite the perjured evidence of Denis and Puhel-

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 Ballylion.

Gilhooly, 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 will grow

When trampled by Denis, Fanny Dehallow
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 the "Rocky Mountain
O'Brien". He was a native of Bantry. It
was from a man named John O'Sullivan
of Dalis, Castledonovan aged about 60 that

Co. Chorcaíche

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocmogue

Scoil: Com Sheóla (B.)

Oide: Conchothar Ó Scaghdha

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, Kilmocmogue

Sean Fhocail.

Mairéann an cúl ar an béal sí ní mairéann
an lám do cúl.

Tig, mbeal bócaik ní haisteak é sí cōingak
Ní bíonn leigeas ar an gcóicú sí é smáicú le foicne
An té bíonn eina ní bínn leis son ruid.

Bog saingean mar earball na bó.

Is feark maot na droic ceann síc níl ann sí san.

Dionadóik plúic, sioladóik euis, zeamak + száca,
no feark + mbeal beánnan.

Innein mná nó sícse pojmak.

Ná díol bó maot, is na ceannug bó maot,

Is na bí coicse gan bó maot.

Mot an cnoc is sean é

Dí-mot an cōill is caobang.

Lá ar meuzge is lá ar íl usge.

Lá sa cabairne is lá sa esúsa

Is dá lá deug ar soláicak cúca.

Tanc + ndraic an oíl, is brón + ndraic an aingid.

Lug leis an esúic a líbfaic leac.

Cresadóik tiokac, sioladóik pánaic

Fill orm deik an droic gnó.

Is cumm cōmairle cōingak neam cōmnaic no
cein a cúic + bprotl gan ceimnas.

12 281

Co. bhorraighe
Bar.: Beantraighe
Par.: Kilmocomogue
Scoil: Doire na Creiche
Oide: Oistóir ó Drioscóil
An Gleann Garbh.



DOIRE NA CREICHE
Derrycreha

In Tom Kegan's farm in Ardnatrusth 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 Ardnatrusth 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 pay 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 Ardnatrusth 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 strack sick went home and died shortly afterwards, and the house was never finished.

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

green 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 O'Sullivan

Ardnatrusth

Glengarriff

Born in Derrycreha

Tells about the Blessed Well

NFCS: Vol 0281 page 013-014

Informants: Patrick O'Shea (72), Glengarriff
Mrs O'Sullivan, Ardnatrusth 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 69 years
Isknafelna, Sligo
Gorta & Isknafelna

NFCS: Vol 0281 page 003

Informant: Patrick Harrington (69), Isknafelna

Collector: Unknown

Article: Story

Teacher: Chríostóir Ó Driscóil, An Gleann Garbh



B A N T R Y
HISTORICAL
ARCHEOLOGICAL
S O C I E T Y



**Cork
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Comhairle Contae Chorcaí

Clár Éire Ildánach
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