



the Schools' Collection

Part two



Noun. dúchas
hereditary right or
claim; birthright,
heritage; ancestral estate,
patrimony. native place
or country, ancestral
home; traditional
connection. kindred
affection, natural affinity

The Schools Collection which was gathered in 1937-1939, when 6th class pupils in every school in Saorstát Éireann were asked to write down in their copybooks tales from older people in their own areas. Topics of folklore such as supernatural lore, hidden treasures, diseases, cures and herbs, local crafts and customs, local holy wells, fairy forts, local fairs and games played by children were all included.

All of these copybooks have now been uploaded onto the website of the National Folklore Commission and can be viewed on www.dúchas.ie

Here in the following section we have selected a small sample of such stories from schools in Bantry town and in Glengarriff.

Co. Chorcaighe
Bar.: Beanntraighe
Par.: Kilmocomogue
Scoil: Beanntraighe (B.)
Oide: Dd. Mac Carrthaigh.



BEANNTRAIGHE (B.)
St. Finbarr's Boys' N.S.

Proverbs

“The help of God is nearer than the door.”

“Practice makes perfect.”

“As long as the jug is going to the well it will be broken.”

“How ever long the day is the night will come.”

“A bird in the hand is better than two on the bush.”

“A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.”

“A good run is better than a bad stand.”

“A stitch in time saves nine.”

“The less said the better.”

“Don’t make laws or break laws.”

“The truth comes bitter.”

“When the cat is out the mouse can play.”

“A word in court is better than a pound in the purse.”

“Time is the best almanac.”

“The man on the ditch is the best player.”

“Every new broom sweeps clean.”

“Perseverance wins.”

The Lore of Certain Days

In this district many days are considered unlucky for doing certain things. People say that it is unlucky to get married on Monday or Friday or the thirteenth day of any month. It is also considered unlucky to marry on the Cross Day of the year, or to do any important business on that day.

The Cross Day of the year is whatever day The Feast of Holy Innocents falls on. May Day was the day for setting the charms long ago. It is said that if a person rose early on May Morning and took the top of the water from his neighbour's well and mixed it with the cream he was going to churn, he would have his neighbour's butter along with his own.

Once upon a time there was a cow, that when March was over, threw her tail in the air and said that, there would be no more bad weather. Then March got angry and borrowed three days from April. During those three days the weather was so bad that in the end the old cow died. These three days are called the Days of The Old Cow. It is considered unlucky to sow later than the 15th of April.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 page 044

Informant: Mrs Murphy

Collector: William Murphy

Article: The Lore of Certain Days

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

Fairy Forts

There are many forts in this district and some of those are at Lissaramuig, Dunbitteren, and the Fort of Cappanashloga. Lissaramuig is in the town-land of Mullagh. Dunbitteren is in the town-land of Gurteen and the Fort of Cappanashloga is in the town-land of Cappanashloga. These three forts are in view of one another and there is only about a quarter of a mile of a distance between each two of them.

Each of them is circular in shape and there is a fence around The Fort of Cappanashloga and around Lissaramuig. There are many trees around the Dunbitteren one. There is an entrance hole in the centre of the Dunbitteren fort and also of the Lissaramuig fort. There is no entrance hole in the Fort of Cappanashloga. No one has ever gone down to explore them.

It is said the Danes built them and used them as strong-holds. Fairy people are also said to live in those forts.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 049-050

Informant: Mr M Cremin

Collector: Diarmuid Ó Cruimín

Article: Fairy Forts

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

There is a story told about a farmer who ploughed one of the fields in which a fort was and this is it. It is said that the owner of the land in which The Fort of Cappanashloga is, was ploughing a field on his farm one day. When suddenly his two horses were swallowed into a hole about nine feet deep. After a great struggle he got them out again and he continued his work and afterwards set crops on the field.

When the crops grew on the field and, when he began to give them to his cattle, every morning one of the best cows he had used to drop dead in the yard. Every cow he had for a long time after went bad on him. But when the grass grew on the field and it became the same as before all the destruction stopped and the poor man grew up in means once more.

The Ghost of Seskin Bridge

Many, many years ago a woman used to be noticed sitting late at night at Seskin Bridge which is very near our school. So frightened were the residents of the locality of meeting her that, if business kept them out late at night, they used make a detour to their homes in order to avoid passing the bridge.

On a certain night a servant boy of Mr. Creedon from Seskin was partly under the influence of drink coming from Bantry and having false courage he made up his mind to return by the bridge. There he met the woman and asked her in God's Name what was her trouble. She told him she had visited the bridge nightly for many years but could not speak until she was first addressed. He promised to convey for her a secret message to a priest and to prove to the priest that the message came from a spirit she placed her hand on the man's arm and burned the print of her five fingers on it. The man kept his promise told the story to the priest and since then the woman was seen no more.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 page 084

Informant: Mr Joseph O'Sullivan

Collector: Colm O'Sullivan

Article: The Ghost of Seskin Bridge

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

Festival Customs

On St Stephen's Day the Wren is carried out and also the rag. The day before St Stephen's Day the boys and men go out to cut the Wren pole. The Wren is killed a few days before St Stephen's Day and is salted. On that night the pole is decorated and the clothes are got.

They rise very early next morning about six or seven o'clock and dress themselves. The Wren is put on the top of the pole, and then they go out in the procession.

They go around from house to house collecting money and singing the Wren song and playing music. In the evening when the Wren is over the boys divide the money and they drink it, or have a dance with it. This is the song they sing.

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds
 St Stephen's Day she was caught in the furze
 Although she is little her family is great
 Get up old woman and give us a treat

Chorus

We hunted the wren three miles and more
 We knocked her at a stable door
 We knocked her down she could not see
 How nice she looks on a holly tree.

Chorus

Shake, shake, shake of the box
 All sliver and no brass
 The wren (she)says (she)is the King
 The eagle says (she) is no such thing
 We will put them both between our knees
 And stuff them up with bread and cheese

Chorus

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 087-088

Informant: Mr Tisdall

Collector: Tom Tisdall

Article: Festival Customs

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

A Story of the Fianna

Long ago when Fionn Mac Cumhail and his companions were out hunting. They saw a beautiful house and they went in to it. When they went in they saw a long table and two lines of chairs.

They all sat down only Celan, who was the strongest man in Ireland. After a while they tried to get up but they were clung to the chairs, and the chairs were clung to the ground. Then Fionn put the thumb of knowledge into his mouth and said, “Let no man touch the walls and it is with blood we shall be freed.”

Then Celan went out and killed a few sheep, he had nothing to bring the blood so he brought the full of his two hands. He freed every one of them but one, and he would have freed him too but he had not enough blood, he freed every part of him but his back, then they all pulled him and at last freed him, but the skin clung to the chair.

They then killed a sheep and put the skin on his back, and he grew wool, and he had to be sheared every day, and it is he who kept wool to the Fianna.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 094-095

Informant: Jim Cotter

Collector: Donal Lynch

Article: A Story of the Fianna

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

A Story of an Old Hag

Long ago, when the English laws were in force in Ireland. there was a gang of young Irish men travelling through the country looking for people to join up with them. If any person refused to join them they would shoot him. These boys called themselves the, 'White Boys'.

One night, as they were passing through Inchaclough, they came to an old house where there was an old hag living. They knocked at the door and she peeped through a slit in the window to know who was there.

When she saw who was there she ran out the back door and away across the fields. The White Boys saw her and they followed her. She kept running until she came to the Inchaclough river and she could not go any farther.

The water in the river was very deep and she could not walk across it. Then she ran down the bank of the river until she came to the place where there was a big water-fall. She stood back from the fall and with one leap she was over on the other bank.

When she jumped over to the other bank she landed on her hands and knees on a rock. After she had landed on the rock she made the impressions of her hands and knees on it. Those impressions are to be seen on the rock up to the present day.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 121-123

Informant: Mrs Sugrue

Collector: Michael Sugrue

Article: A Story of an Old Hag

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

A Story of the Dragon of Droumbroe

Long ago there lived a widow and her son near Droumbroe lake. One fine summer morning, as the boy was bringing home their only cow to be milked, he saw an object in the lake like a big log of wood. When he came closer, he saw that it was swimming towards him and its jaws were open wide ready to swallow him. But he ran home as quickly as he could for an old spear belonging to his father, that was stuck under the thatch of the cabin, and back he ran to attack the monster with this rusty old spear.

When he got to the edge of the lake he hid himself behind a clump of sallies and watched his chance until this terrible looking thing came near enough to the land. He then took steady aim and plunged the old spear into its neck behind the ear and it gave a most heidious roar and the lake turned red with blood, as it sank with dying fury to the bottom.

So from that day to this the terrible Dragon, as he was called, that haunted the lake for thousands of years, was never seen since.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 128-129

Informant: Donal Lynch

Collector: Seán Ó Murchadha

Article: A Story of the Dragon of Droumbroe

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

Loch an Tairbh

There is a lake on Mullough Measha called Loch an Tairbh. Long ago a poor woman and her son lived at the foot of Mullough Measha.

They were very poor and the bailiff was to come the next day for an old debt which they owed and they had not the money to pay.

The next day the bailiff came for the debt, and the poor woman asked for another few days and that she would then pay the debt. He was very slow in doing so but after a lot of persuading he gave his consent.

That evening the poor woman's son was on the top of the hill near the lake and he saw a beautiful bull. When he saw the bull he ran for his life, but he only followed him slowly. When he reached his house the bull walked up to him and layed down before him. He tried to drive him away but he would not stir. He went in and told his mother and she said that he will go away after a while. But he stayed in the next field to the house. They asked all the neighbours were they missing a bull, but no one seemed to know anything about him. So they kept the bull and gave him to the bailiff for the debt, and from that day forward the lake got the name "Loch an Tairbh".

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 129-130

Informant: Mr D Lynch

Collector: Donal Lynch

Article: Loch an Tairbh

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

An Old Story

Once upon a time a king and his men were playing a game, and the person that would win would get anything that they would ask.

The game was going, on and, the king won every game up to the last. Then he was in for the last game with the unknown person. The game went on and at length the king was beaten, and when they looked at the person they saw that it was a woman. Then they got a terrible fright because there were no women supposed to be in the game. They asked her what did she want.

She said to the king's son, 'to go to a lake in another king's kingdom and get a bottle of water out of it, and that he couldn't sleep twice in one house or eat two meals in one house until he got the water.

The man went off and when he got to the lake he was surrounded by soldiers and, taken prisoner, and brought before the king. The king said that he should get a bucket and dry out the lake, and if he wouldn't he should be beheaded.

He went to the lake and started at it and, for every bucket he took out two went in. When he saw this he gave up all hopes for he said that there was no chance for him but die. When dinner hour came he was brought his dinner and, he said he could not eat. She asked him why so and, he said because he couldn't dry out the lake. Then she said to him, "have sense" and catching the bucket she took a small drop of water out of it and the lake dried up. When he saw this he was delighted and he ate his dinner in peace.

Then he went back to the king and told him that he was after drying up the lake.

Then the king said to him next day to go and cut down this wood and if he wouldn't he would be beheaded and that he would get any instrument he wanted. He went out and when he came to the wood he started working. For every tree he cut two would grow. When he saw this he gave up all hopes again and he said that he had no chance at all this time, but he kept

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 131-136

Informant: Donal Lynch

Collector: Michael Sugrue

Article: An Old Story

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

on working. When dinner hour came he wouldn't eat his dinner, and she just caught the axe and, cut a small bit of one tree and they all fell. Then he was delighted. But she told him that he would be locked into his room to night. Because the king will know that it is Im doing this for you. But I will have the key and, will open the door. Let you go and get my horse and you will find the harness behind the horse and bring him to me, and we will ride away together on the one horse.

Everything happened just as she said. It was in the middle of the night and the two were along ways off before they were missed. When they were missed they went after them and after a long time they came in sight of them. Then the girl said to the man. "Look now into the horse's ear, and if there is anything in it." He looked and saw a kipper, and she said, "Take that now and throw it carefully behind the horse's tail". He did as he was told and a big wood grew behind them.

When the others came up they saw the wood, and the king said, "this is the work of my daughter". Then he said to one of his men to go home for

an axe, and when he came back he said "I went and I came" and he hit the nearest tree and the whole wood fell. That delayed them a good deal and, the others were a good distance away. But after a while they were coming up to them. The girl said "look into the horse's ear and see if there is anything in it." He looked and he saw a needle and she said. "Take that now and carefully throw it behind the horse's tail. He did so and a big wood of crowbars grew. When the others came up they saw the crowbars and the king said again "this is the work of my daughter and he said "we can't touch the crowbars," and they had to go home beaten. The reason why he couldn't touch them was because the devil can't touch steel. Then they rode away into his father's kingdom and were married there, and were very, very happily ever after.

A Story

When the Penal Laws were in force in Ireland, a bishop was caught. He was told that if he failed to answer three questions he would be killed.

Now this bishop had a foolish brother, and when he told him the story the brother said that he himself would go and answer the questions. The next day he came before an officer. The officer asked him, “Where is the middle of the earth?” “Under my feet,” said the brother. “How many quarts of water in the ocean?” asked the officer. “Stop all the rivers and then I will tell you”, said the brother. Then the officer said, “What am I thinking at this moment?” “You are thinking, it is the bishop you have but it is his brother.” So the foolish brother answered all the questions and fooled the officer.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 page 147

Informant: Mr J O’Sullivan

Collector: Michael O Sullivan

Article: A Story

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

A True Story

Long ago before there were any trains or motor cars, going from Bantry to Cork, they used to take the goods by big carts drawn by four horses.

One night there were four carts of goods coming along the Cúasán road towards Bantry, and the horses were very tired.

At last the horses were so tired that the drivers had to untackle them for a rest. After a while three of the men tackled their horses again but the other man stayed there for about a quarter of an hour after-wards. When his horses had rested enough he tackled them up again.

He had not gone far when he met a big tall man. He tried to kill the driver but he did not succeed. At last the driver struck the man with his whip and immediately he was changed into a big donkey. The donkey began to lash and bite at the horses and at last they could not pull the cart any further.

When the other men reached the town, they went back again to meet that man. When they reached the spot where his horses were stopped they were surprised to see him praying inside the cart.

He asked them to drive away the donkey but they could not see any donkey. Then they thought that the man was mad and one of them said to him, “In the name of God what is wrong with you”? Immediately the donkey vanished, and they drove the man into town. About two days after the man died.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 159-160

Informant: Mr P Sugrue

Collector: Michael Sugrue

Article: A True Story

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

A Story - A Phantom Boat

Long ago there lived in the Quay a man whose name was Dick Murphy who was a fisherman by trade. One night he went out fishing with a man by the name of Jack MacCarthy. As they were fishing, they saw another boat coming towards them. The boat was white, it had no men in it but still it was coming fast towards them. When it was near them it stood still, and a man in white stood up and pointed towards them, and then towards the shore. When Mac Carthy saw this he fainted with fright. When he woke up the white man was stil there, and when Mac Carthy saw him again he fell back and broke his neck and died. The white man said to Murphy “Go home the night is for the dead”. Then the white boat vanished under the sea.

Dick Murphy rowed as fast as fast as he could towards the shore and never went fishing again after that because he was too frightened

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 164-165

Informant: Michael Hutchinson

Collector: Michael Nagle

Article: A Story - A Phantom Boat

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

Fairy Forts

Numerous forts are to be found in the district of Bantry and near it. Whether they be fairy forts or not is not known. Some are called forts, but there are other names for them as well, some of these are, rath, liss, ring, and dun.

More forts are to be found along the coast, than inland. The names of some forts in this district are Dún na mBarc, Newtown, Ráithín, Dún Biatharáin and Lisseens. The forts are always built on tops of hills where the surrounding area can be seen from. That is because, if the people of one fort saw a strange fleet coming they would light a beacon which would be seen by the people of the next fort, within sight who would also light a beacon. This would go on until all the people in the district were warned of the danger. Then they would all gather at a certain fort and set out to fight the invaders.

Nearly all the forts are circular in shape with a hole in middle of the top. Some people say that there are other entrances as well, and that the hole in the top was used to leave the air in and out.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 170-171

Informant: Mr John Cronin

Collector: Willie Murphy

Article: Fairy Forts

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

A Mermaid

A Mermaid

There are many places in Ireland named after cows and the following story explains why.

Long ago a mermaid arose out of the sea in the west of Ireland. She came ashore and was treated like a queen. After a time she learned the Irish language and she said that she had been sent to this country to announce the coming of the three cows. They were the Bó Fhionn, the Bo Ruadh and the Bó Dhubh [Irish].

All the people were overjoyed at this good news because they understood that many other cows would come from the three and at this time food was very scarce.

The mermaid remained with them for a good spell and then she said that she would have to return to her own people. On the first day of May she went, with a great throng down to the strand, and before she departed she promised that on the same day, the next year, she would send the cows. She then plunged into the sea and was seen no more.

On the next May day the people gathered on the shore to watch. About noon, three cows came out of the sea, a white, a black, and a red one. They stood on the shore for some time and then each moved off in a different direction. The black went south, the red north and the white went to the centre of Ireland. Every place the Bo Fionn went was named after her.

In this district there is a lake called “Lough Bo Finne.” This proves that the white cow visited this place.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 059-060

Informant: Miss Mary Fitzgerald

Collector: Thomas Fitzgerald

Article: A Mermaid

Teacher: Dr. Mac Carrthaigh

Legend from the community

The following legend has been handed down through the centuries from generation to generation, in the local area around the lake named Lough Bofinne

We have pleasure in presenting it here

Lough Bofinne (Lake of the White Cow)

There is a lake situated about three miles to the east of Bantry. It is about 25 acres in area and it is called Loch Bó Fionna

Long ago a poor farmer lived near where Lough Bofinne is. He had to hand over crops to pay rent to the landlord to keep his holding. Things were going from bad to worse when one day as he was passing the lake, a white cow came out of the water and went over to the farmer who promptly brought the cow home.

The farmer's family had milk from the cow and a little over to sell. In due course the cow had a calf and so it continued for a few years until the farmer had a small herd. The farmer had plenty of milk for sale and duly sold it throughout the whole area. In time the farmer was reasonably well off. However, he did not have enough land to feed the animals properly so one day he told his wife that he was going to take a few of the animals to sell at the fair in Bantry.

The white cow had been grazing outside the house, and she heard the farmer talking to his wife and got very excited. She started bellowing and immediately the whole herd came to her and she led them down the road. The farmer and his wife tried in vain to stop them and bring them home. However the herd kept going until they reached the lake and the white cow led the whole herd into the lake and were never seen again.

To this day the lake has been called Lough Bofinne (The Lake of the White Cow).

Co. bhorraige

Bar.: Beanntraighe

Par.: Kilmocomogue

Scoil: Beanntraighe (3)

Oide: Ide Hurst

Beanntraighe.

4. 1938 — 1940

BEANNTRAIGHE (3.)

St Brendan's N.S.

Weather-Lore

If the rays of sun are sloping downwards in the morning it is a sign of a storm, but if they are seen in the evening it is a sign of fine weather especially if the sun sinks red.

If there is a circle around the moon it is a sign of rain.

If stars are twinkling in the sky it is a sign of frost.

A rainbow seen in the morning is a sign of bad weather, but if it is seen in the evening it is a sign of fine weather.

When the wind is from the South rain follows.

If a swallow flies low it is a sign of rain, or also if dogs pull up the grass.

If cats turn their backs to the fire it is a sign of cold weather.

Some say when frogs croak or crickets chirp rain is at hand.

If the hills are distinct it is a sign of good weather but if they are near it is rain.

If the dust rises on roads it is for rain.

If waterfalls are roaring it is a sign of rain.

When the fire lights blue it is a for rain but if it burns bright it is for frost.

If soot falls from the chimney rain is near.

When the wind is from the North it is a sign of cold dry weather.

When the seagulls come inland it is a sign of stormy weather.

When there is a sheen on the rocks it is a sign of rain.

If the spiders creep on the walls it fortells rain.

If a star is seen around the moon it is a sign of a storm.

If the shores are roaring it is a sign of bad weather.

If the ducks are quacking it fortells rain.

If the cows are gadding late in the evening it is a sign of rain.

Whatever direction a star falls in the sky the wind will move in that direction.

When the walls and floor of a house get damp are signs of rain.

If a persons corns get very sore rain is near.

When the cock crows indoors it is a sign of bad weather but if he crows outdoors we are going to have fine weather.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 181-182

Informant:

Collector: M. Draper

Article: Weather-lore

Teacher: Ide Hurst

Local Fairs

If the rays of sun are sloping downwards in the morning it is a sign of a Nov & Dec 1938

Extracts from Notes brought by the children.

The local fairs are held in the Square in Bantry. Fairs are always held in towns or villages. Buyers still transact business at farmer's houses, but not at crossroads.

Toll is paid on each animal sold.

The owner the Square has collectors stationed at each road leading from the Square & they collect toll for each animal sold: e.g. 1 shilling for a cow, 6 pence for a heifer, 3 pence for a sow and one penny for a pig.

When an animal is sold the buyer gets luck-money from the seller - usually about 2 shillings and six pence is kept back for a cow, heifer or bullock and one shilling for each pig sold.

The bargain is made by striking the hands after this the money is paid.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 187-188

Informant:

Collector:

Article: Local Fairs

Teacher: Ide Hurst

The animals are marked with blue or red marking polish, obtained in a tin. The lid is taken off the tin and a button pressed from the bottom outside raises the polish which is forced against the animal - so marked. Before this polish was used, buyers cut a piece of hair on the flank of an animal with a scissors. Each buyer has his own special mark.

The most important fair of the year is held in May. August Fair is called Gooseberry fair

September Fair is called Onion Fair

A Pig Fair is held on the 1st Thursday in every moth and a cattle & sheep fair on the next day.

Note Sept 1939. A Horse Fair which had been abandoned for years was again revived this year Aug 18th in Bantry.

Dealers from Dunmanway come down and erect stalls or stands at the Fair & sell clothes, ware, razors, braces, shears etc to the people.

Tinkers also come along in caravans to the town before the fair.

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Riddles

NFCS: Vol. 0281 page 189

Informant:

Collector: Mary Draper

Article: Riddles

Teacher: Ide Hurst

April 1938

As round as a marble, as deep as a cup and all the king's army would not take it up. *Ans. A Well.*

What gets larger the more you take out of it. *Ans. A hole in the ground.*

Black I am, brown I'll be: many the man that injured me; he kicks my head and broke by face and drew me from my native place. *Ans. Turf.*

Headed like a thimble, tailed like a rat, you may guess for ever but you can't guess that. *Ans. A pipe.*

Long and lanky, deaf and dumb, has no legs and yet can run.

As black as ink, as white as milk and hops on the road like hailstones. *Ans. A magpie.*

The man that made it never wore it and the man the wore it never saw it. *Ans. A Coffin*

What is the smallest house in the world and any man could not count its windows. *Ans. A thimble.*

As round as a marble, as flat as a pan, the whole of a woman and the half of a man. *Ans. A Penny.*

What goes under the fire and over the fire and never touches the fire. *A cake in a Bastilble.*

What is it that's empty but still has something in it. *Ans. A jug with a crack in it.*

(Mary Draper, Scart, 16 years)

The Potato Crop

Contributed by Sam Shanon Ueanvour

“Acre and a half under potatoes, sometimes more, sometimes less planted.

My father prepares the ground, which is manured with stable-stall manure before being ploughed up. The potatoes are sown in ridges. The ridges are ploughed into six sods with a trench between every six lines of sods. The ridge is hacked with a grafan, and sciottaín (or pieces of potatoes with an eye in each) is put into holes in the ridge - about 1 ft apart. The holes are made with a spade, which was bought in a shop. We do not get local help for the sowing. When the stalk appears above the ground, earth is put up around the stalk, to keep the frost from it. In summer the potatoes are sprayed 3 times with washing soda and bluestone. We dig the potatoes in

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 193-194

Informant:

Collector: Sam Shannon

Article: The Potato Crop

Teacher: Ide Hurst

Autumn with a spade and put them in a pit to store them. We put the ones for immediate use in a loft, and keep the seed ones in a pit.

To make a pit. Dig a rectangle abt 1 ft deep, line it with rushes, put the potatoes in and cover over with rushes, bracken and straw. We grow Champion, May Queen, Golden Wonder, and Kerr Pinks and British Queens. Aran Banner grows best in our district.

The Games I Play

Four Corner Fool

Spy

Hide-and-Seek

Tig

The Farmer in His Den

The Witch in the Well

The Ghost in “ Garden

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 194-195

Informant:

Collector: Susan Shannon

Article: The Games I Play

Teacher: Ide Hurst

The Ghost in the Garden.

The mother of the children goes to town and leaves a big one in charge of the little ones.

While she is away, one child, who is the ghost, and has hidden in the garden comes up and tries to take one of the little ones away from the girl in charge. If she succeeds she takes her away to her hiding place in the garden.

When the mother returns she counts or calls the children and if any are missing says

Mother “Where is Tuesday?”

Big Girl “I don’t know she was taken away while I was baking a cake”

Mother then beats the girl in charge and puts her to bed.

The Witch in the Well.

Children join hands in a ring - one child - the witch goes in the middle. The children run around and say.

Chn. "Old Witch in the well, go wash my head,

The chickens come after me and eat my brown bread.

What time is it old witch?

What are you looking for old witch?

O. Witch. I am looking for a needle.

Chn. What do you want the needle for?

W. To sew a bag.

Chn. What do you want the bag for?

W. To draw sand.

Chn. What do you want the sand for?

To sharpen my knife.

W. What do you want the knife for?

to cut off your chickens' heads.

Then the witch runs after the children in the ring and tries to catch them.

Susan Shannon, Meanvour

Churning

We have a churn athome.

It is on a stand and is a Barrel-churn.

The sides are round.

It is eighteen years old.

The different parts are:- the beaters inside, the staves and the hoops which are on the outside of the churn.

There is no mark on the side or bottom of the churn.

Butter is made twice a week in the Summer and once a week in Winter.

My mother does the churning.

Strangers who come in during the churning help them at the work because it is said that fairies would come and take away the butter out of the churn.

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 199-200

Informant:

Collector: Mary Draper

Article: Churning

Teacher: Ide Hurst

It takes a half-hour to churn.

It is done by hand.

There is a glass in the end of the churn and when that is clear the butter is made.

Water is put in during the process to make the butter hard.

Then when it is made the butter is taken out with a butter shovel, put into dishes to be washed.

When it is washed it is salted and packed for the market.

The Buttermilk is used for drinking and for making soda bread.

Co. Chorcaighe
 Bar.: Beanntraighe
 Par.: Kilmocomogue
 Scoil: an Clochar i mBeanntraí
 Oide: an tSiúr Pól
 Clochar na Trócaire
 Beanntraighe



an clochar i mBeanntraí
 Our Lady of Mercy N.S.

Leach an Mhairnealaigh

In- Árd na mBráthar tá leach suidhte tamall ón gcrois mhóir a thóg Tadhg
Ó h-Éalaigh. Tá an bhéarsa seo leanas scríobhtha uirri.

The Borea's winds and Neptune's waves

Have tossed me to and fro,

In spite of both, by God's decree,

I'm harboured here below,

Where I do now at anchor ride

With many of our fleet,

Awaiting to set sail again,

Our Admiral Christ to meet.

Deirtear gub é mairnéalach a bhí ar a laetheannta saoire san mbaile a chúm
an bhéarsa san, mar ba mhaith leis go gcuirfí é i n-Árd na mBráthar dá
bhfaigheadh sé bás i mBeantraighe. Tá bárr na lice imthighthe agus dá
bhrigh sin níl fios ag aoinne cé'n ainm a bhí ar an mairnéalach.

Fill Nic Chárthaigh

Sráid Mairíne,

Beantraighe

NFCS: Vol. 0281 page 204

Informant: Cormac Mac Cárthaigh

Collector: Fill Nic Chárthaigh

Article: Leach an Mhairnealaigh

Teacher: An tSiúr Pól

Muintir Uí Shúilleabháin

Do chuir muintear Uí Shúilleabháin fútha ins an áit seo nuair a ruaig na Normánaigh iad as Co. Tiobrad-Arainn timpeall 1170. Tá scéal deas san áit seo mar gheall ar an gcaoi 'na bhfuair a n-ainm.

Deirtear gur Súil Sheamhain an litriú ceart atá air. Ceaptar gur shíolruig an treabh ó phrionnsa a bhí ar leath shúil.

Tráth áirighthe bhí draoi darb ainm Seamhain ag caitheamh féasta idtigh an phrionnsa. Bhí Seamhain ar leat shúil leis. Bhí an prionnsa comh flaitheamhail san gur thagair sé don draoi aon ní ba mhaith leis. Do thogh sé súil an phrionnsa agus fuair sé a ghuidhe.

Nuair a chuala an t-Árd Draoi an scéal, bhí sé ar buile, agus d'orduigh sé don draoi an tsúil a thabhairt thar nais don phrionnsa agus a shúil féin leis mar phíonós.

Fuair an prionnsa a shúil féin tar nais agus súil Seamhain, agus tugtaí Súil Sheamhain nó Súilleabhain air féin agus ar a shliocht in a dhiaidh sin.

Madelín Ní Súilleabháin, An Chearnóg, Beantraighe

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 216-218

Informant: Bhean Uí Súilleabháin

Collector: Madelín Ní Shúilleabháin

Article: Muintir Uí Shúilleabháin

Teacher: An tSiúr Pól

The O'Sullivan clan settled in this area, when the Normans drove them out of County Tipperary around 1170.

There is an interesting story in this area which explains how they got their name. The correct spelling is said to be Súil Sheamhain. It is thought that the tribe are descended from a prince that had only one eye.

One time a druid, named Seamhain was feasting in the house of the prince. He also (Seanháin) had only one eye. The prince liked Seamhain and offered him anything he'd like. Seamhain chose the prince's eye and he was granted his wish.

When the head druid heard the story, he was furious. He ordered Seamhain to give back the eye, and his own eye also as a penance. The prince got back his own eye and Seamhain's eye also. The prince and his tribe were called "Súil Sheamhain" or Súilleabháin from that day on.

Mullach Méise

Leasmuig de Bheanntraighe tá cnoch ara dtugtar Mullach Méise. Tá sé suidhte ar an dtaobh thoir de'n baile.

Sa tsean aimsir nuair ná raibh cead ag na sagairt an t-Aifreann do léigheamh do bhí ortha dul imeasch na gcnoch cun é a do rádh. Ar an sliabh seo tá leach, a bhí mar áltóir sa tsean-aimsir.

Innseann na sean-daoine sgéal mar gheall ar sagart a bhí gleasta mar aodhaire a dheineadh an t-Aifreann do léigheamh ar an leach go minich. Do dheineadh sé súpán agus do ceilteadh sé an crios beannuighthe ann. Do chuireadh sé é timcheall air annsan.

Insan gcló sin do léigheadh sé an t-Aifreann gach seachtmhain go dtí fá dheire go bhfúair spíadóir amach é. Do chuir seisean sgéal dos na saighdiúirí mar gheall air.

Do bhí na saighdiúirí ar a thóir go luath acht d'innis cuid dá chomhráidthe dó go rabhadar ag teacht agus bhí air imtheacht as an áit sin.

Tá an charraig le feischint fós, agus gach séasúr de'n bhliadhain tá seamhair áluinn le feischint ann.

Máirín Ních Cárthaigh, Bóthar Gleanna Gairbh, Beanntraighe

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 213-215

Informant: Maire Bean Uí Cárthaigh

Collector: Máirín Nic Chárthaigh

Article: Mullach Meisce

Teacher: An tSiúr Pól

Outside of Bantry, there's a hill called Mullaghmesha. It is situated to the east of the town.

In olden times, when priests were prohibited from saying Mass they had to hide in the hills to say Mass. On this hill there is a slab which was used in olden times as an altar for Mass.

The old people tell a story about a priest who, dressed as a shepherd, often said Mass on this slab. He made a straw belt and hid the holy cross in it. He would put it around himself there. In that way he would say Mass every week until eventually a spy found out about him and informed the soldiers. They were quickly on his trail but his neighbours told him they were coming and he had to leave the area.

This rock (slab) can be seen to this day with clover covering it, every season of the year.

Máire Bean ui Cárthaigh, George's Lane, Beanntraighe

Naomh Fiachna

Do chuir Naomh Fiachna teampall ar bun ar an dtaobh thiar de sleibhte go dtugtar sleibhte Léim an tSagairt ortha. Tá an fothrach “Teampaill Fiachna” agus an tsean-roilig ann go dtí an lá indiu, agus deirtear go raibh sé ar ceann des na teampallaibh ba thúisge a cuireadh ar bun.

Deirtar go raibh sean-bhean ‘na chomhnuidhe sa paróiste. Do théigheadh sí amac agus crudhadh sí ba na gcomharsan agus tugadh sí an bainne abhaile léi. Bhí muinntir na h-áite ar buile agus d’innseadar an sgéal do Naomh Fiachna.

Chuaidh an Naomh amach ar a chapall oidhche amháin agus tháinig sé go tigh bainne na caillighe. Ní raibh aoinne ann agus dhein sé cloc de. Chonnaich sé an tsean-bhean ag rith suas an cnoc agus dhein sé gollán di. Tá sí le feiscint go dtí an lá so.

Áine Ní Chonchubhair, Bothar na Carraige Duibhe, Beantraighe

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 247-248

Informant: Máire Ní Conchubhair

Collector: Áine Ní Conchubhair

Article: Naomh Fiachna

Teacher: An tSiúr Pól

Saint Fiachna

Saint Fiachna established a church on the west side of a hill that is called the Priest’s Leap Hill. The ruin of Fiachna’s Church and the old graveyard are still to be seen. It is said that it was one of the earliest Churches to be built.

It is said that an old woman lived in the parish. She used to go out and milk the neighbour’s cows and she took the milk home with her. The locals were furious and told the story to Saint Fiachna.

The saint set out on his horse one night and went to the milking house of the witch. There was no one there. He changed the house into a stone. He saw the old woman running up the hill. He changed her into a standing stone. She can be seen to this day.

Co. Bhorcaighe

Bar.: Béara

Par.: Cill Chásáin (An Gleann Garb)

Scoil: An Gleann Garb

Oide: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha
An Gleann Garb.



AN GLEANN GARBH

Scoil Fhiachna, Glengarriff

Riddles

1. Something under fire and something over fire but never touches it.

A cake in an oven.

2. A cat behind two cats .

A cat between two cats, and

A cat before two cats. How many cats is that .

Three cats

3 Two little ladies dressed in white; one got the fever and died last night.

A candle

4. What goes all round but never gets into it. *Ivy on a tree*

5. White bird feather-less flew from paradise, tipped on the ground and rode away horseless. *Snow*

6. Hairy in. Hairy out. Hairy in to hair's mouth.

Putting your leg into a stocking

7. All round the house, all round the house, and stays behind the door.

A brush.

8. The blind beggar had a brother that was drowned. And the man that was drowned had no brother. What was the blind beggar to the man that was drowned. *His sister.*

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 105-107

Informant: Séumas Gógáin

Collector: Cáit Ní Ghógáin

Article: Riddles

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Riddles

1. As round as an apple; as plump as a ball; it climbs over churches, over steeple and all. *The Sun.*
2. As I travelled over gravel on a black oak stick, I stood; I rode a mare that never foaled and I held a bridle in my hand. *A ship.*
3. Headed like a thimble tailed like a rat you may guess every thing but you cannot guess that *A pipe.*
4. I had a little house and the mouse could not live in it and all the men in town could not count how many windows *A thimble*
5. Through a rock through a reel; through an old spinning wheel; through a basin full of pepper; through a horse's shin bone; riddle me that and I will leave you alone. *Thunder and lightning.*

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 107-109

Informant: Séumas Gógáin

Collector: Cáit Ní Ghógáin

Article: Riddles

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

The Weather

1. When the moon looks pale, it is a sign of rain.

If the moon is on its back, it is a sign of rain.

When the red of the sky goes to the mountain, it is a sign of rain. When there is a circle around the moon, it is a sign of ruin. If the stars look dim very bad weather will follow.

When the stars run along the sky, it is a sign of frost.

A rainbow in the morning is a shepherd's warning.

A rainbow in the night is a shepherd's delight.

When the swallows fly very low, it is a sign of fine weather.

When Norry the Bog goes towards the mountain, it is a sign of rain.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 119-120

Informant:

Collector: Seán Ó Mathghamhna

Article: The Weather

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

No title

If the red in the sky is going down to-wards the mountain, it is a sign of rain.

If a star falls into the sea it is a sign of rain.

When Berradh na gCaorach is in the sky in the summer it is a sign of rain.

When there is a ring around the moon it is a sign of rain.

When a star falls to the south, it is a sign of rain.

When a star falls to the north it is a sign of frost.

The mackeral sky is a sign of rain.

When the moon is turned up-side down, it is a sign of rain.

A rainbow at night is a shepherds delight, and a rainbow at morning is a shepherds warning.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 125-127

Informant:

Collector: Pádraig Ó Súilleabháin

Article:

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

If the sun comes out too bright on a winter's morning it will rain in the evening.

If the swallows are flying low it is a sign of rain.

If they are flying high it is a sign of fine weather.

When the sea-gulls are whistling on a summer's day it is a sign of rain.

If the lochans are full before March it is a sign of fine weather.

When the cat is near the fire it is a sign of snow.

When there is snow coming the sheep come down into the woods.

Famous People

Once upon a time there was a woman travelling around here from place to place. Her name was Peig Ní Lúana. She lived in Killarney. Mr White owned the Glengarriff Castle at that time. He had a pony and he had a man hired for looking after the pony. This day he was going to Cork for messages for Mr. White. He met this woman at the castle gate. She asked him where was he going and he said to Cork. She told him that she would race him. So off they started and she won. The length of the race was about sixty miles.

Flor Mahoney Loc-a-Dhá-Pholl was another great runner. He raced from from the village to the Eccles bridge and back again in four minutes, - a mile in four minutes.

The greatest oarsmen that were ever here were called the Cláirins. They lived in Bantry.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 135-136

Informant:

Collector: Séamus Ó Mathghamhna

Article: Famous People

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

No title

A few centuries ago there was a smuggling ship coming in Bantry Bay with wines from France for Mr. White who was in the castle at that time.

After the ship landed the wines, the ship went out another way.

When she was outside Garnish there was a submerged rock. The ship struck this and she split. Her name was the Portuguese. The crew of six kept a store of wine in the ship.

All got drowned and the bottles of wine floated over to the smuggling rocks. From that the rock Portuguese, got its name. The smuggling rocks got its name also.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 148-149

Informant:

Collector: Pádraig Ó Séaghdha

Article: no title

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

No title

It is a custom at every wedding down to our own days for straw boys to come to the weddings. At twelve o' clock at night the captain of the straw boys comes into the house. The people run in all directions from the straw boys. The captain asks for the man of the house. The man that gets married is the man of the house for that night.

If the man of the house does not offer to give every straw boy a drink, and permission to come into the house, and for every straw boy to dance a set with his bride, they upset everything in the house sometimes the guards are called.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 169-170

Informant: Seán Ó Donnchadha

Collector: Cristóir Ó Muirirthigh

Article: no title

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Naomh Fiachna

Do chuir Naomh Fiachna teampall ar bun ar an dtaobh thiar de sleibhte go dtugtar sleibhte Léim an tSagairt ortha. Tá an fothrach “Teampaill Fiachna” agus an tsean-roilig ann go dtí an lá indiu, agus deirtear go raibh sé ar ceann des na teampallaibh ba thúisge a cuireadh ar bun.

Deirtar go raibh sean-bhean ‘na chomhnuidhe sa paróiste. Do théigheadh sí amac agus crudhadh sí ba na gcomharsan agus tugadh sí an bainne abhaile léi. Bhí muinntir na h-áite ar buile agus d’innseadar an sgéal do Naomh Fiachna.

Chuaidh an Naomh amach ar a chapall oidhche amháin agus tháinig sé go tigh bainne na cailighe. Ní raibh aoinne ann agus dhein sé cloc de. Chonnaich sé an tsean-bhean ag rith suas an cnoc agus dhein sé gollán di. Tá sí le feiscint go dtí an lá so.

Áine Ní Chonchubhair, Bothar na Carraige Duibhe, Beantraighe

NFCS: Vol. 0281 pages 247-248

Informant: Máire Ní Conchubhair

Collector: Áine Ní Conchubhair

Article: Naomh Fiachna

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Place Names

Páirc na gCaorach	Páirc na Croise	Páirc Garbh	Páirc an Asail	Cnocán Dubh	Cnocán a' Rinnce
Páirc a' Chapail	Páirc na Luachra	Páirc Árd	Páirc Glas	Cnocan Aitinn	Cnocán a' Nups
Páirc a' Bháid	Páirc Neans	Páirc Mór	Páirc na Gamhan	Cnocán Árd	Cnocan na mBeach
Páirc a' dTuaidh	Páircín na Straca	Páirc na Muc	Páirc a' Locháin	Cnocán Bán	Cnocán a' Gheata
Pairc Eccles	Páircín na Coille	Páirc Nua	Páirc a' Leasa	Cnocán a' Chuillinn	Cnocan na Gráineóige
Páirc na nGéana	Páirc a' Bhána	Páirc Capey	Páirc na mBo	Cnocan na n-Umaraighe	Cnocan na Crónach
Páircín a' Tharnach	Páircín i Lár	Pairc Diarmuda	Páircín beag	Cnocan na gCailleach	Cnocan Aerach
Páirc na Sgine	Páirc a' Lín	Páircín na h-Eornan	Páirc a Thuaidh	Cnocan na Ceillne	Cnocán a' Tighe
Páirc na gCloch	Páirc a' Bhothair	Páircín Finey*	Páirc na gCrann Óg	Cnocan Doighte	Cnocán na Cró
Páirc a' Túir	Páirc na bPoll	Páirc na Cabhlaighe	Páirc an Ghreasaidhe	Cnocán Cruaidh	Gáirdín a' Droighin
Páirc Gainimh	Páirc a' Tobair	Páirc na Saillighe	Páirc a' Rúil	Cnocán Ruadh	Gáirdín na mBúleach
Páirc Licín	Pairc Aosta	Páirc na n-Úbhall	Cnocán Aosta		An Gáirdín

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 174-180

Informant:

Collector:

Article: Place names

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Gáirdín a' Stiana	Plás Árd	Carraig na nGabhar	Faill na nGabhar	Poll Gorm
Gáirdín Nell	An Túirín	Carraig na Scoile	Faill a' Teornan	Poll a' Chráin
Gáirdín a' Chnuic	An Bogach	Carraig Eamoinn	Faill na Brice	Lochán Salach
Gáirdín na gCabhlach	Bogach Mór	Bogach an Uisce	Faill na Brice	Glaise na Ceardchan
Gáirdín a' tSeómra	Bogach Dubh	Inse an Tobair	Faill a' Ramaidh	Clais na Raithnighe
Guirtín na gCloch	Árd an Seana- Cheardchan	Inse na bPoll	Faill an Eidhneáin	Glaisín na Brice
Gort	Carn na gCartaí	Faill Fada	Faill a' Phiotháin	Cath na h-Umara
Lug Bán	Carn na gCat	Faill na Bó	Poll a Mhairéad	Garraí na Muc
Lug an Adhmuid	Carn na gCat	Faill na mBan	Poll Tairbh	Garraí na h-Eornan
Lug na Raithinighe	Carraig a' Mhaide	Faill Tairbh	Poll na Móna	Inis
Lug a' Lín	Carraig na dTarbh	Faill Ceanann	Poll na bPiast	Cnoc an Iubhair
An Leaca	Carraig Eidhneáin	Faill a' Lín	Poll Leathair	

* Finey was the woman in whose house Michael Doheny sheltered when in this neighbourhood

Wild Animals

Do chuir Naomh Fiachna teampall ar bun ar an dtaobh thiar de sleibhte go dtugtar Rabbits live in burrows which they make in the ground. Most of the rabbits make their burrows in fields. They scrape out the earth with their front paws and throw it back with the hind ones. They eat green grass and oats. Therefore, they do a lot of harm to the farmer.

The hare lives under the rocks in the mountain. He eats rough grass of the mountain. He seldom comes to the fields for he never leaves the hill.

The badger lives in a den in the wood. He often kills a lot of hens on the farmer if he gets into a fowl house by night.

The fox also lives in a den in the wood. He is out by day as well as by night prowling around looking for hens. The fox has a lot of clever ways. Therefore he can steal a lot of fowl from the farmer.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 189-192

Informant:

Collector: Mícheál Ó Gealbhain

Article: Wild animals

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

The weasel lives in holes in the wall or in heaps of stones. He drinks a lot of blood. Mostly it is rabbits he catches, but he would also attack lamb or a kid to suck its blood.

The rat lives in holes the same as the weasel. He eats oats, potatoes and eggs and every thing like that. The mouse is the same in every way.

The hedgehog lives in ditches. He eats grass and leaves. The hedgehog never does any harm to the farmer.

The otter lives on the bank of the river. He eats a lot of fish. He always has to come over water to get air.

The martin cat lives in the wood. He eats birds and rabbits.

The lizard lives among grass in the fields. He drinks blood if he ever get any.

The seal lives near the sea. He eats fish. He sleeps under rocks near the sea.

The Deer

The children of Glengarriff at present know nothing about deer. But their parents would not have that to say. Up to thirty years ago, Glengarriff was full of deer. They were supposed to be kept in the demesne but they never were.

They came out by the night and break into the farmer's crops. At first the farmer used to light a fire in one end of the field for the night. But in the end the deer got so bold that they used to come in the other side. In the end the farmer kept walking around the field all night.

It was against the law to keep a dog that was able to hunt deer. If anyone had a dog, they nails of it were pulled out. If anyone killed a deer he would be evicted out of his farm by the landlord. If on any farm a part of a deer was found, the farmer would be evicted.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 199-201

Informant:

Collector: Mícheál Ó Gealbhain

Article: The Deer

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Of course a lot of people did kill deer without the landlord knowing it. The people used to holes in the ground. Then they covered them over with thin sticks and grass. Then when the deer walked on the grass and fell in.

One time a flock of deer went trespassing in John Whites place. He summoned Lord Bantry and they went to count. Lord Bantry swore that he had no control over the deer. From that on, the people could kill them but they did not stop until they killed them all.

Gobs

Girls are very fond of playing gobs. They would want five round stones. They would get them in the gravel or in the sea. They should choose a level place with short grass. Any number can play.

To start the game every girl takes the gobs. They put them on the palm of their hands. Then they throw them up and try to catch them on the back of their hands. They do this three times, and whoever has caught the most starts the game.

The first thing they do is to throw the gobs out on the grass. Then they throw up one gob and while it is up they must catch two gobs. Then they catch the other one coming down. They do the same with the other two. They throw the gobs out on the grass again, then they throw up one and take up one and catch the other one coming down. They throw up one and take up three, and catch the other one coming down. They do this five times. That is called two's and three's. Then they play horse and that

is the same as they do first only they do it once. Then they play big knob. That is they throw up one and take up four, and catch the other one coming down. Then they play shame. Shame is played the same as horse only it has a different name. Then they play small knobs. They throw up and take up three and catch the other one coming down. They do this eleven times. Then they play one big knob and one small knob.

Then they play scatters. The only difference between scatters and what they played in the beginning is they do not throw the gobs on the grass. They throw up one and drop the other four on the grass, but they do not tip the grass with their hands. First they play two's and three's Then horse, big knob, shame, small knobs, big knob, and three small knobs. Then the game is finished. If a girl goes through this game without going out she has won the game.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 208-211

Informant:

Collector: Neans Ní Shathairn

Article: Gobs

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Cribs

The cribs are usually made after Christmas and sometimes before Christmas. They are mostly made in the months of January and February.

First the children cut a lot of hazel rods about three weeks before they make the cribs. They choose four garamads and they split two ends of two rods and pare the ends of the two more. Then they get four twigs called buntais and put one on each side of the frame. If it is buntais they have, they put a piece of a cord near the bottom and one on the top. Then they close it on the top, for if they did not do that the rods would be very loose and would very soon fall out. Then they get the Gallóg and the Baitín Breagach and the Maidín Droise and the holly berries. They fix the ground so that the bird could not come out under it. They would sink the holly berries in the ground. Then they would fix little rods inside called the Futheógs.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 212-213

Informant: her father

Collector: Cáit Ní Ghógáin, Cum Orcaín

Article: Cribs

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Dolls

I have a rag doll at home. I made it my self last xmas. I had a very pleasant time making it.

First I got some wool and rolled it into the shape of a doll's head and I covered it with white cloth. I marked her eyes her ears, nose and mouth. Then I got two long pieces of white cloth and I sewed both sides of it together and I packed it with wool. Then I (received) covered it with white cloth for the body. I sewed on the head to the body then.

Then I got two long stripes of cloth and I sewed both ends of it together and I packed it with wool for the hands and the very same for the legs. Then I had my doll made.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 220-221

Informant:

Collector: Nóra Máire Ní Bhriain

Article: Dolls

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Special Days

They say it is unlucky to do certain things, on certain week-days.

It is unlucky to cut your hair on Friday. To spill blood on Monday

To make a grave on Monday

It is unlucky to plough ground on Friday.

If a child be born on Good Friday and baptised on Easter Sunday, there is a cure in that child. It is unlucky to move from one house to another house on Friday.

If a person received anything on Sunday he will be receiving something all that week.

It is unlucky to plant cabbage on Wednesday.

If on May Morning a person came for anything, it is unlucky to give him even a match

It is unlucky to bring in with the Summer white thorn

It is lucky to see a black cat on Sunday morning.

Scarbh-shion na gCuach Scarbh-shion na gCuach begins on the last two weeks of March and the first two weeks of April. During that month it is very cold and hardy. It is also very troublesome for the farmers because at that time the cows go in the bogs.

Laetheannta na Bó-riabhaice is a very old story that the people have. They say that March borrowed three days from April to kill the old speckled cow.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 226-228

Informant: Máire Bean Uí Mhathghamhna

Collector: Séumus Ó Mathghamhna

Article: Special Days

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Travelling People

The following are the the names of a few travelling people who visited locality some years ago. It was a pleasure to see some of them coming because some of them used to tell stories. Some of them never told a story.

Jim Coffey and his wife. Pat Purcell and his wife who had a donkey and car and they spent one winter in this wood.

John Collins came from Cork City he was a soldier in the great war and when it was over he came back again to live with his sister in Cork until she died. Then he went out on the begging line. He comes to our house about once a month. He has a leather pack bag on his back and he sells glasses and ballads.

Also Tom Sullivan (Spooney) his wife and family travelled around from place to place. There was Johnny Harrington and his wife and his children who travelled in a caravan. There was Donal and his wife Biddy. There was John Hurley a fisherman from Dunmanway. A nice old man was John Casey who used bring a basket and sell knicks-knacks. But he was never called John Casey but he was called “A Stor.” He got his own name from his talk. He used to say “Every little thing “a stor” to make a penny “a stor”. That is the way he got his name. He was a very nice old man.

Another man that often travelled around here was Jerry Scully. Mick Doyle was another nice old man. He often stayed in my house but he is dead now.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 229-231

Informant: Her mother

Collector: Máire Ní Sheaghda

Article: Travelling People

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghda

Outdoor Games

The girls in Glengarriff like to play these games. Four corner fools, Colours, A bucket full of water, Minding the house, Back to back. Come on away gathering nuts in May. Skipping.

1) To play four corner fools five girls are required. You would want four corners. Each girl would stand in a corner and the girl that would have no corner would be called the fool. Then the girls would change corners and the fool would run and try to get a corner. If she got a corner the other person would be called the fool.

2) Then to play colours, any number of girls can play them all. All the girls line up and one girl stands for a devil, and another girl for an angel. A girl goes round and gives each girl a colour. Then she asks the angel. "Who comes here". and the angel answers "The angel of the cross" and she asks her. "What do you want" and the angel says any colour she likes, and if she guesses any body's colour that person goes with the angel.

Then the girl asks the devil "Who comes here" and the devil answers "The devil with the long long tail. Then she asks her. "What do you want", and the devil answers any colour she likes, and if she guesses and girl's colour, that girl goes down with the devil. They keep asking questions until all the girls' colours are guessed. Then they start pulling.

3) Some girls go on each side, one side goes over tho the others, and while they are going to them they says "Come on away gathering nuts in May nuts in May, nuts in May. Come on gathering nuts in May this cold and frosty morning". And the other side says "Who will ye have to fetch her away, to fetch her away, to fetch her away. Who will ye have to fetch her away this cold and frosty morning". And the other side says any name they like. Then the other side asks the same thing and the other side says any name they like. The two girls pull and which ever side pull, that side starts again and they stay that way until they like to finish it.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 244-247

Informant:

Collector: Siobhán Ní Ghealbháin

Article: Outdoor Games

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

Roads

There are three main roads in Glengarriff. The Kenmare road, the Bantry road, and the Castletown road.

The Kenmare road leads from Glengarriff village and goes to Kenmare and Killarney. The Bantry road leads from Glengarriff Village and goes to Bantry. The Castletown road leads from Glengarriff Village and goes to Castletown.

The Kenmare road and the Bantry road was made about a hundred years ago. The Castletown road was made about eighty years ago. Men and women worked at them. Sixpence a day the men got, and the woman got fourpence a day.

The old road to Castletown went down back of the village. It crossed Droichead Céim á Tabair, also called Cromwells Bridge and on to cooraniel across Máim along between the Sugar Load Mountain, on to Adrigole and then on to Castletown. This road is called Seana-Bhothair na Gaile.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 251-254

Informant: Donnchadha Ó Shúilleabháin

Collector: Brighid Ní Shúilleabháin

Article: Roads

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

The old road to Kenmare leads from the village and it went on where the Kenmare road is to day as far as he school. Then on to Dirreenagorrig on to Liken and across Esk then then on to Kenmare.

The old road to Bantry was somewhere near where the Bantry road is too day. The old roads were made about a hundred years ago.

There are a great number of by-roads in this district. Those are some of them. The Coomerkane road, the Glen Road, The Direenboy road, the Rosnagreena, the Skehill road and the Carrigrour road.

The Commerkane road and the Glen road were made about a hundred years ago. The Rosnagreena road and the skehill road were made about thirty years ago. The Carrigrour road was made about sixty years ago. The Dirreenboy road was made in 1935.

No title

In the month of November in 1916, a terrible storm swept over this place. It blew down fair from Coonane mountain. No one could pass the road. Trees were falling everywhere. The same storm blew down a big tree on top of Connell's house. No one was injured.

A sailing ship was coming in to Bantry with goods. The storm blew the sails off of her. She drifted in towards Snámh. The breaking waves broke her to pieces. All the crew were saved by the means of life boats.

Not many years ago terrible thunder and lightening occurred here. In Cúr-Randail it killed three cows that were lying under a rock. It travelled on and tore up holly trees.

In Bonane it came down the chimney. A man was asleep in the settle, and a dog was underneath it. The lightning killed the dog and never touched the man.

NFCS: Vol. 0279 pages 152-155

Informant: parent

Collector: Séumas Ó Mathghamhna

Article: no title

Teacher: Caoimhín Ó Séaghdha

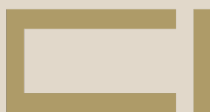
In days of long ago, smuggling ships came in here to Bantry Bay with goods. They sailed in and landed the goods in Brandy Island, and from that then ashore. Men were there ready to load their baskets. They took it from that then up to Coondane mountains. They had big holes dug into the ground, and into those holes they put the goods. From that they brought them into Kenmare and other towns as well. This day this ship was going out after landing the goods. The Captain decided that he would go out the western sound. So off they started. Things were going well for a time. Suddenly the ship stuck a rock and sank immediately. All the crew were drowned. The rocks are ever since called "The Smuggling Rocks"



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