

Report of the Erris Survey

August 1990 - May 1994



Part IV

A Community Response Project.


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Fás and Turasóireacht Iorrais Teo



00073923

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Folklore of Erris

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FOLKLORE

BOOK 129

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CO MHUIGHEO

BARONY OF IORRAS

SCHOIL COR - CLOCH

OIDE PEADAR S. MAC DAIGHIDH. BEAL AN MHUIRTHID

Bruises:- 1. Chickweed warmed and put to the bruises.
2. Soap and sugar mixed together.

Cuts:- 1. Put cobwebs to it.
2. Put fresh clay to it.
3. Put flour to it.

Foul-mouth:- 1. A child whose father was dead before it was
born had the cure of the foul-mouth.

Burns:- 1. Put lamp oil or flour or ink on it.
2. To get the cure of the burn, lick the belly of an ash-leaf
leach - in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

To take a thorn out:- 1. Rub the spot with a fox's tongue.

Rash or _____ 1. Urine and tobacco mixed together.

Murrain 1. A disease in cattle.

To dose a pig:- 1. Rub her belly with castor oil.
2. Put the medicine into a toeless shoe.

Sprain:- 1. Bring some linen thread to man who has the cure, bring
none of it back and the thread he gives you or the cord he
makes you, put it on your sprain and leave it there, till it
wears away itself.

Sore Eye:- 1. The juice of the house leek.

Beating of your heart:- 1. Put a cup of oatmeal to your heart and around your heart three times. Some of the meal will disappear. The remainder is made into a scone-cake and eaten nine mornings in succession.

Pleurisy:- 1. For this disease people used to be bled.

Sore Side:- 1. Lift a stone and spit on it three times and throw it over your left shoulder.

Elf Shot:- 1. This is a disease in cattle. Get yarrow and make nine balls of it and give them to the beast three at a time.

2. Go to the four corners of a bog-hole and life water off each corner of it. Give the animal a drink of the water.

3. Put a hot coal to the animals nose and rub it down her back to make her yield.

Murrain:- 1. Choke a hen, and boil it without cleaning it or plucking it and give then soup to the sick animal.

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Merry when the year is new
Always loving kind and true,
When February birds do mate,
If you wed nor dread your fate,
If you wed, when March winds blow.
Marry in April when you can
Gay for maiden and for man.
Marry in the month of may
You will surely rue the day,
Marry when June winds blow,
Over land and sea you'll go
They in July do wed.
Must labour always for their bread.
Whoever wed in August be
Many changes are sure to see
Marry in September shine,
Your living will be always fine,
If in October you do marry,
Love will come and riches tarry,

If you wed in Bleak November,
Only joy will come remember
When December snows fall fast,
Marry and true love will last.

Monday for health
Tuesday for wealth
Wednesday the best day of all
Thursday for losses
Friday for crosses
And Saturday is no day at all.

Maire Ne Maolfabath
Fuair si o arain
Philip O Maolfabath
Glenlara
Beal an Muirthid.

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Loughlin Sweeney

Cnoc Maoili
Caile Cruaic

Brian Ruad lived in Tup Flar in Loppur? He was herding cattle for a gentleman. One day as he was driving cattle by a lake and a bull came in out of the lake and touched one of the heifers. When he went home he told the master. His master told him to mind that heifer and when she would calf not to taste the milk until he would bring it to himself first.

When the heifer calved, Brian milked her and as he was carrying the milk home he had to cross a fence. As he was crossing the fence some of the milk dashed on his hand and he licked it. When he went home he told his master what happened. The gentleman said "it is for you and not for me". Brian went home and nine or ten days afterwards he went to the fair. He bought a score of cattle from a man and he had no money to pay him. He had no way of getting the money. He told him to come to the house that day week and he would have the money. That day week the man came and Brian was in bed, Brians wife told the man to go home and bring his cattle with him. Brian told the wife to go out and look was there anything on the sea. She went out and said there

was some black thing far away, he told her to look out again and when she came in again she said there was a ship coming in without sail or mast.

Brian said it was time for him to be getting up. Brian and the man went down to the ship and found a sack of gold. He paid the man and had some gold himself. After that he began a prophesy.

Brigid AIB Suibne

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Q. Born were two men a very strange relation
Each became a King, and a father of a nation.
They were their grand sires only son
Their aunts with their real mothers
Their daughters nursed them as their sons,
and yet only they were not married.

Q. It's deep and it's damp and it's under the bank, and it's fit for a
Lord or a Lady.

A. A grave.

Q. Why is the letter 'A' like the honeysuckle?

A. Because it is followed by the Bee.

Q. They are cut, passed around and not eaten?

A. A deck of cards.

Q. As I went out to the Ballina Steeple,
I saw three living people,
They were not men, women, or children?

A. A man, A woman and A child.

Q. It's under the fire, it's over the fire and it never touches the fire?

A. A cake in the oven.

Q. As I went round the sandy banks, I met my uncle Davy, I took off

his head and drank his blood, and left his body easy?

A. A bottle of whiskey.

Q. What is half the moon like?

A. It is like the other half.

Q. Why does the hen cross the road?

A. To get to the other side.

Q. What is half a herring worth when it is half eaten?

A. It is worth turning.

Q. What is full and holds more?

A. A pot of potatoes when you put water in.

Q. It's as round as an apple, as plump as a ball, it can climb the church over steeple and all?

A. The Sun.

Q. Headed like a thimble, tailed like a rat, you may guess for ever but you couldn't guess that?

A. A Pipe.

Q. I had a little house and a mouse could not live in it, and all the men in the country couldn't count all the windows in it.

A. A Thimble.

Q. It was too short and I cut a piece off and it was full long?

A. A Grave.

Q. It is up and down the floor and lies behind the door?

A. A Twig.

- Q. In the garden was laid a most beautiful maid, as fair and fresh as the moon, she became a wife the first day of her life, and died before she was born?
- A. Eve.
- Q. As I went to London, I saw a great wonder, three pots boiling and no fires underneath?
- A. Three Spring Wells.
- Q. It is the name of a place, Fir is the name of a tree, and Mary is the name of a girl, and there is only one in Dundee?
- A. Infirmary.
- Q. Where does the bullet leave the rifle?
- A. In your hand.
- Q. Why is a July sun like a tanner?
- A. Because it is like a tanner.
- Q. Why is the black hen smarter than a white hen?
- A. Because a black hen can lay a white egg.
- Q. Why does a hen pick the pot?
- A. Because she cannot lick it.
- Q. There is an old cow with her back to the wall and she'd eat all the straw from here to Donegal?
- A. A Fire.
- Q. It's black and white and read all over?
- A. A Newspaper.

- Q. It was a bag of oatmeal upon a branch I spied. I took the bag and ate it up and threw the meal aside.
- A. Illegible.
- Q. Behind a big chest my grandfather was found with a hundred green coats wrapped closely around?
- A. A Cabbage.
- Q. Why is hell like a shoe-maker shop?
- A. Because its full of bad souls.
- Q. Two legs underneath, two legs overhead, the head of the living in the mouth of the dead?
- A. A man carrying a pot on his head.
- Q. Tink Tank under a bank ten drawing four?
- A. A woman milking a cow.
- Q. When is a watch hungry?
- A. When it is going at eight o'clock.
- Q. The champion fighter of the world, his father and mother were born in Ireland and never left it, and he was born in Scotland?
- A. A Cock.
- Q. Why is a cows tail like a swans bosom?
- A. Because a swans bosom grows down.
- Q. It's black when you put it on and red when you leave it on, and white when you take it off?
- A. A Sod of Turf.

Fuair Nell Ne Suibhe sin o Michael Mac Ce Omarcoiag, Tallaca, Baile
Cruaig (sos 82)

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Poor Nedda

I am poor Nedda that came from Athlone
That has ne'er a daughter to marry but one
O dear daughter choose your own
Choose a good warrant or else choose none.

Miceal O Tuacail (86)
Oubloe

11. It is never right for a person to bring a coal out a house when there is someone sick.

Brigid Clery
Knockmoyleen.

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TOBAR TALLACA

There was a blessed well here in the village of Tallagh, Ballycroy and a woman who was not churched washed her feet in the well. The well dried up and went out in the strand about fifty yards from the shore.

When the time came in the well covered and even if the tide is eight or nine feet over the well you can see the fresh water bubbling over it on a calm day.

There is always water in it and anyone who takes three sips from the well it does not matter what they are suffering from they will be healed.

(Tog Nell Mi Suibre sin sois e Miceal Mac Ceamarcaig (82) Tallaca, Baile Cruaic)

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An Bas

When a person dies in Ballycroy the people say "he is gone", "he has passed away to his eternal reward", "the soul has left his body", "ta she imigh anois".

Signs of Death

It is considered a sign of death if you see a big fire near a house, if crows are screeching over a house, if the two ends of a rainbow are seen in a village.

There is a bean side and a fear side. If you think it is a woman that you heard crying a man will die and if it is a man a woman will die.

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1. When you are going on a journey if you meet a fair haired woman it is bad luck.
2. It is not right to throw out anything on New Years Day.
3. It is not right to get married on Friday or Monday.
4. It is not right to throw out dirty water at night.
5. If you are going on a journey and find a piece of iron it is good luck.

Anna AIB Gealgór
(rest in old Irish)

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1. If a cock crows in the barn at night it is a sign of someone dying.
2. If you loose a tooth it is right to throw itself and a bit of a coal o'r your right shoulder.
3. It is bad luck for a woman to bid the time of day first if she meets a man.
4. If the cat scrapes it's a sign of storm.
5. If two people wash in the same water they are sure to fight.
6. It is bad luck to go in one door and out the other in a house.
7. If you put your left shoe before your right shoe you will have bad luck.
8. The first time you go into a new house you should bring a sod of turf.
9. If you kill a rabbit it is right to throw a grain of salt on him before bringing him into the house.
10. If you meet a man going on a journey it is bad luck.

4. If you wash your hands in the dew on May morning you will have "READYING" in you hands, "readying" power to stop a quarrel or a fight.
5. It is not likely to walk between a ladder and a wall.
6. It is not lucky to spill salt. If you do you must throw a pinch over you left shoulder.
7. If you break a mirror you will have seven years of bad luck.

Brigid AIB Connmaig
Cacna

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1. If a cock comes in the door it is good luck. If he goes out crowing it is bad luck.
2. They say that it is not right to be up early on May morning or to have a fire down early or to make butter on May day or it will be taken.
3. On St. Johns night it is the custom to have a bonfire and when the fire is nearly burnt out to take a coal and throw a piece in every bit of tillage.
4. People say its not right to take a short cut with a funeral.
5. It is not right to pass a graveyard alone without any business.
6. If a person is not visiting after midnight he often takes a 'smearog' off the hearth and puts it in his pocket.
7. People often say its not right for four people of different surnames to take a coffin.

Name Illegible.

Q Twenty sheep went out the gap,
Twenty more followed that,
Six, seven, ten and eleven,
Two and three how much is that?

A. Five.

Sean Foda Rannga?

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PISREOGS

1. If a black cat crosses your path it is a sign of good luck.
2. If a cock comes in the door crowing it is good luck.
3. If a cat when washing himself washes behind his ears it is a sign of a flood.
4. If you meet a woman in the door when you are going out it is back luck.
5. If you meet a woman or girl when you are getting married it is bad luck.
6. If you dream of an ass it is good luck.
7. It is unlucky to dream of angels.

Brigid Clery,
Cnoc Maotin,
Knockmoyleen.

1. If you have a pure black cat you can dig a haunted treasure.
2. It is not lucky to meet a red-haired woman when you are going on a journey.
3. If you are making a churning and somebody comes in and doesn't strike or blow on the milk, she will take the butter with her.

Q. There is a grey mare in the river, and her side is by the brink, there is not a man in Ireland, could jump on her I think?

A. Illegible.

Q. I washed my face in the water that never sprang or ran, and I dried it in a towel that was never wrought or spun?

A. I washed it in dew and dried it in the sun.

Q. What three things did God never make?

A. Two hills without a valley, a stick with one end, and his own equal.

Q. The blind beggar had a brother and that brother died what relation was the beggar to the brother that died?

A. A Sister.

Q. As round as an apple, as sharp as a lance, if you were on top of it it would carry you to France?

A. The Moon.

Q. In a white little petticoat with a red little nose, the longer she stands the shorter she grows?

A. A Candle.

Q. Glass, tin and cloth within?

A. A Lamp.

Q. Why is it not safe to dress before potatoes?

A. Because they have many eyes.

Q. Thady Mici came down the street, with his two poor sore feet, his two big toes where his bottom grows, and his two big eyes where his forehead meet?

A. A Frog.

Q. Two brothers they are, two brothers they will be, full in the day and empty at night?

A. A pair of shoes.

Q. Why is a running river like a clock?

A. Because it will not go without winding.

Q. As I went across London Bridge I looked down and I saw a boat crowded with people, there wasn't a single person in it?

A. They were all married.

Q. As I went out on a summers morning I heard a man most loudly calling, his head was flesh and mouth was horn and such a man was never born?

A. A Cock.

Q. On what side is the handle of a cup?

A. The Outside.

Q. Long legs, crooked thighs small head and no eyes?

A. A Tongs.

Q. What three letters frighten a thief?

A. I.C.U.

Q. Why is a boat called she?

A. Because it takes a man to control it.

- Q. What can you sleep and eat and brush your hair with?
- A. A Bed, a Bun, A Brush.
- Q. What can you see every day and you never saw it before?
- A. A dogs tail, it's always behind.
- Q. What is the difference between a lady and her mirror?
- A. The lady can talk and her reflection can't.
- Q. Niddy Noddy round body, three feet and a wooden hat?
- A. A Pot.
- Q. Patch upon patch without any stitches, riddle me that and I'll buy you a pair of breeches?
- A. A cabbage.
- Q. Old Mrs. Stitcheycoat she has but one eye, everytime she goes out the trap gap, she leaves a bit of her tail in the trap?
- A. A needle with thread in it.
- Q. It went over to England and it stopped there. It came back again as it would not go there?
- A. A Watch.
- Q. As black as ink, as white as milk and it hopped on the road like a hailstone?
- A. A Magpie.
- Q. It opens like a barn door it closes like a trap, many things you'll think off before you think of that?
- A. Your Mouth.

BOOK 130

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As I lie down on my bed side
I leave my soul to God to guide
If any evil come to me
May the Blessed Virgin come to waken me
Four corners on my bed
Four Blessed Angels on them spread
Mathew, Mark, Luke and John
God bless this bed I lie on, Amen.

As I walked down this Blessed field
I met the Blessed Virgin Mary.
Five brass books in her hand
Five candle lights
Five Priests singing
Five bells ringing
Lock the gates of Hell
Open the gates of Heaven
Let the poor soul in
Lady Flower
now and at my dying hour, Amen.

God Bless Good Friday by day
It was that day our Saviour died
A bunch of thorns crowned on his forehead
The Blessed Virgin Mary standing by
With a peaceful look
and a dismal cry
any man, woman or child
That shall repeat these words
Three times by night
Three times by day
Shall never feel the pains of hell, Amen.

“Oh, mother, mother are you sleeping?”
“Oh, no I am dreaming”
“What are you dreaming of?”
“I am dreaming I was tied to a thick tree”
“A rope tied around my waist”
Three drops of blood down by my side”.

Anybody saying this prayer three times by day, three times by night shall never feel the pains of hell.

Ablin nie Geolla as doune Coirib (do scriob)
Maire bean Ui Buresaig as doune Coirib (do inis)

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“As I lay down my head to sleep
To God I give my soul to keep”

Anybody saying this prayer three times by day and three times by night, shall never see the flames of hell.

“Four corners on my bed,
Four angels at my bed
If I die tonight or tomorrow night
I hope it is in the heavens my bed will be dressed”.

Maire Ni Gilige
Sraic Na Plaige
Beal Dearg

Page 150/1

LONG AGO

My grandfather told me when they were going to school what they used to wear was flannel petticoats and flannel dresses, and they used be wearing dresses until they were up to 10 and 12 years and they would not be one bit ashamed because the lot of them would have the same rig. They used not have a shoe to school either. They used to go to school in the frost and snow. They used not have a shoe to mass either. They used not have trousers for the Sunday either but their flannel dresses to mass. They used to be 10 and 12 years when they go to school and some of them used not go at all. They used not get any lunch to eat in the school but they used to bring a bit of oatmeal bread when they would be leaving the house in the morning.

**EILEEN MC ANDREW
GORTMORE**

I got this from my grandfather John McAndrew, Gortmore who is eighty years of age.

LONG AGO

Long ago when the people were building the Canal in Belmullet they had a very hard time. They were going from Dovun into Belmullet every morning and worked for sixpence a day. Martin Gaughan from Rathmorgan that was the ganger and that was Pat Gaughans father at the time. One day when the men were working the ganger told them to take of their coats and some of them took them off and the rest of them were ashamed because they had no shirts on them and when the head ganger came he asked them why didn't they take off their coats and when he saw they had no shirts he told them leave them on and he told the other ganger to buy shirts for them. The had a very hard time in those days. They had nothing to eat but a bit of Indian meal bread for their dinner.

EILEEN MC ANDREW GORTMORE

I got this from my grandfather John McAndrew, Gortmore who is 80 years of age.

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Csru oir i bfolac (dated 4/2/38)

Exactly 70 years ago a pot of gold was found out on the mountains of Sheskin. Michael Gallagher who is now dead was the man who first came across the gold.

Another man and himself were out on the hill one day and as they were going along they came across a big heavy flag. They began to dig and pull the grass that was growing around it but the flag was so heavy they could not lift it.

Patrick MacDonnell the other man, said it was better to leave the flag there until the next day, so (they) the two men agreed and went home. That night Patrick MacDonnell and his brothers and his father went as far as the flag and dug it up, they found a small little pot under the flag and it was full of gold, they went home in great cheer and were rich after that.

The next day Michael Gallagher went as far as the flag but to his great surprise he found the flag turned, the pot gone, and the track of three legs in the hole. He was much surprised, but heard later that it was Patrick MacDonnell and his people that stole the gold.

Scolaire - Mairé Ni Cilighe
Sraúh Na Plaigne
Beal Dearg
Beal and Feada

Ante, d'innis - Antoine Oh-Clighe
Srair na Plaige
Beal Dearg
Beal an Feada

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Dated 13/4/38

Muillean

About 60 years ago, there was a miller named Jack Hefferen in the upper part of the Glenamoy River. He had a mill for grinding oatmeal and for thickening flannel and all kinds of woollen goods. The mill was driven by water. He was a native of Achill, Co Mayo. He brought querns from Achill by a horse and cart into the village Bunalty. He set his mill close to the Glenamoy River. He had no home of his own and he used to lodge in Leanaragh and Shranaploya in different houses one or two days in each house. He was only charging three pence per hundred for grinding the oatmeal and for thickening flannels. He closed down the mill after a few years and went to his native village.

Scolaire Aine Ni Gerraid
Gleann-na Muidhe.
Beal-Ar An Feada
Conndae Muigeo

An Ce Oinnis Aine Ni Gerraid
Gleann-na Muidhe
Beal-Ara an Feadha
Conndae Muigeo

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Contae Muigeo 25/4/38

Not more than forty or fifty years ago, a couple from Ait Abhaile got married on a bad day. When they were returning from the marriage, there was a big flood in the Beal na Buide River. There was a boy and a girl from Glencullen riding on the same horse. When he plunged into the river he got knocked and they fell off and got drowned. They were got at the Casrramoi Mor River.

Scolaire Brigid Ni Domnaill
 Oun Arai
 Gleann-na-Muidhe

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Date 26/4/38

About 50 years ago there was a man named Tony MacGuinness who lived in Lenavinia. He sent two men to ask this girl from Aughoose. They succeeded in getting her. After a few nights they made the match. They went to the church and got married. When they came home they had a good wedding. On the following day they began to fight. The girl left him and was seen no more. It was not long after that another girl came to live with him. They got married and had five in family. It was heard that his wife was in America. She died there.

Scoilairé - Cair Ni Deaganaig
 Gorliacuulle
 Deal Dearg

An Ce D'innis - Pdraig O'Deaganaig
 Gorliacuille
 Glenamoy.

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Date 29/4/38

In olden times if a man had to get married his father would look for a girl for his son. If the girl would not get a good fortune the father

would not let his son marry her. The wedding would lie in the girls house barley bread and rye bread, they used to have. There was no flour at that time. The people who would not be invited to the wedding would dress themselves and put on straw hats on their heads they would go to the wedding about nine o'clock and dance enough and go home again, these people were called straw men.

Scolaire - Mairead Ni Deaganaig
Gorcliacuille
Beal Dearg

An Ce Oinnis - Padraig O' Deaganarg
Gortliacuille
Beal Dearg
Beal an Feada

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Dated 9/5/38

Long ago there lived in the townland of Kilgalligan a man named Dermot Mac Cormack. He was a shoe maker by trade. At that time there was a scarcity of leather and leather could not be got any nearer that Castlebar. One summer morning he set off for Castlebar travelling on foot, bought seven stone of leather put it on his back and carried it to Kilgalligan and was there at nightfall. (80 miles).

Scolaire - Cait Ni Coirleacain
Baile Muilinn
Gleann-na Muide
Beal - áta an Feada
Contae Muigeo

An te D'innis Aine - Sean Ui Coirleacain
Baile Muilinn
Gleann - na Muidhe
Beal áta an Feada
Contae Muigeo

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Date 12/5/38

Cures

If a child has the chincough this is one for it. Go before a man with a grey horse and ask him what cure and whatever he (that man) says, one should give to the child. Another cure for the chincough is to give donkeys milk to the child.

If a cow has a cough the cure is turpentine and linseed oil.

They cure they use to have for a houses cough is cold ? and treacle. If one has a stone bruise the cure is to put a snail to it. If a sheep has fluke the cure is to dose her with male fern and pills.

Scolaire - Sean O'Morain
Barabrai
Gleann na Muide
Beal-an-Muidhe
Contae Muigeo

An Ce D'innis - Seamus O'Morain
Barabrai
Gleann na Muide
Beal-an-Muidhe
Contae Muigeo

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Date 15/7/38

Baralty

Baralty is situated in the middle of the mountains. Long ago there was no road leading into the village only a path and it was difficult for the people to leave the village. There are only four houses in the village now but long ago there were 14 houses in the village. The four families are Morans, all the fences are covered with whins. There is a certain place in the village called Altashammer where some of the Danes were buried. The meaning of Baralty is the top of the cliff.

Scolaire - Sean O Morain
Barabai
Glenamoy
Beal Ara-an Feada

An ce D'innis - Seamus O Morain
Barabai
Glenamoy
Beal Ara-an Feada

Pages 354/55

Date 15/7/38

The Battle of Glenamoy

There was a big fight in Gorthleatilla on the 15th September 1922 between the Irish Republic and the Free State. There were five men shot to death, and another died at Glenturk on his way home. These names were Mr Healy from Pontoon, Mr Higgins from Foxford, Mr Carr and Mr Crab. This battle took place between Belmullet and Ballycastle on the North Coast Line. The battlefield was all covered with blood. The fight began in the morning and lasted until night. There is a tomb erected at Gorthleatilla where the men lost their lives, and their names are written on it. The windows of John Irwins house were all broken and the people of the house had to go back under the bed for safety, at last the Free State put up their flag to surrender, so the Republicans had all their rifles and ammunition so they let the prisoners go away.

The battle will never be forgotten by all the people who saw it.

A tomb monument was also erected at Glenturk but removed when the road was widened.

Scoilaire - Aine Ni Gearraid
An Oroicad, Gleann-na Muidhe
Beal Atá an Feada
Co Muigeo

An Ce D'Innis - Eamonn Mac Gearraid
Gleann na Muidhe
Beal Aca an Feada
Co Muigeo

The Glenamoy Battle (1922)

It was on the 15th of September 1922 the Republicans were in Glenlasara. The Free Staters were going over to attack them. In the meantime the Republicans left Glenlasara and the two parties met at Gorthleatilla. It was about 12 o'clock when the battle began and it lasted till eight o'clock the next morning. The Republicans who were commanded by Mike Kilroy (ex TD) occupied the best parts around Gorthleatilla. Some of his men were in the stables of the old lodge which was a good position. Another man occupied the house of John Irwin. When the Free Staters who were in the house in Glenamoy school and some in Bunalty houses heard the Republicans were in Gorthleatilla, they advanced there and attacked the Republicans. The Free Staters thought that the most of the Republicans were in Irwins house and attacked it with all their force, so instead there was only one man there, who held the house until the battle was over. When the Free Staters had to retreat when 6 of the soldiers were killed and 19 captured. The Republicans escaped without one killed or wounded. There is a monument in memory of the six who were killed.

Scolaire - Cait Ni Deaganaig
Beal Dearg

An ce D'innis - Antoine O Conigaile

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LONG AGO

There was a man once in Attavalla Jack Reedy was his name. He was a great strong man and he would work very hard. He used to go from Attavalla into Cross to the races and win every prize within the same day and came out again the same day, and he used to go from Attavalla up to Ballycroy and run in all the races after walking the journey up and he used to walk it down again, and he used to walk in all sixty miles with out sleeping a wink at night.

**EILEEN MC ANDREW
GORTMORE**

I got this from my grandfather John McAndrew, Gortmore who is eighty years of age.

Date August 1938

In the year of 1922 a battle was fought in Glenamoy by the Free Staters and the Republicans. The Free Staters left Crossmolina with the intention of meeting the Republicans at the Glenlasara Lodge where they camped that night. They came on through Bangor and they were informed there, that some of the Republicans were in Belmullet as it was the fair day. They divided their column.

Commander Neary took 30 men with him to Belmullet and sent another man to Glenamoy National School with 35 more with him and told him to ambush his men around the N.S. fearing that the Republicans that were in Glenlasara would get a dispatch that the Free State soldiers were gone to Belmullet. If any one told them the Republicans might follow them and capture them all. This was the reason that the 35 men were sent from Belmullet to Glenamoy to attack them and keep them back if they did come about 12 o'clock at night. Commander Neary and his 30 men landed at the school and nine Republicans captured with him from Belmullet. They arranged to break the lock in the school door and sleep there until daybreak. They escaped to be followed up by an armoured car, its name called the Long Fellow, but this car had to go to an ambush in Bonniconlon. Nearys army did not know this ambush was in Bonniconlon or if they did they would not have come to Glenlasara as they knew well it was useless for them to attack a column of good soldiers with Michael Kilroy leading them without an armoured car. The car was engaged in the other ambush and could not come. They were to attack the Republicans in Glenlasara at 6 o'clock am but said to themselves they would stay for a while in Glenamoy N.S. Some of them were sleeping and told the others they would like a rest. There were two Free State soldiers in the crowd named Pat King and Anthony Lynn who said they would go as far as John Irwins house to have a sleep and told some of the others to call them when on their way to Glenlasara. Before they went to bed they told John Irwin to be sure and waken them when the others would call for them. As it happened Kilroys column left Glenlasara making their way to Newport they were going to cross the mountains towards Sheskin and said they would have something to eat in Gorthleatilla Lodge before they would face the mountain. Two of the Republicans called into John Irwin for milk and coals.

John Irwin thought they were the Free Staters calling for the other two, and said nothing to the men that came on but went to the room

wakened the other two men and said that there was two soldiers in the kitchen with rifles looking for milk and coals. Pat King knew that his men took there supper in Bunalty and that it could not be them and he told Anthony Lynn to get up along with him until they would see who they were.

Lynn was afraid to go to the kitchen so King went down himself and pointed his rifle to them and told them to put up there hands and he knew they were Republicans as they had two mauser rifles. The Free State soldiers were not allowed to use these.

Pat Tighe backed out towards the door and made off to the school with word to his own men that the Republicans were in Gorthleatilla, of course the other two men rushed to their own leader and told him that the Free Staters were near hand.

The Republicans took up their positions in suitable places and were prepared for the Free Staters when they would come along. The Free Staters came along and walked into the mouth of the Republicans. The result was that the Republicans shot six of them dead. There was nineteen more that would have been shot too only that they put up their hands and surrendered. When those nineteen surrendered and the six shot dead the Free Staters on the outskirts had to retreat and got their cars and went out again to Crossmolina leaving behind them nineteen of their men captured and six shot dead.

May their souls rest in peace.

Scolairs - Maire Ni Grapi
Beail An Muplann
Glean na Majpe
Beal and Feada

An ce D'innis - Padraig O Grapi
Baile An Muillinn

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Guessers

1. Why does the hen pick the pot?

A) Because she could not lick it.

2. It is as round as an apple, as deep as a cup and all the men and horses could not pull it up?
A) A Well.
3. Two n's, two o's and an 'l' and a 'd' put them together and spell them for me?
A) London.
4. I went up to the boitin I met my aunt Roisin, timber toes, iron nose and pon my word she would frighten the crowd?
A) A Gun.
5. How many wells would make a river?
A) One big well.
6. Around the house around the house and in every hole?
A) The wind.
7. Around the house and all heads under?
A) Nails of shoes.
8. Its as white as milk and as green as grass as red as a rose and as black as ink.
A) A blackberry.
9. Why does the cow look over the ditch?
A) Because she could not look under it.
10. Long legged father, big bellied mother and three little children as black as each other?
A) A pot, a pot hook and the three legs.

11. Its deep and its damp and its under the bank and its fit for the Lord and the Lady?
- A) A grave.
12. Two ducks before the ducks, Two ducks behind two ducks a duck in the middle between two ducks how many ducks is that?
- A) Three ducks.
13. Three little girls dressed in white took the fever and died that night?
- A) Three candles.
14. Why is a black hen cleverer than a white hen?
- A) Because a black hen can lay a white egg and a white hen cannot lay a black egg.
15. Twenty sheep went in a gap, Twenty men more along with that, Twenty white and twenty black, Two and three how much is that.
- A) Five.

No name given

Page 384

Date 5/5/38

An Old Story

Long ago there were no bicycles or motor cars. The people had to walk from Ballisodare to Ederglen when they used to be coming from England. When they used be tired walking with their shoes on them, they used to take them off and they used to put green grass into the shoes and put them on again and they used to be taking them off and putting them ion until they used to reach home. The people had a long way to go to mass long ago. They had to go up near Croagh Patrick to mass and they used to come home the same day. The people used to go down to Ballycastle to the fair and the women were the most that used

to go and they used to carry their pair of banbh on their backs home. The people used go out to Crossmolina with their rolls of flannel on their backs. The women used to get work along with the men carrying sand and when lunch time would come, the women used to go for a race for a quarter of a mile and the person that would win would get a few pennies. The men then used to go for a race and the man that would win would get a few pennies.

Fuair me an sceal sin o mo Sean Masair áta ina commaise in Iunn Mor
Beangor Iorrus.

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Date 10/5/38

Cures

The old people around here have a lot of cures for animals and people also, here are some of them.

1. Cure for a smallikin

If you had a smallikin on your eye and if you would bore it nine times with a gooseberry thorn or rub black tea on it your eye would get alright.

2. Cure for warts

If there were warts on your feet and if you saw water in a hole in a stone and you not be looking for it you would get alright.

3. Cure for a bleeding finger

If your finger got cut and if you would put a cobweb or get the "slandsu" and cut it up in small bits and mix a bit of butter along with it and put it on it, it would stop bleeding.

4. Cure for toothache

If you had a toothache and to chew the leg of a frog you would get alright.

5. Cure for staggers

If a sheep had staggers and if you would bleed her she would get alright.

6. Cure for chincough

If a person has chincough and if he drank ass's milk he would be alright or if he got the herb that's growing out in the mountain and boiled it and drank the juice he would get alright.

7. Cure in the seventh son for lumps

If you find a lump on any part of your body and if you got the seventh son to rub his hand on the lump it would get alright.

8. Cure for a cow that would drink a "derb"

If you got nine small "derb" or one big one and put them into a woollen piece of cloth and boiled the "derbs" and gave the water that you boiled the "derbs" to the cow and hang over the fire until they would die the cow would get alright.

9. Bleeding nose

If your nose started to bleed and if you got a white stone and put it to the back of the persons neck he would stop bleeding.

10. Cure for a cow that would get struck

When a cow is struck the people believe that it was the fairies that struck her. The people got the darts and put them in water and give the water, the darts are in to the cow and she will get alright. The darts are seven small round blue stones not many people have them.

11. Cure for a burn

Whenever you get a burn you should get moss that would be in a spring well and put it on the burn and it will get alright.

Miceal Mac Minorir a Scroibh

b na Sean Aiair is a Sean Matain as
an nbont More

Beannoir Iorrus a fuair se na legeasanna

Pisreoga

13/5/38

There are not many places in Ireland but there is less or more of pisreog to be heard, here are some of them.

1. Anyone does not like to spend or give away anything on New Years day and they do not like a woman to come in on New Years day unless a man had come before her because the woman would bring bad luck into the house.
2. On the sixth day of January they get rushes and dip them in grease and each one will take one of the little candles and stick it in a piece of bread and the first one that will be burned they say that the one that had the candle will die first.
3. On St. Bridget's night the people make crosses out of straw and rushes and leave them outside the house until 12 and then bring them in and put them behind the couple and they leave a piece of red cloth also outside on the thatch of the house and they say that if a cow would be sick and if they would put it on the cow she would get alright.
4. On St. Patricks day every one eats 3 of 4 eggs.
5. On May morning every one will try to have smoke before his neighbours the way we would have the luck of the milk and butter of the year.
6. On St. John's night the people throw a sod out of the bonfire into the stalks.
7. On November's night the people say that it is not right to be out at nightfall because they say the poor souls do be out at that time.
8. When a person sells a calf or a cow and if he had a rope on the animal he would cut a bit of the rope and put it in his pocket the way the luck of the cattle would not go from him.
9. When the people are making a churning they put a coal under it afraid the fairies would bring the butter.

10. When a cow is calving they put a red string on her tail the way she would calf alright.
11. If you would be going to a fair or to any place and if you would meet a red haired woman you would have bad luck for the day.
12. When the people go milking a cow the first time after calving they take a coal with the tongs and they put it under the cows stomach and around over her back they do that 3 times.
13. The people say that it is not right to let out a child after sunset afraid the fairies would bring the child.

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When a Person Dies

When a person gets sick the people from the village come in to see him and they give their judgement on the person. One says he has such a disease, and another says that he has something else and another says his day was up and so on. If he is getting very bad the people send for the doctor and if the doctor says he is in danger of death they send for the priest. When a person is dying the people say the rosary, when the person is dead the people take his cloths off the bed and they leave the person there until he is shaved and washed. Long ago when wild fellows used to be wakes one of them used go back under the bed and rise up the bed and the people used think that the person was not dead. They put the person then over-bound. Everyone that is at the wake gets tea and the big people get a pipe and it filled with tobacco. They keep the person in two nights. when the person is put in the coffin. When the coffin is going to be taken out of the house they open the two doors of the kitchen and when the coffin of the forms they strike the two forms together. On a cart most of the people around here are brought to the grave when the coffin is taken of the cart four people of the same name carry the coffin to the grave, when the person is buried the people walk across the grave three times. The people leave pipe at the grave.

MICEAL MAC AINDRIU A SCRIOF A NA SEANDAOINE I NGORT MOR

SAYING ABOUT THE TIMES AND THE WEATHER 30/5/37

Long ago the people had no clocks and they had a way of their own for knowing the time. They used to make a ring on the pillar at the fireplace and they used to make some kind of marks on the ring and when the sun used to be shining on the ring they would tell the time from the marks. They used to have a stick outside the house and they used to know the time when they used to look at the shadow of the stick. When the shadow was very short they used to say that was the middle of the day. The old people say that there will be frost when the stars are shivering. When fog comes without rain and if the day is dark and dull they say it will make snow. When the sky is cloudy and the clouds very low they say it will make rain. When the sun goes down very red and if the sky is red also they say there will be good weather. When the clouds are moving the people say that there will be bad weather. The people towards the east the weather will be bad. When the cat is scraping the leg of the table or scraping any timber the weather will be good but there will be storm. The people say that when the sheep are going in shelter and also the woodcock that there will be bad weather.

When the dog is eating grass, the people say the weather will be bad. When the chimney is puffing there is going to be bad weather. When soot falls it is going to rain. When the cat has his back to the fire there is good weather on it. When the door is whistling there will be bad weather.

MICHAEL MAC AINDRIU, page 411/412 (REPEAT OF THE STORY "WHEN A PERSON DIES:)

SEAN PAVOUREAGA

17/10/38

I am on my right side, to God, I give my soul to guide, there are four corners on my bed, there are four angels and them spread, one at my feet one at my head, two more to carry me when I am dead. God bless Friday and Good Friday too. Our Lord Jesus Christ come down with experienced hands. The blessed Virgin Mary standing by. Anyone who says this prayer three times at night will never enter the gates of hell.

As I lay down my head to sleep, I pray to god my soul to keep, and if I die before I wake I pray to God my soul to take.

I went up the Blessed land I met the Blessed Virgin Mary, she had three brass books in her hand and seven candles lit. Seven priests singing. Seven bells ringing. Open the gates of heaven and lock the gates of hell.

EIBHLIN NIC AINDRIU A TUG I SCEAL.

PG. 420

This is how Kiltane got its name.

It is supposed that there was a Cill there long ago and its ruins are still to be seen. It is said to have been built in one night. There was nuns living in it and one of them was called Jane and since then it's called Kiltane. The nuns had bags of oat-meal stored up and one night while they were asleep the soldiers came and asked them what was in the bags and they said it was flax and one of the soldiers stuck his sword into the bag and the flax seed came out. The nuns were afraid and they left soon after that and they went to London.

NORA NI GALLIGOAIR MO MATHAIR A D'INNIS ON SCEAL SEO DOM.

Page 421/22

THE IRISH MAN

There was a law passed in Ireland long ago that anyone who would commit a crime should be sent away to a foreign land and when he would be going away a dallaidh would be put on his eyes so that he would not be able to know the way home again. So this Irish man was taken away and a dallaidh was put on his eyes and he was brought over to London and was left on the streets and he began to look up at the high buildings when an English man saw him and said oh Paddy they are only banns compared to what you will see down the streets. I was thinking so said Paddy when I saw the donkey looking out the window, then the English man said that he often heard that nothing could beat the Irish many they are so smart and now I see it is true. Then the Irish man said that he often heard that a man without learning and

wearing good cloths is like a gold ring in a sow pigs nose, and a man with good learning and wearing bad cloths is highly respect where ever he goes.

EIBHLIN NIC ANDRIU
GORTMORE

Page 422/23

How they used to make linen long ago my people told me that they used to grow flax behind in the Glen. They used to pull it first and then make stacks of it. They used to put it in bog holes and when it used to be about a fortnight or a month in the holes they used to put it out on the mountain to dry. Then they used to bring it home and dry it over the fire. When it used to be dry they used to beetle it, then they used to sutch it and give the grain to the calves. When they used to have it scutched they used to clove it and when they used to have cloved it they used to hackle it and then they used to make their linen sheets out of it. The sheets that they had in these days were a lot better than the sheets we have now because they were made of flax. The people never grow any flax at all now because they would not be bothered setting it. The people in those days used to work a lot harder than the people now. Because they were a better race in those days.

EIBHLIN NI ANDRIU
GORTMORT
A SEAN MATHAIR A D'INNIS SI.

Page 424/26

MARRIAGES IN THE DISTRICT

When a person is going to get married he goes out and asks a woman and he will have a bottle of whiskey with him and if he is going to be married he will get married in the house of the woman. In the older days they were very poor and it is not how they used to get married in those days. The man would send out another man to ask a woman for him with a bottle of whiskey and if he said he would marry her the man would be pleased going home. Then the couple would get married next morning when they would have all the arrangements made. The couple used to get married in the parish church of the woman and when they would come home they would have plenty of singing and dancing until 2 o'clock in the night. The strawboys generally came that night

dressed in white and big strawhats on then and the people would give the strawboys whiskey and when they would have the whiskey drank one of them would take the fiddle and start playing on it, and then the old people would say it was time to give up the dancing and singing and then when they would be going home they would give every man a glass of whiskey and then the strawboys would throw the hats around the house, there used to be grand ribbons on the hats they had. The couple then would bring some to the feast the next day. It is not right for a redhaired woman to get married to a red haired man, or if not right for a woman to go in first to a house after the day of the marriage. On horse back they used to go in those days and they used not wear very good cloths either. It is not nice coats or dresses they used to wear at all but fine skirts and red petticoats some of the people when they would get married in the olden days and it is not cows or money they used to get either when they would get married and it is not big feasts they used to have in those days at all they would not be able to afford it, because they used to work to hard for money in those days. That is how they used to get married in the olden day and the people were a far better race in those days than the people now.

EIBHLIN NIC AINDRIU A SCRIOBH

Page 427/29

CURES

There are a lot of herbs that could cure a lot of ailments in this part of the country and if we were as wise as the people long ago we would not want many doctors. There is hardly a herb growing that can cure some ailment. The Slánlus can cure a cut.

If you cut your finger or your foot the slánlus could cure it. You would have to leave it on your foot for a few days.

The samauo could cure a cut also, you would have to leave it on your foot also as well as the slánlus.

The root of a capóg is good for a cancer, you would have to put it on when you are going to bed at night.

The yellow dock is good for the whooping coup if boiled and then strained and the juice drank you would get alright.

The fufunneac is good for cows.

Garlic is good for cattle that would be sick you have to cut it up first and then boil it and give the juice to them. They would get alright.

If you had a smalicin on your eye you would stick a gooseberry thorn three times in it and it would then get alright or if you pointed their thorns of one bush to your eye you would get alright.

If you had wildfire, if a seventh son wrote his name around the wildfire it would not spread.

If you got a burn on any part of your body the moss in the bottom of a spring well is a cure if you leave the moss on the burn.

If you were bad with the measles you should get the moss and leave it on them and you would get alright.

The fufurneac is good for calves that would have worms.

The moss is good for warts also you must leave the moss on the warts for a few days and they they would go.

If you had a headache you should get a leaf of cabbage and put it on a coal and then leave it on your forehead and you would get alright.

If a rusty nail went through your foot you should get the foxglove and put it on your foot and it would get alright.

The comfrey is good for boils. If you had boils, to scrape the root of the comfrey and put it on a cloth and leave it on the boils and they would go. The comfrey is good for lumps. If you had lumps and leave it on them it would draw the lump.

The foxglove is good also.

EIBHLIN NIC SINDRIN A SCRIOBH
A SEAN MATHAIR A D'INNIS

The sort of bread the people used to eat long ago.

In the olden days it was not bread made of flour they used to have to eat. But bread made out of Indian meal and oatmeal and there used to be a lot of stronger men in the country then there are in those days. When they used to be going to markets and fairs with pigs and flannel it is not wait for their tea they used to be but they would stick a funnel of oatmeal bread in their pockets. A funnel is a quarter of a cake and that used to have to do them until they would have to come home very late at night. When they returned they used to take a piece of dried boxty they used to have made for the morning when they would be going to work a long distance they would only take a piece of dry boxty in their pockets for their dinner that day. They used to have a lot of every sort of bread in those days. They used to have Indian meal bread and oatmeal bread and barley bread and rye bread and boxty in the olden days. It is on a grid iron they used to bake their bread. There were a lot of strong and healthy men in the country in those days and there is not a strong man in the country now. The people used to think it was a great thing to get a feed of potatoes or boxty in those days.

ENIC A - O NA SEANMATHAIR

How the people used to grind their corn long ago

Long ago it was with a quern they used to grind their corn. A quern is two round stones, with one hole in one of the stones and two holes in the other stone and they used to have a piece of a stick with one hand and pulling in outs with the other hand and they would be grinding it all the night until 12 o'clock. There used to be one sitting on each form and they would grind as much as would do them the next day. it is at night they used to grind their corn. As they were grinding it the crushed oats would be coming out in the holes in the side and then it used be fit for to make their bread when they would have the shells picked out of the oats. That is what they used to be doing at night instead of going visiting, and then they would put a plate of the meal in a basin and put a grain of salt in it and mix it up and then get a cup of two of water and make it shape or a ske and leave it on the tongs or an iron griddle. The oat meal cake used to be very strong and bash very well. The barley bread used to be very brown and strong. They had

very little milk in those days either. A piece of bread and a cup of cold water was all they used to have to eat each day, what they used to live on was fish mostly. They used not eat anything on some days, but drink a few cups of cold spring water and it is many a day they used not eat anything at all. Sometimes they used to trash their own oats and trash it with 2 sticks and then get a sieve and sieve it and take the litten shells out of it and boil it and leave it on the fire until it was very soft and then they would put a grain of salt in it, and make a nice porridge out of it. Then they would eat some of it at night and leave some of it for the morning and they would have a few cups of fresh buttermilk and when they would have the meal finished they would take a cup of cold spring water before they would go to bed and then in the morning they would do the same. Always they would have the porridge for the morning and a few cups of cold spring water often that.

EIBHLIN NIC ANDRIU

FUAIR SI AN FAISNEIS ONA SEANMATHAIR (75 BLIAN) ATA INA

CONAITHE INE

AN GORT MORE

BEANNCOR IORRAS

Page 435/36

OCCUPATIONS LONG AGO

This is one occupation they used to be at, at night time long ago making bogdeal candles. They used to get a big stick of bogdeal out in the bogs. They used to bring it and leave it standing in a corner beside the fire for about a week. They would split it up into long bits after that they would get a drop of water and soot and mix the two of them together until the soot would be soft enough to put around the bit of bogdeal. They used to have these candles for every night they would be working and if they would have no work to do they would go to bed as soon as it would be dark and be up at daylight.

MARY GAUGHAN

I GOT IT FROM MR GRANDFATHER PAT GAUGHAN, ATTAWALLA,
BANGOR-ERRIS. HE IS 85 YEARS OF AGE.

Page 437/38

THE POOR SCHOLARS

There was no National School long ago but barred men that used to go around teaching the children. They used to spend a week in every house and they used to pay them one shilling and six pence a quarter. Jacob Ruddy was the name of the master that was in our village long ago. There was an old house near our house where a man was living and he died and the Jacob Ruddy started teaching school in that house. Every scholar used to have a few potatoes and a bottle of milk and some days, they used to make boxty and on other days they used to boil potatoes. the scholars used to be sitting on a long stick or plank with stones keeping it up at each end and slates on their knees and they used to write with slate pencils.

The dearest book was only five pence and the first class book was only a half penny. They used to have no certain time for coming in the morning, and they used to let them home according to the journey they would have to take in the evenings.

Maire Ni Jacain

Page 439/40

HOW THEY USED TO DYE WOOL LONG AGO.

The people used to get a big pot and half fill it with water. They used to get Indigo Blue in the shop and this blue was got from Germany. They would put down the blue in the water and when it was melted they would leave the used in the hot water for a day and when it was dyed they would spread it out in the land to day. They would wind it then with cords. They would spin it then with a sheel. They would make balls of it then. They would wrap it then with a wrapping frame. It was afterwards sent to a weaver to make cloth of it. They would sent it to the miller to thicken it. It was two pence per yard to thicken it. It was two pence per yard to thicken it. There was a mill at that time in Bangor. They used to send it then to a presser that was in Belmullet. Then they would send it to a tailor to get a suit made and those suits used to stand for 20 years.

Michael Ruddy, Rathmorgan, 23/11/38

I got this from my uncle Pat Gaughan. He is about 80 years of age and he lives in Rathmorgan.

Pages 441/45

There was a poor man living near a gentleman. He had a little son. The gentleman thought he would be very handy in doing little things around the house and he told his father that it was better for him to send the boy with robbers to learn his trade right. "All right said the man". He sent the boy with the robbers. The robbers brought the boy to the gentlemans lodge. They got a ladder and they went up on top of chimney and let down the boy with a rope. The robbers told him then to send up all the valuable things, money and all up on the rope to them. When all was up what did they do but run away and leave the boy in the parlour. The boy was looking around him and he did not know what to do. He found a bulls hide in the corner with two horns on it. He wrapped the hide around him and left the horns out over his head. He took a wattle of a stick and began smashing and rattling with the stick until he wakened all that was in the place. When they put on the lights and looked in and saw the boy within the hide and the horns on him they thought he was the devil. They opened the door and let him out and he ran away and there was heavy snow on it and he tracked the robbers in the snow and hid on them. When the robbers saw him coming they ran away and left all the money and valuable things after them. He brought them home to his father. When the gentleman saw the boy he asked the father had he his trade. I think he has fair enough. The gentleman did not like that since he was living so near him. Well I will know if he has his trade unless he steals 2 horses out of my stable tonight and while two men hold of the horses by the reins. I'll shoot him dead. The father told that to they boy. The boy said we must try it. He went at night and brought two bottles of whiskey and put one in each pocket and came at night and lay beside an old dung pit. When it was a while of the night he began pinching the old croin and she began grunting "O be dad the croin must have a litter of bonhams" said one of the men. I will go out to see if she has bonhams, he found the lad stretched beside the croin. The led pretended he was drunk, the man began handling the lad and he found the bottles in his pockets. He never pretended he saw the man but let on he was drunk. The man brought the bottles into the stables and they started drinking the bottles until they fell drunk. The lad got up and brought the two horses with him. The gentleman was angry with him when the two horses were gone. He told the father in the morning unless the boy would steal the sheet that was under him and the wife that night that the last of his stealing was done. The boy he went to the burial ground and dug up a boy that was buried in it and took him out of his coffin and put a suit of cloths on him and got a ladder and let him down the chimney. The gentleman had his gun loaded and the lamp

lighted and when he was the boy coming down he fired a shot at the boy. The boy on top of the chimney let the rope go with the dead boy and the gentleman thought he had the boy killed. He got out of the bed to bury him before anyone could see him. When the boy got him gone he pulled the sheet with him and he went away. The gentleman was

The next day he took every near way and he took three grey hounds with him. He was such a runner that the three greyhounds fell dead in the race and one of them fell at Bangor and the third fell in Muing na Geon. The Barrett man would have reached Elly were it not that they delayed in Binghamstown milking cows. When they saw him coming the man away and Diarmuids followed Barrett and he on horse back and caught up to him.

He attacked Barrett and they fought in the spring and Diarmuid cut the head off him with the sword. He was so excited that he could not see his cousin Taiog, he began to talk to himself and Taiog said "I am here at your and he said he would drive the cattle home.

**MICHAEL RUDDY, RATHMORGAN
I GOT THIS STORY FROM PAT HEALY WHO LIVES IN FAULEENS>
HE IS 80 YEARS OF AGE.**

Page 457/59

AN OLD STORY

About 80 years ago there lived a certain man in the village at Bunnahowen and this christian man was Anthony Manners, so councillor Atkinson was landlord of Glencastle and all its surroundings and his residence was at Glencastle and he had great value on the games of every class. Glencastle hill was swamped with hares and if any body trespassed on the game he would get him transported. The hares used to come at night into Manners tillage and all his oats were damaged in the harvest. He went to the councillor and he told him that his stock had his field of oats all damaged and that he should come and pay for it. So the councillor told him to pound them and then he would pay for the damage. Anthony went home and got alot of snares made and set them in the most likely places where the hares used to get into the field. The following morning he found 50 hares caught by the necks. He got a long piece of cord and cut it as he thought fit for spannels. He spancelled the 50 hares and put them into two or three bags. At this time there was a registered pound in the townland of Muings. So himself and two of his family carried the hares on their shoulders and pounded them and got the pound door locked so he went to the councillor and told him he had them pounded, and to come at once and pay for the damage. So the councillor took it for a joke but Manners told him to go and see for himself. The councillor then mounted his steed and galloped until he went to the pound and found it was no joke. He went into the pound

and paid the pound keeper his bill. He went then and let them away to the mountain again. He looked over the damage and paid Manners what the field was worth and told him to give the hares full run of the field. That is a true story that happened.

**MICHAEL RUDDY
RATHMORGAN**

I heard it from Pat Gaughan Rathmorgan. He is 80 years and it all happened when he was a young boy.

Page 460/66

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS BOY

Once in a time there lived a certain minister and his title was Dean Swift. One day he met a boy and he asked the boy had he his prayers off. I have no prayers said the boy. Well said the dean I'll teach you a prayer and if you have it off the next time I come the way I'll give you a shilling. So it happened the Dean never met the boy again until the following year so when he met the boy again he asked him had he the prayer he taught him. I have sir and well of too. Say the prayer now said the dean. He said sheep of God take away the sins of the world take away ours. That's not the prayer I taught you. I beg your pardon said the little boy.....

BOOK 134

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SCOIL OIDE

BEAL AN MHIIRTHID

SORCHA. BEAN UI NAI AIDHE

BEAL AN MHIIRTHID

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3 / 5 / 3 8

THE CROCK OF GOLD

There once was a man who lived near Ballycroy who lived alone. One night he dreamt of a pot of gold. The next night as he was sitting at the fire a knock came to the door. He went out and opened it. A big man walked in and stood in the middle of the floor. At last he said "What would you wish for?" The other man said "for a pot of gold". Then the man told him to go to a certain place and keep digging until at last he came to something hard like a stone so he said "surely I have the pot of gold!" He went home with the gold and put it under his bed safely. The next morning the pot of gold was gone and there was no trace of it to be got anywhere. Ever after that night the house was haunted he could never sleep in it after the night he got the crock of gold. He left the place and went away to England.

Mary Sweeney Beál an Mhuirthid told by Denis Sweeney aged 45, Belmullet, Co Mayo. 27/10/37

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2 0 / 6 / 3 8

Weather Signs

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherds warning. A rainbow at night is the shepherds delight.

If far off hills look near we will have rain.

The soot falling is a sign of rain.

If the swallow flies near the ground it is a sign of rain.

If the moon has a hole there will soon be rain.

If a lot of flies come out in the evening it will soon rain.
If spiders come into the house we will have rain.
If the wind whistles it is a sign of rain.
If there is a loud roar in the river there will soon be storm.
If the cat sits with his back to the fire we will have bad weather.
If the fire burns with a blue blaze we will have storm.
If seabirds fly inland there will be stormy weather.
If the hens go out on a rainy day it is going to be wet all day.
If white waves are on the sea we will have storm.
If the swallow flies low to the ground it is a sign of rain.
A dog eating grass is a sign of rain.
When the sun goes down pale it is a sign of rain.
When the chimney puffs it is a sign of rain.
If you see a ring around the moon it is a sign of rain.
If there is a large roar in the river it is a sign of rain.
When the cricket sings sharply it is a sign of rain.
When the frog puts on his russet coat it is a sign of rain.
When the sun goes down red it is a sign of rain.
When the spiders leave their web it is a sign of rain.
Grey frost is a sign of rain.
The pig grunts before a strong wind.
The peacock cries when the rain is near.
The flies sting the cows when rain is near.
Crows get very noisy when bad weather is at hand.
If there is a fog early in the morning we will have a fine day.

EIBHLIN BEAN NIC SUIBLE
31 YEARS
SRAID AN BHAIIRAIC
BEAL A MHUIRTHID

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PISREOGA

If you are setting out on a journey it is not lucky to turn back for something you've forgotten.

It is not lucky to meet a woman first on your way to the fair.

It is unlucky to meet a red haired woman first on your way to any place.

If a rat crosses the road in front of you you will have bad luck before the sun sets.

To see the new moon for the first time thro' glass means bad luck for the rest of the moon.

People make the sign of the cross when they see the new moon for the first time to prevent themselves from lunacy and they say a prayer for the people on whom Gods hand rests.

If a housewife turns her apron when she sees the new moon she will be lucky for the month.

If you put on your garments wrong side out you will be lucky for the day but you must leave them the wrong side out.

To see one magpie means bad luck, two for good luck.

Three lights burning at the same time will cause a wake.

If the cock crows during the night someone will die if he is not killed next day.

To spill salt on Friday is unlucky.

If you face the fire while cutting your nails the devil will be your companion until the next time you cut them.

If you face towards the fire while saying your prayers you are pleasing Satan.

Feili na Bliana.

You should not throw out ashes or anything at all on New Years Day or you will be throwing away your luck.

You should not buy anything on New Years Day nor the first Monday of the year.

You should not touch the 12 candles once you light them on the eve of the twelfth. If you do you will be dead before the next twelfth.

You should not sell anything on Spy Wednesday.

You should set your potato's on Good Friday.

If you wash your face in dew on May morning before the sun shines strong enough to cast a shadow you will resemble the Blessed Virgin for the rest of the day.

Whitethorn should not be taken under a roof or you will name as many angry fairies under your roof as there are white petals on the branch.

It is unlucky to be out at Midnight on May day. The fairies have power to take you away to their liosanna.

If you could go boating or swimming on whit. Sunday you would die by drowning.

If you take a burning sod or log from the bonfire on St. John's Eve and throw it amongst the crops you will have a good harvest.

It is unlucky for girls to dance around the bonfire without covering on the head.

If you burn yourself while lighting the bonfire your soul will burn in hell.

If you pass a graveyard at midnight on Hallow Eve you will hear the moans of the suffering souls.

Planndai

The oak tree is lucky near a house.

If lichen grows on the thatch you will never feel the pangs of hunger.

I a dwarfed hawthorn grows on your land your horses will never die if you do not touch the hawthorn.

The yew tree is unlucky on land. If it is not cut down your family will die out.

Lininidse

The cricket is lucky.

If you meet a pie-bald pony don't look at its tail or you will be unlucky.

If you meet a white horse you will hear that someone you have known is dead.

If you meet a horse at the beginning of a journey you will succeed at your work next day.

If a cross dog crosses your path you will meet an accident that day.

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CURES

If a child eats the crumbs that falls from a donkeys mouth while he eats a piece of bakers bread it will end the "kinks". The child must be put under and over the donkey three times.

Any old woman over 80 will take away all your warts for a h'penny or a piece of woollen thread.

Give a large saucer of milk to a ferret and give the leaving to a child who has the whooping cough. It will soon get better.

If you get your head measured by a knowledgeable man it will cure a bad headache or brain fever.

If you have heart fever you must go to a man who has a secret cure handed down from generation to generation. He takes off your left stocking and rips out a thread long enough to go around your middle, this he pulls to full length and folds it into the stocking. You must sit on the stocking for a while. If it is crippled up when you open the stocking you are bad. The cure takes nine days and lots of various foods of which whiskey is one and a new laid egg not yet cool is another. You must take the cure before sunrise each morning on a fasting stomach you must prepare it yourself. If the person who has the cure tells it to anyone he loses the cure. It cannot be written on paper. This cure is practised extensively in Antrim.

If the fishermen meet a pig on their way to the Lough to fish for eels they will not catch many eels.

It is not lucky to let women mend fishing nets.

If a man stumbles on the boat when setting off for a night's fishing he does not expect a good catch.

Fishermen consider a blackthorn stick lucky and take one when going to fish on the Lough.

It is unlucky to scoff at Piseoga. You will bring bad luck on yourself.

Miscellaneous:-

It is unlucky to deny illness.

It is unlucky to entertain the clergy.

If you meet a priest on your way to the chapel to get married you will not be happy ever after.

If the bride has to wait for the bride-groom there will be no happiness afterwards.

If a bride wears green on her wedding day she will disgrace her husband.

If your car or carriage breaks down you will not be happy.

The bride must wear something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue on her wedding day.

You should open the door and the window while a soul is passing from a person's body.

All clocks should be stopped at the moment a person dies.

There should not be a fire in the same room as a corpse.

A baby should not be taken into a room in which there is a corpse.

Red flannel should form some part of the clothing on a new baby.

If any person looks at a new baby and does not say "God Bless It" the child will die young.

Two twins of the same sex will bring wealth to their parents.

To find silver is unlucky. To find copper is unlucky. Gold is luckiest of all.

If you turn on your ankle you will quarrel with someone.

If your left palm is itchy you will get unexpected money.

If your right hand is itchy you will soon shake hands with an old friend.

If your nose is itchy you will have a quarrel with your lover.

If you see the cuckoo on the last day of April you will get a proposal before the year is out.

If the Corncrake flies up out of the meadow it will be a wet harvest.

If it rains on St. Swithens day it will rain for forty days.

If the cricket gets silent your household will get scatter.

If Caoroga swarm your house someone has an incurable disease in your house.

If you kill a young fowl on the eve of naoim Marra no one will die in the house for a year.

It is unlucky to get married without your fathers blessing.

It is unlucky to quarrel with the clergy. They who tell stop to the clergy will disappear from the parish in the 2nd generation.

If you visit a house in which a churning is in progress you must take a turn at the dish or the butter will not come.

It is not right to count the eggs until all the hens have laid.

Sunday is the lucky day to put down the clutch.

It is unlucky to kill a ladybird.

If you see a black hairy caterpillar crossing your path you should spit on him or he will come and suck your blood at night.

If you see snails horns out you should hit them.

You should not leave your fingers on the fairies spit or they will follow you.

Blackthorn shrubs show where fairies live.

You should not eat Blackberries after Hallow Eve.

If Blackbirds frequent your orchard the crop will fail the following autumn.

Wild Cherries should not be eaten by people as they are the fairies food.

If a fork falls in the kitchen a lady will call.

If you loose beads don't try to get it or you will meet with some misfortune, if you don't get it you will be lucky.

If you put a half-burned coal in the baby's pram no evil eye will be left on the child when it is out.

If you have to go out and leave a baby alone in the cradle you should put the tongs across the cradle to keep away evil spirits.

It is not right to leave a baby alone in the house even for a minute.

If you are wearing any new clothes a man should wish you will wear and soon tear and many better may you wear, first, after he has said the rhyme anyone can say it.

Thirteen at a table is a sign that one of the thirteen will die before New Years day.

A ploughman considers it bad luck to stumble on a ridge while ploughing.

When you start the morning you throw the first three swaithes over the fence for the "Good People".

When you hear anyone sneezing you should say "God Bless It" fearing that the person would sneeze himself to death!

You should not go into a house for the first time empty-handed.

You should pay luck - penny when buying stock.

You will bring bad luck on yourself if you persecute a widow.

If a cow dies the farmer should try to rejoice and say "Let all the bad luck go with her".

If a mother cries too much over the loss of a baby she keeps the soul far away from Gods Throne.

If two people say the same words together, they make a wish.

If you borrow a pin you must touch wood before you use it or you will quarrel with the giver.

If two spoons get into your saucer at tea you will soon be at a wedding party.

Friday is the best day to move into a new house or being any new under-taking.

Saturday is the worst day, Saturday's flitting short sitting, work begun on Saturday is never finished.

If you sew on a Sunday you will have to rip it with your nose on the last day.

If the robin flies into the house someone will have to leave it.

The blacksmith is always well off and tinkers are always poor. The Jews could not get any blacksmith to make nails for the crucifixion and at last they had to get a tinsmith to make them.

A person who mimics other will always be unlucky.

If you step over a child's legs without crossing back the child will grow no more.

If a bat hits your head you will become deaf.

If you see the first lamb of the year in a field with its face towards you, you will be lucky for the year. If you meet them on the road you will be unlucky for the year.

Where ever you are facing you will hear the cuckoo for the first time that is where you will be living when you are old.

If you quarrel with anyone on New Years Day you will be quarrelling all the year.

You should not visit a house on Christmas Day.

If you hear a bad news you should cross yourself and say "God bless the Hearers".

If a little round piece of foam forms on your tea, you will get money.

Collected in Galway, Antrim and Mayo
by: S. Neary,
Belmullet,
Co Mayo.

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There was a poor woman living in Spiddal long ago and she had a family of children and her husband was drowned while fishing on the bay. She had great trouble paying rent after her husbands death and every year she was getting poorer and poorer. At last she had nothing to sell but a few stone of oats to pay the rent. She had sold her ass and cart and cow. At last she decided to prepare some of the oats and bring them to the nearest market in Galway. she knew she would not get much money for the little bag of oats she could carry on her shoulder. She rose early one morning and started to walk to the town. When she reached the silver strand, she heard footsteps behind her and looking around she saw people on the road, each one carrying a similar bag to her own. She recognised their faces and they were all people who had died in the parish some years before. Her husband and his brother, her parents, her brothers and cousin amongst the travellers. She got so terrified that she began to run and the bag of oats on her shoulder seemed as light as a feather. The people seemed to be all the time walking but remained near her. At the Wood Furbac she noticed that she could not hear any footsteps on looking around she saw nothing behind her.

She walked slowly into town and left down her bag on the market place. She was the first person to arrive, after a few minutes the bag seemed to have got big and when she got it weighed she was surprised to find that it was seven times heavier than when she left home. She got the money and went home with a light heart. The agent came for the rent soon after and she paid it with the oats money. That is why oats money is so lucky.

1. Samrad 1929.

Sorcha bean Ui Mairaidhe,
Beal an Mhuirhid,
Co Mhuigheo.

(No Date)

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Once upon a time there lived a King who was very old he had a son who was to become a King after his fathers death. His boy was very tall and handsome. If he heard of anyone being as good-looking as himself he sent out for them to join his army. When they entered the gates of the palace they never came out because the King would get someone to put them to death. There was a widow and her son living about a mile from the palace. When the boy was 18 years he said to his mother he was going to join the Kings army. When the boy knocked at the door all the servants ran to see who the big man was. The servants opened the door and he said he wanted to join the Kings army. He went into the Kings presence. The King said he would have to do three things or his head would be cut off. He sent him down to the room to get his supper. The next morning he went to the King and asked him what his first task was. The King said "there is a mad bull about seven miles away you must go now and bring the horns of the bull if you do not your head will be cut off. The boy wore a red coat, when the bull saw the boy coming he started to run towards him. The boy took off the coat and left it on a rock and hid himself. The bull ran towards the rock and dashed out his brains. When the boy returned with the horns the King asked him how he got them, the boy said "when I saw the bull coming I ran towards him and gave him a thump on the head and killed him". He got his supper that night and went to bed. The King went to bed but not to sleep. The next morning the boy got his breakfast and went to the King. The King told him there were three giants living in a wood and one of them has a wisdom tooth. He was to get the wisdom tooth and

afterwards he was to get the belt of boldness from his mother. The boy went to the wood and when he saw the giants coming he went up a coconut tree. When the first one passed he threw a nut on his head, he started fighting with the other one and they fought so much that one of them was killed. The boy threw another nut and hit one of them and they started fighting and at last the two of them fell dead. He got the wisdom tooth and then went to the woman for the belt of boldness. The woman gave it to him when he showed her the wisdom tooth.

He brought the wisdom tooth and the belt of boldness to the King. He got his supper and went to bed. The next morning he went to the King to see what his last task was. The King said he was to go down to hell for his Great Grandfather. The devil said he was to pick him out from the rest. The boy brought them all up to the palace. When the King saw them he told the boy he would give him four times his weight in gold if he brought them back again. The boy returned to his mother a very rich man.

Maggie Cawley,
Belmullet.

Told by Charles Cawley, 50 years, Belmullet, Co Mayo.
16/4/38

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Pisreoga

13/5/1438

Here are some Pisreog from Ireland.

- 1 It is unlucky to spend or give away anything on New Year's Day and people do not like a woman to come in on New Years Day unless a man had come before her because the woman would bring bad luck to the house.
- 2 On the sixth day of January they get rushes and dip them in grease and each one will take one of the little candles and stick it in a piece of bread and the first one that will be burned they say that the one that had the candle will die first.

- 3 On St. Bridget's night the people make crosses out of straw and rushes and leave them outside the house until twelve o'clock and then bring them in.

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There was a man named John Gaughan who lived in Bangor. One night he was out very late and on his way home he had to go through a forest. He had great courage as he was going through this forest he saw three men carrying a coffin two of them were at one end and one at the other end. The man said it was not fair, so he said he would help the man that was carrying the end by himself, so he did. The very minute he touched the coffin the three men went away and the coffin was left there to himself. He was there for a very long time. At last he took off the lid of the coffin and he was a beautiful girl in the coffin, she could not talk. he brought her home and married her. For three years they never stayed out late. At the end of this time he started to stay out late again. One night he was coming through the same forest he saw three birds in a tree. The first said "that's the man who took the beautiful girl from us". The second said "what good is she when she cannot talk". The third said "she can talk if she takes out the gold pearl that is behind her ear. When he came home he took out the pearl. The girl could talk, they lived happily ever afterwards.

**Margaret Barrett,
Toorglass,
Belmullet.**

**Told by John Sheridan,
65 years,
Corclough West,
Belmullet.**

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DICK BARRETT

13/7/38

Dick Barrett was born in Carne about the year of 1740. He was a schoolteacher for some years. He wrote a lot of poems both in Irish and English. Dick Barrett was married twice and he had a son and a daughter. He was also a member of the United Irishmen and for this he

was arrested and imprisoned in Castlebar for three months. Eoghan Coir, the best known of Dick Barretts songs, was a favourite song of Archbishop McHales. Dick Barretts house at Carne was one of the neatest cottages ever seen. He composed Brean an fir Ruadh, Seamus O Lynskey. Preat san I Eoghan Coir, and a lot of other poems. Dick Barrett died in the year 1819 and was buried at Cross Abbey to the west of Binghamstown. And a strong wooden cross was placed over his grave.

The Cross bears the inscription:-

Riocard Bairead

File Iorrus

Fuair bas an 8th la de mi na Noillaig 1819. R.I.P.

Seamus O Riagallaigh,

38 years

Teach Chairn,

Beal an Mhuiread.

Mairead Ni Riagallaigh,

Beal an Mhuiread.

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RIDDLES

13/7/38

Q. If a man had only one match and he wanted to light the fire the gas and the cigarette which would be first?

A. THE MATCH

Q. Where was the first nail ever struck?

A. ON THE HEAD

Q. What is the hardest key to turn?

A. A DONKEY

Q. The man that made it didn't want it, The man that bought it didn't use it, The man that used it didn't see it, What was it?

A. A COFFIN

Q. Where was Moses when the light went out?

A. IN THE DARK

Q. What is the longest word in the English language?

A. SMILES, BECAUSE THERE IS A MILE BETWEEN TWO S'S

Q. What is the difference between a jailer and a jeweller?

A. ONE SEES WATCHES AND THE OTHER WATCHES CELLS

Annie Monaghan,
Corclough East,
Belmullet,
Co Mayo.

Told by:- Ellie Monaghan, Corclough East, Belmullet, aged 17 years.

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RIDDLES

15/7/38

Q. What is it you would not like to have and if you had it you would not like to lose it?

A. A bald head

Q. What is the difference between a white hen and a black hen?

A. A black hen can lay a white egg and a white hen cannot lay a black egg.

Q. Why is a proud lady like a drunken man?

A. They are both fond of the glass

Q. Flies high, flies low, wears shoes but has none?

A. A football

Q. It is out of the wood and sounds and earns a shilling and many a crown?

A. A fiddle

Q. Why does a hen pick at the pot?

A. Because she cannot lick it

Q. Its in the marrow but not in the stone, its in the church but not in the steeple, its in the priest but never in the people?

A. The letter 'R'

Mary O'Boyle,
Barrack Street,
Belmullet.

Told by:- John O'Boyle, 56 years,
Barrack Street,
Belmullet.

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Riddles

18/7/38

Q. It runs up and down and never stops?

A. A Road

Q. As round as an apple, as flat as a pan, on one side a woman, on the other a man?

A. A Penny

Q. Why are big people the laziest?

A. Because they are the longest in bed.

Q. What is the biggest wonder in the map of the world?

A. That Hungary didn't eat Turkey.

Q. It is out of the wood and sounds and earns a shilling and many a crown?

A. A fiddle

Q. Why does a hen pick at the pot?

A. Because she cannot lick it

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Page 409

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18/7/38

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A. Because they are the longest in bed.

Q. What is the biggest wonder in the map of the world?

A. That Hungary didn't eat Turkey.

Q. As white as snow, but non in snow, as green as grass but nit in grass, as black as ink but not ink?

A. A Blackberry

Annie Conmy,
Logmore,
Belmullet.

Told by:- Mary Conmy,
71 years,
Logmore,
Belmullet.

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Weddings

21/10/38

Most of the weddings took place during the time from Christmas to Ash Wednesday. This is called Shrove, and ends on Shrove Tuesday. The match-making had to be done first. A man who was to get married before Shrove Tuesday went to the house he expected to get his wife from and mentioned his errand to the girls father. If the father considered him a suitable match for hi daughter the man would return the following evening with some friends. They usually brought a bottle of whiskey. The girls fortune had to be made known then and the friends passed the time talking and making merry. The date of the marriage was fixed on that night also. The father had to promise clearly what he was giving the girl. People used to go to the church to be married about 4 or 5 o'clock in the evening. A great number of friends also went on side-cars. After the ceremony all the cars set off for the home of the bride. This was called dragging home and was an event of great excitement. A long line of cars went with the happy young couple passing along the country roads bringing out everyone. The neighbours cheered as they rode quickly by.

On reaching the brides home all the guests were brought quickly into the kitchen. They were entertained to dinner consisting of ham, mutton, beef with potatoes and cabbage and other vegetables. There were always a couple of geese or turkeys for this meal.

When supper was over the piper was brought out to the house and seated on a table in the corner. The dancing went on till morning during the night the guests were given as much drink as they wished. Tea was always given about midnight. At about 1 o'clock a great fuss was made by the strawboys.

They came in a large party led by their captain. They were dressed in all kinds of strange garments and wore large hats made of straw which covered their faces. They spoke in affected voices so that no-one could recognise them, they had to dance with the Bride and Bridesmaid. The Bridegroom had to give them drink and money so that they would go away. Early next morning the Bride and Bridegroom went to the Bridegrooms house on a sidecar and the cattle would be delivered the same day. If the Bride were getting money she took it with her in a handmade purse made by her mother. The months was a great event too. The Bride was always very happy on that day.

Mary Sweeney,
Barrack Street,
Belmullet.

Told by:- Patrick Sweeney,
Belmullet,
Co Mayo.

Date 21/10/38

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VILLAGES

Tearmon Cearra	Carrowmore
Carne Rock	Inbur
Tallagh	Barnatra
Crochan	Binghamstown
Emlybeg	Doohoma
Druain	Geesala
Emlycass	Glencastle
Elly	Aughadun
Corclough	Leam
Gladree	Druss
Muing	Cross
Lakefield	Log Mor

Muingmor
Attycunnane
Piper
Aradan
Ardmore
Glosh
Eannagh
Blacksod
Tirrane
Aughleam
Doolough
Shraigh
Barhauve
Mar Ravin
Tip
Termon
Glenlara
Glenamoy

Bail na bfas
Porturlin
Newtown
Shanahee
Toorglas
Oidin Gfeen
Gortmelia
Tonamace
Rossport
Cluanin
Ballyglass
Glengad
Morahan
Foxpoint
Mount Jubilee
Dooyork
Bunnahowen

HILLS

Saddle Hill
Achill Hill
Newtown Tower
Crooked Tower
Glencastle Hill
Termon Hill
Summer Hill
Tallagh Hill
Glengad Hill
Shraigh Hill
Mount Jubilee Hill
Bangor Hill
Garver Hill
Glenlara Hill

FIELDS

The 4 acre
The Curragh
Holly
Fail Brown
Rock Field
Daircin Fail Ruad
Talam Lairdir

Cearra was a chief of the district who was often at war with another chief named Barrett.

Corclough, means place with few stones in the land.

Toorglass, the village from which we can see the old grey tower.

Currug an t-sazairr, A priest remained in exile on the rock to save himself from the Cromwellian Soldiers.

Leam an tSagairs, the rock that fell with the priest when he jumped into the sea.

Cnoc Anair, a strand hill near Cross the place where the King of Munster was buried.

Slaib aup, near Ballycroy where King Dathie spend a lot of his time hunting deer.

Carne Rock, is a height that is the height of rock.

Tallagh, is derived from the Irish word Testhac which means hearth.

Attycunnane gets its name from a ruler who lived there one time named Aodh Cunnane.

Barnatra means top of the strand.

Muings is a swampy name.

Bundoola means the bottom of two floods.

Scotch Port, the albannaigh settled here after flying from the battle of Faughart.

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A Blessed Well

The blessed well in Carne is situated about twenty yards in from the road. It is about one mile from Belmullet. Every year people go to this well to do stations. They have to go around the well nine times before they have the station performed. It was the saint who found the well and her name was St. Deirbhle, and after that well was known as St. Deirbhle's well. Then she left Carne and went across to Faulmor. She died and is buried there. There was a man who lived in the district long ago. He had a sick child in the house, he went to the well and performed the station. When he had finished the prayers he saw the shadow of a little coffin in the well and it all surrounded with lighted candles. When he went home the child was dead.

Maureen Lavelle,
Main Street,
Belmullet.

Told by:- Michael Lavelle,
50 years,
Main Street,
Belmullet.

Page 491

12/1/39

St. Deirbhle's Well is situated in Faulmore. It owes its origin to a Spanish Princess who fled from her native country because she did not want to marry a certain prince. She came to Faulmore and there she thought she would have quietness. However, she was mistaken so the prince followed her. One day Deirbhle asked the Prince what he most admired in her and on telling her that it was her blue eyes, she immediately plucked them out and cast them on the ground. Where the eyes fell, two wells sprang up. Deirbhle washed the sockets where her eyes had been and her eyesight was restored. The main reason for performing a station is that it is a cure for the eyes.

Almost twenty years ago a child who had never opened its eyes on being brought to this well and having its eyes washed in the well opened them.

The station is made by going around the well three times on your knees and six times walking at the same time reciting fifteen decades of the Rosary.

Mary Murphy,
Main Street,
Belmullet.

Told by:- Mrs. Cleary,
Main Street,
Belmullet.

Aged 50 years.

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CARNE WELL

There is a well situated in Carne about a mile from Belmullet. Various stories are told of how it got to be there. It is said that one night a priest was sitting on a large stone where the well is now. He was a strange priest no-one seemed to know him. He was crying very bitterly. Next morning a man went to the stream nearby and he took the water out of a well he had never seen before. He put the water on a pot to boil the potatoes. They were left down for hours and they never boiled. That night the young boy of the house had a dream, he thought he saw the priest sitting on the same stone and the priest told him the well was for to nourish the souls of the people then blessed it. The boy told the dream and his father had one exactly the same and it was about the well. people visit the well on the Feast of the Assumption and a certain day in September.

Eileen Page,
American Street,
Belmullet.

Told by:- Mrs. Deane,
American Street,
Belmullet.

Page 495

Carne Well

12/1/39

Once upon a time there lived a man and his wife had a newly born baby, a son. His wife was very sick. he went to do a station around the well but while he was doing the station he saw two frogs in the water. A very small one and a fairly big one. The small one fell to the bottom and the big one did not. When he went home his son was dead but his wife was alright.

Mary Theresa Neary,
Belmullet.

Told by:- Maureen Lavelle,
Main Street,
Belmullet.

Aged 12 years.

Page 496

Christmas Customs

12/1/38

On Christmas Eve everyone lights a very large candle. They place it before a window at the front of the house. They also clean their houses very thoroughly and hang their decorations along the walls. They cut ivy and hang it along every picture. People say if any decoration fell it is a sign of bad luck for the people. The decorations should be taken down on the 6th January, that is the twelfth day of Christmas. Most people like to spend Christmas day in their own homes. People do not pay visits on Christmas Day. The Wren boys have good sport on St. Stephens Day. They sing a song about the wren at every door.

“The Wren, the wren, the king of our Birds,
St. Stephens day and caught in the furze,
up with the kettle and down with the pan,
give us a penny to bury the Wren”.
Then they dance about till they get a penny.

The first Monday of the new Year is called Handsell Monday. No-one likes to give change on that day. People consider it unfit to spend money on Handsell Monday. It is not lucky to go on a journey. Nothing should be thrown out on New years day. Not even ashes or dirty water. If you throw out on New Years Day you throw away your luck.

The 28th of December is considered the difficult day of the year. People should not begin anything on that day as it will never be finished. The 12 candles are lit on the eve of the 12th day to commemorate the 12 apostles who founded the Christian church and in honour of the 12 days of Christmas. Children should not fiddle with the 12 candles. The candles are sometimes named after people in the house and which ever candle wears out first is a sign that the owner of it will die first.

Rita O'Reilly,
Carne House,
Belmullet.

Told by :- James O'Reilly,
Carne House,
Belmullet.

Book 136

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Wells (Holy)

St Deirbhle's well of Fallmore Blacksod, Co. Mayo.

The story of this well was taken down from Felix Barrett, of Morahan, Belmullet, August 1934. Felix is about 75 or 80 years of age and a farmer, living Moyrahan.

St Deirbhle came from some other part of the community to avoid some man who fell in love with her. When she reached Fallmore some man asked her was it with her complexion the man fell in love and she answered no but with her eyes.

She prayed her eyes would get more sore or ugly and they fell out of her head on to the ground. Where the eyes fell three drops of water sprung up and one of them hit her in the socket of the tight eye. There is a well where the eyes fell ever since.

People go there every year from the 8th of September to perform stations. The water is said to have special powers to cure bad eyes or eye-sight.

The station:-The pilgrim must go around the well three times on the bear knees and six times erect. Five papers and five aver are said when the pilgrims first kneel down. Three rosaries are said while going around, and the five papers and five aver are said to finish off with.

When the pilgrim is leaving he asks the saint to pray for him.

Page 163

Sean O Subisig a dinis. 18-1-38

“THE LAKE OF CARROWMORE”

Come all ye sterling heroes
Around old Bangor town,
I am now pleased

Some verses to put down,
As I have got an opportunity
As I've never got before,
I'll sing to you the praises
Of the lake of Carrowmore

II

Its beauties are unequalled:
Its beauties are well known;
Its thoughts are always in my mind,
In every place I roam,
All from Blacksod to Aughooose,
Along the Owenmore
But no place entices me
Like the Lake of Carrowmore

III

On the road to sweet Belmullet
Its splendid in my view
And on the road to Barnatra
Its waters wet my shore
But its there my friend I go
To sweet Glencullen low
There nothing thereto shade me,
From the Lake of Carrowmore.

IV

I have travelled all through Erris,
Tirawley and Tyrone,
Through Lough Conn and Lough Corrib,
I have view them one by one,
Of Donegal said and Antrim,
Along the northern shore.
But no place pleases me,
But the lake of Carrowmore.

V

The boys around Old Bangor
And where I do resort,
Are modest fair and gentle
And very fond of sport
All from Shraigh to Bangor,
And as far as sweet Gortmore
Where the lovely flows
From the Lake of Carrowmore.

VI

I have travelled Mulranny,
Ballycroy and Tirawley
Through Newport, Westport, Glenhest and Castlebar
I took myself through Galway
And along the western shore
On Achill hill I did stand still,
I did stand still
To view old Carrowmore.

VII

No fairer spot than Carrowmore
Nor noble hearts unweigh
Who seek an honest living
Along the winding ways.
I wish to god I'll see the day
when Ireland will be free once more,
I would decorate each rock and slab
Beside the Lake of Carrowmore,

Page 145

Sean Bairead, Poll an Chapail, Beal an Muirid, 65, Feirmeoir.
Anim an Duine a ceapa - Miceal O Mucras

BISHOP CONWAY

There a holy prelate gone from us
Through Ireland well known
One of the grandest bishops,

That ever graced the church afor
A mourning does thus enshroud,
And in tears of sorrow flow
From every part of Sligo and the County of Mayo.

II

Convenient to Belmullet town
He first drew living breath
And in the town of Ballina
He closed his eyes in death
And long around the diocese
Regretted he will be
And by its sons and daughters
From its centre to the sea.

III

He was a great professor.
A matchless grand divine
An orator, a scholar
With a great and perfect mind.
To gaze into his holy face
In flamed each heart with love.
For truth and virtue on his brow
..... gentle as a dove

IV

And everyone form far and near
His blessing did enjoy
From the poor fishermen
Along the river Moy
He had a kindly word for all;
The country loved him well,
And for years as parish priest of Toreen,
None could him excel.

V

Improvements in this diocese,
In buildings, in buildings he has made.
Even the Cathedral
where now his body lays
But now alas he's gone from us
His loss we do deplore
For in Killala diocese
We'll never see him more.

VI

When in the town of Ballina
The mournful news was spread;
The shops was closed,
And business stopped.
In known of the dead,
Because he was so animable
So generous and kind.
A true friend of the orphan;
The crippled and the blind.

VII

For to attend his funeral
The country flocked around
From Easkey and Dromore West,
From Toreen and Sligo town,
Ballycastle and Killala,
Crossmolina near and far
Belmullet to and Foxford,
Westport and Castlebar.

VIII

The way of this sad funeral,
It was a mournful sight;
To see the clergy out before the hearse
And they all dressed in white
And with the different orders.
It was mournful to see

When the cortege headed
Round again the town of Advairée.

IX

Inside the Grand Cathedral,
He so well did beautify,
One great and holy Bishop
In that blessed house does lie
And for the good works he has done
In this shores around
We pray the Lord will him award,
With an unmovable crown.

Page 187

Maire Ni Naillm, Cnoc-na Sea-boa, Beal an Muiread.

“A MOTHER LAMENT”

A mother came when stars were pailing,
Waiting round a lovely spring,
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on her fairy king.

II

Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy,
Why destroy a mother's blessing?
Where force steal my fairy boy?

III

O'er the mountains through the wild woods
Where the childhood loved to play
Where the farmers are freshly sponging
There I wonder day by day.
There I wonder growing fonder of the child that made my joy
On the echoes wildly calling to restore my family toy.

IV

But in the vain ----- calling
Tears are falling all in vain,
He now sports with fairy pleasures.
His a pleasure of thy twain.
Have thee well my child for ever,
In this world I lost my joy
But in the next I ne'er shall sever her
Its there I shall find my angel boy.

Page 197

Miceal O Cuancair
Mor-ranun-Beal-an-Muriad
Feirmeoir

Anthony Raftery

A hundred years Anthony Raftery is not so long. When memory is spun from the durable forth of the Gael. Though your world was the county Mayo the word of your song. May be heard the west from the blustery up on Kinsale to the furious surf that pound on the shoulder of Tory. New bands have come to Killeadan with the sanseach word to gather your praise of Mayo and your wealth of glory. For many Hyes and the flirt Peggy Mitchel they heard. How the last of the bards with fiddles and aching sockets chimed vowels of his rain in a dazed and endless duel. With hunger and scorn and the silence of empty pockets. When the hearth of the Gael burnt low for luck of red fuel. Men had forgotten the grandeur of chieftain and king who gave the reward that Cormac decreed to the land. The praise of the ruler whose tongue was ever on guard. Against the clutter of fools ere the troublous time. When the datin of Patrick angered the ghost of Oisín. Chiefs have been crowned on spitted with shame in the rhyme and the meten more skilled in its weft than the scarf on the queen.

Dan Dineach when measured by misen of sound has a chime to waken the sidhe in the thutch on wonny the witches and the aislings a cloak of beauty that sorrows has spun. From the wool of the Couleach's dark we to wore her riches. Blind bards of the princess have sung of the victories won by O'Neill and Donnell they told of the fight at the ford

and the pride of Ulster flushed with rekindled fire. O hurry has
hardened his grief to a flashing sword and cut own souls to the
lamenting Maguire.

Prince of the poets of Munster O'Rahilly the proud. Dreamed of the
counts of Blancarty who paid him his rank and walked with want at his
heel and his head in a cloud.. O'Burden bitter of tongue his bitterness
drank.

When Sharsfield of Lucan left fine to wager his blood on the fortunes of
Franie oh shrill was the mo bhron who pitched his song to the wailing of
women and stood on the quays of Limerick often the wild geese has
Flown Eogan Ruadh whose heart was a furious fountain of song. Flowing
sweet and as tast as angel on rake that possessed him.

Old women of Kerry remembering his right and his wrong have forward
his names on the curves of the wind and blest him and the ghost of
O'Sullivan lingers by hedgerow and glen. The rivalled from Clare found
the maidenly count where daughters of Eilheall cut whips for the
possessions of men.

And made pursuit of the bachelors and mason sport.

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**AINM SUINE ON A BPUAINEAS AN SEOLAS; EAMON O SUCAN
A SEOLAS; MOR RAISIN BEAL-AN-MUIREAD.**

AOIS; 67 FEIRMEOIR

A POEM

They came to the beach
The poor exile of Erris
The dew on their thin robes
Were heavy and chilled
For his country he sighed
When at twilight repealing
To wander along
By the Wind heaven hill

II

The day star attracted
His eye sad devotion
It rose over his own native
Isle of the ocean
Once in the fire
Of his youth full of motion
He sung the old anthems
Of Erin go breag

III

Erin by country
How should I forsake you
In dreams I revisit
The sea beaten shore
But alas in a fan
Foreign land I awaken
And sigh for the friends
Who shall meet me no more

IV

Oh cruel fate
Will thou even replace me
In a mansion of peace
Where no pearls can chase me
Never again shall
My brothers embrace me
They would die to defend me
And live to deplore me

V

Buried and cold
When the harp strikes emotion
Green be the fields
Sweet Isle of the ocean
But the sweet looking barks
Stricken aloud with devotion

Erin mo uerini
Slan leat go breag

VI

Yet all its sad recollection
Suppressing one dying
Wish that to my
Lone bosom can draw
Erin and exile
Beguile thee his blessing
Fond of my forefathers
Erin go breag

**MARGARET MCNAMARA
MOYRAHAN, BELMULLET**

Page 208

PADDY O BOYLE 11/4/38

You gallant men of Mayo
now fall into one his
from stormy Bangor Erris
to pleasant Ballindine.
Come, lend your attention
and unto you I'll tell.
How Frank O'Boyle of Banck.
Before the people fell.

II

He took the island farm
and well the tailor knew
that food for Mayo's people
Once on its bosom grew
and all around was wailing
the honest sons of toil.
Who lived, where now are grazing
the bullocks of O'Boyle.

III

He took the island farm
and when the leaguers came
and soon the people of Mayo
In a passion was a flame
O'Brien spook at Westport
and all the country o'er.
Lit up and blazed
as our - fires,
in gallant day of yours.

IV

From his own door at Coric
to Mayo's plains and back.
O'Kelly and O'Donnell were
On the grabbers track
Since Meave marched out of Connaught
Old booley to displease
No beast has aroused such
As the bullocks of O'Boyle

V

Cumnane and Mike Delaney
Bravely lent a hand.
Frank Burke and Mike Mullancy
Boldly took their stand
and many other Irishmen
stout sone of fair Mayo
for Mayo's soil is as ready
to strike a running blow.

VI

Away from Ballyhaunis
the grabber gladly stole
no devent man would touch him
to ease his tortured soul
and wearily to Balla he went
In hopes he yet might find

the boys who kept their optics
on the bullocks of O'Boyle

VII

It is next to sweet Claremorris
Those wandering cattle came
the herds were racked and broken
and lowered to earth with shame
the peelers thronged around them
to Luton a thousand came to
laugh and chaff and not a man to bug.

VIII

And so I'm nearly thinking
when I'm old and grey
I'll hear about these animals
in regions far away
a souvenir of cannibals
on some pacific Isle
may feed upon those bullocks
and perhaps on Frank O'Boyle

Page 225

DATE 23/5/38

Good people all both young and old
I hope you will attend.
While here in grief and sorrow
Those feelings lines I pent
concerning our clever clergyman
his loss we may deplore,
By heretics was murdered
coming into Dromore.

II

When they did the murder
to crown their wicked sin
into a limestone quarry
they threw his body in

for fear they would be arrested
those villains made away
but the lord them guilty
on the great recourting day.

III

It was early the next morning
the woman were passing by
the blood besprinkled on the road
they happened to spy
they traced it to the quarry
and they did behold
the body of our reverence
lying, stiff and cold.

IV

He was removed to the town
with the cries of young and old
his broken hearted mother
she could not be consoled
she says "O blessed virgin"
you suffered more than me
to see your sons nailed to cross
upon Mount Calvary.

V

He was brought to the chapel
a high mass for him was read
upon his breast was laid a cross
a chalice at his head
the alter being dressed in lace
and his loss we may deplore
may the lord have mercy on his soul
we'll never see him more.

VI

To see his grave procession
your heart would give a sigh
for his innocent parents

for him did loudly cry
the widows and the orphans
with a humble heart and cry
“May the Lord receive
the soul of Fr. Henry”.

VII

(In Irish)

PAGE 227

CREOZANAN LINE BEAL-AN-MUIRID

TOMAS O'MAOLALOIZ 23/5/38

“The home I left behind”

Goodbye to dear old Ireland.
The place where I was born.
Its hills its dells
its flowers. I'll never see no more.
It oftentimes nearly breaks. My heart
and leaves me a troubled mind
when I think of dear old Ireland
and the home I left behind.

II

Down by a shadowy stream,
they are often pictured in my mind
like a memory, thoughts and dreams
when I think of the darling girl I loved
how often she ran through my mind.
What wonder! If my heart would break,
for the home I left behind.

III

It was the next morning
with a sad and broken heart
I stood upon my tatters floor
saying “now we have to part”.

My mothers arms around my neck
and the tears in her eyes did blink.
I tore her from my arms
and the home I left behind.

IV

When I was leaving old Ireland
I bid my friends adieu
I stood at the bridge of milltown.
I viewed along sweet short
where I spent many a time
Its there I took the last fond view
of the home I left behind.

V

When I was leaving my native town
its there I parted from my friends
at the Crossroads at Carrowmore
As I viewed along the train
Many thoughts ran through my mind
for the heaviest thought of all
was the home I left behind.

VI

Then I walked until I came to Queenstown Quay.
I entered there as a passenger
bound for America.
To cross the wide Atlantic
into a foreign clime.
I bid "adieu" to Ireland
and the home I left behind.

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DRAG NE MAOLALIG
CREAZAG OG LIGE BEAL-AN-MUIRAID
77 SE COLIADAGAIT

POEM

I

I have no mother for she died
when I was very young but still
her memory round my heart like
morning mist had clung. They tell
me of an angel form that, watched
me while I slept. And of her soft
and gentle hand that wiped the tears
I wept. And that the same hand that
held my own. When first I tried to walk
the joy that sparkled in her eyes.
When first I tried to walk.

II

They say a mothers heart is pleased
when infants charms expand I wonder
if she thinks of me in that bright happy land.
I know that she is in Heaven now that Holy
place of rest for she was always good to me
the good along and blessed. I remember too
when I was ill she kissed my burning brow.
The tears that fell upon my cheeks
I think I feel them now.

III

I have got some little books she taught me
how to spell. The chiding kiss she gave me
I still remember well. And when she used
to kneel and, teach me how to pray, and
raise my little hands to Heaven and teach
me what to say, O' Mother. Mother in my

heart thy images still shall be. And I
hope that in Heaven I will meet with thee.

**CAIZLI NIC PAIDG
CREAGAN GA LIGE
BEAL-AN-MUIREAD**

PAGE 259

**T O'MAOLALAIG
CREGOGAG AG LINE BEAL-AN-MUIREAD**

INISHGLORA 9/6/38

I

Near Inishglora,
in the dark blue sea
a lovely Island stands
the roaring sea.
In a mirth and glee.
Foam around coral strand
of this Island of old
many tales have been told
its a place long famed in story
its name has sprung
from gaelic tongue
and they called it Inishglora.

II

The sacred dust,
of the noble and gust.
For ages have doth lie.
And I hope as they next.
In this Island so blest.
Their souls do rest on high.
Out here they sleep
In their homes on the deep
and departed is all their glory.
While lonely they rot,
on that low sweet spot
on this Island of Inishglora.

III

In the good days of old,
for such we are told
Eve aliens thronged her shore
there once loved in this place,
a grand holy race.

Who kindles the fire of love.
When the laws of the land
with an iron hand
crushed the faith of fire fathers holy.
They failed to efface
the name of this place.
The Island of Inishglora.

IV

Now the sun in the west,
is sinking to rest,
its rays over the deep waters shining.
As I strayed on the strand,
of this once famous land.
On the beach with sadness refining
I sighed for the day
when the glorious ray
of religion shall shine pure and holy.
And soon to restore
with the splendour of yore.
On the Island of Inishglora.

(SEAN O JULOSAG AT CRUIGGIE)

MICEAL O CIARRAGE
MOR-RAISIG BEAL- AN-MUIREAD

THE BLIND PIPER

I

One winters day long long ago,
when I was a little fellow
a piper wandered to our door.
Grey headed, blind & yellow.
And there was gladness in my heart
though caith and shy looked dreary
to see that stranger and his dog
poor Pinch and Caoch O Leary.

II

And when he stowed away his dog
crossbarred with green & yellow
I thought and said "In Ireland
there is not too fine a yellow
and Finian Burke, and Sean McGee
and Eily, Kate and Mary
rushed in, in panting haste to see
and welcome Caoch O'Leary.

III

Oh, God be with those happy times
and God be with my childhood
when I bare-headed roamed all day
bird nesting in the wild wood.
I'll not forget those sunny hours
How ever years may vary.
I will not forget my early friends
nor honest Caoch O'Leary

IV

Poor Caoch and Pinch slept well
that night and in the morning early
he called me up to hear him play
the wind that shakes the barley.
And then he stroked my flaxen curls
and said God mark my dearie.
And how I wept when she said "Farewell".
And think of Caoch O'Leary.

SEAN O CIARRAIDE
MOR, RASIG

PAGE 270

"PORTHURLIN"

I

I being on the fourth of April in 1878
a sad and sorrowful occurred
In Porthurlin did take place,
the crew being five in number
they went out at the dawn of day
and in a few hours after
they were drowning along they ray.

II

When the news it came to hear
their parents and their friends
their loving brothers and sisters
and neighbours did attend
their loving brothers and sisters
fell into deep despair
with the ringing of their hands
and the teaming of their hair.

III

They are melancholy weeping,
and clasping of their hands
the night before was witnessed
upon the Erris land
for to describe the scene of woe
in sorrow I relate
such noble and generous crew
to meet so sad a fate.

IV

Its now our leading seaman
Pat Cox it was his name
He was a man of talent,
renowned in every fame.
He was skillful and courageous
upon the ocean wide
but now that he is lying low
and his body in the tide.

V

Poor Charles and Thomas Tighue
their loss we may deplore,
they shall be long lamented
along Porthurlin shore.
The loss of those leaves
many a heart in grief
thinking of how they were drowned
and finding no relief.

VI

Lovely Philip McAndrew
The pride of Porthurlin Bay.
All for his brave young body
to be buried in the sea.
He was a lad of courage
he was both brave and young
he met him doom that morning
at the rising of the sun.

VII

Lovely Michael Cox
he was the flower of them all
it was the age of sixteen years
he met a lad of intellect
was wise and prove in care
he had the bad misfortune.
This sad accident to share.

VIII

Now to Conclude and finish,
for I have no more to say,
my pen is getting heavy
and my heart is getting sore,
its each and everyone of us
and the whole of us must die,
I hope the Lord will rest their souls,
upon his mansion high.

**DEARG JI MASTALAIG
CREAGAJ GA TGE
BEAL-AN-MUIREAD**

PAGE 273

THE HOLY CHURCH AT KNOCK

I

Attend ye faithful Christians, give air to
what I say,
its of glories miracle
that occurred the other day.
When our Blessed Lady did herself
to sinners show in the Holy Church at Knock.
In the County of Mayo.

II

A faithful few, through Mary true,
returning home at home at night,

upon the chapel wall did view.
A most transparent light,
they stood amassed,
and on it gazed,
and trembling stuck with fear.
When to their astonished eyes
three statues did appear.

III

On the night was Blessed St. Joseph
upon his face a smile
with his holy hands uplifted
as he meant to bless this Isle.
Our Blessed Lady's hands were raised
in attitude and prayer.
And in the right hand of St. John
God Holy word was there.

IV

A faithful few who saw the sight
they say both one and all,
the Holy apparition was some distance
from the wall
and in the left hand of St. John,
appeared to you quiet plain.
An alter; cross the instruments
by which the lamb was laid.

V

Hundreds came from far and near
Our Lady's aid to seek,
and by her aid the deaf and dumb,
are made to hear and speak,
and many who was born blind,
now sees the way to go.
From the Holy Church at Knock.
In the County of Mayo.

VI

At the Wedding feast in Galilee,
Our Blessed Lady said
"Oh son, divine, there is no wine
but water their instead.
No sooner had she said
those words, than with
her aid of wine
The water then was at the feast
was turned into wine.

VII

Oh, Blessed St. John and St. Joseph,
I hope you'll for us pray,
and holy mother of my God,
for sinners enter say
for the wonders that our savour did
while preaching to his flock.
are done again through Marys aid,
in the Holy Church at Knock.

**SEAN DAIREAD
POLL-A-CAPAILL
BEAL-AN-MUIRID**

PAGE 276

THE AFFRAY OF GRAUGHILL

I

Lord of heaven, Oh Lord of earth.
O Lord of air and sky,
with pity look on our country men
who in prison chairs do lie.
The true sons of our motherland,
in grief do suffer sore,
trying to uphold the cause
in Erin's lovely shore.

II

Oh brother dear, did you hear,
what happened here below
in the Barony of Erris

at Inver in Mayo.
The recorded siege of Sebstbool was nothing.
When compared to those unmerciful constabulary
who said no lives to spare.

III

Amongst them was a woman
who was feeble grey and old
with her three darling sons
whose hearts were stout and bold
the mother she been pierced with balls
her sons been dragged away
to rest within the prison walls
In misery to stay.

IV

There was another damsel
named Ellen McDonagh too,
those merciless legions.
They pierced her body through.
They drove their bayonets through her side
and left her in her gore.
It was enough to waken the dead
this lovely girl did now.

V

Oh Irish men and women too,
will it ever be the ease,
that any true-hearted Irish girl,
will ever have to face.
Of courting such an cruel clann.
So service mean and law.
That caused such pure and innocent blood
In rapid streams to flow.

VI

The curse of Cromwell,
conqueror the leader of the van,
that did not stop the firing,

of such a cruel clan,
that the wheel of fortune may turn round,
and the hour will come to pass,
when the Irish will retaliate,
and stretch in the grass.

VII

Kilbride is now your lonesome,
and no wonder that you be
for your name is well published
all over the country.
You have the curse of everyone,
both woman child and boy,
and your excommunicated.
By the reverend father boy.

**TOMAS O MAOLALAIG
CREASAJ AG IGE
BEAL AN MUIRID**

PAGE 280

**SEAN DAIREAD
POLLACOPAILL BEAL-AN-MUIRID**

DATE 14/12/38

The voice of Thirty-two Counties

I

Now this is the style of
our jubilee county and
measure of the wildness our
land ever saw placing each
area of our thirty two
counties under the scope
of a infamous law.

II

Dublin, will stamp on it,
Wicklow will tramp on it,
Kerry will drag about through
the mine, Limerick will
better it, Waterford will

lather it, and Wexford
will handle it into the fire

III

Old Antrim with harped profounded
reflecting it. Monaghan turns it as
something unclean. Clare has the
nation of ever respecting it, and
Sligo contempts it as odious and
mean. Galway declares it not
worth a bad penny. Roscommon
resolutes with kisses and groans.

IV

Its laughed at by Cork and despised
by Kilkenny.
Its slated and stoned by Armagh
and Tyrone. Cavan lets fly at
it and Louth takes a sky at it.
Meath and Westmeath in the sport
takes a share. King county gears
at it the Queen county sneers at it
and great is the handling it
gets from Kildare.

V

Down in Fermanagh goes in with a
stick at it and Derry gives it a
dip in her bogs. Tipperary takes a
run and a big swinging kick at it.
Angry Mayo gets it tore by the dogs.

VI

Longford, Leitrim keeps cutting and
racking it, it drew in the dusk
pole by fierce Donegal.
Carlow would never grow weary of
faking it such is the usage it gets
from them all.

VII

Joy its a claim to them
handout and fame to them
long may they flourish the brave thirty-two.
One thought spinning and one spirit
firing them standing united undaunted
and thus
 "God Save Ireland"

JOHN BARRETT

BOOK 1449

Page 121 - 140

**COUNTY MAYO - BARONY OF ERRIS
PARISH - KILTANE**

DATED 1 FEBRUARY, 1956

INTERVIEW WITH SEAMUS RUDDY, AGE 96

People had plenty of turf for fuel in Glencullen. They cut it with the slane, "Sleagan" and saved it during summer. The dig bog - deal? out of the bogs and stacked it near the houses for use in winter during the long nights. When darkness came put a big bog deal (blokcan) into the fire and it gave great light for spinning and carding. They dug bog-oak also out of the bogs and dried and measured it for the fires. The bog oak gave out great heat but did not give nearly as much light as the bog deal. The people used both kinds of timber for the fire in addition to turf "cipins" of bog deal were chipped and were stored near the fire in the kitchen where they were always available for lighting when required. When a person wanted to engage in some work by the aid of the light of one of those bog deal cippins in a sod of turf on in the cleft of bloncan of the bog deal. The cipin was held or inserted slantwise and erect not horizontal or perpendicular thus:-

The people made rush candles for giving light. They had plenty of tallow as sheep and cattle were plentiful in the area. It was a mountainous district and was called duailid on account of the number of cattle in it and the people got the tallow from the cows and sheep they killed. The tallow was melted in a gresset or cam., and "rendered" (* note "rendered meant that it was melted then allowed to cool and formed into a big lump) in that way. When a good supply was rendered it was wrapped up in an old sack or put into some vessel and buried in the ground to keep it cool and hard until it was required. Rushes were very plentiful in the area, as there were several patches of marshy land near the river but in order to get very big thick rushes people went east of Sheskin about a mile away to procure them for candles and for ropes and tineogs. When the rushes were pulled they were peeled while fresh. The peeling started at the thick end of the rush and was effected by getting the thumb-nail of the right hand under a strip of the rush and pulling it outwards and downwards. There were two narrow strips of the steam or peel left on each rush, one strip in front

and another strip just opposite on the far side. These two strips were left on to act as a support to the pulp or heart of the rush and protect it from breaking. When the rushes were peeled they were dried for some time in front of the fire so that they would soak the melted tallow.

When efficiently dry each rush was taken singly and dipped in tallow just melted or heated in a gresset this immersion or dipping was done by catching each end of the rush between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and pulling the rush through and fro through the tallow in the gresset. The rushes were then laid flat on a table or a clean floor to harden and to allow the tallow to set. When the rushes were cold and the tallow frozen each rush was quite hard and stiff and would stand erect in your hand. "One rush at a time was dipped in the tallow".

When the light was required one of these rushes was lighted and it gave quite a good light. But people make provision for a much better light by tying as many as twelve of those rushes together and forming one very thick rush candle. This was the type of candle they used at wakes.

The tying was done in a special manner with strips of the skin peeled off the rushes previously. The twelve rushes - it may be ten or eleven or twenty there was no fixed number it appears but James Ruddy said twelve were tied together. The twelve were placed side by side and a strip of the peel was tied around them near one end to keep them close together. The end of this tying was placed firmly on the rushes and the strip was then brought around the candles and over the end and pressed against them. This secured the end of the strip and kept it in position and the strip was entwined around the rushes until the end was nearly reached. The end of the strip was then pressed between some of the rushes and up under the band.

A second strip of the peel was got and tied around the rushes a few inches lower down and this tying helped to secure the end of the first strip pressed in between the rushes. As this second band pressed the rushes closer together between the two bands. A third band and a fourth band and a fifth and sixth if necessary were similarly tied around the rushes until they were firmly held together, throughout the whole length of the candle back tying or band was independent and had no connection with the other bands and the bands in all the cases consisted of the strips of green peeled off the rushes before they were steeped in tallow. The bands were independent so that when the first one got burned and disintegrated the remaining ones remained intact and kept the unburnt part of the candle together.

People made several of those and had them available when special light was required in the house. This candle when lighted was dropped down into the neck of a bottle which held it in position as a candle stick. The bottle was then put standing on a table or on some other raised flat object and kept the candle in position thus:-

If the candle was sufficiently long at the bottom or lower end of it rested on the bottom but if the lower end of the candle was not low enough to reach the bottom of the bottle after a good stretch of it was left along the neck of the bottle for lighting it was secured in position by shoving some soft wedge between the side of the candle of the neck of the bottle. When the candle was worn down to the mouth of the bottle the wedge securing it in position was removed and the candle pulled upwards until there was a good stretch of it free again from the bottle and it was secured in that position again by means of the soft wedge a few unpeeled rushes bent together were generally used as a wedge.

When the candle was nearly worn down the very bottom or lower end of it was secured just in the mouth of the bottle and in that way every bit of the candle was burned except about an inch of it.

People had melted tallow in a gresset or carn and put a fardeog sticking out of it and lit the outer end of the fardeog to give light. The fardeog was a piece of cloth twisted into a short stout rope as it were on a piece of twisted string and it was put through a hole in a potato and then the potato was pierced on the gresset near the edge. Most of the fardeog was immersed in the tallow which soaked through as far as the light and the potato kept it in position. When the fardeog was consumed as far as the potato the lighted end was pulled out a bit through the potato and that continued until the fardeog was almost burned out. When the supply of tallow in the gresset was running low a fresh supply was added to keep the light going. If the fardeog dried up for want of tallow it would burn out and fill the house with smoke.

When the people were spinning or knitting or making baskets or creels they did so with the aid of light from a bogdeal block burning in the fire.

When the men were card-playing one person held a bog deal cipin for them at the end of the table to give them light. A child would gladly hold a lighted cipin for the cardplayers if he was allowed to remain where the men were playing. The cardplayers were very particular and did not allow any noise when they were playing and when they selected

a person to hold a lighted cipin for them he had to keep very quiet and silent. There was always a very good Buailid except when a bad summer came for drying it. When a bad summer came and the turf was not well dried the people went out with hatchets and creels and took home a good supply of bog deal blocks from the bogs some of those blocks were kept near the fire and were mixed with the bad turf and in there way the people managed to have a good fire, which gave heat and light during the long winter nights. When the bog deal blocks were dry they were stored in the barn where they were sheltered from the rain.

Creels

People made creels from briars in buarlid long ago. Anthony Mills father who would be about 130 years old if he lived to the present day made those briar creels for sale. He went out with a hook and a rope and cut supplies of briars through the village and brought a cord of the briars home on his back. He cleaned the thorns off them and wove them into creels when they were fresh the creels were made in the same manner as sod creels are made at the present day. The sartean were stuck down in a big sod of peat and thinner briars were woven in and out between them. The briar creel was about the size of the present day creel and had two eirises" (note* James Ruddy could speak some Irish but he had all the Irish names for the articles used when he was young and it was the Irish names he used when speaking to me) in each for carrying them on the back. When a briar creel was made it was sold to some neighbour for 2 shillings and six-pence.

James Ruddys' grandfather was Tom and he was born in Buailid. This family tree sowing the names of the wives:-

Tom Ruddy married Julie Cleary of Bualid also.

John Ruddy married Mary Reilly of Ballinaboy.

James married Mary Barrett of Shragraddy.

James Ruddy got the holding of land owned by his wife in Shragraddy and he came to live there, his wife was an only child.

Landlord

Kirkwood was the name of the landlord over Buailid. One time he paid a visit to the townland and he noticed that the tenants had made great improvements in their little holdings and reclaimed some patches of bog. He felt they should pay more rent for their holdings as they had them improved and he increased the rent on every tenant in the village. When the bailiff came to collect the increased rents the tenants all refused to pay and the "processes were issued" on every one. Thomas Murphy was the "process server" and the day he came to the village to serve the 'process' and burned them in a fire that was lighting in a bog near the road when men were cutting turf. Alec McAndrew and Charles Ruddy (uncle of James) were cutting turf near by and when all the women of the village were summoned for assaulting the bailiff. The men said they were stooped cutting turf and did not see what happened and the case against the women was dismissed when there was no proof. there was no further move on the part of the landlord to enforce the increased rents and he accepted what they had been previously paying.

Bleeding Cattle

Every spring a man named James O'Boyle came to Buailid from lower Glencullen and bled all the cattle for them. he was the skilled man in the district for the job and he bled all the cattle in the neck to take the bad cold blood of the winter out of them. He had a little hatchet or something like a hammer with a very thin sharp point on it running into a broadbase for piercing the arteries of the cattle. He bent the beasts head to one side causing a strain on the neck to the other side which caused an artery to protrude prominently on that side. Then with one quick blow he pierced the artery with the sharp point of the instrument. The sharp point was not very long and the broad base prevented it from going through to the other side of the artery. When the sharp point was withdrawn blood gushes out of the wound and flowed into a vessel held under it. He judged the proper amount of blood to take from each beast and when he had sufficient he sealed up the wound with tar and stopped the blood. That blood was then taken home and boiled with a mixture of barley and oats ground on the quern and formed into a very wholesome food.

The hatchet was made by a Blacksmith and had a wooden handle which went through a hole in the centre of it, it had an Irish name but he had forgotten the Irish name the old people called it. (note* one night some years ago I visited Patrick McManamen in Ballycroy with Professor Delaney, Director of Folklore Commission and as Patrick was giving an

account of bleeding cattle long ago he called this instrument a "Tuiag Cuisle" as far as I can remember.

When the cattle were bled they thrived very well afterwards as the bad blood of the winter was removed. Towards the end of spring and during summer they thrived far better than cattle that were not bled. Buailid was a great place for cattle and every man got his stock bled.

Old inhabitants of the place still refer to the old divisions as bun a gleanna and buailid but parish records and voicers lists and rate books divide the area with upper and lower Glencullen only. Buailid was a great place for cattle long ago and the people grazed them in common. There is a good deal of commonage for grazing still on the hillside.

There was never any row between the neighbours and there was never any complaints of trespass long ago.

The people lived in peace and harmony with one another.

Taken from records in Folklore Commission, Dublin.

THE FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF LIR

BY JOSEPH JACOBS

It happened that a long time ago in the age of Gods and Heroes, the Sea God, Lir, married a foster-daughter of Bodb the Red, King of the Gods. She bore him four children; a daughter called Fionula, then a son called Aed and two others, twin boys, called Fiachra and Conn. But at the birth of the twins she died and Lir was left sorrowing. After some time Lir visited the court of his father-in-law and married the sister of his dead wife, whom he thought would be a good mother to his children. For a time all went well. The princess, called Aeife, treated her stepchildren kindly. But then Aeife began to be jealous of the tenderness and attention shown by Lir to Fionula and her brothers, and to fear he loved them better than he did her. At last the wish for their death came into her heart and she began to plot to destroy them.

First she tried to bribe the servants to murder them, but this failed. Fearing to kill them herself, she led them away to a lonely lake, where she sent them into the water to bathe. Then from under her cloak she drew out a wand, such as the Druids used, and making an incantation over the children she turned them all into swans.

But although she had enough magical power to change their shapes, she could not take from them their speech or human hearts.

Fionula, the lovely girl who was now a swan, swam into the reeds just below the bank where Aeife was standing, and rearing her proud head she said: "Wicked and treacherous woman, give us back our human shapes, or Lir our father will punish you".

But Aeife smiled scornfully. "The lake is deep, and the children of Lir were drowned", she said. "That is the story I shall tell their father".

No words of beseeching would change the wicked Aeife's heart, or make her withdraw the spell.

Fionula spoke once more. "How long must we remain swans?" she asked bravely.

"Better if you had not asked me", replied Aeife. "But I will tell you. Three hundred years shall you remain upon this lake; and three hundred years upon the Sea of Moyle, the sea which lies between Erin

and Alba; and three hundred years more beside the Isle of Glora in Erris".

"If you had killed us", cried Aed, "it had been kinder!"

"Nay", replied Aeife, "for after this moment you shall not remember your grief at being swans. But your human speech and human hearts, these shall you keep and you shall be able to sing more sweetly and more softly than swans have ever yet sung. Fare you well. I could have loved you had your father loved you too dearly".

And with one wild gesture, half triumphant, half tragic, Aeife turned her back upon the lake and upon the four swans. But as she mounted the hill that lay between the lake and her palace she heard the swans singing, singing so sweetly and so softly that for a moment she paused to listen and then, plunging her fingers into her ears, she hurried on.

When Aeife got home she found Lir waiting for her. "You have been gone long", he said, "you and the children".

Aeife began to weep and wail of how the children had been disobedient and how they had drowned in the strong current and reeds in the lake.

But Lir in great grief cried out: "This is not true! You who pretended to love my children with a mother's love, you have led them away, you have led them away!" Here he was able to say no more, but rushed away from Aeife and ran towards the lake.

The lake lay shimmering like silver under the beams of the summer moon. And as he stood there, four swans came sailing towards him, their wings widened as if to enfold him. And one, the one who had been his daughter, began to speak in the tones he loved so well. She told him all the tragic story, and Conn, the youngest of the twins, broke in, begging his father to restore their human shape.

"I want to run and play with my brother", he said. "Just as we used to run and play before magic touched us".

Then Lir wrung his hands in agony. "Would that I had power enough," he said sorrowfully. "But I am, after all, such a puny god, I who had thought I ruled the sea".

"Do not grieve, my lord," said Fionula very gently. "We are not so unhappy. We love you and remember you are our father. If you will

come down every night at sunset, then we will talk to you; then we will sing to you, and you will forget".

But anger against the false woman Aeife arose again in the heart of the Sea God. He caressed the heads of the swans, and his tears fell fast as he turned to leave them, and even their song which followed him up the hillside could not soothe his rage.

He went to Bodb the Red, who asked for proof of the evil deed. Lir led him to the lake, where the swans floated in the red light of the dawn. And they told their own tale, without passion or anger, until the end came and the toll of their sentence - three hundred years upon the Lake of Darvra, three hundred years upon the Sea of Moyle, three hundred years beside the Isle of Glora.

Lir asked Bodb to use his magic to bring back his children. But Bodb the Red turned to him a face of pain and pity and said sadly that his magic too was not enough to restore them to their father.

Yet Bodb the Red could punish Aeife. She came before the King quietly, as one in deep sorrow. She had put away her jewels, and over her golden hair she wore the veil of mourning.

The King twirled his Druid's wand and said: "I shall not ask you, Aeife, what has become of the children of Lir. I shall not ask you what you can do to restore them to their sorrowing father. He stands there, you can look at him and see how stricken he is. You can listen, Aeife, for the soft voice of Fionula, and look long for the lithe form of young Aed to stride over the fairy hills. You can run fleet of foot across the green grass, but never again will Conn or Fiachra overtake you, or their gay young laughter gladden your heart. But my question is far away from talk of the lost children of Lir. Answer me truly, Aeife, what do you fear more than my wand?"

Aeife, in great terror at the wand waving above her head, was compelled to answer: "To be a demon, a demon of the air, with no rest for body or soul".

She shrieked wildly, and she tried to clutch the wand, but it swept over her like the sword of an avenger, and her human shape fell from her like a beautiful dress. Then she rose as if she had wings, the wings of a vampire or a great bat, and again she shrieked, like a shrill wind before a storm, and flew far away. Over the hills she went, and over the Lake

of Darvra. The sky was black with clouds, and from the distant mountains came the heavy roll of thunder. No heart, no speech, no song had the King of the gods left her - only her wickedness, and a demon's shape to carry her about for ever like a bird of ill omen.

All the gods of the Gaels came to hear of the sweet singing of the swans and went down to the Lake of Darvra to listen to it. It became a custom amongst gods and mortals to hold a yearly feast in honour of the swans.

But at the end of three hundred years the second part of the spell began. The swans had to leave the beautiful lake they knew so well, and fly away to the cold north to make their home upon the bleak and stormy Sea of Moyle.

Upon the Sea of Moyle, far away from gods and men, the four swans suffered the worst of weather. In lonely exile they spent day and night buffeted by wind and storm, haunted by the cries of ship-wrecked mariners and terrified by the monsters of the deep. Forbidden to land, their feathers in the bitter winters froze against the sharp rocks, and only their love for each other remained of the happy past.

During this sad time Fionula, the eldest of the four, became as a mother to the rest, wrapping her plumage round the youngest ones when the frost left a white rime on the rocks. With Conn on her right hand always, and Fiachra on her left, she kept Aed in front of her. "For", she said, "so I can shelter you all with my wings".

At last they entered on the third stage of their ordeal and went to the wild Isle of Glora; and there, too, they suffered loneliness and fear. The years rolled by. On the shores of Erris they first heard the sound of a church bell, which filled them with wonder.

As the time of their sentence drew to an end, they wished to return to the palace of their father Lir. Soon the air was filled with the sound of wings in strong flight, as the four swans winged their way towards Ireland. But when they came to look for their old home, all they could see was a few great mounds, clumps of nettles and windswept bushes. The palace was there, but from their eyes it was hidden, because they were destined for higher things than a return to the land of their youth.

With great sadness they flew slowly back to Erris, and then again they heard the thin sound of a bell. Terrified, the swans listened. The bell stopped and from a tiny chapel a man dressed in the robe of a hermit

came out and made his way down towards them on the shore. The old hermit heard their story and the four swans made their home beside the little chapel and every day said over the simple prayers that he taught them. Their sorrow lightened; their beautiful song was heard again.

Now it happened that a Princess of Munster was to wed a powerful chief, and begged from him as a bridal token the four wonderful swans that sung so well. The chief tried to bribe the hermit to part with the swans with gifts of bronze and silver for the chapel.

But the old man waved him away saying: "There is no price for a human soul. Under their plumage beat human hearts. Enchantment is still heavy upon them, but God is merciful, and their penance draws nigh to its end".

However, the chief seized hold of the silver chains which coupled the swans and dragged them away. But when the swans were ordered to sing before the bride, not a note could they utter. Then the face of the princess froze stiff in horror, for from the four swans fell away their snowy plumage and before her cowered an aged woman and three withered old men. Nine hundred years had passed over their heads and the days of gods and heroes had gone for ever. The bride ran shrieking from the palace. But the hermit, seeing that the Angel of Death would soon claim them, sprinkled each meek white head with the water of holiness, and to each gave promise of life everlasting.

Fionula stretched out her arms towards the other three, and asked that they be laid in one grave, with Conn placed on her right hand and Fiachra on her left, and Aed before her face where she could see him. So that with her wings she could shelter them, as she had done upon the stormy Sea of Moyle.

Thus did the hermit lay the four children of Lir to rest at last.

THE FIRST CATTLE RAID IN ERRIS

Queen Maeve and her army led by Fergus Mac Raigh travelled from Rath Cruachán in Co. Roscommon through Laherdane to Ballycastle, in by Glenamoy, through Maoin Ungáin, where one of the Gamhanraidh Chieftains had a fort (Dún Ungáin) around Carramore Lake, by Cloontakilla where Ailill Finns chief herd presided, and he fortified himself there. They then came to Rathmorgán and attacked Ailill's fort there.

Ailill Finn scorned their attack, because he led a charmed life and could not be wounded or injured in any way. Fliadhais (his wife) unfortunately was influenced by Fergus Mac Raigh. She had fallen in love with Fergus and wanted to escape with him. First she must get rid of Ailill. She was aware of his charmed life but she had no knowledge of the secret of it. she set him drunk and tried to get him to divulge the secret of his strength. Eventually she extracted this secret from him, 'his strength lay in a hair girdle around his body'. When Ailill was asleep, she removed his hair girdle and his great strength vanished.

At that stage Maeve attacked his fort at Rathmorgan and Ailill unaware at the time of being deprived of his strength prepared to defend himself. He sent word to his father Domhnail Dualbhuidhe to come to his aid. He sent out word also to the chieftains who were under his rule and ruled from Sligo and as far as Co. Clare. They immediately began to muster their forces and came to the rescue of their chief.

Maeve and her army attacked Rathmorgan and Ailill advanced to meet them but was killed. They had seized the marvellous cow and carried off Fliadhais Folt Ceann before Donail's forces arrived.

Fliadhais left with Fergus and Maeve and they retraced their steps on the journey taken on entering Erris. When they came as far as the river that flows from Carramore Lake westwards to join the Abhann Mór, at Cill tSeine. There was a great flood in it. Fergus cut a great tree and put it across the river. When Fliadhais was crossing with Fergus he knocked her into the river and allowed her to drown, saying "Siós leat, ní bhfuighidh tú an seans a dhéanamh liomsa mar a rinne tú leis an gceád fear a bhí agat". (Literal translation, "Down with you, you wont get the chance to do to me what you did to the first man you had). That was the end of Fliadhais or Muinthin as she was also called, land that river still bears the name Muinthin river. (Fanaíoch in gCo Mhuigheo - shol Chóinn).

Domhnail's forces pursued Maeve and the army and overtook them at Beruskey where Fergus was killed. They buried him there and raised a crude monument over him which is still called "Tamhnaigh Leacht Fearghais".

The advanced party of the army had taken the cow on towards Killala when Domhnaill and his army overtook them. They seized the cow and brought it back to Erris. Maeve and her army had to retreat to Rath Cruachán. That terrible cattle raid was called Táin bó Fliadhais.

Tradition can be proved by concrete facts (remains of forts) to the course taken by Maeves army in entering and leaving Erris. chieftain Domhnail was killed during the battle and buried at Dún Domhnail beside his fort. The grave is still to be seen near the road at Glencastle. It is called the "Giants Grave".

THE SECOND CATTLE RAID IN ERRIS

The wealth of the Gamhanraidh of Erris was well known throughout the country and frequently raids took place by one powerful chief or another. The King of Munster came on one of those raids. The two chieftains of the Gamhanraidh at the time were Glór from InisGlóire and Dubhlann from Duvillaun Island or the place called Duvillaun which is situated between the village of Mullaghroe and Clogher on the Mullet Peninsula. When the news reached them that the army of Munster men were advancing towards them, in search of cattle, Glór summoned the Chiefs and Warriors together and divided them into three divisions, one third were detailed to drive the cattle to Annagh Peninsula and guard them there. One third were detailed to stay as a reserve force covering the southern end of the Mullet in Ard Mór. The remaining third under Glór advanced to meet the raiders and came on them in Derrycorrib townland about three miles east of Belmullet. The Munster men outnumbered Glór's party and drove them back to the Mullet, before they reached there Glór was killed and a pillar of stone was erected to mark his burial place. The stone is known locally as a "Standing Stone".

When they reached the Mullet the men of Erris retreated southwards leading the enemy forces towards their reserved forces and away from Annagh. The Munster men thinking that there was no other opposition pursued them hotly to the line held by the reserve in Ard Mór. Here a fierce battle took place and the men of Munster were pushed westwards towards Cross and the sand dunes. It was here that the King of Munster was killed. A cairn was set over him. The field in which it stands is called "Roe Mooni".

News of the battle reached the men guarding the cattle at Annagh who then attacked the raiders from the rear, and the Munster men were almost surrounded. The dead were buried together and a Cairn was built over them called "Leacht an Iorruis". The captured were taken to a hollow in the sand dunes to the North of the Leacht and they were slaughtered there, the place being known as "Lag na Tola" ever after.

People regarded this raid as a myth until about fifty-one years ago. A very severe storm blew away the sand off the sand dunes and exposed the burial ground and at the most elevated point they discovered the remains of the King of Munster in a sitting position propped against a big boulder called by the local people "Grave of the King of Munster" (Ref: "Knights - Erris in the Irish Highlands"). Exposure of the burial ground gave positive proof of the battle having taken place. The raid

was called "Raid of the King of Munster" or "Táin bó Iorrúis".

It was the Gamhanraidh who had endured all those attacks. They were very warlike and fearless fighters and before Maeve's raid in Erris, it was to Erris she looked for a suitable warrior to meet Cuchuláin in single combat at the time of Táin bó Cuailgne. She had certain jurisdiction over Erris, being Queen of Connaught. She sent some of her chiefs' stewards to Erris to select an opponent for Cuchulain. The person who was selected and brought forward to encounter Cuchulain was Ferdia Mac Damhach.

The following is an account of **THE LEGEND OF THE FALSE GOD'S DAUGHTER**, recorded by Miss M. K. Cronin from a seanchaidhe of Falmore, Belmullet, Co. Mayo, about 1930. Her summary of it in English is as follows:-

The following is the story of the *Mairthean Phádraic*. About the time st. Patrick came to Ireland there was a certain proud chieftain in the north of Ireland. He was so proud of his power and his achievements that he demanded homage and worship from his people declaring that he was their god in whose hands lay all power. He had one beautiful daughter and this day he took her in his chariot that he might show her the extent of his territory and so impress her with his greatness. They drove all the long summer day, stopping only for a little to rest and eat, and when evening came there was still much for her to see and the father regretted the coming of night bitterly since it prevented him from showing her the full extent of his possessions. On the way home the girl pondered on this and thought it strange that, if her father were the all-powerful as he claimed to be, he could not command night and day. In the end she concluded that there must be a God mightier than her powerful father. About this time Patrick had come to the country and the fame of his preaching and his miracles reached the girl's home. She resolved to steal away from home and see if the God of the wonder-worker were more powerful than her father.

She went away in search of St. Patrick whom she found at the foot of Croagh Patrick. He had just come down from the mountain and was being joined by his clerics. With them were a few holy women who ministered to the saint and his companions, and the girl Aine, after listening to the Saint, begged leave to join them. She became a Christian and dwelt with them for some time till her father, hearing of her whereabouts, sought her out. When she heard of his coming she became panic-stricken and begged Patrick to change her into the dust of the air rather than that her father should get the chance of taking her. Patrick then made the Sign of the Cross over her and, to the surprise of her companions, Aine was to be seen no longer. The father came, was enraged when he could not find her, and finally departed. When he was safely away the other women went to Patrick and besought him to bring Aine back again. He began to compose what is now called the *Mairthean Phádraic* and before he had finished Aine stood in their midst again with the exception of the top of one small finger which never came back.

(IFC.MS. 101. pp. 122-124.)

THE NAOMHOG

Inishkea North was a very active monastic settlement. It is said that Saint Colmcille visited the island and built a monastery there called 'Saint Colmcilles Monastery'. The monks of that area were under the jurisdiction of Saint Colmcille. The remains of his Church are still to be seen. In that old Church an elongated and round stone called a "Naomhóg" was found, which tradition says, was used as a pillow stone for Saint Colmcille when he slept there.

The people who lived on Inishkea North took the stone home with them as a relic. Every year they clothed it with a covering of grey flannel and guarded it with great devotion. In more recent times the people on both of the Inishkea Islands had no means of getting to mass on Sundays, as the Islands are six miles from the mainland. They gathered together in the house in which the relic was kept and the rosary was recited. The relic was kept in a corner of the house. The house in which the relic was kept at the time caught fire. The whole house was destroyed except the corner in which the relic was. The fire never touched the relic.

In the time when 'Augal' was proselytising Achill Island he visited the Inishkea Islands. He tried to persuade the inhabitants of the island to forsake their religion for benefits which he promised them. He failed completely in his proselyting efforts, and hearing at the time of the relic being used as an object of veneration by the natives he published an article in English paper's attributing to the people of the Island the Adoration of a false God, and the carrying out of pagan practices. When the Parish Priest Fr. O'Reilly heard this and saw the published article, he was extremely upset about it, so much so that he and a crew of people visited the island and removed this relic - naomhóg, and threw it into the Atlantic. It has never been found since.

A short time later Fr. O'Reilly died suddenly and tradition has it that his death was due to the facts that he destroyed the relic - naomhóg.

ST. GALLIGAN AND BLINDNESS

St. Galligan lived over in Cill Galligan. He had a house in the churchyard and he was always reading books, praying and fasting. This saint was capable of doing things that other people could never do. One day, he was sitting down by a river reading a book. Suddenly a trout leaped up in the water splashing it all over the saint's book. St. Galligan was very annoyed and said "may no trout ever live in this river" and from that day until this a trout has never been seen in the river.

During the month of August tourists come to see his holy well because it is said that if a sick person is taken to the well and the water starts leaping about that it is a sign that the person will get better.

St. Galligan had a long life but towards the end he became blind. The explanation for his blindness is as follows:-

Another saint near Ballycastle demanded that he and St. Galligan would go eastwards at sunrise and return home at sun down. Meanwhile the other saint would come to St. Galligan's home to the west in the morning and return east at sunset. This went on for years and St. Galligan went blind because he was always facing into the sun.

Others believe that he was not completely blind and that he lost one eye in battle.

When he died he was buried in Cill Galligan.

St. Galligan's Well holds a cure, it is said, for toothache and sore throats. There were no fish in the well but when a person prayed for a cure the water would leap about if they were going to be cured. Anyone who visited the well and prayed at it and then asked God for a favour, always got their prayers answered.

There once was a woman who could not utter a word because of a very sore throat. Her mother went to the well to take back some of the Holy water to her ill daughter. After drinking the sacred water the woman never had a problem with her throat again.

There is a Holy Well in Cill Galligan which was once blessed by St. Galligan. It is sometimes called the church well because it is situated near the church. It is said to have a cure for every disease and illness under the sun. People go on a pilgrimage to the well once a year of August 15th.

MYSTICAL GROUND

One evening at the end of the Summer about twenty years ago two men went out fishing in Portacloy. The evening was lovely and calm and they were catching lots of fish so they decided to take a nap. They were not long sleeping when one of them was wakened by a strange sound. He looked around him and saw that he was on land and there were sheep and cows prancing around the field. He also saw a house with a woman standing in the doorway and when he looked at her she beckoned him towards her. He went to her and into the house and saw that it was full of boats and fishing tackle. She then asked him if he'd ever lost any hooks, etc, and he said he had. She took him into another room full of all the things he had ever lost at sea. She told him to take them and go quickly home. Before he left she warned him again not to delay. He woke his friend up and they headed for home as fast as they could. Half way there a storm blew up but thankfully they made it safely home. To this day they believe that the old woman's warning saved their lives.

THE MAGIC BOTTLE

A man and a woman lived in a small house with their large family. They had only one old cow and one day the wife said, "take the cow to the fair and sell her, we need the money".

The next morning the man was up bright and early to go to the fair with the cow. When he was a while on the road a small man jumped out in front of him and asked him where he was going with the cow. The farmer told him he was taking her to the fair to sell her because he needed the money. "How much are you looking for her?" the small man asked. He was told that the cow was worth at least one hundred pounds. The small man said "I'll give you this small bottle in exchange for your cow". The farmer thought he must be joking. This is a bottle full of magic. Take it home and place it on the table then clean the table down and sweep the floor and say the following words, "Bottle do my work" and anything you want done will be done". When the farmer heard this he was much impressed and took the bottle to look at it. No sooner had he taken the bottle to examine it than the small man and the cow had vanished. When he went home he told his wife about the exchange and naturally she was quite shocked so he decided to try it out. He told her to sweep the floor and clean the table and he then said the magic words. As soon as he said the words two men jumped out of the bottle. They laid out a beautiful table laden with lots of lovely

clothes, gold cutlery and the most delicious food imaginable. After all that they jumped back into the bottle. The couple were extremely wealthy after that. Then one day a prince came along and offered to buy the little bottle. At first the man refused to sell it but the prince persisted and offered him two thousand pounds and half of his land so the deal was made. However, it wasn't long before the man and his wife had spent all the money and were back to square one, owning nothing but an old cow. So they were forced once again to sell the cow at the fair. As before the man met the same small man on his way to the fair and once again they traded a cow for a bottle. The man rushed home to get the bottle working, sweeping the floor, cleaning the table and saying the magic words. Only this time the two men who jumped out were of quite a different temperament. They had two big sticks and started beating the man and his wife until they fell unconscious. When they woke up the whole house was smashed to bits and the little men were gone but the bottle was sitting on the table. So now they were not only poor but their little house was destroyed. The man then had an idea. He took the bottle to the prince's castle. He walked in during a banquet. Everyone stared at this stranger standing in the middle of the hall but he didn't care. He demanded the original bottle back off the prince but he was refused.

"Right so", said the man and with that he took out the bottle and said, "bottle, do my work". Immediately the two little men jumped out of the bottle and started beating the people and smashing the beautiful castle. Women and children cried and men tried in vain to fight back. Eventually, the prince cried, "take the bottle and go". From that day on the man and his wife lived happily and wealthily for the rest of their lives.

THE CLEVER MAN

There once was a couple who were very poor. All they had was a horse and a cart. The man was out working one day and he earned a silver coin. When he came in, he fed his horse but the coin fell out of his pocket and into the grass unknown to him. Later as he was changing for bed he realised that the coin was gone but it was too late to go looking for it so he decided to wait until the next day.

Immediately next morning, he started to look for the coin but his wife told him that she thought she had seen the horse eating it. So he took the horse out and started beating him. The king and his soldiers were coming up the road at that time and the king questioned the man about

his cruelty to the horse. However, he was told it was not cruelty but that he beat the horse everyday and when he did the horse produced a single coin. On hearing this the king offered to buy the horse for five thousand pounds. The king took the horse home and started to beat it but if he was beating him for a year the horse would not produce a single penny. The king went back to his castle to get his soldiers and plenty of guns.

Meanwhile, the man got two similar rabbits and put one of them in a pot in the kitchen and took the other into a nearby forest with him. When the king came back the wife told him that her husband was working in the forest. "Well, I'll just have to send one of my soldiers to fetch him then". The woman said, "oh don't bother, I'll send my rabbit after him". With that she took the rabbit out of the pot and let it off in the direction of the forest.

A little while later the king was surprised to see the man emerging from the forest with what looked like the same rabbit under his arm. The king was so impressed by the rabbit that he forgot what he had originally come for and offered to buy the rabbit for one thousand pounds. The deal was made and the king rushed home to put the rabbit to the test. Some of his soldiers were out working in one of the fields so she sent the rabbit off to fetch them. He waited and waited but there was no sign of either the rabbit or the men returning. Eventually, his patience lost the king himself set off to see what the hold up was. When he reached the men he asked them if they had seen the rabbit and of course they said they hadn't. One angry king went back to the man's house and demanded his money back and once again was refused. He returned to his castle to bring his soldiers along.

Meanwhile, the man was hatching another scheme. He filled a leather pouch with the blood of a pig and tied it up. Then he put it into his wife's blouse just over her chest. When the king returned he asked the wife if she had been the one who sold the rabbit to him. She said she hadn't and the king called her a liar and in a fit of fury lunged for her with a knife and stabbed her in the chest. She fell to the floor, blood gushing everywhere as the king stared, horrified at what he had just done. The man started to cry and chant, "oh not to worry that he had the power to bring her back to life again". He knelt down by his wife and pretended to go into a trance, chanting and blowing into her ear. Quite soon the woman sat upright, perfectly alive. The king could not believe his eyes and immediately offered to buy such a wonderful skill. Yet again a deal was made between the king and the man.

When the king went home, he and his wife started to argue which resulted in him stabbing her. He knelt down and chanted and blowed on his wife just as he had seen the other man do but to no avail, his wife was well and truly dead. Now two guards who were standing outside the window had seen what had just happened so they arrested the king. He was later hanged for murder while the other man and his wife lived happily every after.

CASKET OF GOLD

A man living near Belmullet had a dream that he went to the Moy Bridge in Ballina and found a fortune in money there. Three days later he set of to Ballina in search of this treasure because he thought that this dream must surely be a premonition. He got to the bridge, looked around but could not see anything which even suggested that his dream might come true. A little later, a man approached him and asked him what he was looking for, so he was told about the dream. The other man said, "ah, you've no sense man. I had a dream that I found a fortune in Belmullet". He told him exactly where he dreamt he found the money.

So the Belmullet man returned home to try and find the money that was supposedly buried there. He started to dig in the designated spot and eventually he found a casket. He brought the casket home and tried to open it but there was a huge lock on it. Suddenly, he heard a knock on the door so he quickly hid the casket in the back of the fire. There was a poor scholar at the door looking for a place to sleep for the night. Not having the heart to turn him away on such a cold night he welcomed him inside and gave him steaming soup to warm him up. As the stranger was sipping his soup he noticed the casket which hadn't been hidden that well. However, he also noticed something that the man hadn't noticed, the words, 'The other side is better than this side'. He brought this to the attention of the owner and they both came to the conclusion that there must be more treasure buried near the spot that the first casket was found. Off they went and started digging away and sure enough they found a second casket but this one much bigger than the first. From that day on both the scholar and the man lived happily ever after.

THE DEVIL (A)

One time a man went to the fair and on coming home it was very dark. There was not even a moon shining. When he came near a trenched patch along the road he saw a big dog who was barking his head off. The man was well oiled (drunk) and whipped his horse to make him run. The horse took off running despite having the weight of a trap and the man behind him. However, the dog also took off running and put his two front paws up on the trap. He started barking even harder and as he did, flames came out of his mouth. It was like nothing he had ever witnessed before, like something possessed. The man was terrified and when he managed to get away he dashed home and told his story though no-one would believe him because they were used to him making up stories when he had a few drinks on him. The very next night one of the man's neighbours was passing along the same way when exactly the same thing happened. The dog approached him barking and fiery flames leaving his mouth. This man was convinced it was the devil himself and being a little braver than the first man, he asked the dog if it really was the devil. Suddenly the dog changed into a man like creature before his very eyes. He was very tall and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth. The poor man was terrified and took off running. Once he had told everyone what had happened everyone believed the story as he was considered a reliable source.

THE DEVIL (B)

Long ago there was a saint on Inis Glora who decided to bless the island. However, he discovered that one half of the island had already been blessed so he set off to that side in his currach to bring back some of the blessed soil to the unblessed side. Once he got there he filled his currach with as much soil as he could and set off back to the other side. Half way across he saw a beautiful woman sitting on a rock. It was quite obvious that she had somehow become stranded there so when she asked him to take her ashore, he said he would.

He had been rowing a while when the boat began to sink as if there was a terrible load in the currach. The woman suggested that he throw some of the soil out of the boat so he did. However, the boat continued to sink a little more. he then came to the conclusion that his passenger was an evil spirit who did not want the other half of the island to be blessed. He threw all the soil out of the boat and the woman disappeared. That is how it came to be that only on half of the island was blessed.

A few years later a man came to live on the island and as it happened he built his house on the unblessed half. However, his cows used always graze on the blessed half. One night as he lay sleeping in his bed he was awakened by a strange noise. He got up to investigate but couldn't see anything so he returned to bed. Three times in all he heard the noise and on the third time he looked out of his window and saw a strange manlike creature standing on the border between the blessed and unblessed halves of the island. He went as far as it and discovered that it was the devil. They had just begun to fight when a cock crowed and the devil vanished. Just before he vanished though the devil said that if he had any more time he would have killed the man. He also said that someday soon he would. Three days later, the man was dead.

GHOSTS

Around one hundred years ago three brothers drowned while out fishing. This tragedy brought great sadness to the people of their native village. They had been three fine boys, kind natured and strong of limb. They had been excellent fishermen having been fishing since a very young age.

A few nights before the disaster a man had dreamt that the day would be good and that all the fishermen in the neighbourhood would set out in their currachs. He sensed that this was bad news and next day he told his wife that he was going to warn the fishermen and tell them not to go fishing that day. She told him that it was only a dream and not to take any heed of it. Besides the fishermen would not appreciate missing a good days fishing.

As prophesied all the fishermen took to the sea. Towards the evening the sea began to grow wild and angry as a storm started to brew. That night the man knew that his instincts had been right when he got word that the three brothers had been drowned. Shortly after this the boys' uncle had a dream that the brothers came to him on a beautiful horse. He sensed that if only he could grab the horse that the boys would come home safely. Sure enough a few nights later the boys did come on a horse but the uncle was too petrified to grab the horse. By the time he had raised enough courage to do so they had vanished. He was so angry with himself that he caught the dog that was lying at his feet and flung it across the room.

Taken from A Mhuintir dhu chaochain labraigh feasta

THE MULLET

The Mullet is the grand boundary of the wild peninsula of Erris, and separates it from the interior counties. It is used in a general sense to describe the district "as within or without the Mullet".

NORTHMEN

Northmen is a phrase not only applied to recent settlers from the North of Ireland, but even to families who have been located here for centuries. In point of fact, few of the tribes here are purely aboriginal; for Erris and Connemara being the *Ulthima Thule* of the land, every wanderer for private and political offences fled to these havens of refuge, and in course of time amalgamated with the native proprietors of the soil. Hence, to this day, their descendants are not unfrequently taunted with being *novi homines*; and, when a delinquency is committed by one of these unhappy hybrids, an aboriginal will probably observe, "Sure, after all, what could be expected from him, considering that his great great grandfather was from the North!"

BOULIES

The *boulies*, in the mountain districts, are an interesting remnant of antiquity; and refer evidently to that period when Ireland was in its wild and unsettled state. They are simply one or more temporary shielings, or huts, constructed with rude materials, in spots the most convenient for attending to the cattle in the summer and autumn, when they are allowed to depasture on the mountains.

According to the usual leases granted by the landlord to the tenant in this wild country, villages in the lowlands, or on the coast, have a reserved right of pasturage on particular portions of the adjacent hills: and in some cases the distance from the tenant's habitation to this mountain pasturage will exceed a dozen miles. Hence, it is impossible to pay the requisite attention to the cattle, without residing on the spot; and a part of the family, generally the young girls, are detached to *bivouac* in the hills, and attend to the herding and milking of the cows.

These huts are always erected in lone and beautiful valleys, generally on the bank of a rivulet, and placed beneath the shelter of a cliff. When the season closes, they are deserted until the following year; and a few hours' work suffices to render them habitable when the returning

summer obliges the fair villagers to resume their wild and pastoral employment.

Irenoeus. I will begin, then to count their customer in the same order that I counted their nations; and first with the Scythian, or Scottish manners. Of the which there is one use among them to keep their cattle, and to live themselves the most part of the year in boolies, pasturing upon the mountains and waste wild places; and removing still to waste lands, as they have depastured the former. The which appertaineth plain to be the manner of the Scythians, as you may read in Olaus Magnus and John Bohemas, and yet is used amongst all the Tartarians and the people about the Caspian Sea, which are naturally Scythians, to live in heards, as they call them, being the very same that the Irish boolies are, driving their cattle continually with them, and feeding on their milke and white meates.

Eudoxius. What fault can you find with this custome? for though it may be an old Scythian use, yet it is very beautiful in this country of Ireland, where there are great mountains and waste deserts full of grasse, that the same should be eaten downe and nourish many thousandes of cattle for the good of the whole realme, which cannot (methinks) well be any other way that by keeping these boolies there as you have showed.

Iren. But by this custom of *boolying* there grows in the mean time many great enormities unto that commonwealth. For first, if there be any outlawes, or loose people, (as there are never without some,) which live upon stealthe and spoyle, they are evermore succoured and finde reliefe only in these boolies being upon the waste places, whereas else they should be driven shortly to starve, or to come downe to the townes to seek reliefe, where, by one mean or other, they would soone be caught. Besides, such stealthe of cattle as they make, they bring commonly to those boulies, being upon the waste places, where they are readily received, and the thief harboured from danger of law or such officers as might light on him. Moreover, the people that thus live in those boulies grow thereby the more barbarous, and live more licentiously than they could in townes, using what means they list, and practising what mischiefes and villainy they will, either against the Government there by their combinations, or against private men, whom they maligne by stealing their goods, or murdering themselves; for there they thinke themselves halfe exempted from law and obedience, and after once tasted freedom, doe, like a steere that hath bene long out of his yoke, grudge and repine ever after to come under rule againe.

Eudoxius. By your speech, Irenaeus, I perceive more evil come by this use of boilies, than good by their grazing, and therefore it may well be reformed."

"For this keeping of cowes is of itself a very idle life, and a fit nursery for a thiefe. For which cause (you remember) I disliked the Irish manner of keeping *boolies* in summer upon the mountains, and living after that savage sort". *Spenser's View*, 1596, p. 110.

FAIRIES IN BALLYCROY

This gentleman's temporary sojourn with the fairies is generally credited in Ballycroy. Why the gentlefolk, who are accounted scrupulous in selecting youth and beauty when they abduct mortals, should have pitched upon shamus, is unaccountable. His charms are of the plainest order, and he had long passed his teens before the period of his being carried away. His own account of the transaction is but a confused one, and all I recollect of the particulars is, that he crossed to Tallaghan, over an arm of the sea, on a grey horse, behind a little man dressed in green. Neither good nor evil resulted from this nocturnal gallop of "the Stutterer", if we except a sound horsewhipping which he received from the priest for attempting to abuse the credulity of the peasantry, by detailing the fairy revels in which he alleged that he participated.

Taken from W. H Maxwell's, Wild Sports of The West.

