

Co. Chorcaighe

Bar.: Béara

Par.: Killaconenagh

Scoil: an Clochar,

Baile Caisleáin Bhéara

Oide: an tSr. M. Rosáráí

11. 1937 — 9. 1938

Continued.

- I got this from Mrs Mary Harrington, Lack, Eyeries, Castleown Bore.
1. Local tradition says that when the sea-gull comes inland, that there is a storm coming. When she returns to the sea fine weather is expected. When the swallows fly close to the ground it is the sign of rain. When the stork flies to the sea, the farmers rejoice, as they say fine weather is approaching.

Mary O'Neill.

Lack, Eyeries.

9-3-'38.

Bird Lore

6. We are told that the blackbird was white at first; that she was sent by a magpie to a castle where the rooms were full of gold and silver, with orders not to touch any of it until she get to a certain room. However she could not keep away from it when she saw how beautiful it was; but the minute she touched it a great black demon appeared, blowing smoke through his nostrils at the beautiful white bird and alas! her snowy feathers was one mass of black and her bill is yellow from the gold which remained

on it when the black demon interfered with her.

Sheila Murphy,
Derricreeven,
Bere Island.

9 - 3 - '38.

Local tradition tells us a very peculiar story about the wren - how he spied on Our Saviour. Our Lord was hiding from the Jews and he passed through a field in which there were some men sowing wheat. Instantly, according as he passed through, the grain grew up and was fit for reaping. When the Jews passed on they asked the men did any man pass in that direction and they said "Not since this grain was sown". But a wren who was in the field said "This grain was sown to-day." So ~~they~~ Jews travelled on until they captured Our Saviour.

Eileen Donoghue,
Lauragh,
Killarney.

Local Place Names

'Scoil' This field is so called because there was a school there in days gone by.

'Muirceas Cool' This is so called on account of its being a narrow field.

'Scraban Ban' this gets its name from a clump of briars which grow in the middle of it.

'The Devil's Rock' on this rock which is situated in Lonhart Battery are the print of the devil's hoof and Our Lord's foot. When anybody goes there they cast a stone at the hoof and they kiss the foot.

'Carrag na mban' It is said that three women were gathering carragin moss on this rock and that the tide swept them away.

'The Middle Stone' It is said that a giant flung this stone which stands in the middle of Bere Island from barbery after a chieftan who had wronged him.

Margaret Murphy

Bere Island

I got the above information from

Jermiah Murphy

Ardagh Cross

Bere Island

Co. Cork

aged 50 years.

My Townland.

Bere Island is a large extent of land separated from Castletown Bere by a stretch of water about one and a half miles in length. It has many townlands the names of which were handed down to us by our ancestors.

The townland in which I live is called Derricreeven. It is in the very west of Bere Island and owing to its beautiful situation many are the sights that can be seen from it. It is overlooking the placid waters of Berehaven harbour and a vivid view of Dunboy can be seen from its western point.

There are about thirty families in this townland and approximately one hundred and fifty people. The most common family name is Sullivan. Formerly many of the houses were of the average size country houses, but all of them with the exception of one or two were slated. The few thatched ones have recently been reconstructed and slated also. It now possesses nice comfortable farm houses. The houses are not now as numerous as they were in older times, and there are many ruins still to be seen.

In this townland there are not many exceeding the age of seventy. But there is one old woman who is eighty nine and she is a fluent Irish speaker. She relates many exciting Irish stories and crowds gather to hear them. A few months ago when the priest went to hear her confession she related it all in Irish. He said he had never heard such fluent

Irish and he spent hours listening to her stories. This woman lives close by the hill. Her name and address is - Mrs Joan Sullivan, Derrucreeen, Bere Island.

The population of this townland has diminished rapidly of late years. As there is not much of a livelihood to be got for the present generation because the fishing and farming are not paying as well now as they were formerly. On this account people are compelled to emigrate to foreign soil to earn a living. A number of people emigrated to America in olden times also, but they were better paid then than they are now.

The land of this townland is for the most part hilly, but there is enough good soil in it for the amount of agriculture that is done. In olden times the soil was more boggy and marshy, but the bogs have been drained and the soil is becoming rich and fertile.

Winnie Sullivan,
Derrucreeen.

Monuments

There are three stones standing in the east end of Bere Island, on top of these stones is another stone. It is called the "Druid's Altar" and it is said that the Druids used to offer sacrifice there in older times.

There are also three Danish graves situated in the south of Bere Island. There are three headstones at the end on which is old writing, but in the course of years the writing wore away and therefore no one can read it now.

Margaret Murphy
Bere Island.

Monuments

In blounaglaskin there are two big stones standing and many others lying near them, people say that of these stones was got in a place two miles away. People call them "The Druids altar" because long ago the druids offered sacrifice there.

Peggie O'Neill
Knockora.

lived with them for some time.
 He hid her cloak in the roof of the house, so that she could not escape. One day the old man was thatching the roof, and the cloak happened to fall on the ground. She snatched it and ran off laughing very loudly. This was the second occasion she laughed while she was with the old man. The other occasion was, the woman of the house, made a cake and went out without washing the dough of her hands.

Selina Harrington.
 Bahermore.

Strange Animals

A strange black dog is seen running into a stone quarry not far from my house every night between eleven o'clock and half-past. A certain man saw him three nights in succession. On the third night he told about the dog to a couple of boy friends. They would not believe him so they said they would pass that way and see what would happen. However they passed that way and were terrified to see him run in and out through their feet.

When they cast a light on him he suddenly disappeared.

Local tradition says that the quarry is haunted and that a nigger was seen to appear there a few years ago when some one passing there uttered a curse, (the man) He appeared in front of him when he said the curse but disappeared quickly when the man made the sign of the cross.

Margaret Murphy
Bere Island

Strange Animals

There is a strange story told about an animal larger than a horse, not in my district but in Adrigole. He lived in a lake in "Zlen Lough".

It was said he used eat animals people. One frosty night he emerged from the lake and on the next morning he was discovered on the top of the bank near the lake.

Alice Harrington,
Curradeve.

Mrs Johanna Harrington,

Upper Curradeve.

Waterfall

Bantry.