# THE CORRAN HERALD

A Ballymote Heritage Group Production

Issue No. 16 | Christmas Edition, 1988. | Price 40p


***The Corran Herald wishes all it's Readers, Contributors and Advertisers a Happy and Peaceful Christmas and a Bright New Year***

# CORLEY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

by P. J. Duffy

How many of us nowadays stop to reflect on what people did to pass away the long nights of Christmas, in days gone by? Just what particular kind of recreation and pleasure did they usually indulge in during the festive season? For an answer to this question, perhaps we should glance back to the early years of the century and a man named Paddy Corley who resided at Knockrower Killaville. The forge where this man toiled and sweated was situated alongside the Killaville road, and his thatched dwellinghouse was sited on the opposite side of the same road.

At that time the forge was, of course, the great venue where people assembled, for one particular reason or other. Apart from those who came to have their animals shod and their irons shaped, there were the ones who dropped in from time to time, for a chat, a joke and a bit of gossip. Corley's place had an added attraction, in the fact that it was also a focal point where prominent musicians came together now and then for a session. Any musician worth his salt would lay claim to having played at a party held at Corley's.

Corley himself played sweet music on his violin and was renown to have had a massive collection of tunes, gathered mainly from travelling musicians who were very much in evidence at the time.

Mention has been made of names like Cipe Scanlon, Pat Coyle and from an up and coming generation, young performers like Jim and Michael Coleman.

Coyle, a kind of eccentric genius, was a well known character about Ballymote town at the turn of the century. Cipe Scanlon, earned his title after a stint in the British army, serving in Macedonia with a body of military recruits known as Cipes. Shortly after his discharge from the army, he took up residence at the gatehouse of the old rectory, alongside the creamery road. Like Coyle, Cipe had a natural God-given talent for playing the fiddle. It has been said that the music literally oozed out of him. Our ancestors, it would seem, were noted for adding an 'een to the christian names of their fellows, so Cipe was translated into Cipeen, and he was seldom called anything else.

Contd. on Page 2

# JIM HEUSTON

by Catherine Finn

William James (Jim) Heuston was born in Belfast in 1890 into a Presbyterian family. After school he studied to be a minister for some time and later worked in the Belfast shipyards. His wife Isobelle (Isa) Clifford, a Presbyterian from Glascow, belonged to the Scottish aristocracy. As a member of the Salvation Army she came to Belfast and in 1912 married Jim Heuston. They had a daughter Babs, twin sons, Jack and Bob, and another son George.

In politics he chose the green rather than the orange. While in Belfast he witnessed a brutal attack on a Catholic in the shipyards.

Contd. on Page 5

## CORLEY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

from Page 1

Those were the kind of people who were likely to turn up at a party held at Corley's. Stories have been told of one particular event that took place during Christmas around 1909. A large crowd gathered for a party, filling the thatched dwellinghouse and forge to capacity. The night was bright and frosty, so sections of people came away from the house and forge and started up dancing on the roadway. Musicians were to be found at every quarter, and tacked shoes rose sparks on the road's surface as boys and girls took part in the dancing of lancers and half-sets. During the course of the night, the forge door was removed from its hinges and laid down on the road for an interlude given over to door dancing. This was an exercise where step-dancers, fresh from a class run by a man named Touhey, would step it out on the door, in time keeping with the music, and at the same time keep tip for tap with a bodhrán player who stood nearby playing his instrument.

Liquor flowed freely throughout the night for Paddy Corley operated what used to called a Shebeen. This was an illicit trade in alcohol and it was common in rural Ireland at the time. Although the Shebeen dealt mostly in spirits, at certain times of the year, notably Christmas and harvestime, several quarter-barrels of porter would be on hand in response to customers' demands. In some way, the Irish Shebeen could be described as the equivalent of what the Americans used to call a *'spake-aisy,'* way back in the days of prohibition.

Lots of ballad singers used always be on hand at Corley's Christmas party, and there were indeed some very fine performers, who were always ready and willing to give of their talents. Storytelling too played a very important role in the course of the nights proceedings. This, believe it or not, was a very special kind of endeavour, and fell to just a couple of people who were past masters of the art. They were the ones who were usually called upon to tell a good ghost story.

A local shopkeeper named Pat Kilcoyne was known to hold his audiences spellbound with chilling accounts of spooks he had encountered while returning home late at nighttime with cart loads of goods for his store. Towards the end of his story when everybody was well tensed up, awaiting the outcome, he would let go an almighty yell that used to almost frighten the life out of his listeners.

There was also the odd prankster on the fringe of the crowd, the type of bloke who was hell-bent on causing mischief. One such individual caused near panic one night when he obtained a wet sack and gave it to a ten-year old boy to spread acrosss the top of the chimney stack. He had apparently taken the youth to the rear of the house, procured a ladder and ordered the reluctant lad to cover the chimney flue with the sack. People dancing in the crowded kitchen below soon began to feel the effects of the suffocating smoke, so much so that there was a sudden stampede in the direction of the doorway. It has been said that a flute player named big Pat Brennan actually swept a jamb from the doorway as he dashed out onto the street. A number of people suspected something sinister was taking place and rushed to the back of the house, only to find the youth who was a local boy stranded on the thatched roof, but the culprit who put him there had disappeared under cover of darkness.

Back in those bygone days whereever people gathered to celebrate Christmas, the programme of entertainment was almost invariably the same. The fun went on well into the small hours of the morning with the crowds dispersing at cockcrow Corley's party was always a merry affair and often attracted people from near and far.

Paddy Corley died in 1913 at the age of 48 years. During his lifetime he constantly insisted that his family surname be spelled Corley, as distinct from Curley. Some time ago I scanned through an old roll book dating back to the eighteen seventies, and which previously belonged to Killaville school. There I came across the names of that generation of the Corley family. Elegantly penned in curved and tailed handwriting, a style characteristic of the period, were their surnames all spelled Corley, and as was the procedure at the time, the trade and occupation of their parents which stated (Blacksmith).

# THE PEELER AND THE GHOST

by Jim McGarry

About the turn of the century, John Collery joined the old R.I.C. His first station after leaving the Depot was Lisdoon, a small village in County Galway. The station, like the village, was small and insignificant and being off the beaten track, nothing much happened to break the tedium as day followed day.

The first night, as he was going to bed near midnight, he heard the faint sound of singing in the distance. The singing grew in volume but the words were indistinct, because the singer was obviously 'under the influence.' The air such as it was seemed familiar and eventually was recognised as 'The Peeler and the Goat.' The song rose to a crescendo as the singer came near the barracks.

On enquiry he was told that the singer was Pat-a-Vick, the village half-wit, who gave a similar performance every night. It seems that a few years before, a martinet of a Sergeant was appointed to the Station and, before he understood the mentality of Pat-a-Vick, had prosecuted him for being drunk and disorderly. The Justice of the Peace who presided, knowing Pat-a-Vick better than the Sergeant, dismissed the case. That night Pat-a-Vick celebrated his acquittal by getting even drunker than usual.

On Pat's way home the Sergeant was standing in the barracks doorway. This was the signal for Pat-a-Vick to launch into a full voiced recital of 'The Peeler and the Goat.' Unfortunately, the Sergeant was without a sense of humour and threatened loudly what he would do. The only effect of his threats was to increase, if possible, the volume of Pat-a-Vick's vocal effort, to the amusement of villagers abroad at the time of night and with whom the Sergeant was not a favourite. Spurred by his success, Pat-a-Vick had repeated the performance every night.

Contd. on Page 15

# CHAFFPOOL HOUSE & ITS OWNERS

by Ronan Murtagh

*Neglected and decayed*
*On windswept Doherne hill.*
*Forlorn and forsaken,*
*A crumbling reminder*
*to bygone days.*

19th and 20th Century Owners.
Catherine Somers and John Armstrong 1816 - 1846.
George Armstrong Circa 1860 - 1864.
James Wood Armstrong 1864 - 1889.
Edward Marcus Armstrong 1889 - 1904.
Congested Districts Board 1904 - 1910.
Doherty Family 1910 - 1948
Irish Land Commission 1948
Mr. Joe Kennedy present owner.

## INTRODUCTION

Although it is now beyond repair and scarcely resembles the fine house it once was, Chaffpool House is as much of a landmark in my parish as the G.P.O. is in Dublin. Yet, when I started this project I knew almost nothing about the house or the people who lived in it.

The last landlord family, the Armstrongs, left the house in 1904 so unfortunately none of the family is now available for comment. The earliest period anyone in the neighbourhood could recall was the Doherty family's residence there (20's - 40's). This was unfortunate because it meant that no one had a clear picture of the earlier occupants of the house who were of course the landlords for the parish.

My own grandfather, at the age of nine made the trip to the house to pay the rent for his father. He never forgot the frightening experience of seeing two loaded revolvers on the desk, which he placed the rent money. Thus, I decided that I would like to record the various occupants of Chaffpool House over the years, because, in another twenty years in all probability it will have completely disappeared.

The families who owned Chaffpool House were typical 'families of the empire' - they had sons in the army and were fiercely loyal to the crown. Some were good landlords and some were not so good, but they are all a part of the history of the house and they all serve to give it what I consider to be an interesting past.

## THE HOUSE

Chaffpool House was probably built on the site of an older house, the older house being the one in which the Somers family lived. The somers were an Irish family with an estate which was considered large - consisting of four thousand acres. It would have been in this house that John Pat Somers was born. He was a very famous Sligo man, an M.P. from 1837 to 1852. He was loved by the people for he was a fair man. He was known to have a fiery temper which probably was the cause of him getting into two duels which he survived. The present house was built circa 1816 when Catherine Somers, a cousin of John Pat, married John Armstrong. Catherine had inherited the estate from her father, Thomas Somers.

Chaffpool House was a moderately big estate house built on a rise called Doughern Hill. It comprised of two stories, some out-houses and servants quarters. The ground floor of the house comprised of a large drawing room, a dining room, billiard room and two kitchens. On the first floor were six bedrooms, a bathroom and two separate toilets. These facilities were there in the time of Capt. James Armstrong (1864 - 1889) and were served by rain water collected in tanks on the roof. A 'bell' system in each room was connected to the main kitchen where each bell had a number to correspond with the room. A small basement cellar was probably used for wine storage.

The courtyard was surrounded by a stone wall ten feet high which enclosed an area of just over an acre. The courtyard was divided into three sections, stables and outhouses, garden and granary.

Coming from these quarters was a lane which ran up to the water pump. There were several sets of sheds and stables for the horses. The garden was a fine one which was filled with large shrubs as well as flower beds and there was a fine orchard. The granary had a storage shed, a horse powered threshing machine and huge stone slabs called 'Steddles' upon which the oats for threshing was placed. Behind the outer wall, there ran a back lane which was used by servants and tenants when coming to pay the rent.

contd. page 4

## CHAFFPOOL HOUSE AND ITS OWNERS

The front of the house there were large lawns with sandy paths.

In front of the house there were large lawns with sandy paths. The ground sloped dramatically here and there and in a little valley were oaks, shrubs and magnificent trees and bushes, some of which still bloom in springtime.

The lodge house was a small one about half a mile from the main house and it is still in fine condition and occupied. Approximately half a mile south west of the main building stands another gate lodge which is also in fine repair. It is now the property of Mr. Brendan Connolly.

All in all, though not spectacular, Chaffpool House was a fine country house and was admired as such. The demesne it self consisted of 145 acres approximately and a wall about twelve feet high enclosed it. This demesne contained some splendid woodland which sadly disappeared with the division of the estate and has never been replaced.

## THE FIRST GENERATION

Catherine Somers inherited the house and the estate from her father, Thomas and she had a great many suitors for her hand in marriage. She was very intelligent and it was unusual for a girl to own such a large estate. It was a Tipperary landowner John Armstrong who eventually secured her hand. He came from a wealthy Cromwellian family who resided in Mealiffe castle in Co. Tipperary. They married in 1816 and settled in Chaffpool House.

John was an active member of the local community. He devised a plan to connect South Sligo with Sligo Port by means of a canal through the lakes of Cloonacleigh and Templehouse. This plan had to be abandoned with the advent of the steam train. He was a Magistrate for many years and was also a grand juror. He was on the Board of Health for the parish of Achonry. The estate, at this time, comprised of just over four thousand acres stretching over Chaffpool, Achonry and Churchpark, and a denesne of one hundred and forty five acres.

John and Catherine had several sons and two daughters. Captain William Armstrong, James Wood Armstrong and George Armstrong were the most noted of their sons. John Armstrong died in 1846 of a malignant fever which he contracted when he rode to Tubbercurry in a downpour to attend the calls of the poor. Catherine survived him and 'The Griffith Valuation of Tenements' gave all the land in her name. She died in 1868.

The Griffith Valuation also shows that there was a special R.I.C. barracks on the estate. The Armstrongs had to subsidise the men in this barracks to avail of the privilege of having them there. This shows the sense of insecurity that they must have felt and they certainly must not have been as popular a landlord family as the circumstances of John's death would lead us to believe.

## CAPT. JAMES ARMSTRONG

The estate was passed on to George Armstrong, but in 1864 he died and so it passed to James Wood Armstrong, his brother. James had risen to the rank of Captain in the Royal Navy and on the death of his brother he retired from active service to come and live in Chaffpool House. He was also a grand juror and took an active part in the affairs of the local church. The local church, St. Crumnathy's was, in fact, a Cathedral, albeit a tiny one. In 1873 he became a secretary of the Select Vestry of the Church. In 1881 he became a Rector's Churchman and remained one almost constantly until his death. He also became a Rector's Churchman in Tubbercurry although I have been informed that by right this should not have been so. He was also on the Board of Guardians of Tubbercurry. He was not as endeared to his tenants as his late father and as a judge was much feared.

Indeed, there are many stories of his cruelty which was at times quite amazing. On one occasion, when his cousins were young, one of them went for a walk and having strayed too far, got caught in a downpour. He went to the house of a tenant who kept him for the night. Upon returning the child to the house he was (the tenant), taken and hanged for daring to keep the child in his house. Stories of this ilk abound and show that he was not very popular. It was around this time too that the 'Boithrin Dearg' got its name.

This is a little lane running up behind the house to the summit of Dougherne Hill. It got its name because this was the lane which led to the execution place and was supposedly stained with the blood of the executed. Whatever about local lore or stories the fact that he was unpopular is borne out by his need for the continued existence of the R.I.C. Barracks near his residence withe was undoubtedly there for his protection.

It was about this time too that the house was Called Chaffpool House. Up to this it had been known as Doughern House. Capt. James died in December, 1889 in Temple House, home of the Percivals of Sligo. He had become ill there while attending a shooting party and never recovered sufficiently to return home. He had never married and so had no heirs. The Vestry of St. John's Church in Tubbercurry dedicated a chancel to him 'The Armstrong Memorial Chance.' He was buried in the family plot directly behind the Church in the grounds of Achonry Cathedral. He was succeeded by his brother Edward Marcus.

## THE LAST OF THE ARMSTRONGS

Following the death of Capt. Jaames, Edward Marcus Armstrong took over the estate. However, Edward Marcus resided in the ancestral Armstrong home of Mealiffe Castle near Thurles in Tipperary. He had an agent who collected rent at Chaffpool House for him. In his youth he was a Captain in the 55th Regiment of the British Army. He died without an heir in March 1899 at the age of 70. He was succeeded by his cousin Marcus Berestord Armstrong, son of Capt. William Armstrong of Chaffpool. He was known to the tenants as Captain Mark and was a D.L. and J.P. for Tipperary and he was a J.P. for Sligo. He had risen to the rank of Captain in the Artillery and held the post of High Sheriff for Tipperary. He held extensive lands at Mealiffe in Tipperary as well as the estate at Chaffpool. He died at Mealiffe in 1923.

He had one son, William Maurice Armstrong, who fought in the First World War. William Maurice was mentioned in the despatches four times and was awarded the military cross for bravery. He was killed in action in France in 1917. Contd on page 13

# The Late Jim Heuston

Contd. from page 1

He and his wife came to live in Ballymote around 1914. At first they lived upstairs in the Market House as the Community Centre was then known. Then they moved to Wolfe Tone Street and later to Carrownanty. He worked in Murray's Coach Builders as a skilled painter, they built coaches for the gentry around the west of Ireland, and traps and sidecars.

Jim Hewston took an active part in the War of Independence and his wife was a member of the Cuman na mBan. Around Ballymote and Sligo he was a legendary figure. When arms were in short supply he went across the border dressed as a fisherman complete with rod and tackle. With his northern accent he was able to talk to a sergeant and found there was an important meeting in Enniskillen so that the neighbouring barracks were short of staff. With members of the Sligo brigade he cut the phones, tied up the soldiers at Keash Barracks and captured arms and ammunition without any loss of life. And the Ballymote story of Heuston holding the barracks with two bicycle wheels: while perched in the spire of the Church of Ireland he operated a pulley on the rims of two bicycle wheels connecting to the barracks as a warning device.

After the war Jim worked as a painting contractor doing hotels, banks and churches in Sligo and the neighbouring counties. He was a prolific artist working in oils and water-colours in his spare time. During the war years he did beautiful banners and flags and for the cinema in Ballymote he painted a screen advertising the local shops and industries. While interned in Athlone he designe4d postcards for his own use and for his friends. A very inquisitive man asked him to do a postcard. He drew a monkey with his tail up, and behind him a cat looking up. It read: 'There's some things need looking into.'

In 1935 he did a mural in John Flannery's public house in Ballaghaderreen depicting the railway line from Kilfree Junction to Ballaghaderreen, and the scenery to be seen alongside it includes Lough Gara, the Four Altars, Monasteraden church and

Contd. from page 1

the ruins in Kilcolmen graveyard. There was a mural in Richardson's in Carracastle depicting scenes from Sligo, Leitrim, Mayo and Donegal covering a whole wall. This one is no longer there owing to damp in the wall. He did murals in Regan's public house in Ballaghaderreen (it was then John J. Coleman's) depicting Corrylustia Bridge, Mayo; Glencar Waterfall, Sligo; The Four Altars, Ballaghaderreen; Off the Coast of Galway; O'Roarke's Castle, Leitrim; a medallion of Rockingham Lough Key and one of Castlemore Wood.

He did a mural in the Lough Gara Hotel with local scenery. This hotel was burned to the ground. In what was then a parish priest's house in the Ballymote area he did a mural showing swallows on a trellis pattern and a medallion over the fireplace. Another house in the Ballymote area, which at that time belonged to a retired band manager, Jackson Gilmore, contains murals of local interest: Templehouse and bridge, Lough Arrow and the islands with the hills on either side, Keash hill, Emlaghfad Church and Knocknarea. In the early fifties he did a mural in Holland's Bar in Sligo of Knocknarea, Coney, the Pillars, Benbulben. This has been painted over.

In 1903 he did his first known painting. In the thirties he did a portrait of Padraic Pearse in oils as a wedding present, and one of DeValera in 1938. He did the Castle in Ballymote in water-colours as a gift (this one is in Drogheda.) He did several on canvas and woodchip of Lough Talt and the Hungry Rock in Coolaney. He exhibited pictures in Ballaghaderreen around 1945 and later in the Sligo Independent Office in Sligo.

The Heustons moved to Gibraltar Cottage, Finisklin in 1947. It was then an ideal place for an artist. He did oil paintings of all the local beauty spots: Lissadell, Coney Island, Cummeen Strand, Knocknarea, Benbulben and Lough Gill. He did the Lagan Valley where he was born, the Bonnet river, Donegal and Lough Foyle. He painted in Leemane in West Galway and there met Paul Henry and Sean Keating. Bernard McDonagh described him as a primitive artist, gifted, generous and a fantastic character.

His son Bob emigrated to England and worked as a scenic artist with B.B.C. until he retired. He painted in oils and watercolours. Bob's daughter, Mrs. Higgins in an artist in Drogheda. She exhibits and sells her work. Jim Heuston died on 10th September, 1963 at the age of 73 and is buried in Ballymote cemetery.

The invaluable help of the following is gratefully acknowledged:
Alan Heuston and the late Mrs. Christina Hewston, Mary Dockry, Mrs. Cryan, Mrs. Nonie O'Byrne, Mr. & Mrs. B. Rowlette, Padraic Dockry, Matt Mulholland, Bill McGovern, Mrs Bree, Michael Garvey, Joe Sweeney, Michael and Tommie Hunt, Mrs. Caliendo, Kate Rodgers, Mrs. Henry and Bernard McDonagh.

*Catherine Finn*

## REPORT IN THE IRISH TIMES, THURSDAY JANUARY, 17th 1884 LAND COMMISSION COURT

This was an application on the part of the tenant under the 21st Sec. of the Land Act, 1881, to set aside a lease of the 6th of September, 1875, which was accepted by the tenant since the Land Act of 1870; and the grounds on which the tenant sought to have the lease set aside were that it contained terms which were unreasonable - excessive rent, and clauses prohibiting the tenant from compensation for improvements under the Land Act of 1870 - and that the acceptance of the lease was obtained by threat of eviction. The tenant's holding consisted of a farm of 255a or 39p, situate at a farm of 255 acres, 0 roods, 39 perches, situate at Clevery, Castlebaldwin, in the County of Sligo. The rent in the lease was £150, and the gross poor law valuation £153. Richard Taylor, the tenant, who had the originating notice served, is now dead; but under his will his grandson and heir, Richard Taylor Carr, adopted the surname of Taylor, and in his name the proceedings were now continued.

Contd. on Page 12

# THE MATCHMAKER

by Jim McGarry

Edward Brennan was a young widower with three small sons. Although he had married the first time for love, he did not grieve long after the death of his first wife. Very soon he was on the look out of a second wife. The reason he gave was that the youngsters needed the guidance of a woman.

Edward was a good-looking man with an eye for pretty girl. He soon saw a girl that caught his fancy. He too, caught her fancy but she boggled at the readymade family. However, in those days girls needed dowries and she had no dowry. Edward needed a wife and knowing the handicap of three small children, was prepared to jump the budget the second time without the benefit of a dowry. Anyway he still had his first wife's dowry. All in all, it didn't take long for Kate to make up her mind to be the second Mrs. Brennan. There was only one other hurdle to clear. Her father would have to be asked for her hand.

Edward, conscious of his handicap, as a widower, and knowing that Kate's father put a high value on Kate's comliness, for Kate was by far the best looking of his three daughters, was hesitant about a personal approach. So he enlisted the services of his friend John Kelly. John was reluctant because the role of Match-Maker was new to him and not to his liking. However, after he and Edward had consumed half a pint of whiskey, he agreed, and before the softening effects of the whiskey had time to wear off, he was on his way with another half pint in his pocket. This was to soften Kate's father.

John Kelly did not know the district Kate lived in too well. All he knew was that after he passed the levelcrossing, he turned up the first laneway to the right and continued until he met three houses anglewise on the same street. As very often happens with such a small cluster of houses in the country the occupants all had the same surname and two of them the same Christian name.

By this time the effect of the drink was wearing off and John was beginning to wonder how he came to be involved in such a mission.

By nature timid, this new calling appealed less and less to him as he came near the three houses.

It was a dark moonless night when John knocked on the door of the first house he met and enquired if it was the house of Martin Connolly. On being told it was, he stepped inside, introduced himself to the man of the house and the man of the house to the half pint. The woman of the house set about making tea and while the preparations were going on John took a look at the three plain girls in the background. At first he was puzzled by their plainness after listening to Edward's raptures about Kate. So he asked the man of the house if he had another daughter and was told no in a tone of voice that suggested God couldn't be that unkind. By this time a bottle of the creature was produced from behind the pouch-bed and after a couple of helpings from that, only the fact that he had a wife of his own at home, stopped John asking for one of the plain daughters for himself.

Before the tea was finished it was all settled. Edward was to have his Kate. In a haze of mutual satisfaction they parted but not until the man of the house escorted John to the end of the lane.

John returned, as fast as his unsteady legs allowed him, to give the good news to Edward, waiting with another half pint to celebrate or drown his sorrow.

As soon as he got inside the door, he broke the good news to Edward who produced two glasses and insisted on drinking a toast before John filled in the details. Whereupon John recounted the evening step by step including the great esteem of the Connollys for Edward which had increased with the whiskey and the knowledge of the reason for John's visit. The only regret the old man had was that he had not a dowry to give to such a fine man with his daughter. In fact, concluded John, old Connolly had said to him as they were parting 'tell Edward, not only can he have Kate, but he can have any of the three of them'

Well oiled as he was by this time, Edward had enough sense left to shout 'what did you say?' and John repeated the generous offer.

Consternation, struck Edward even in his confusion. 'Good God man, my Kate has only two sisters and they are both married. In the name of God, man, what house did you go to?

John was now too far gone from the effects of the evenings drinking to explain anything and would only repeat 'You can have any of the three of them' And as far as I'm concerned you're welcome to all three, for they are the plainest three women I saw for a long time!

Realisation sobered Edward and he knew, although John could not confirm it, that John had gone to the wrong house and he, Edward, was betrothed to the plainest if not ugliest woman in the parish.

It was too late now and John was too drunk to do anything about it that night. As the Seanachie says 'Things rested so' until John got a message the following night that Edward wanted him.

Edward decided that discretion was better than acrimony, so without a word of blame, he produced another half pint and when it was finished explained to John that he would have to go back and explain the mistake he had made. But one half pint was not enough to brace John for the ordeal of watching the face of the old man when he explained to him that he had not disposed of one of his three plain daughters. Yet another half pint was broached and consumed before John agreed to go and then only when Edward escorted him to the end of the lane, put a whole pint bottle in his hand and gave him a final push.

It was another dark night. John was already three sheets in the wind, so when he arrived on the street and saw a pretty girl standing in the light of an open door, he decided to go into that house. The girl was Edward's Kate and had been expecting him the night before. She called her father and in the shake of a lambs tail, the pint bottle was opened and soon emptied. Before they came to the end of the bottle Edward was betrothed to the right Kate and John was sent home on an ass and cart to give the good news to Edward.

# MICHAEL DOYLE

supplied by John McTiernan

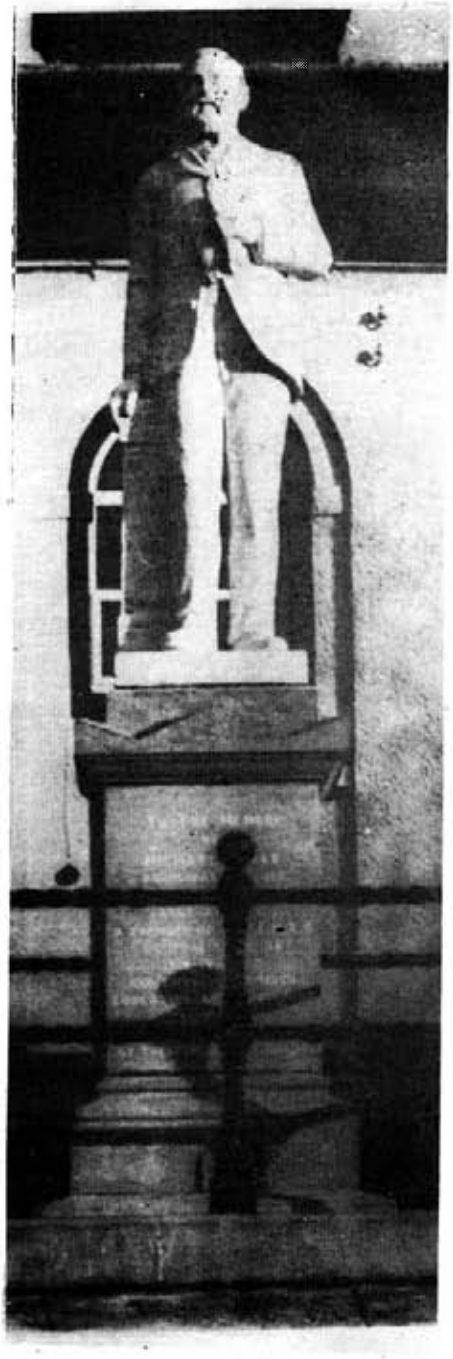
Michael Doyle, a founder member and one time Secretary of the Irish National Teachers' Association, was born at Doocastle, on the Sligo/Mayo border, in December, 1846. He was the son of a small farmer, and in the days of his youth Ireland had just emerged from the most harrowing period in her chequered history. He knew and felt the effects of the famine of '47, the poorhouses and the coffin ships, and they all made an indelible impression on his youthful mind and influenced to an extent the course of his life. As a young man he was sworn in as a member of the Fenian Brotherhood by O'Donovan Rossa himself, and his ability, energy and fearlessness soon made him a trusted leader. Later in life he played a prominent part in the Land League Movement in his native Sligo.

After his primary education at the local school, Michael Doyle trained as a teacher in London. He graduated with the highest honours and for a short time taught school at Lorrha, County [illegible], before his appointment as principal teacher in Ballymote in 1868. For forty-four years Doyle taught school in this the capital town of Corran, not far from his birthplace. He was a dedicated and much esteemed schoolmaster whose qualities as a tutor were known far and wide. To the local townspeople, both pupils and parents alike, he was guide, philosopher and friend. Indeed, to this day in Ballymote the older generation speak of 'Master Doyle' with a peculiar reverence as they recall his unselfish labours on behalf of many generations of pupils and his transparent honesty of purpose and gentlemanly qualities.

Michael Doyle was actively involved in the National Teachers' Association from its foundation in 1868, and, with the aid of a few colleagues, he founded a Sligo branch of the I.N.T.O. He was a well known figure and prominent debater at annual congresses of the Association. For over twenty years he was the Connaught representative on the Central Executive, and, following the death of Terence Clarke in July, 1909, Doyle was appointed Acting General Secretary. The following year he was one of three who contested the secretaryship at the annual election of officers. After what has been described as a 'stubborn contest', the Sligoman was elected to the post of General Secretary of the I.N.T.O. He was re-elected without opposition in both 1911 and 1912, and, subsequently, became Vice-President of the Association.

Doyle was the 'doughty and trusted champion' of the rights of members of his profession, and 'his fertile brain, trenchant pen and generous hand' were ever at the call of any teacher in distress. His Fenian training made him detest tyranny and oppression in any form. The irritating rules and regulations of the National Education Commissioners of those days hampered freedom and national activity and the Sligoman resolved to do a man's part in remedying this.

He was an eloquent and fearless debater, gifts which he used to maximum advantage when defending the case of a victimised colleague before higher tribunals. 'It was only when face to face with men of high degree and authority that his truly Irish blood coursed with speed through his veins feeding his fertile mind with sentiments of fair play towards each and all concerned.' It is said that he sometimes was a bit overbearing towards those who differed from him or his principles, but he always tempered his sarcasm with a final blow of repartee. 'His own constitution, his slender purse, his manly voice and above all his able pen were ever at the disposal of a teacher in need.' commented one of his Sligo colleagues, 'and that pen when Doyle dipped it into the ink of



MICHAEL DOYLE

## THE MATCHMAKER

The prospective bridegroom was delighted with the news, but he still had to disengage himself from the plain Kate. No amount of liquor could persuade John to complete the disillusionment of the father of the three plain daughters. The impasse was finally resolved by letter, and John's career as a matchmaker was at an end.

*Christmas Greetings From*

## JOHN DODDY

## BAR & LOUNGE
(with Meeting Room)

## BP Petrol, Diesel, Oils.

OPEN 9 a.m. — 11 p.m.

Merry Christmas

## Michael & Patricia Hurley
*(PORTERS)*

O'Connell Street, Ballymote,

for

** Newspapers & Magazines * Confectionery * * Tobacco * Stationery * Toys * National Lottery*

SHOE REPAIR AGENCY

PHONE: 83185 :: OPEN 8.30 am - 8.30 pm

*Merry Christmas to all our customers & friends*

## Patrick Rogers Ltd

Ballymote Co. Sligo.
Phone: 83318
fax 83676

**BUILDING SUPPLIES FOR SALE**
**Cement • Lime • Timber • Slabs**
**Galvanised Iron-Plumbing Materials • Chain Saws etc.**

*Wish all their Customers a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year*

## KELLY'S FOODSTORE

O'Connell Street, Ballymote
Phone: 071-83481

*Tim, Frances and Staff wish all their customers and friends a Happy Christmas & a Prosperous '89*

## THE HIDEOUT

BALLYMOTE. PHONE: (071) 83472

***Traditional Music Session every Thursday night***

***DARTS: Friday Night***

*Christmas Wishes to all our customers and friends*

## SCULLY'S

BALLYMOTE. PHONE: 83418

**SINGING LOUNGE**

MUSIC EVERY SATURDAY

THE PUB
WITH A DIFFERENCE

*Very Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year*

BETTER VALUE

# KANES VG
## FOODMARKET
## BALLYMOTE

**For all your .....**

**CHRISTMAS SHOPPING**

*Wish all their Customers a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year*

# DAVEY'S
Lord Edward St.,
Ballymote

## Lounge Bar

*Cosy Atmosphere* *Darts*
*Cards* *Enjoy a Drink*

*Christmas Greetings to all our Customers & Friends*

# T. CASEY
## M.P.S.I. Ph. C.

**YOUR COMMUNITY PHARMACY**

Medical and Veterinary Prescriptions

Teeling Street, Ballymote
Phone: 071-83370

*Very Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year*

# Scanlon & Irwin

AUCTIONEERS — ***Victuallers***
***Retail & Wholesale***
Deep Freeze Specialists

***Christmas Turkeys To Order***

*Christmas Greetings to all our Customers & Friends*

# VINCENT McDONAGH & SON

BALLYMOTE

MAIN AGENT FOR MITSUBISHI TV, VIDEO, ZANUSSI & HOTPOINT WASHING MACHINES ETC.

**SHOP OPEN 6 DAYS**

Monday - Friday, 9.30 a.m. — 7.00 p.m.
Saturday, 9.30 a.m. — 9 p.m.

*Christmas Greetings to all our Customers & Friends*

# GERRY CASSIDY
Lord Edward St.,
Ballymote.

## GROCERY & NEWSAGENT

**FRESH COOKED CHICHENS**
***DAILY***

*Very Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year*

# The Lone Hawthorn Bush, It's Myths & Legends

by P. J. Duffy

I would venture to state that no other single item in the field of Irish folklore has been the subject of so much controversy and superstition as those lone hawthorn bushes which dot the landscape of our country. Although most of those shrubs are probably there by a mere accident of nature (the germination and growth of a stray seed) yet there is a sizable number growing in that kind of unique setting, which leads us to believe that they were planted there for a purpose. Sometimes, we may come across a lone bush growing on top of a mound of clay and stones near the centre of a field. Again you could likely find one growing alongside a large rock or behind a spring well. Whatever circumstances brought about the arrival on the scene, of those untouchable landmarks, one thing is certain; in rural Ireland down through the centuries they have been regarded as something very sacred. Even to this day, you will find very few people willing to take the risk of going out and interfering with a lone bush.

Over the years I have listened to different stories and tellings about these spots being the burial place of destitute people in days gone by. One of the most impressive stories I have heard was told to me by a man who came from Keash. He described how the lone bush had, up until the turn of the century, been the place where all unbaptised children who died in early infancy were buried. People from previous generations used to reckon that the lone bush was the home of the Banshee.

Not alone did those old bushes have legends and folk tales woven around them, some had names or titles as well. The 'Mass Bush' at Killaville was for decades a familiar land mark in these parts, up until hurricane Debby finally toppled it back in 1961. You had 'Johnny's Bush' at Carrowreagh, a shrub made famous by the late T. J. Perry in his poem 'The School of Carrowreagh.'

Recently I came across a remarkable specimen of lone bush growing at Mount-Irwin in the Gurteen area. It towers to a height of almost twenty feet above a square block of red sandstone, and although the stone has no visible marking on its surface, it does resenble some sort of impressive monument, placed to the memory of one or more deceased persons. I enquired locally if the bush had any title or legend associated with it. The information I got was that it was situated beside an old passageway that at one time led to a tiny village, long since abandoned, and known as Cashelmore. I was told that in this old-fashioned settlement up to fifteen families dwelled, huddled together in tiny cabins. This was taking place at a period during the last century, when the birth rate among families was at times exceptionally high, and the mortality rate among young infants was also high. Perhaps this was the place where the villagers interred their unbaptised children when they died

Down through the years, by far the most celebrated lone hawthorn bush in these parts, was to be found growing alongside the main Gurteen to Boyle road. It was known as ' Fanny's Bush,' and was the only shrub of its kind to occupy a long bleak stretch of roadway at Cloonloo. Tradition has it that the bush was named after an old woman of the roads, Fanny Woods, who used to travel the route regularly carrying on her arm a basket. In showery weather this old lady could be seen sheltering in the shade of the little bush.

As children we had ofttimes heard stories told about 'Fanny's Bush.' Years later when it was pointed out to me, I was surprised to see it was a tiny stunted shrub with an ivy clad stem. How such an insignificant little thing had become so famous was above and beyond me. Yet it was a much recognised landmark and people from this part of the country used to reckon that they were well on their way home from Boyle fair when they passed 'Fannys Bush.' Numerous stories were in circulation claiming this to be the place from which Banshee's wail emerged, before spreading across the local valley. There were tales of mysterious lights that used to be seen circling around the bush. Then there was the story of the chilly breeze that used to blow through its branches even on the calmest night, ruffling its ivy leaves and sending shivers up and down your spine. Like many more of our country's landmarks, Fannys Bush also fell victim to Debby's one hundred and twelve miles per hour gales.

A number of years ago, I had the pleasure of spending a night in the company of a little man who came from an adjoining parish, and who now and then used to visit his married sister who lived in our neighbourhood. He was a gifted storyteller who spoke with a convincing tone of voice that made the simplest myth sound very real, and he also had the sensational effect of holding his listener spellbound for the moment. His night of storytelling began when his sister casually enquired into the death of a neighbour of his who pad passed away quite suddenly. 'Oh faith,' said he, 'he was a foolish man to go interfering with a lone hawthorn bush which grew in a field at the back of his house.' This action, he maintained, led to a chain of misfortunes which consequently resulted in his death. He then went on to tell us stories of what happened to other people who ventured to cut down and remove lone bushes from their land. He told the story of a man who cut a lone bush, and on going out to his field next morning, discovered that it was back growing again. Then there was the person whose cattle had all died when he interfered with one of those bushes. As this little man talked on, his sister would nod and sign, making it obvious that she was in agreement with every detail of his stories. Being born and reared in the same household, she apparently had heard it all before.

## THE LONE HAWTHORN BUSH ITS MYTHS AND LEGENDS

However, her husband did not seem to be so easily convinced. He was sitting in a corner on the opposite side of the fire. Every now and then he would peer across at his brother-in-law with dubious glances of disbelief. Although I had heard most of his stories before, I was totally capitvated at the way he used to tell them.

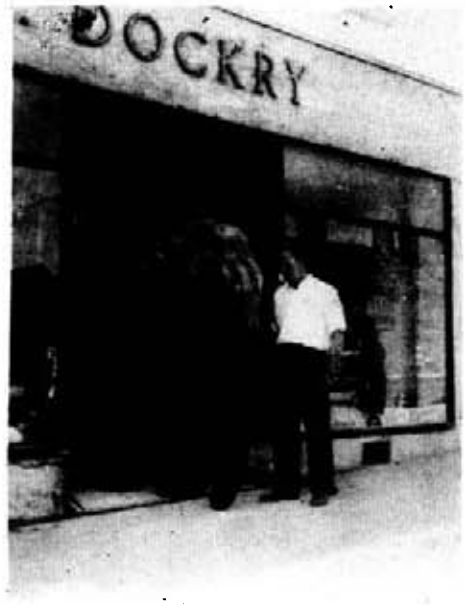
There was, however, a story with a difference, one with a sizable element of historical fact it is substance. It concerned a lone bush which grew in a corner of a field near hand to a road junction, and situated a couple of miles distant from where he resided. He reckoned that on certain nights of the year the ghost of a uniformed man could be seen moving about in the vicinity of the bush. The apparition, he maintained, was to be seen at this spot ever since a policeman was killed there in a scuffle with members of an organisation known as White-Boys. It was years later that I was to discover that the White-Boys were protagonists in a campaign being waged against landlordism during the final years of the last century. Whatever about the existence of the uniformed spectre, at least one part of his story was correct, and that was the statement that a policeman was killed by White-Boys near hand to the place mentioned.

Looking back now over the years to that memorable night I can clearly recall the sincerity with which these two people presented their stories. Even if at times they did seem to exaggerate a little, what they were actually putting across was the ancient lore of their own place.

Although I was not consious of the situation at that particular time, what I was in fact witnessing was the winding up of the art and the era of the true traditional story teller. The little man who did most of the talking on that special occasion had his own distinctive talents. Sad to say, he is no longer with us, and it would be difficult to find somebody with his skill around to-day.

**Due to a technical problem, we apologise for the weak print in this issue.**

## FOSSETS CIRCUS 1960




*Some wit said she wanted to make a trunk call, but the reason she called at Dockry's was that it was the only doorway wide enough to let her in.*

## TRANSLATION FOR FUN

The following piece, written in a rather obscure European dialect, is offered for the attention of those under 18 years of age. The first correct translation received by the Editor before December 31st 1988 will win £2.

*Si si senor der dego*
*Forte loris inaro.*
*Dement loris, demis trux,*
*Fullo phensan gee sandvx*
*Anon (very!)*

## THE CAPTAIN'S HILL

*Two red-haired girls*
*cycling along a road,*
*white freckled faces*
*full with the zest of youth,*
*rising to pedals*
*as they progress up a hill*
*eagerly clutching departmental*
*scrolls.*

*Convent days receding*
*breaking out of childhood ways*
*they laugh their way to freedom*
*pushing into strong head winds*
*the road sign at the crossroads*
*points to liberty up ahead*
*as they freewheel to the future*
*to conquer the world.*

David McEllin,
Sept. '88

## ABSENCE

*How nice to meet again*
*some long lost friend,*
*at a chapel gate*
*on a summer's evening.*

*As people gather*
*to pay their last respects*
*at an obsequies*

*After long years absence,*
*young faces shine*
*through old veneers,*
*as they come faltering*
*with frail steps*
*to eye the stranger*
*with searching looks.*

*Prompted or as recognition dawns*
*with nodding head they move*
*more purposeful now*
*to bridge the gap of years,*
*embracing in supportive silence*
*or linking arms to walk*
*and talk and pray.*

*David McEllin,*
*July, '88*

## LETTER to the EDITOR

*Listrush,*
*Culfadda,*
*Ballymote,*
*Co. Sligo.*

*Dear Editor,*

*I read with great interest in the September/October issue of the Corran Herald P. J. Duffy's account about Double Ditches. I know of a Double Ditch with a double whitethorn hedge and you could walk between the hedges. It seperates too landowners, one Catholic, the other Protestent.*

*Phibbs and Gorman would be landlords in bygone days. The townland I am refering to is my native place, Listhrush. In those days there was right of way or near ways crossing over different lands, but are very little used these days. But I do sometimes use this nearway. It goes from Listhrush to Culfadda and there is a style with flag steps. Its between Shiels and Gormans farms and then I cross a big ditch and then I am into ~~Kielty's~~ farm and then on to the Bog Road. I'm very interested in folklore.*

*P. J. Hannon*

## LAND COMMISSION COURT 1884

from page 5

Mr. Orr (instructed by Mr. Davis) appeared for Colonel Cooper. In August, 1882 evidence was taken in this case at Sligo, and in a few months after Mr. Richard Taylor, who was examined at the time, died.

Mr. Justice O'Hagen now read the report of the evidence given by Mr. Taylor at that time, and from which it appeared that the lands in question were held by Mr. Taylor's family for about a century. In the year 1875 Col. Cooper sent for him, and told him he wanted to speak to him about making a lease to raise the rent. The rent up to that time had been £125 a year. He (Mr. Taylor) told Colonel Cooper that he did not wish to give any increase, as he h ad his (Colonel Cooper's) uncle's promise for a lease at £125 a year. They had a controversy about it. He showed Colonel Cooper the promise that his uncle (Mr. Edward Joshua Cooper) had made him. He had spent about £1,000 or more on the farm. The increased rent asked was to £150.

Mr. Beatty, a land surveyor, was now examined as to the value of the improvements in question. He thought the farm was worth £140. 7s. 6d including the tenant's improvements.

Mr. Farrell R. Cawley valued the farm at £110, including improvements to the extent of £288.

Mr. William Heron valued the land at £178. It had, he said, been let to Mr. Taylor at £150. Taylor objected to the increased rent, but did not object to the covenants. He said: 'It is a long lease, and God knows who will live to see it out.' He (Mr. Heron) never threatened him with eviction, and was never authorised to do so.

The MacDermot read an application for a lease written by the late Mr. Taylor to the late Mr. Edward Joshua Cooper, and which was as follows:

*Edward Joshua Cooper, Esq. of Markree,*
*These lines were written on November day,*
*And he who reads when I am dead and gone,*
*Will know I know I wrote in eighteen-sixty-one.*

*My honoured landlord, and my kindest friend,*
*Please attention to my paltry rhyme to lend.*
*I know at it you will never frown,*
*T'will make you laugh when you read farther down.*

*I's my desire to clearly let you see*
*My great improvements made in Clevery,*
*One thousand pounds, in buildings, fences, drains,*
*Has been laid out by me with greatest pains.*

*The heathery hill, where game was all the stock,*
*Abounds with clover feeding for the flock;*
*The values, the resort of the finny tribe,*
*Is now well drained and fitted for the scythe.*

*Old fences, too, for centuries in the way,*
*Have given the harrow and the plough fair play.*
*They murmured hard against me - it's a fact -*
*When I applied to them the levelling act.*

*In place of these, new lines divide the field,*
*Which yet a shelter to the stock will yield;*
*Huge rocks that slumbered since the world began,*
*And always brow-beat every other man,*
*Until I besieged them with crowbar, blast and spade,*
*And roused up echo with the noise they made.*

*Such foes as these are manly, I confess,*
*But lurking foes must not be dreaded less.*
*The rock, so modest that scarce the sun would see,*
*Oft cracks the ploughshare and the swingletree.*

*These rocks their youth in idleness have spent,*
*Like criminals on labour not intent;*
*Like convicts now I in useful work retain*
*Where wasteful water from the land they drain.*

*Four houses built with the best of stone and lime*
*And they may last till the end of time;*
*Three of these houses are tiled with costly slate,*
*The fourth, an office, thatched with straw of wheat.*

*Our Gracious Queen, who governs us so well,*
*In one of these has made her servants dwell;*
*No thief or robber here dare show his nose,*
*But still I lost a full half-score of ewes.*

*Short in my duty in this place I'd fall*
*If I forgot to mention the stone wall*
*My neighbours' trespass I night or day don't fear,*
*For it's fit to stop the nimblest of your deer.*

*Most holly bushes bent against the wind,*
*Where ghosts unnumbered did a shelter find;*
*Stations round these performed were by hags,*
*Who tied to branches different coloured rags.*

*To meddle with these the superstitious say*
*You will not survive a twelvemonth and a day.*

*My trusty servants, who for me would bleed,*
*Who at my table usually did feed,*
*Refused to wield the hatchet or the pick;*
*They said the deed would drive them to Old Nick.*

*A council held, one older than the rest,*
*Looked gravely round, and thus himself expressed*
*For holy water I advise you go*
*And sprinkle the branch, also the roots below,*
*The de'il himself a drop of it can't bear,*
*And ghosts and fairies flit off like a hare.*

*Obedience to his sage advice I found*
*The only way to stub and clear the ground.*
*A bottle came, but in it was no salt,*
*It proved the best of Jameson's old malt*
*Each man crossed himself and took a round,*
*And bushes and rags came tumbling to the ground.*

*The wrinkled ladies now commenced to wail,*
*Like Micha when Benjamin his gods did steal.*

contd. on opposite page

# Chaffpool House & Its Owners

Contd. from page 4



Because they were not residing in Chaffpool House these two were not particularly interested in the tenants and therefore were much less endeared to the people. The Rent Collectors tended to be more brutal and in Chaffpool House on rent day the place was full of R.I.C. men and careful guard was placed on the house where the rent was paid. However, in 1904 Captain Mark disposed of his Sligo property. He sold the Chaffpool House estate for £44,000. It consisted of 3,500 acres of tenanted land, the house, and 350 acres of demesne land. The annual rental from the tenants came to £2,000 per annum. The estate was bought by the Congested Districts Board. The Select Vestry of Achonry Cathedral expressed their wish that some land of the Armstrong estate be given to the church for the purpose of using it as a graveyard.

The estate itself was divided up among the tenants but the demesne remained intact and the house and grounds and 350 acres were sold to a Mr. Doherty who had come to Ireland from England to retire.

## THE DOHERTYS

Mr. Doherty was a native of the West of Ireland who had emigrated when he was a young lad. He had gone to Manchester where he made a fortune in the butter trade, so much so, that he was able to come back and buy Chaffpool House. A picture of the house as it was at this time is provided. This photograph is of a painting by Tony, son of Mr. Doherty. A grandson of Mr. Doherty, Peter Seed was a regular vissitor to Chaffpool House and indeed continued to visit the locality up until his death in the early 1980's. He had served in the British Army as a medical doctor during the Second World War. When interned in a Japanese prisoner of war camp, he showed tremendous courage, caring for all the sick in the camp with little or no help from the Authorities and at one stage was seriously ill himself. He survived the war and in December 1983 the Readers Digest gave him special mention for his bravery in an article based on the diaries of his colleague in the prisoner of war camp - Major Ben Wheeler. He was the last in a long line of people with connections with Chaffpool House who had served with distinction in the British Forces. When Mr. Doherty died the house and some land passed on to a cousin of his. The remaining land was sold and divided up. His cousin, Mr. Beirne, lived in Chaffpool House until 1948 when it was taken over by the Land Commission. The woods were cut down, a quarry was opened (which was later abandoned) and half of the house was knocked down in an effort to avoid paying exhorbitant rates. After this, the remainder of the estate was divided up. Mr. Joe Kennedy, a local farmer, now owns what remains of the house and courtyard.

In the last forty odd years the outer walls have been rediced, the gates have gone, the gardens in front have disappeared and the courtyard has become overgrown. The out-houses and the house itself are dangerous. As I have already stated there is little or no evidence of the fine house that it once was and sadly it seems doomed to crumble away.

---

*Or like those merchants who never thought it sin*
*To traffic in precious stones and perils, and souls of men.*
*When God inflicts his judgment on the w . . . .*
*And no man buys their merchandize any more,*
*There is one that seen the garb that Cleveny wore*
*When from its back a skutch-grass coat I tore,*
*And clothed it in artificial velvet, living green,*
*Which from the road can any time be seen.*

*Land where my fathers chased the browsing game,*
*Where their sturdy sons whiped the tuging team,*
*Where centuries past their infant lips were taught*
*To praise a Saviour who their pardon bought,*
*Ah, dearer than Goshen, Cleveny is to me;*
*It's hallowed by my labour you can see.*

*Hand in hand you and I would ever go,*
*But another King your Joseph might not know.*
*If in your sight your tenant has found grace*
*Secure his labours with a lengthened lease,*
*But wheather or no in closer friendship bound*
*On your estate no tenant can be found.*
*For you and yours my prayers doth oft ascend,*
*And at the family alter your names doth blend,*
*That ye below my taste of bleeding love,*
*And meet in glory with His saints above.*

The above is copied in accordance with the spelling, &c., of the text. The following is Mr. Cooper's reply:- For Richard Taylor, Cleveny:-

*Friend, Richard, sure the De'il's amang the Taylros*
*When you spin yarns as lone as any sailor's,*
*And weave out poetry, not sober prose,*
*With flowery perfume fit for any nose,*
*Your object's good, for industry' reward*
*From long neglected surface of the ground,*
*So let the glass go merrily round,*
*We'll pledge each other in the season's cheer,*
*And welcome gratefully the coming year,*
*Your warm affection will your landlord, please*
*And he, in justice, grant your wish a lease.*

Edward Cooper
December 31st, 1861

The court reserved jedgment.

devotedness and drove it over the pages of desolation, the nightingale of affection was not heard to whisper to the rose of loveliness, for he hit hard and very hard, but of him it can be truly said that he bore no malice.'

By his courage and transparent honesty he succeeded, during his four years as Secretary of the I.N.T.O., in improving relations and creating mutual understanding between the Department and members of his profession. Nobody worked harder than he to build up the organisation and, on one occasion, he is said to have walked close on twenty miles from his home in Ballymote to attend a meeting of his colleagues in an adjoining county. The many sacrifices and privations he endured, both in the pioneering days of the I.N.T.O. and later as Secretary, contributed in no small measure towards placing that organisation in the proud position it holds in the national life of the country today.

Michael Doyle retired from teaching in 1913. His work and all that he had accomplished on behalf of his colleagues in the teaching profession was demonstrated in a tangible fashion on the occasion of his retirement. At a representative meeting of teachers from all over Connaught in Sligo Town Hall, May, 1913, it was decided 'to make a suitable recognition of his invaluable services and initiate a testimonial'. In December, 1914, in the Loftus Hall, Ballymote, he was the guest of honour at a gala function, during which he was presented with an Address, part of which read as follows:

> We, your friends among the teachers of Ireland, and more especially of Connaught, and your fellow townsmen of Ballymote, desire to take advantage of the occasion of your retirement from teaching to present you with this Address and Testimonial as a slight token of the esteem in which we held you, and of the many services you have rendered to us, and to education generally throughout your long and arduous career. . .

Michael Doyle enjoyed a well-merited and long retirement before he passed to his eternal reward on July 27th, 1928, aged eighty-two years. After his death his colleagues erected a memorial to his memory. The life-size statue of white marble, in a familiar pose, and standing on a pedestal of Irish limestone with two richly moulded bases, was unveiled in the presence of a distinguished gathering of his former colleagues in May, 1930. The memorial, which was expertly executed by the well known Sligo sculptors, the Diamond Brothers, stands in front of the courthouse in Ballymote and bears the following inscription:

> To the Memory / of / Michael Doyle / Principal Teacher / Ballymote N.S. / 1868-1913 / A founder of the I.N.T.O. / General Secretary, 1910-1913 / And champion of Irish / Educational Advancement / Erected / in Grateful Remembrance / By the Teachers of Ireland.

In the words of W. P. Ward, President of the I.N.T.O., who performed the unveiling ceremony: 'This memorial bears unique and deathless testimony of Michael Doyle's success and to the place his memory holds in the hearts of the teachers of Ireland'.



## THE RETURNED EXILE.

*(Written in Sligo Prison, 1882.)*

The ivied ruin of Ballymote,
Looks weird and lovely still
And fair as ever proudly soars,
Keash-Corran's stately hill.
The grim old tower of Emlafad
Seems gloomy as of yore:
And once again I stand beside
The winding Owenmore.

'Tis twenty years since last I trod
This dear beloved spot;
'Tis twenty years since last I gazed
Upon my native cot.
Ah me, how many and many a change
Since then has taken place,
The ruins of my once lov'd home
I cannot even trace!

It stood amid the ashes tall,
Right by the river here;
And 'round it, stretched on every side,
Green hedgerows far and near.
The "double-ditch" by briars crown'd,
Ran by yon hawthorn tree;
Its track along the sloping hill

Unhappy Ireland—land of woe,
Ah, what a fate is thine!
Thy children from their homesteads driv'n,
To be replaced by kine!
Gone are the "double-ditch," the cot,
The fields, and hedgerows green,
And only fatt'ning kine are found
Where happy homes had been.

"Vile ruffians," "Village tyrants," &c.,
They call the spirits brave,
In face of threatening danger who
Stepped forth, the land to save!
Who strove together side by side
To end the spoiler's reign;
And bring back peace and happiness
To the old land again

'Tis eventide—the sinking sun
Goes down behind the hill;
One lingering ray he casts around
On castle, ruin, and rill.
Meet hour for me to seek the spot
Where my lov'd home did stand
And curse the devastators of
Our fair and fertile land.

John O'Dowd

## THE PEELER AND THE GHOST

Contd. from Page 2

About a week after John Collery's arrival in Lisdoon an old man known as 'Johnny Lonesome,' living alone in a cottage near the barracks, was found dead, fully clothed, on the kitchen floor. The police took charge of the cottage, where the remains of the old man were placed on a table until an inquest could be held on the following day.

About 10 p.m. on the night of the discovery, the Sergeant and John Collery went into the cottage to relieve the constable who had been there on duty. A good turf fire was in the kitchen and they sat there and chatted.

After a while, the Sergeant made an excuse to get away and left John Collery in charge. He was dozing by the fire, when he heard the familiar strains announcing the passing of Pat-a-Vick.

John Collery, an inveterate practical joker, was in the mood to do anything to break the monotony of his vigil and anxious to teach Pat-a-Vick a lesson at the same time.

In a flash he hit on a plan, immediately putting in into execution.

Outside the cottage was a huge oak tree, under which was a bench on which 'Johnny Lonesome' used to sit. Although the moon was full, the seat was in shadow. John Collery lifted the corpse in his arms carried it outside and put it sitting on the seat. He himself stood in the shadow on the other side of the tree.

Pat approached, singing as usual, rancously and incoherently. As he was about to pass the cottage, he suddenly remembered the death and stopped singing. In the act of making the sign of the cross, his eye lit on the figure on the seat. With a piercing yell, he made off in the direction of the barracks, calling on the Police and the Saints to protect him from 'Johnny Lonesome,' whom he could hear following him; because immediately Pat set off John Collery came from behind the tree and followed at a short distance, making as much noise as he could with an old chain he had found under the tree.

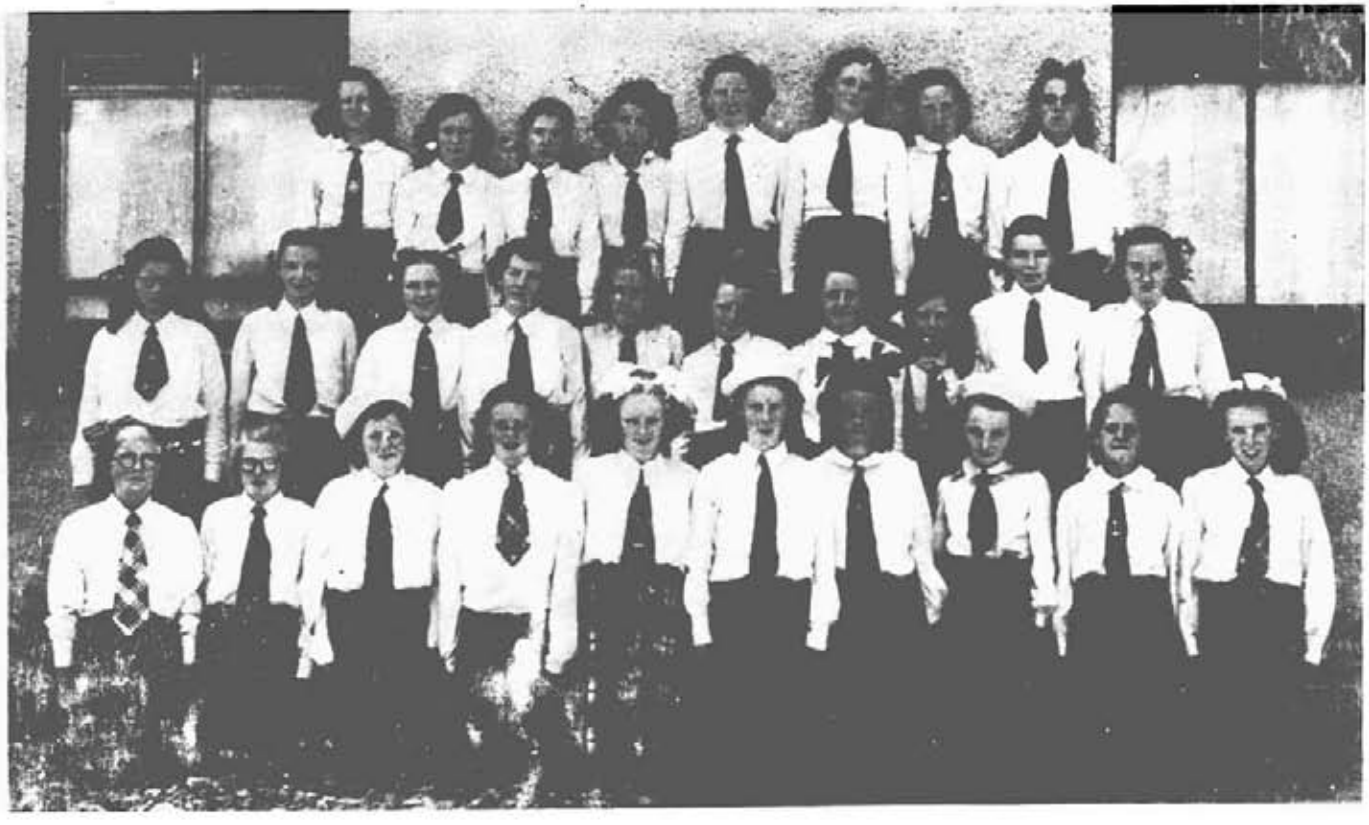
When Pat reached the barracks he found the door locked. He beat upon the door with both fists and continued to call for protection, while the steps of 'Johnny Lonesome' came nearer and nearer.

The constable on duty had retired for the night and had no intention of getting up to listen to Pat-a-Vick. Just as Pat felt the hand of the ghost was about to descend on him, he fainted, to be found by the Sergeant. When Pat-a-Vick came to, he told his tale and refused to leave the barracks insisting on being put in the lock-up where he eventually spent the night.

John Collery returned to the cottage, put Johnny Lonesome back on the table, and was again dozing off by the fire when the Sergeant came in to tell him of Pat-a-Vick's latest hallucination.

Pat-a-Vick was so grateful for the night's asylum that henceforth the calm of the village was never again disrupted by the raucous strains of 'The Peeler and the Goat.'

## SENIOR PRIMARY SCHOOL CLASS, 1951



Front Row: *J. Scully, C. Feery, H. Tighe, M. Finan, C. Cawley, D. Enright, R.I.P. M. Molloy, O. Egan, P. Brown, F. Hannan,*

Second Row: *M. Dwyer, C. Collins, P. Begley, D. McGovern, R. Rogers, G. Nolan, N. Shiels, N. Cassidy, M. Dockry, M. Hoey.*

Back Row: *M. Brown, B. Tighe, E. Sreenan, M. Healy, M. Shannon, M. McDermott, N. Shannon, M. Cunnane.*

*Seasons Greetings*
*to all my Customers*
*& Friends*

# 'VICTOR' AUTO SERVICES

O'Connell St., Ballymote, Co. Sligo

For all Mechanical Repairs, General Servicing
All Makes, Petrol and Diesel
WHEEL TRACKING AND BALANCING
PUNCTURES REPAIRED :: TYRES FITTED
Panel Beating, Respraying, etc.

# CASTLE HOTEL

Ballymote, Co. Sligo.
Phone: 071-83342

***- OPEN ALL YEAR -***

LIMITED NO OF PLACES FOR
XMASS DAY LUNCH

*~~Wish all their~~ Customers a Very Happy*
*Christmas and a Prosperous New Year*
PADRAIC & Kathleen Judge

# JAMES McDONAGH

## Grocers - Undertakers

Keash, Ballymote.

*Wishing all my customers & friends a*
*Very Happy Christmas*

# VIDEO CITY LTD.

Ballymote, Co. Sligo.

***Open 7 Days***

Mon. - Sat. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Sunday 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 9 p.m.

*The only day we close is*
*Christmas Day*

*Seasons greetings from*
*Carmel & Martin Williams*

## *Christmas Greetings From*

# HARRY HORAN

*M.P.S.I., Ph. C.*
*Dispensing, Photographic & Veterinary Chemist*

Lord Edward Street, Ballymote

# GRATTEN CLEANERS

BALLYMOTE

Hours: 9.30 am - 7 pm; Tuesday - Saturday
Professional Drycleaning, Retexturing,
~~Retexturing~~, Repairs and Alterations
FULL LAUNDRY SERVICE
Curtains relined repaired
Wedding Dresses hand finished

Gratten St., Ballymote.
Phone: 83477

*Attracta & Staff wish all*
*their Customers & Friends a*
*Very Happy Christmas*