

THE CORRAN HERALD

A Ballymote Heritage Group Production.

Issue No. 24

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Three Books of Ballymote

TOM Mc GETTRICK

The Book of Ballymote, now in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, is a much treasured part of a legacy bequeathed to us from the labours of scribes long before the art of printing took over from their skill.

The scribes of the book, chief among them Solomon O'Droma and Manus O'Duignan, did not belong to Ballymote and their patron, as he would be called today, was chieftain over Tirerrill and other territories as well as Corran where Ballymote is. He was Tomoltagh Mac Donagh who was then the occupier of the castle at Ballymote. An entry in the book from the pen of Torlagh Óg O'Connor, no doubt one of those who had a share in putting the book together, that he was writing in the house of Tomoltagh Mac Doñogh, is accepted as giving Ballymote a right to the name.

It was, in a way a lucky score for Ballymote as the subject matter in its copious pages does not mention any of MacDonogh's or Ballymote's history although it was compiled at the time, 1391, when Corran, and Tirrerill were steeped in native lore and legend and the town already had a turbulent story to tell resulting from the building of the strong castle at Baile Atha Cliath an Chorainn, a name that the name

Ballymote has replaced. But it must be stated that the recordings of these events was not the book's purpose. The scribes wandered through Ireland and some of the world's places in search of copy and the book too had many wanderings before coming to rest at the R.I.A.

In documents for the year 1825 in the National Archives, one finds the Donlevys as occupiers of a "house and plot" in two different places in the town. Immediately to the left outside the wide arched

BUNNINADDEN NATIONAL SCHOOL

1958



Front Row: (from left): Neil McLoughlin, Michael Brennan, Louis Wynne, Vestie Mulholland
Second Row:: Andy Rogers, Francis Healy, Milo McManus, John Brennan, James P. Wynne, Charlie Scanlon
Third Row:: Jimmy Killoran, John Healy, Donal Davey, James Healy, John Scanlon, Seamus Conlon
Back Row: James P. Scanlon, Tom Roddy, Nathy Brennan, Brendan Rogers, Willie Scanlon, Brendan Wynne, Brendan Healy

BALLYMOTE HERITAGE WEEKEND 1993

Organised by Ballymote Heritage Group
THURSDAY 29th JULY – MONDAY 2nd AUGUST
Teagasc Centre Ballymote

The weekend schedule of events is as follows:-

Thursday July 29th.

- 8.00pm Art Exhibition: AMALGAM – *Recent Works of Emerging Artists*
Official Opening at 8.00pm by Eamonn Barnes D.P.P.
Reception Sponsored by Brooks Hanly, Ltd Sligo

ART EXHIBITION
OPEN DAILY
12.30AM - 8.00PM

Friday July 30th

- 8.00pm Official Opening of Heritage Weekend by Dr. Hubert McDermott, U.C.G.
Illustrated Lecture 'TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF IRELAND' by Dr Pat Wallace, Director of National Museum of Ireland.

Saturday July 31st.

- 11.00am Illustrated Lecture 'IRISH HIGH CROSSES' by Frank Tivnan, M.A. H.D.E. Historian, St. Mary's College, Boyle
2.00pm Outing to PARKES CASTLE AND CREEVELEA ABBEY *Guide: Frank Tivnan*
8.30pm Lecture 'IRISH FRANCISCAN MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE' by Fr. Pat Conlon OFM, Cork, Franciscan Journalist and Historian.

Sunday August 1st.

- 3.00pm Outing to SCREEN AND BELTRA. *Guide: Nicholas Prins*
8.00pm Lecture "WHAT IS THE QUALITY OF OUR SURFACE & GROUNDWATER IN THE NORTHWEST" by J.P. Timpson B.A. Head of School of Science R.T.C. Sligo
Music Afterwards by: 'A Taste of Sligo'

Monday August 2nd.

- 11.00am Illustrated Lecture "IRISH VICTORIAN ARCHITECTURE" Frederick O'Dwyer, Architect & Historian
2.00pm Outing to LISSADELL HOUSE AND MARKREE CASTLE. *Guide: Frederick O'Dwyer*
8.00pm Illustrated Lecture "JACK YEATS AND SLIGO" by Bruce Arnold, Literary Editor Irish Independent and Author Biography of Jack Yeats.
Music by Cór Scoil Mhuire gan Smál

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entrance to the ruins of the Franciscan Abbey there is a recumbent grave slab with the name Donlevy (this may not be the spelling) on it. Two dove-like birds face each other in the design on this gravestone; there is a date 29th May, 1820 on it. The Donlevy name in the town at that time is a tangible association with the tradition that Dr. Andrew Donlevy, compiler of Donlevy's Catechism in Paris in 1742, was a native of Ballymote. He went to Paris about 1710 to receive the education denied him at home. In both instances where the name occurs in the town it is spelled 'Donlevy' as the learned catechist did in Paris. The catechism, the full title of which was *"The Catechism, or Christian Doctrine by way of Question and Answer M.D. CC ML II"* was a book of 518 pages in Irish and English, Irish (Gaelige an-taitneamhach) on each left side page and the translation on the right. It became a regular textbook at Maynooth College and ran to at least three editions, the last of which was issued in 1848. Louis XV, King of France at the time, gave it his approbation in a letter in the closing pages. The 'Wild Geese' were fighting his battles then, This is Ballymote's second book. Copies are rare and valuable.

James Christopher McDonagh lived his young life at Teeling St., Ballymote, where his father had a business. Having graduated with a

B.Comm. from the National University he joined the Bank of Ireland. He was a life-long student of antiquities, genealogy and history, especially of his native Co. Sligo and his adopted Co. Donegal where he spent the last twenty years of his life. He died in 1960. He was a founder member of the Donegal Historical Society and gained considerable prestige through his work with the Society. The warmth and sincerity of the tributes paid to him in Donegal on the occasion of his early death is, one might say, a symbol of the greatness of those people themselves.

"We weep today in Donegal, a stranger yet a friend..."

For Chris Mc Donogh came the call that signals journey's end. Tírchonail owes him gratitude for loving labour done:

Research and archaeology – the lore of days long gone."

He is author of *'Ballymote and the Parish of Emlaghfad'*, a book much sought after by people of the Parish at home and abroad. It is a neatly produced little volume which must have entailed a considerable amount of research, as he writes from the time of myth and legend to his own years in his native town.

The book lacks an index and the chapters are left untitled but that does not prevent proud owners from proclaiming that they have "The Book of Ballymote"!

WHAT IS A GRAND-MOTHER?

A Grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own. She likes other people's little girls. A Grandfather is a man Grandmother. He goes for walks with the boys and they talk about fishing and things like that.

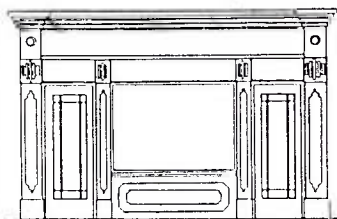
Grandmothers don't have to do anything but be there. Usually they are fat, but not too fat to tie your shoes. They wear glasses and funny underwear. They can take their teeth and gums out. They don't have to be smart, only to answer questions like "Why do dogs hate cats" and "How come God isn't married" They don't talk baby talk like visitors do, because it is hard to understand. When they read to us, they don't skip or mind if it is the same story again.

Everybody should try to have one, especially if you don't have television, because Grandmas are the only grown-ups who have got time.

(Written by a ten year old girl)

JOHN SURLIS

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Dragon Flies ?

LUCY GUNN

This is yet another plea for conservation. It is also a very well kept secret which threatens to become common knowledge unless we take steps to see the this does not occur. There are many who would laugh on learning what I am about to reveal to you, therefore I wish to present an analogy first.

There is a very common weed, known as the Horsetail or Mare's Tail, which I have encountered both in Canada and in England, though not yet in Ireland. *"This is any plant of the genus Equisetum (scouring rush) with hollow rush-like stems, constituting with kindred fossil a class of fern-allies – Equisetinae. This plant is the only surviving genus of the family Equisetaceae, constituting the Equisetinae or Equisetales, a class of pteridophytes, stiff herbaceous plants with almost leafless articulated and whorled stems and branches."*

I have been quoting from my dictionary. It looks like a series of clothless umbrellas upside down

on one stem – fairy umbrellas, that is. It is also the only surviving descendant of a fern which used to grow to heights of seventy feet or more during the Carboniferous period. During the years which followed its heyday, the climate became colder, more than once, and its living conditions became less and less congenial. As life became harder and harder, this fern adapted by becoming smaller and smaller

until now the largest I have seen has been about nine to ten inches high.

Would you not agree with me that if one living thing could stay with us for untold millennia, becoming smaller in its adaptation, then others could too?

How many of us, on warm summer evenings, have delighted in the sight of dragon flies darting to and fro over a stream or river? And how many of us, sitting quietly by these same rivers or streams, thinking of nothing in particular, have been somewhat surprised by the odd thoughts which have crossed our minds from time to time? What I am about to tell you will explain those odd thoughts and some, not all, of those dragon flies. What you have been seeing and hearing have been not dragon flies, but dragons themselves, surviving by imitation and by, usually, a close watch over the level of their thought speech. Like their vegetable counterparts the Horsetail, they have come down to us much reduced in size by adverse climatic conditions. They are also very much reduced in number due to the unreasoning dislike and the urge to kill them on sight exhibited by the only other animal to communicate for purposes other than staying alive, namely man.

Hence my plea for conservation. The next time you see a dragon fly, take another look. Empty your mind

"They are also very much reduced in number due to the unreasoning dislike ..."

of conscious thought. If strange concerns about the lack of flies or annoyance at the loss of that mate should cross your mind, resist the urge to trap the dragon fly to see if it is truly a dragon. Simply admire it from a distance and consider yourself lucky to be one of the few who can say truthfully, that they have seen a real, live dragon, a living reminder of that heritage dating back uncountable years that all of feel we should preserve. ☐☐

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The Bog

"One thing has never changed on the bog, that is the great feeling of space – the freedom"

the
bog

The last sod of turf is built in the shed and with a sigh of relief we thank God and promise ourselves – as we have done over the last two or three years – this is the last time. Next year we will have to try something else. We are getting on a bit now and the thought of facing into a big stretch of turf, to save it, is a bit daunting. Then we get to reminiscing...

WELL ALL THE SAME it was not too bad, sure saving turf now is no work at all compared with the old days. But then it was an art in itself, and generally stretched right over the summer from April to September, interspersed with cropping potatoes, oats, wheat, hay and all the many vegetables which people don't seem to grow any more.

As soon as the frost was over, early April, my father would be off to the bog to clean the bank, the first step in saving the turf. Then the big day came for cutting and it was out turn to have the meitheal. The carts were loaded up with barrows and turf spades or sleans and loads of food as well. Later in the day my mother with the assistance of some of us young ones would have to bring the cans of tea, and it was a tidy bit to walk, so we would not be able to carry all the food.

Generally there would be four or five cutters and as many spreaders. The cutter pitched the turf to the spreader, who built it up neatly on the barrow, and then wheeled it off and tipped it up in a little pile. Thus they continued until the whole bank was covered, and what they called the hollow which was a lower part where turf had been cut over the years.

Turf in those days was very wet, a lot of water seems to be taken out of it now with the machines. Well it was left there for a few weeks until it dried out a bit and then scattered. This was one part we did not like very much; it was heavy dirty work; after another few weeks it was re-scattered, which was not quite so bad.

Then another spell and the clamping took place. My father usually did the building. He was very particular that every clamp was of equal size so we carried in the turf in baskets and he got on with the building. We used to tease him: "did he need the spirit level"? The turf might remain so then for a month or two while we

got on with the other work. Of course the weather played a big part in all this. Then the big day came when it was time to move it. This was the part we really enjoyed, it was our day. There were only foot passes through the bog, so in order to

get it to firmer ground where a cart could travel, it had to be carried over with asses to the road. We emptied the turf where it would be built into a big stack. Then we got a ride back which was the best part.

It was a glorious day then when the turf was being brought home. Generally there would be about four

"God bless the work"

horses and carts and a lot of men to feed. The women helped in the cooking of the big

dinner and tea, there was only the open fire then and pots and pans galore. It was a great sight to see the carts coming one after another and the drivers sitting on top of the big loads of turf. It was then built in a bit stack in the haggard and thatched with rushes – a job well done.

Nowadays it's just a matter of getting a few good weeks and the turf is saved, there is no great building on it, it is just thrown into heaps and left until the tractor is available and then a big rush to get it home and into the shed. Everything seems to be much more hurried nowadays.

But one thing has never changed on the bog, that is the great feeling of space – of freedom, the beautiful clear air and suddenly, out of now where, a lark bursting into song. Like Lough Derg, it is the equaliser, everyone has the same ambition, to get the turf saved. There is always a helping hand, a sense of comradeship, not so much will you hear now, "God bless the work", but nevertheless there is the friendly greeting for people met only once in the year, at this time. People travel so much farther now, than they did forty years ago, and there is also the sadness, someone who worked at a particular spot is with us no more.

Ah! well, sure God willing and giving us the health we may be able to meet them all again next year.

Anonymous.

Lace - making

IN BALLYMOTE 1899

MARCH 25th — A very successful meeting was held in the school-house, Ballymote, on the 19th inst., which was well attended by women and girls, all anxious for information relative to the new industry which is about to be started in the district. After a few words on the use and benefit of lace-making to the girls who are to learn the art, Miss Lily Reynolds proceeded to explain in the following terms how the work was to be carried on.

"First the lace society is exactly the same system of co-operation as the Creamery, and will be regulated by a committee of ladies who will undertake the management of all business matters in connection with the Society. Secondly, there is the question of a teacher. You all know that a teacher is necessary, and you know that a teacher must be paid. Now if you make up your minds to do lace-making you will not object to pay someone to teach you; but in this and in all the necessary expenses we hope

to be able to help you by getting people who are interested in the welfare of the girls of this district shares in this society. Mr. Gore-Booth, for one, has already promised to take shares. But you girls for whose benefit this industry is being started must also help by each one taking some shares; these shares may be paid in instalments of 1s 3d, 2s 6d, 5s as the Committee shall decide. It is not apprehended that any industrial girl will have to pay (all sums told) more than £1. Remember, if you have to pay this amount it will not be all at once, but in small sums, and distributed over several weeks. Thirdly you must be determined to attend the class

The principal things required are neatness in working, and great cleanliness.

regularly, and during the stated hours which will be regulated by the Committee.

You will not find lacemaking as

difficult as you imagine. The principal things required are neatness in working, and great cleanliness. Probably some of you may not like to spend your time and money on this

I can assure you on the authority of great experience that it will be your own fault if you do not make lace-making pay you well...

venture; but I can assure you on the authority of great experience that it will be your own fault if you do not make lace-making pay you well for the time and money you expend on it. Girls in other parts of Ireland are earning at the present time 5s to 15s per week at the industry— what these girls are doing you can also do."

Miss Reynolds then proceeded to take the names of girls who are anxious to join the class, and a number of those present notified their intention of doing so.

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FAIRS AND MARKETS COMMISSION IRELAND

BALLYMOTE, OCTOBER 14, 1852

This extract, of Minutes of Evidence kindly supplied by Mr. John Mc Ternan, Sligo Co. Librarian, gives an interesting insight into the conduct of fairs and markets in Ballymote

George McIlroy examined

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1228 Where do you reside? – In the town of Ballymote</p> <p>1229 What is your occupation? – I am weighmaster of the market in this town; I was appointed by Sir Robert Gore-Booth.</p> <p>1230 Under what patent is the market held? – I cannot tell; it is a very old one.</p> <p>1231 When was the market established? – I do not know; I have heard a very long time ago.</p> <p>1232 How often is the market held, and what are the market days? – Once a week, upon every Thursday.</p> <p>1233 Who is the present owner of the market? – Sir Robert Gore-Booth.</p> <p>1234 Does Sir Robert Gore-Booth collect his own tolls, or has he leased them? – I collect all the tolls at the fairs, and account for them with the agent of Sir Robert Gore-Booth.</p> <p>1235 How are the tolls applied? – A portion of them are applied in paying me my salary, and the rest are expended in the improvement of the market-house and place.</p> <p>1236 Are any tolls or customs paid in the market? – No</p> <p>1237 Is there an enclosed market-place? There is, and a market-house.</p> <p>1238 Is the sale of all agricultural produce confined to the market-place? – There is scarcely any thing sold in the market-place, except butter and potatoes.</p> <p>1239 Is any corn and meal sold in the market? – Scarcely any; it all goes to Sligo, or to the merchants' stores in this town or neighbourhood to be sold.</p> <p>1240 Have a sufficient number of beams, weights, and scales been provided? – Yes; I have a fair supply of them; there is no weighbridge.</p> | <p>1241 Is all agricultural produce sold in the market weighed in the market scales? – The butter and potatoes are generally weighed, but, as I before said, very little grain comes into the market.</p> <p>1242 Have you been sworn under 4 Anne, c. 14? – I have not.</p> <p>1243 What are your charges for weighing in this market? One penny per draught on all agricultural produce, except butter, on which I charge $\frac{1}{2}$d for any draught under five pounds, and $1\frac{1}{2}$d for every draught exceeding the weight.</p> <p>1244 Explain the system of weighing in market? – We take standing beam in all draughts, and deduct seven pounds from the gross weight of the corn for beamsage, and also, the actual weight of the sack.</p> <p>1245 Is there any other deduction in weighing made by you? – There is not; I make that deduction irrespective of the weight of the corn.</p> <p>1246 What is the smallest weight used by you in weighing the corn? Seven pounds.</p> <p>1247 Suppose a sack to weigh twenty stone six pounds, for what weight would the farmer be paid? – For nineteen and a half-stone, less the actual weight of the sack.</p> <p>1248 Must it be seven pounds or nothing? – It must, except in a very small draught.</p> <p>1249 Do you keep any book in which you enter the quantity sold in the market, average price, and amount, with the names of the buyer and seller? – I do not, in weighing corn, but in weighing butter I generally keep a book.</p> <p>1250 Does the buyer or seller get a docket of the sales? – He does, in selling and weighing butter.</p> |
|--|---|

- 1251 If Government required you to furnish a statistical account of all the sales made in your market, the average price, and amount could you furnish them?— I could not, except in the case of butter, and not with any degree of accuracy.
- 1252 Do you, in this town, calculate the weight by the barrel or by the stone? — By the stone.
- 1253 Is a stone weight always calculated at fourteen pounds, avoirdupois? It is, except in the case of wool, which is calculated at sixteen pounds.
- 1254 Does a hundred-weight always consist of eight stone of fourteen pounds, avoirdupois? It does.
- 1255 Is there an inspector of butter?— No
- 1256 Is all the butter bought in the market weighed in the market scales? — It is
- 1257 What are the deductions made in weighing butter in the market scales? — Six pounds for every hundred weight; I deduct one pound from every stone up to six stone, but if the weight of the firkin exceed six stone, I charge nothing more for it than six pounds.
- 1258 What is the usual quantity of butter sold in your market in a week? — From sixty to one hundred firkins; the largest market I have ever seen was 130 firkins of butter.
- 1259 Is any toll paid in the fairs? — Yes.
- 1260 Can you give a list of the tolls paid in the fairs held in this town — [THE WITNESS HANDED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST]

BALLYMOTE, COUNTY OF SLIGO

FOR SIR ROBERT G. GORE-BOOTH, BART,
PATENTEE

	s.	d
Each milch cow or bull, . . .	0	6
Dry or Fat cow, bullock or heifer . . .	0	4
One year old do., . . .	0	3
Horse, colt or filly, . . .	0	6
Foal, . . .	0	3
Ass or mule . . .	0	3
Sheep. . .	0	2
Lamb, . . .	0	1
Pig, . . .	0	3
Load of Young Pigs, . . .	0	6
Tent or Booth . . .	1	6

Pedlar's stand, raised . . .	1	0
Pedlar's stand, low . . .	0	6
Meat stand, . . .	0	6
Bread stand, . . .	0	4
Load of Eggs, . . .	0	6
Huckster's stand. . .	0	4
Leather cutter's stand, . . .	0	4
Shoemaker's stand, . . .	0	4
Hatter's Stand, . . .	0	6
Hardware, . . .	0	4
Nailer's Stand, . . .	0	4
Web of frieze or flannel, . . .	0	3
Drugget do . . .	0	1 1/2
Woodenware stand, . . .	0	6
Earthenware stand . . .	0	4
Tinware stand, . . .	0	2
Fish or Fruit stand, . . .	0	4
Stockings stand, . . .	0	2
Meal, . . .	0	1
Hide, . . .	0	1
Skin, . . .	0	1

The last three items were charged at a higher toll, and so appear on the toll-board, but they are now reduced to the amount above stated by George McIlroy.

- 1261 How many fairs are held in this town in a year? — Seven
- 1262 Are tolls charged in going in or out of a fair?— They are charged on going out of the fair, if cattle are either bought or sold.
- 1263 How do you know whether the cattle are liable to pay toll or not? — The men at the gate ask the man in charge of the cattle whether they are sold or not; if he says they are, he is obliged to pay toll; if he says they are not, they go through the form of an oath, to ascertain whether his statement is correct.
- 1264 Do you not think that administering an oath under such circumstances is calculated to make a person think lightly of the solemnity of an oath? — It is.
- 1265 Do you suppose the such a practice leads to much perjury: — I am perfectly satisfied that it does.
- 1266 Is there an enclosed fair green? — There is
- 1267 Is it sufficient for the purposes of the fair? — It is.
- 1268 Do you not think that all persons would be better satisfied if a small toll was imposed upon the cattle going in? — The man who did not sell might be dissatisfied; a great number of cattle are sold outside the fair-green, and a

great number of the cattle which go in are unsold, so that if all the cattle were obliged to go into the fair-green and to pay, a very small charge upon each would be sufficient.

- 1269 Do you think people resort to the fair who would be unable to pay at their entrance into the fair? – I think there are some; but if such an arrangement were made, the people would be able to borrow, or otherwise procure sufficient means to free them into the fair.
- 1270 What is the gross annual amount of the tolls received in the fairs in a year? – £40 or £50 a year, for all of which I account to Sir Robert G. Booth.
- 1271 What is the amount of the charges for weighing in a year? – Last year and the year before it was about £22 a-year for which I accounted to Sir R.G. Booth, who expended the balance, after paying my salary, in the improvement of the market.
- 1272 What would be your opinion of a general market with sufficient accommodation, an efficient staff, and under proper supervision, in which all the agricultural produce brought into the town should be sold and weighed? – I think it would be an advantage to all persons.
- 1273 Have you ever heard complaints of frauds in consequence of the farmer weighing in the merchants' stores? – I have not.
- 1274 Do they make any charge at the merchant's stores as they do in the market? – They do.
- 1275 What is the smallest weight used in weighing at the merchants' store? Seven pounds.
- 1276 Do they make any charge at the merchants' stores for portage? – They charge 1d upon every sack for what they call starters; in this town we have but one merchant who purchases corn.
- 1277 Do you not think that a general market, such as I have described, might create a trade in corn? – I do; the butter market has only been established for the last six years, and a great quantity of butter is now brought into it.
- 1278 Is there an inspector of weights and measures? – There is.
- 1279 Have many frauds, in the use of improper weights and measures, been detected by him? – There have.
- 1280 Would it not be better for all parties if

agricultural produce were weighed to the pound, without any deduction whatever, and the empty sack afterwards weighed and deducted from the gross weight of the corn? – I think it would be better if corn was weighed like anything else.

Mr. James Irwin Examined.

- 1281 What is your occupation? – I am a farmer, residing near this town.
- 1282 Do you sell in this town? – I do; but I very often send my butter for sale to Sligo.
- 1283 Can you suggest any thing in addition to what has already been stated? – Great frauds prevail in the butter market. It is frequently the practice for buyers, after making a contract for butter, to reject it, after keeping it for some time, and either send it back, or cut it down, upon the pretence that it is of an inferior quality. The buyers also are frequently in the habit of making second quality, first quality. I should suggest, that in all cases, it would be advantageous, if the purchaser should always be bound by the inspectors decision, and such would avoid a great deal of imposition.
- 1284 Would you be in favour of abolishing all deductions and charges whatever, of weighing butter to the pound, and allowing the price to be regulated accordingly? – I would.
- 1285 Would you be in favour of all cattle going to a fair paying a small toll? – No; I think the present system is better, as it often enables parties to trace their own cattle, and recover them by their being stopped at the toll-gate.
- 1286 Do you think that tolls ought to be charged where no accommodation is afforded by the proprietor of the fair, in giving an enclosed fair-green? I think not.
- 1287 Do you think it would be advisable to define, by Act of Parliament, what are reasonable tolls? – I think it would.

W. Baker, Esq. examined

- 1288 What is your occupation? – I am a farmer residing near this town.
- 1289 What would be your opinion of charging all cattle, entering a fair, with a small toll? – I should be decidedly in favour of it; I think it would be of the utmost importance to put an end to the awful perjury and rioting which goes on in consequence of the present system, which is likewise calculated to make an oath be lightly regarded. I also think that it should be made compulsory on all parties selling or buying to have the butter weighed and inspected in the public market.

Robert Smith, esq examined

- 1290 What is your occupation? – I am a farmer, residing near this town.
- 1291 Do you sell butter in this market? – I do; I used to send my butter to Sligo market, but in consequence of the inability or fraud of the inspector of butter, in that town, I now send all my butter to this market, where I am more fairly dealt with. I should suggest that there ought to be some person to refer to, in case of a difference with the inspector of butter, in every large town. It is also a hardship, that if I send my butter into the market, at Sligo, without the tops of the firkins, that I should be obliged to pay for the cooperage. With respect to fairs, I may observe, that great inconvenience results from charging the days on which fairs are held in this neighbourhood; something ought to be done to check this practice. It is suggested by the farmers present, that the holding of a few additional fairs in this town would be of great advantage to all parties residing in this locality, and they request the Commissioners will bring the matter under the notice of the Government.

Letters To the Editor

letters

Dear Editor,

Re. Photograph which appears on page twelve of the Christmas 1992 edition of the Corran Herald.

While at home at Easter I was reading the Corran Herald. I spoke with my father Mick. He remembered the pageant well. He says that nearly four hundred horses took part in it. The unidentified rider is Johnie Healy, Ardrea, Rathmullen, Ballymote. He was in fact "Red Hugh" for the day

For your information

Mick Connell
Mick Connell

The Editor would welcome any correspondence, articles or photographs.

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Corran Express **— Ballymote —**

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OLD PEOPLE

They lived in a tiny thatched house, you'd scarcely see it if you did not know it was there, it was so overgrown with bushes. Ketty and Bid – we never knew if they were sisters, or mother and daughter, though in fact they were mother and daughter, but to us as children they looked alike. They wore shawls and Ketty spent most of her time sitting huddled over the hearth fire smoking a 'doodeen' or drinking a big mug of tea.

But she had great time for us, she made up stories and sympathised with us in all our little troubles and no matter what ache or pain we had she had a cure for it. One in particular she had was in the form of a prayer and she just changed the words to suit the occasion. It went something like this: –

**St. Peter sat on a marble stone
Christ came to him alone
What ails you Peter or is the
ache?
Oh! Lord and Master it is
toothache.
Arise up Peter and you shall be
healed
And anyone carrying those
sayings of mine
In memory or writing
Shall never be troubled
by pain or toothache.**

I don't remember if it cured anything for us but we recited it faithfully. Bid was the singer and we learned all the old ballads from her, it was a big favour to get her to sing. God be with them they are long since gone and there is not a trace of the house, and I am sure very few remember they ever lived, they had no kith or kin, just two old people I knew.

Anonymous.

First Communion 1993 Scoil Mhuire Gan Smal, Ballymote



Back Row: (Left to Right) Paul Tarmey, Louise Davey, Michelle Perry, Dermot McTernan, Paul Mullin, Naomi Martin, Gerard Mc Gettrick, Derek Tighe, Raymond Flynn, Jennifer Murtagh.
Middle Row: Seamus Gallagher, Clare Killoran, Fionnuala Pettipiece, Denise Davey, Orla Mongey, Sean Flannery, Paul Mc Gettrick, Linda Byrne, Conor Stagg, David Mc Gowan.
Front Row: Gerard Kyle, Francis Coleman, Conor Hannon, Darren Tighe, Catherine Coleman, Jimmy Glavin, Laura Walshe, Michelle Farrell, Laura Milmo, Robert Brennan, James Davey, Stacey McFadden, Brendan Clarke, Niall Brennan, Micheál Preston, Anthony Drury.
Also Included are: Ms. Dolores Taheny (Vice Principal), Very Rev. Canon Flynn, P.P. Ballymote and Sr. Regina (Principal)

PHOTO BY PETER O'CONNOR, CAMERA CRAFT, BALLYMOTE

Fawlt Towers

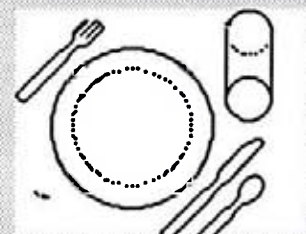
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Also included are: Rev. D O'Mahony, CC., Ballymote, Mrs P. O'Connor (Principal) and Mrs M. Horan (Assistant)

FIRST COMMUNION 1993 St. Lassara's National School, Ballinacarrow



Front Row: (left to Right) Jonathan Davey, Michelle Scanlon, Justin Fahey, Lorraine Wims, Colin Reynolds, Karina Muldoon, Linda Frizzell

Back Row: Edel Kerins, Jonathan Faney, Ina Maughan

Also included are teachers: Ms Jennifer Mc Guinness (Assistant) and Mrs Eileen Tighe, (Vice-Principal) and Fr. Vincent Sherlock C.C.

Ardconnel Census 1901

No. 1. BRYAN COAN HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 69
 BRIGID WIFE AGE 60
 BERNARD SON AGE 20
 ANNE DAUGHTER AGE 27
 DELIA DAUGHTER AGE 14

No. 2 DOMINIC MC GETTRICK HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 50
 ANNIE WIFE AGE 34
 ROGER SON AGE 13
 JAMES SON AGE 12
 ANNIE DAUGHTER AGE 10
 JOHN P. SON AGE 6
 KATE DAUGHTER AGE 4
 BRIGID DAUGHTER AGE 1

No. 3 JAMES DAVEY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 50
 ANNE WIFE AGE 45
 JOHN SON AGE 25
 MARY DAUGHTER AGE 22
 PATRICK SON AGE 20
 BRIGID DAUGHTER AGE 17
 PETER SON AGE 15
 ANNE DAUGHTER AGE 13
 JAMES SON AGE 10

No. 4 JOHN REDICAN HEAD OF HOUSE (WIDOWER) AGE 60
 PATRICK SON AGE 18
 KATE DAUGHTER AGE 16
 ALICE DAUGHTER AGE 15
 MICHAEL SON AGE 13
 MARTIN SON AGE 10

No. 5 PAT DODDY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 88
 MARY WIFE AGE 60
 MAGGIE DAUGHTER AGE 30
 MICHAEL SON AGE 28
 WILLIE SON AGE 14
 BARRY HEALY SERVANT AGE 17

No. 6 BRYAN DODDY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 69
 ONNY WIFE AGE 52
 ANNIE DAUGHTER AGE 16
 JAMES SON AGE 14
 THOMAS SON AGE 12

No. 7 PAT DODDY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 45
 MARY ANNE WIFE AGE 30
 MARY DAUGHTER AGE 7
 MICHAEL SON AGE 6
 ANNE DAUGHTER AGE 4
 JOHN SON AGE 3
 PATK SON AGE 1
 ANNE GAFFNEY SERVANT AGE 20

No. 8 JAMES FLANAGAN HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 52
 KATE WIFE AGE 38
 MARY A. DAUGHTER AGE 12
 MAGGIE DAUGHTER AGE 11
 KATIE DAUGHTER AGE 9
 B. TERESA DAUGHTER AGE 7
 JOHN SON AGE 5
 WILLIE SON AGE 3
 MARTHA DAUGHTER AGE 2

THE ROAD TO GOWEL MASS

by Mary Guckian

We skidded on the
frosted potholes
to reach Gowel Church
for all the ceremonies
we faithful attended
we watched the gardens grow
the climbing roses framed
the porches of the houses
thatchers patterned the
roofs with saffron straw
smells of fresh manure
speckled the road as farmers
carted it to
spread upon the ridges
before they ploughed the shapely
furrows
scored with loys.
We smelled the new
mown grass and watched
the cocks of hay
appear like domes
across the fields.
With wisps of hay the twister
shaped the ropes that tied them
down to keep
the blustering
wind at bay when showers came
down

the bluestone spray
sprinkled the stalks
of the potato fields to keep the
deadly blight away, the stories of
the famine
still haunted the memories of the
older people.
Going to confession
on Saturdays
we met the carts
some pulled by horses
some by donkeys
echoes of music
filled our ears
as the cans were
lifted from the streets
of the houses to be
taken to the creamery.
Coming home we smelled
the skim milk as it
spilled, from the overflowing cans
taken back to
feed the pigs
sods of turf lay
scattered on the road
as packed crate loads
took them from the bog
the autumn came and
fields were golden
with the oat seeds
swishing in the breeze
women bent in two
gathered sheafs
and some blades of
corn from the swards
left lying by the
scythe the men had
used to cut them down

Later they looked
like mustard standing stones
as stooks were made.
The dark grey
days came round
and men dug ridges
the soil looked damp
and dauby, pink and
white potatoes lay in
bunches on the cold clay
picked by children when
they came from school
clamps were made secure
to last the winter.
The Christmas morning
was the darkest
fasting from midnight
we left our homes
to walk the road and
greet the neighbours
with happy Christmas
along the way
we loved to look
into the crib
and see the family
among the animals
lying on the straw
the whole of the year
encircled here.

*Reprinted with permission
from 'Extended Wings',
published by Rathmines
Writers, Rathmines, Dublin 6,
May 1993.*

*Gowel Church is near
Kiltoghert in Co. Leitrim, Ms
Guckian's home area.*

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THE BOG OAK *from* SLIGO DAN HEALY

Last May was a time to remember. A memorial to the ideals of Wolfe Tone was unveiled in Wolfe Tone Park in Dublin. This five thousand years old, thirteen foot oak was lifted from the bog in Cloonacoose owned by the Healy Family of Cloonamonagh, Ballymote many years ago.

Dan Healy met Derek Williams from the People's Living Art Centre, whose headquarters is in the ancient Church of St. Mary's which is enclosed in Wolfe Tone Park. It was in this church Wolfe Tone was baptised, and the street on one side is called Wolfe Tone Street. Derek was seeking a bog oak tree to sculpt what he calls 'Universal Man' to erect in the Park.

So Dan presented the Bog Oak to the Nation. Derek sculptured and fashioned it into an intriguing piece of Art. It is a symbol of Peace and the ideals of Tone— Unity between Catholic, Protestant and Dissenter. The Dublin Corporation erected a plinth under the lime tree and the unveiling was on the last Wednesday in May 1993.

Four descendants of Wolfe Tone came for the unveiling from Stockton, California. Jack Tone calls his ranch Wolfe Tone Ranch. He and his family breed



Arabian horses. This connection came from J.J. Jennings. J.J. conducted the ceremony with the dignity it called for. Representing Sligo were J.J., Dan Healy and Eilín Ni Chathailriabhaigh (an octogenarian whose father came from Killavil). The Lord Mayor, Gay Mitchell unveiled the sculpted tree and Derek and his wife Sarah and little daughter Saoirse looked on. Protim were the firm who kindly donated the preserving agents necessary.

Appropriate speeches in both Gaelic and English were made by Gay Michell, Eilín Ni Cathailriabhaigh. J.J. Jennings and Jack Tone. Dan Healy was thanked for his generous gesture of donating the oak tree for future generations to view when they visit Wolfe Tone Park.